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ERRATA.

Page 191, col. 3, line 46, for "R. W." read "W. L."; line 47, for "American Museum of Natural History" read "University of Chicago"; line 50, for "Septinotarsa" read "Leptinotarsa"; line 63, for "He" read "Prof. E. B. Wilson of Columbia University."

Page 163, col 3, line 41, for "Lexicarrigan" read "Leicarragan."

Page 164, col. 2, line 35, for "Annancy" read "Annancy."

Page 216, col. 2, line 27, for "Alfred E" read "E. Alfred."

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The Week.

Just at present a word of two letters overshadows all else in Republican politics. It is the word "If," and the rest of the sentence runs, "Roosevelt will consent to be a candidate again." The Republican League of Clubs has discovered, by means of a circular letter sent to more than three thousand organizations, that "Roosevelt sentiment still dominates in the State to a remarkable degree." First Assistant Postmaster-General Hitchcock returns from an inspection tour with the tidings: "The South is for Roosevelt"—referring, of course, to party caucuses and conventions, and not the regular election day. Senator Depew is for Roosevelt, which means a great deal; Gov. Cummins of Iowa is also an energetic boomer. But if the zeal of his outspoken supporters is impressive, the attitude of the President's opponents is, in a way, even more so. Every time they give reasons for wanting some one else, they repeat that if it had not been for Roosevelt's unwillingness to run again, they would never have thought of any other man. How pathetically they hang to that declination, how angrily they turn on any one who ventures to doubt the President's word regarding the unalterability of his intentions!

The refusal of the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention to adopt a resolution endorsing Bryan for the Presidential nomination next year, which expressed full agreement "with the beliefs and positions taken by our peerless leader," and characterized him as "the Jefferson and Jackson of the Democratic party today," is not the first sign of a disposition to leave the question of the next nomination open for the present. A year or so ago, when Mr. Bryan returned from abroad, there was almost a scramble to the Nebraskan's "band-wagon." That day was counted lost which did not see an endorsement by some gathering of Democrats, or at least a declaration by some prominent member of the party favorable to a third nomination. That phase has now passed. Democrats talk freely about other possibilities, and they are showing increasing reluctance to commit themselves in advance. It would be foolish to infer from this fact that Bryan's personal popularity, so remarkably sustained during all the years of defeat, has waned; or even that he will not be the next Presidential nominee. But it is plain that he will be able to count less on mere unthinking enthusiasm than seemed likely on the eve of his Madison Square Garden speech.

Gov. Cummins's recent Pittsburgh address on the tariff has not received the attention it merits. It proves conclusively that, despite the compromise of last summer, the "Iowa idea" is not dead; just as it also shows that at present that idea differs very little from the one that actuates the tariff revisionists in Massachusetts. Thus, Gov. Cummins's whole argument was for a revision of the present schedules, and for a radical revision at that. "It seems to me," he said, "that we have gone mad in our zeal for the seller, and have abandoned the buyer to the tender mercy of monopoly, combination, and greed." He emphatically dissented from the standpatter's maxim that the "higher the price, the higher is the statesmanship," and generally showed himself to be in a state of serious rebellion which demands the immediate attention of the Republican leaders. Even Oyster Bay should take note when the Governor denounces standpattism as a "miserable maxim filched from the language of the great American game," all the more as Gov. Cummins is a third-term man, and declares that in this he speaks for the West. As for the theory that we must not revise the tariff for fear of disturbing conditions and inviting bad times, the Governor has no patience with it. "For the honor of my country, I am not willing to admit that we are such senseless slaves of humor and passion that we cannot safely remedy a wrong clearly perceived and universally admitted."

Gov. Hughes would doubtless have desired to obtain men for the Public Service Commissions whose names would at once impress the public. This he has plainly not been able to do. Few of his appointees are known at all. Postmaster Willcox is, of course, but has never shown any special competence for the work to which he is now summoned. Messrs. Osborne and Keep, on the up-State Commission, carry much more visible weight. But of all the appointments, this at least may be said, that they are not political. The Governor has evidently taken no dictation from the bosses. He does not think of his Commission as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land for broken-down party workers. His selections being his own, they are to be presumed to be the best that he could make, under the circumstances. And there is sometimes an advantage in giving important office to men who have their reputations to make. A made reputation often means a lazy and indifferent official. To Gov. Hughes's untried appointees will certainly be given a fair chance to win renown. They will have an added spur to diligence in the knowledge that the Governor can remove them forthwith, if they are negligent or incompetent.

The much-discussed failure of New York city to secure bids for its $29,000,000 4 per cent. bonds, offered on Friday, is simply another proof of the extent to which demand on investment capital has lately outrun supply. The fall in British consols within a fortnight to a price very much lower than any reached in the Boer-war period, has been ascribed without hesitation to the same general cause; so has the decline in French Government 3 per cents, to the lowest price reached since it last applied to the money markets sixteen years ago. Bankers who usually subscribe to New York city's loans say, in explanation of their failure to take bonds last week, first that they are already "carrying" as many unsold new securities—chiefly railway issues—as they deem it judicious to hold on borrowed capital in an uncertain money market; second, that the savings banks, usually the best "retail" customers for such bonds, are receiving too tempting offers for loans in other legitimate directions to make them anxious to pay par, even for so unexceptionable a security as New York city's 4 per cents. But this is only stating in another way the general principle which we have just set forth. Under such circumstances, the question what is to change the situation, so that old prices can be obtained again for new securities, is asked with more or less anxiety. The only answer is that supply of investment capital is always increasing, and that it will inevitably overtake demand unless the requirements of finance and industry keep on expanding to an even larger volume. The growth of available capital, during the past two years, has been wholly unprecedented; yet, as we have seen, the increase in demand for it has grown faster yet. In such a process there must be a halt, and the fact that a six-months' halt has already been called on the Stock Exchange, with no serious consequences, is assurance that the same thing can happen with other users of capital.

The axiom that a body cannot be in two places at the same time has its obvious exception in the case of a body which is large enough to fill all space, and so be everywhere simultaneously. This truth might possibly account for

the ubiquity of John D. Rockefeller whenever the process servers are after him. The failure of the officers of the law actually to discover him is merely illustrative of another physical truth, namely, that the human eye and mind cannot grasp that which is too large, any more than that which is too small, unless distance adjusts the object of attention to something of normal dimensions. Mr. Rockefeller, like the Matterhorn and Notre Dame, requires a far perspective. That is why reporters in Chicago see him in the Pocantico Hills and observers in New York see him in Massachusetts. Why the head of the Standard Oil Company does not of his own will reveal himself to the passionate gaze of his pursuers until his own chosen time, is hard to tell. Possibly it is because evading a summons is the only form of matching his wits against his fellow men that is still open to him. "Pity a poor old man whom nobody will stand up against," he might almost plead. "When I want a rival establishment, I go and take it. When I want a politician, I buy him. Nobody bargains with me, nobody competes with me, nobody stirs my flagging faculties to action. The only active exercise I get is due to a marshal with a subpœna." And, as a matter of fact, after he has had his little run, Mr. Rockefeller usually turns up and asks to be served, and shakes the instrument of the law by the hand.

The minimum strength of the army has just been increased from 62,666 men to 68,951, exclusive of 5,208 Philippine Scouts, and the 574 men of the Porto Rico Regiment. This increase of 6,300 men is due to the carrying out of the new law enlarging the coast and field artillery, and organizing the latter as regiments. The maximum enlisted strength of the army remains, in the discretion of the President, 100,000 men, according to the reorganization law of 1901, which gave the Executive a right never before possessed—to increase or decrease the army within that limit, as he sees fit. The idea is to allow him to increase the various regiments to war strength in times of emergency without waiting for Congress to act. Prior to the war with Spain, the strength of the regular army was 28,500, including the West Point cadets and professors. The maximum strength of the cavalry was 6,611, of the artillery 4,313, of the infantry 14,025, while the engineers were credited with 617 men. To-day the cavalry is allowed 13,020, the artillery 24,566, and the infantry 25,649 soldiers, while the engineers comprise 1,294. This clearly shows how greatly, yet how quietly, the army has been enlarged. The percentage of increase of men and officers is even greater in the navy, and yet neither service is satisfied. The cavalry naturally feels hurt that it is now less important than the artillery, and so it goes; and the taxpayer foots the bill.

Major-Gen. Batschinski, who as commander of the Thirty-fifth Siberian Rifles, and later as brigadier-general, made an enviable name for himself in Manchuria, where he is still stationed, has recently given a remarkable interview to a correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Fourteen times under fire, he confesses that he never once in the whole war saw a Japanese within rifle range—not even at Sandepu, where he was wounded and left a third of his regiment dead upon the field, killed by unseen enemies. This is modern war, he explains, and he scouts the idea that especial training with the rifle is required of the soldier to-day. That lesson drawn from the Boer war Gen. Batschinski pronounces absolutely misleading. There never again will be careful aiming in any battle, he asserts; if the soldier gauges the distance, it is enough; only in unimportant skirmishes will he have the opportunity to aim with care. It is ridiculous to expect an excited man, who has been for days under fire, and who only lifts himself out of his trench for a second, to pick out an object and carefully utilize the sights of his rifle. It makes no difference, in Gen. Batschinski's opinion, whether the bullet strikes to right or left, so long as it does not go over the enemy's line. Most of his men generally put the butts of their guns under their arms, and held them much as the artillery would use mortars. But if this is true, what becomes of the demand for trained riflemen which is heard all over England and echoed and reëchoed by such men as Kipling, Lord Roberts, Balfour, and a host of others, and by their American imitators?

It is much to be regretted that the Ethical Code proposed to the Institute of Electrical Engineers for their adoption should have been rejected as unconstitutional. In this day, when so many temptations to make money by reckless or unscrupulous means are offered to professional men, it is highly important that they should be subject to rules which may be more promptly enforced than the law of the land. Doctors and lawyers already have such codes; and the new profession of electrical engineers made a praiseworthy attempt to surround the calling with safeguards, and keep out pretenders and quacks. For practical work in electrical engineering requires more than knowledge and skill: it calls for a high degree of honesty. The electrician's client is ordinarily completely in his power, even to a greater extent than the patient is at the mercy of the doctor. Most men know a little about medicine; but electricity is a complete mystery to the layman. The code drawn up by the committee of the Institute covered the ground admirably, dealing with the general principles which should guide the electrical engineer, his relations to his employer, customer, client, and the general public. It also carefully defined the titles "electrician," "electrical engineer," and "consulting electrical engineer." Another and successful attempt should be made to codify the ethics of this responsible and important profession.

At Bonn University, last week, Professor Burgess of Columbia concluded the final lecture of a series with what one newspaper calls "an impassioned plea for a German-American alliance." As a matter of fact, the speaker's words may only with difficulty be construed in such a sense. It should seem that Professor Burgess was only more than ordinarily effusive in making use of the forms of international courtesy proper to such occasions. At the same time, nations other than Germany or ourselves can hardly be blamed if they discern a certain arrogance of tone in the professor's reported exordium. "We in Germany and America belong to the great progressive nations. We possess a love of justice and the same sort of optimistic enterprise. We belong together." It is unquestionably true that the two nations, possibly because of the now generally recognized community of sentiments that inspires their chief magistrates, have of late been talking a good deal of optimism and equity. Germany's apologists declare that their country stands not for power, not even for progress or for liberty, but for "social justice." William II., mediating between class and class, and restraining the mighty to uplift the weak, is the parallel to our own official gospel. But Great Britain, for instance, might with reason demur to being excluded from the justice-loving nations, and even Russia might object to being denied a future of progress. And as for Germany and America belonging to each other because they are alike, sometimes the best chances for a fight arise when two parties meet who are equally optimistic and equally bent upon justice.

France, having arrived at a complete understanding with Japan, seems bent on establishing relations of close amity with other nations in the Orient. Just now she is said to be coquetting with Persia. Her purpose is all the more attainable because, unlike other European Powers, she can scarcely be suspected of cherishing hopes of political conquest. Her aspirations lie rather in the field of commerce and of civilization. The French code underlies the juristic

system of Japan, and there is no reason why it should not prove adaptable in Persia, which, like the Japan of a few decades ago, is now in a state of transition from absolutism to parliamentary government. Through the efforts of the Persian Ambassador at Paris, no less than a dozen French professors have been dispatched of late to take part in the reorganization of public instruction in the Shah's dominions, and a former tutor of one of M. Loubet's children is now the preceptor of the Persian Crown Prince. Let Germany, Russia, and Great Britain contend for markets and spheres, the patriot might argue, if France can be the bearer of Latin culture to the Asiatics.

At home the good ship Clemenceau has weathered another storm, and for some time to come should be sailing in smooth waters. Last Friday's vote of confidence in the Chamber, after a terrific debate lasting nine hours, showed no appreciable diminution in the Government majority. The Premier once more succeeded in convincing the country that in the disturbed Midi, as previously among the striking miners in the north and the unquiet syndicalists at Paris, he had made use of the strong arm of government only when necessary, and to the extent necessary. Quiet has followed the appearance of the troops in the south, just as it did in the coal regions and in the capital. Undoubtedly, Clemenceau's past record stands him in very good stead. In moments of crisis the very men against whom he sends out the soldiers cannot but feel that the step is not apostasy on the part of the former radical, but the move of a statesman acting under the pressure of unavoidable necessity. Once the crisis is over, they feel, concessions will come. The remarkable thing about the Clemenceau Ministry is that a succession of assaults on really vital questions should leave it unharmed, whereas former Ministries have often gone down on comparatively trivial issues. With a host of personal enemies and aspiring politicians against him, not without a rival in his own Cabinet, Clemenceau meets onslaught after onslaught, and triumphs.

An open but anonymous letter composed by five priests has been addressed to the Pope, and has excited some comment in Rome. They remind Pius X. of his first allocution, in which he called upon the bishops to aid him in ridding the Church of "sowers of tares, apostles of monstrous heresies, and rebels." The writers of the letter accept these epithets for themselves, but rejoin that the Vatican, by its reactionary attitude, has alienated the two great modern forces, science and democracy, which the progressive priests had hoped to win to the Church. Christianity, they say, has ceased to be a living force; it has become a cold tradition. The Church has always checked scientific research and popular liberty. She should bring herself into sympathy with popular ideals. She has pinned her belief to certain stereotyped doctrines, continues this letter, although the body of scholastic teaching is "but the result of the life of the fundamental dogmas of Christianity as humanity in the different stages of its development has lived them." It seems, indeed, as if the Catholic Church were in greater danger from internal than from external perils. Attacks from without have left her largely unmoved in the past. As a writer in the *Journal des Débats* points out, Catholicism is suffering from an inner fermentation, which is causing a fever among the faithful and the priests. It draws the former towards political Socialism, the latter towards a radical philosophy, and thus imperils both discipline and doctrine.

The resignation of the stoutest reactionary in the Russian Ministry, the comptroller of the Empire, Von Schwanebach, would have been a triumph for Premier Stolypin if it had occurred before the dissolution of the second Duma. Coming at the present moment, it has the anomalous appearance of an ambitious politician retiring from power in the very moment of his triumph. That the Minister who fought hardest for the dispersal of the Duma is seeking private life because he feels his task is done, is scarcely credible. Bureaucrats do not sing *Nunc Dimittis* except on a distinct hint from higher quarters; and even the most fatuous member of the Black Hundred will scarcely maintain that absolutism is absolutely safe and the revolution permanently disabled. It is equally hard to interpret Von Schwanebach's departure as an act of contrition on the part of the Czar for his recent betrayal of the cause of liberty, as of his own solemn promise. Vacillating as Nicholas II. must come to stand in the eye of the world, such an abrupt about-face within a few days is scarcely conceivable, even at Peterhof. The dismissal of the Imperial comptroller was probably intended to proclaim abroad the Autocrat's elevation above party and his determination to rule by his own lights for the welfare of his entire people. It amounts to saying: "After dispersing the Duma because it was bent upon the destruction of the throne and of Holy Russia, We have dismissed those councillors who would have Us violate the pledges We have extended to Our people and the Fundamental Laws that rest upon Our immutable will."

Serious as the situation would appear to be in Portugal, an absolute break between ruler and people, culminating in possible revolution or in the establishment of an unconstitutional régime, is scarcely to be looked for. It is for the interest of Great Britain, Portugal's historical ally and protector, and of those Mediterranean nations whom Great Britain has recently drawn into a chain of understandings and agreements with herself, to prevent any political upheaval endangering the stability of the delicately adjusted balance in the Mediterranean. Portugal is a more important factor in European politics than we are inclined to believe from its confined position on the western edge of the Iberian peninsula. It has over five million inhabitants and rules over 800,000 miles of dependent territory in Africa and Asia, with a population of more than 9,000,000. It is its African possessions that give the kingdom particular importance in international affairs. Portuguese East Africa lies between British and German territory; Portuguese West Africa is bounded on the north by German Kamerun. Neither Great Britain nor Germany has probably lost the taste for geographical expansion, and a revolution in Portugal might have far-reaching results in Africa. The departure of the Portuguese crown prince on a long visit to the African colonies is not improbably an attempt to rally patriotic sentiment to the side of the throne, even to the uniforming of the rowers of the royal barge after the manner of the crews "in the days of Vasco da Gama."

Better feeling between the United States and Japan should be promoted by an address adopted at a joint meeting in Tokio of seven chambers of commerce, to be sent to the principal chambers in America. After a calm review of the "unfortunate incidents" and abuses from which the Japanese have suffered in California, the address deprecates the ill-feeling thus awakened, and declares that it may impair the commercial prosperity of both the countries concerned. The coöperation of Americans is desired in eliminating the present causes of discord. These Japanese organizations have likewise addressed President Roosevelt, hoping that he may reach "a speedy and satisfactory solution of existing difficulties." Chambers of commerce may be of real service in diplomacy, in saying informally things that governments may not wish to express. We hope that the response of the American chambers will be prompt, cordial, and sincere. They must realize that our unfortunate conduct towards our Japanese friends is seriously endangering our whole trade with the East, as well as our friendship with its peoples. They have the rare opportunity of displaying at once magnanimity and good business sense.

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POLITICAL PHRASE-MAKING.

"The Constitution," declared Senator Knox in his Yale address, "is not to perish at the hands of the impassioned phrase-maker." The making of this phrase against phrase-making has been hailed by the New York *Sun* as in itself the construction of a political platform; and it proceeds to elect Mr. Knox, and "half a dozen Presidents," upon it. Without any desire to interfere with the sport of electing Presidents prolepticall-y, we may yet venture a word on the part which phrases have always played, and apparently always will play, in politics.

Mr. Knox himself never would have been a Senator of the United States but for the potency of the phrase. He comes from the State of Pennsylvania, which has been made and kept Republican by the hollowest of phrases. "Protection to American Industry," "Preserving the Home Market," "Making the Foreigner Pay the Tax"—these are some of the question-begging and confusion-producing phrases with which Pennsylvanians have been beguiled. The process began early. Webster had not been long at Washington before he wrote about the Pennsylvanians' coming to the capital to pester Congress about the tariff. Those were Webster's free-trade days; and he saw clearly the way in which selfishness and scheming were masking themselves in the pretence of benefiting American workingmen, diversifying our industries, and contributing to national pride. Yet he perceived also the taking nature of the specious pleas which were offered to disguise greed. American protectionists have, in fact, been shrewd and lucky in their phrases. They have known how to clothe self-seeking in the fine garments of love of country, and to make a vast system of social demoralization and political corruption wear an altruistic appearance. Their phrases have deceived the people, enriched the beneficiaries of the tariff, and made the political fortunes of a Cameron and a Quay, as well as a Knox.

We are not grumbling about this, save in so far as the phrases of the protectionists have covered up delusion and fraud. Phrases of some kind we must have in politics. This is only another way of saying that political battles cannot be waged without battle-cries. The Constitution, as a mere document, inspires and excites no voter. Nor will any long statute of the Legislature or of Congress stir him. He craves some tangible political doctrine, some immediate and concrete issue, and these can be placed before him only in words. And words, to penetrate and stick, must be sharpened into epigrams, or given point in a phrase. Mr. Lecky, in his book on Irish leaders and orators, alludes to the power which resides in the man who can originate "watchwords of party." All political history is full of their triumphs.

Yet political phrase-makers who have failed strew the shores of political annals. It is not given to every public man to know what will "go." In those sorrowful days when Admiral Dewey thought he was a Presidential candidate, reporters asked him on what platform he would stand. He innocently replied, "Why any platform at all? Why not just say 'The Flag'?" This unlucky attempt to make a phrase serve in lieu of ideas, worthy of Birdofredum Sawin as it was, applied the finishing stroke to the Admiral's candidacy. He would probably give as much to-day to sponge all that from the record as Bryan would to have his "cross-of-gold" phrase obliterated. Lord North described a certain Government bill as "a good recipe to knock up an Administration"; and many a political phrase has had a similarly disastrous boomerang effect upon its maker.

On the main question, however, there can be little doubt. Political man shall not live by phrases alone, but he certainly cannot live entirely without them. The greatest of causes has to be stated in a way to be made intelligible to the masses of the people; and he who sets out to do that cannot avoid making phrases. If he have a high order of political genius, he may invent something that will come home to his fellow-citizens in a way to move and lead them as no abstract statement or generalized speech could possibly do. The French put a contemptuous shade into their word *phraseur*; yet no nation has more signally illustrated in its history the great power, whether for good or evil, of political phrases, than has France. The French Revolution might be described as born of catchwords; and when men to-day speak of the ideas of '93, they often mean merely the swollen but empty words of '93. Mirabeau early predicted the rise of Robespierre, because, as he said, "that man believes every word he speaks." Put an earnest or even fanatical man behind some ingratiating and plausible political phrases, and you may expect him to do almost anything.

Phrases are designed to appeal to the imagination of men, and it is still true, as Napoleon said, that the world is governed by imagination. Of course, that faculty may play tricks with us. Napoleon himself finally became, according to Talleyrand, "the dupe of his own imagination." But politicians and even statesmen are all the while making their bids for the popular imagination, and usually do so by means of phrases. An English public man will talk, if he knows his business, not about Magna Charta, but about "Three Acres and a Cow"; our shrewdest politician will waste no time prating about the Constitution, when he can ring the changes on "The Square Deal." It is useless to complain of phrase-making. We all do it, better or worse. But every honest man will see to it that real truth shall be embodied in the political phrases he employs; and will insist that fraudulent party epithets and claims be classed with false labels on goods.

EXEMPTING PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

Mr. Choate's strong speech on Friday last in favor of the exempting of all private property at sea in war-time seems to have been the most notable event thus far at the Hague Conference, and produced the impression that this proposition will be adopted before the Conference adjourns. This is much to be desired. By no means too many positive results from this peace gathering are now in sight. If a better name for it at present would seem to be a Conference for the Amelioration of War, the exemption of private property would be a long step forward, for it would do away with one of the most plausible excuses for piling up naval armaments. Every navy now has its commerce-destroyers, some avowedly so built, others constructed as fast armored cruisers; but both kinds for the purpose of paralleling the record of the Alabama, in capturing or sinking unarmed merchantmen in war-time.

An ignoble aim this, particularly in view of the suffering inflicted upon innocent persons whose entire fortunes may be invested in a legitimate cargo. Yet it is warmly defended upon the ground that the way to end a war is to make your enemy suffer as much as possible, or, as Capt. Mahan has put it, "to stop maritime transportation, the increase of the enemy's wealth by circulation." Capt. Mahan also defends the capture of private property on the ground that a country is no more entitled to receive supplies than is the beleaguered garrison of a city. No besieging Power, he says, would be so foolish as to let wagons filled with supplies of any kind, whether public or private, enter such a beleaguered city. It is not that a maritime Power wants to confiscate private property for its own use, but in order to "hamper, weaken, and finally defeat the enemy." This is, of course, higher ground than that originally taken. In the Napoleonic period the regular naval officers, as well as the privateersmen with whom the oceans swarmed, captured private property afloat for the great personal profits to be obtained. This licensed plundering became so nauseous that privateering ended before the middle of the nineteenth century, neither the Federal Government nor the Confederate, for instance, issuing letters-of-marque in 1861.

So far as Capt. Mahan's analogy with the beleaguered town is concerned, it

strikes us as somewhat forced. The abolition of the capture of private property at sea would not prevent the blockading of harbors, nor the prohibition of the importation of munitions of war. What it primarily aims at is the safeguarding of the American merchant vessel engaged in carrying a cargo from Shanghai to London during a war between France and the United States, or the taking of a load of English furniture into Portland, Me. It is absurd to think that driving such commerce off the seas would do much to hasten the end of the war. Certainly, all the depredations of the Alabama and her sister cruisers, had they been five times as great, could not in any way have affected the outcome of the Rebellion. But the truth is that Capt. Mahan, and Julian S. Corbett, who heartily endorses Capt. Mahan's position in the current *Nineteenth Century*, are not averse to war, but favor it, or believe in it as the final arbiter of international questions, and they are therefore not willing to have the power of navies weakened in this way. Others of their manner of thinking might oppose the abolition of the floating mine or the submarine on the same or similar grounds.

In England the difference of opinion is great. The Jingoes of the *Spectator* type are up in arms against the safeguarding of private property, and have eagerly seized upon the arguments outlined above to bolster up their own position, which is frankly, as the *Spectator* puts it, that "the interests of Britain, as the chief maritime Power of the world, would be seriously jeopardized by the abandonment of the right of capture." It is self-interest, therefore, which dictates their policy, and no consideration whatever for the advancement of peace or for the interests of the family of nations as a whole. Fortunately, there are more enlightened men at the head of the British Government, and there is every reason to suppose that Campbell-Bannerman and his entire Cabinet would loyally support their representatives at The Hague in adherence to Mr. Choate's proposal. That great jurist, the present Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Loreburn, more than two and one-half years ago gave to the London *Times* his reasons why he thought that Great Britain would profit by the exemption of private property at sea, and his arguments have not yet been successfully refuted. But he is, we believe, also in favor of the change on higher grounds. In Germany, and France too, the proposal meets with great favor. For instance, the Berlin *Tageblatt* asserts that any opposition to the principle comes only from a little group of navy-crazed men, and that the great bulk of the people desires its acceptance. Dr. Theodor Barth of Berlin recently gave similar testimony at the Mohonk Conference. The outlook, therefore, may well be considered favorable for action at The Hague.

For the United States, Mr. Choate was able to cite the numerous instances in which America has for years past proclaimed its support of the doctrine and also a Russian assertion that the success of the American principle would be a "crown of glory to modern diplomacy." He announced that President Roosevelt was so impressed with the importance of the question that he hoped for a vote on it by every nation at this Conference. This is most welcome intelligence; for such determination to succeed, backed by Mr. Choate's enthusiasm and ability, should go far to carry the day. A victory would truly mean a "crown of glory" for the American nation, as well as for diplomacy.

THE STILL AGED SENATE.

In the comments which have followed the death of Senator Morgan it has been often stated that the venerable Alabamian was a survival from a Senate that is no more. It has been easy to recall the other legislators of age and dignity who served with him in past years, but who no longer answer to the roll. Only two Congresses before the one which expired last March there were Platt and Hawley of Connecticut, Harris of Kansas, Hoar of Massachusetts, Cockrell and Vest of Missouri, and Bate of Tennessee, all of whom have since died or retired. Every one thought of the Senate as a body of men old in both years and experience. When Mr. Dooley observed that the election of Albert J. Beveridge at the age of eight reduced the Senate's average to ninety-three years he expressed the current impression of that body.

That younger men have been chosen to replace many leaders is a matter of course. One hears much of a "new type" of Senator which has come into prominence within a very few years. Senators like Burkett, Hemenway, La Follette, Frazier, and "Jeff" Davis are spoken of as if they were the first of their years ever to break into an assembly the motto of which had previously been "only Nestors need apply." Plainly, it is worth while to inquire how much the Senate really has changed in respect to the length of experience of its members. Mere age is manifestly not the criterion, for by the usages of the Senate itself an octogenarian is treated as a neophyte during his first term, while younger men who have had the chance to prove their qualities are heard with all respect. Let us, then, compare the present Senate with its predecessors in respect to the continuous service of its members.

To begin with, the dean of the present Senate, Mr. Allison, has served longer without interruption than any previous wearer of the toga. On this Independence Day he rounds out thirty-four years and four months of continuous service. Justin S. Morrill of Vermont died on December 28, 1898, with thirty-one years, nine months, and twenty-four days to his credit, while Thomas H. Benton, though he entitled his memoirs "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," was a member of the upper house only from August 10, 1821, to March 3, 1851, and really lacked more than four months of his thirty years.

In the nature of things, a service of thirty years must be altogether exceptional. Few men are young when chosen to the Senate; and even if the incumbent lives long enough, political conditions must be rather uncommonly stable if he is to enjoy five successive reëlections. But the twenty-year Senator is a more normal product, and there are few members so old when elected that they may not look forward to the possibility of ten years at Washington. When the first Congress convened in 1797, the entire membership was, of course, new. Ten years later, the Fifth Congress found only four of the original thirty-two Senators in their places. In the Tenth Congress there was no Senator who had served in the first, and only two who were in the fifth. In the Fifteenth Congress not only all the Senators from the Fifth Congress, but all except one of those from the Tenth Congress, had retired. So it is evident that the first three decades did practically nothing toward developing a Senate of veterans. When Daniel Webster came to the Senate in 1827, there was not one of the forty-eight Senators who had served more than twenty years, though an even ten had completed one decade.

Taking account of the Congresses at ten-year intervals only, Benton's is the first name which appears in the twenty-year column. This is in the Thirtieth Congress, in the year 1847. There is no other until more than ten years after the close of the war, when, in the Fiftieth Congress, the two Vermont Senators, Edmunds and Morrill, appear in the twenty-year class together.

The proportion of Senators of long service at each of these points may be shown by means of a table:

Congress:	Membership.	30 years.	20 years.	10 years.
1797 5th	32	0	0	4
1807 10th	34	0	0	2
1817 15th	42	0	0	1
1827 20th	48	0	0	10
1837 25th	52	0	0	6
1847 30th	60	0	1	9
1857 35th	66	0	0	17
1867 40th	66	0	0	9
1877 45th	76	0	0	12
1887 50th	76	0	2	16
1897 55th	90	1	6	22

Never in the days when there were giants in the Senate did it contain either relatively or absolutely so many veterans as it did ten years ago. In the Fifty-fifth Congress Morrill had served thirty years, Cockrell, Harris of Tennes-

see, Hoar, Morgan, Allison, and Jones of Nevada, more than twenty, while Aldrich, Bate, Daniel, Davis, Faulkner, George, Gorman, Gray, Hale, Hawley, Pasco, Quay, Stewart, Turpie, Berry, Cullom, Frye, Walthall, Jones of Arkansas, Platt of Connecticut, Teller, and Vest had taken their seats more than ten years previously.

Remarkable as this list appears, and striking as the changes since that day appear, the Senate, if it were called in special session to-morrow, would make an equally good showing. Allison, as already stated, has more than thirty years of Senatorial work behind him, Hale, Frye, Aldrich, Cullom, Teller, and Daniel, more than twenty each, and Gallinger, Hansbrough, Proctor, Lodge, Perkins, Burrows, Clark of Wyoming, Bacon, Elkins, Martin, Nelson, Tillman, Warren, Wetmore, Clay, Foraker, McEnery, Penrose, Pettus, Platt, Mallory, and Money, more than ten each. The proportion is exactly the same as it was a decade ago, one of the ninety Senators having served for thirty years, six for twenty, and twenty-two for ten.

The important fact about the Senate's composition, then, is not that our States are electing to the upper house men a few years younger than was customary at earlier periods, but that once chosen, they are returning year after year as large a proportion as formerly, if not larger. Give a young Senator time enough and he will turn inevitably into an old Senator. Indeed, the comparative youth of some of the present "first-termers" gives the best reason for hoping that ten and twenty years hence the Senate will possess another group of ripe statesmen like those who entered it in the seventies.

SAVINGS-BANK INSURANCE.

Less than a year of agitation in Massachusetts secured the passage of an act which Gov. Guild signed last week permitting incorporated savings banks to establish life-insurance departments. A magazine article by Louis D. Brandeis was the first stimulus of the movement, which was carried to success chiefly by an efficient Massachusetts Savings Insurance League and an influential Committee of One Hundred.

The most effective argument for the new law was presented in the contrast between the 37.21 per cent. of premium receipts which went for expenses of management in the three companies writing the bulk of this country's industrial insurance, and the 1.47 per cent. of deposits spent on the management of the Massachusetts savings banks. Mr. Brandeis showed that a man who began on his twenty-first birthday to pay 50 cents a week to one of the industrial insurance companies, and deposited an equal sum in a savings bank, would, if he lived for the 40.25 years allotted him by the mortality tables, leave a bank-account of $2,265.90, as against only $320 of life insurance. As the Armstrong report showed, the excessive cost of industrial insurance was not due in any considerable degree to extravagant or dishonest management, but was unavoidable when agents were employed to solicit policies of a few hundred dollars and to collect dime and nickel premiums weekly from house to house. By permitting the savings banks to write insurance, the thrifty workingman could be saved all these items of expense, and at the same time entrust his premiums to institutions always notable for the honesty and economy of their management.

In establishing the new system the Legislature has taken pains to prevent the savings banks with their enlarged powers from following in the paths of some of the insurance concerns. Indeed, the amendments inserted after the original drafting of the bill appear to have been all in the nature of additional safeguards to the policyholder. The consent of the bank commissioner is necessary before any savings bank can establish an insurance department at all. The funds of the two departments are in all cases to be kept entirely separate. Insurance investments are limited to those now permitted for savings banks, except that loans may be made on policies. No solicitors or house-to-house collectors may be employed. Only residents of Massachusetts may be originally insured, and a list of outstanding policies is to be filed with the insurance commissioner every month. The savings bank's business is practically limited to the industrial form of insurance by a clause prohibiting it from writing policies binding it to pay more than $500 death benefit or more than a $200 annuity. The bank's license to issue policies is to be revokable by the commissioner on thirty days' notice, "provided not more than twenty thousand dollars of insurance on not less than one hundred lives . . . then remain outstanding." Finally, the expense guarantee fund—not less than $5,000 for each bank—and the insurance guarantee fund—not less than $20,000 for each bank—are entrusted to a newly created body, the General Insurance Guaranty Fund, seven trustees of which are appointed by the Governor, and which itself chooses the State actuary and State medical director.

Enough banks to give the project an adequate trial have already promised to avail themselves of the provisions of the act, and as one of its friends writes, "its success will depend wholly upon whether we sufficiently educate the community to avail itself of the opportunities afforded." The unknown factor in the situation is the amount of business which the new departments may expect, and this depends on factors which are partly psychological The workingman who wants to provide a few hundred dollars of death benefits hereafter has the choice of a variety of insurance enormously expensive, and another which should be extremely cheap. In the one case he must pay premiums for two or three years before the initial charges for writing his policy are paid; in the other these should be little more than would be entailed by opening and carrying a savings account. If two business houses in any other line competed on such terms, the result could not be long in doubt. Yet opposed to the advantages and economies of the savings bank is the axiom that human beings will not insure their lives voluntarily. People who could not sleep if their houses stood overnight without fire insurance have to be dragooned into insuring their lives. The man who applies for a life policy in the old-line companies is regarded with some suspicion, because the assumption is that if he were in sound health, he would wait for the agent to approach him. It is recognized by actuaries, we believe, that the life insurance company which merely opens an office and waits for business to come voluntarily secures in the long run an undesirable class of risks, unless it is exceptionally careful in selection.

The savings bank, however, is in a vastly more advantageous position than any independent insurance company. It is already in touch with the intelligent and provident working people. They now frequent its offices where hereafter deposits will be received at one window and insurance premiums at another. At least the depositor can hardly fail to have presented to him the argument that the two chief forms of modest savings investment can best be conducted on the same principles. Confessedly an experiment now, the insurance department of the savings bank has wonderful possibilities for usefulness, if only it can overcome by education the public's curious inertia in the matter of life insurance.

OPERATIC DIRECTORS.

What is known in foreign musical circles as the "Conried Peril" is agitating Austrian and German newspapers more than ever. The manager of the Metropolitan Opera House is making his usual summer tour of foreign cities, picking out the best singers and bribing them away with offers of what over there are considered "fabulous" emoluments. No German opera house has more than two or three first-class singers at any one time, and these are the very ones whom the affluent American is after. In Vienna, a few years ago, the best prima donna was Miss Edith Walker, and Mr. Conried took her away. Berlin had Miss

Farrar and Miss Destinn; Mr. Conried brought over Miss Farrar, and Miss Destinn is to follow soon. Munich had Ternina and Morena, Knote and Reiss; Conried has got them all, even Miss Morena, whom he has just engaged for three years. And so it goes in every city. However, the *Zeit* of Vienna declares triumphantly that "the European directors have made up their minds no longer to permit their best artists to be taken away from them. They will meet this summer for the purpose of forming a Trust against Conried, and, by the alteration of contracts, make it more difficult for European artists to accept an engagement across the ocean at whatever moment they choose."

We need, however, hardly worry over that Directors' Trust. Great artists, being scarce, can, like domestic servants, make their own terms and scout contracts. What aggravates the situation is that the terrible Conried is not only after the artists, but is seeking, with true New World effrontery, to entice away the very directors to serve under him as conductors. He tried to get Felix Mottl of Munich; failing this, he made overtures to Director Mahler of the Imperial Opera in Vienna; these two men being the most conspicuous operatic directors at present in Greater Germany. That Mottl refused his offer is not to be wondered at, for he is just now the most sought-after musician in Europe. German cities fairly fight for him.

For several weeks the newspapers of Munich and Vienna had a daily column on the Mottl question: Would the adored Felix remain in Munich or go to Vienna to replace Mahler? Four years ago he accepted the position of Generalmusikdirektor in Munich at the unprecedented figure of $9,000 a year. Being a Viennese by birth, he would have preferred to be called to his native city, but there was no opening there as long as Mahler remained at the head of affairs. Some months ago, however, there were persistent rumors that Mahler would resign. It was said that he wanted to devote all his time to composing (he is a prolific writer of interminable symphonies); that his tyrannical conduct (he is a great martinet, and makes all the singers submit to his will in every detail) had made it impossible for him to remain; that his pretended reforms had been found of merely ephemeral significance; and that he had accepted an offer from Conried to become the head conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House.

At a recent meeting of the Philharmonic Society in Vienna, 86 out of 94 members voted to have Mottl as their solo conductor for next season (even in case he remained in Munich). As Mahler received only four votes, it seemed as if matters were coming to a crisis. The secret leaked out that the operatic arbiters in Vienna began as long ago as last September to negotiate with Mottl. But Mottl's Munich contract tied him for ten years, and he could not without valid reason ask to be released. At the opportune moment came the cabal against him—practically an attempt to drive him out of the city, as Wagner and Hans von Bülow were driven out in their day. Mottl brought suit against a newspaper for libellous misrepresentation, and the result was a great personal triumph. On his reappearance at the Opera he received an ovation lasting a quarter of an hour. Still, it was deemed pardonable, under the circumstances, that he should lend a willing ear to the offer from Vienna and ask to be released from his engagement.

The contradictory reports in the newspapers were set at rest when the Prince Regent of Bavaria issued a communication in which he said: "The request of Generalmusikdirektor Mottl is based on personal grounds. Opposed to these, however, is the more important consideration of the musical and dramatic art of Munich, for which the departure of a leader of the extraordinary significance of Generalmusikdirektor Mottl would mean a great and scarcely reparable loss. This consideration forbids my granting his request after so short an incumbency of his position." So Mottl remains in Munich, with new recognition and promotion, while Mahler leaves Vienna, and now everybody is wondering who will be his successor, Richard Strauss and Weingartner being most frequently suggested. But Weingartner has had all the experience he wants in connection with opera houses, while Strauss has too advantageous a position in Berlin—one involving little work and allowing plenty of time for composition—to be likely to give it up.

Richard Wallaschek, the noted Viennese critic, asks with good reason why it should be assumed that the director of an opera house must necessarily be a conductor. He sees no more reason why he should be such than why a physician should be his own apothecary and undertaker, or a judge his own clerk. The ideal director is, in his opinion, a good deal like an ideal librarian, who should not be a scholarly specialist so much as a man conversant with the whole book world, and able to judge what, on diverse grounds, it is best for him to acquire. The main duties of a director are the choice of operas, new and old, for his repertory; the engagement of good singers (in this Mahler failed wofully); and travelling from city to city to study the situation and gather hints. Conductors and composers doing these things waste time that might be more profitably employed in their own specialty. Shall we conclude, then, that our own Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein come nearer the ideal of an operatic director than Mottl and Mahler, since they are neither conductors nor composers?

AUTHORS AND THEIR FOOD.

A symposium has been going on of late in the columns of a morning newspaper on the proper diet for men and women of letters. Strangely, for once, the members of the irritable fraternity seem to be displaying an amazing unanimity of opinion. The vast majority is for a regimen that is light to the point of being ethereal. Meat seldom makes its appearance; when it does, it blushes and feels out of place, like an eighteenth-century country bumpkin in an elegant eighteenth-century salon. The favorite breakfast dish is a glass of cold water; a good many would add thereto a banana or two, while the weakest spirits go so far as a small pitcher of milk and cream and one diaphanous slice of the bread that our mothers did not use to make. Lunch is about twice as heavy as breakfast, especially as far as the cold water is concerned. Dinner shows an array of courses; their number might almost stir the average reader to something like enthusiasm, if it were not for a general effect of unsubstantial Whistleresque monochrome.

Thin fare, indeed; and, a materialist would be inclined to say, capable of producing only an anæmic literature. But the writers themselves deny it. Never, so runs the general tenor, had they felt as well in nerves, in body, in mind, as these last two years when they have been subsisting only on whipped cream and whole wheat bread, and never had their pens travelled in such felicitous concourse with the rapid flow of blood in their tingling veins. That, presumably, is why we have such a fine, optimistic body of fiction, where the men are all masterful and straight, and the women are all gentle and fair, and all ends well. Seeing things from their cruel side, knocking one's head against the riddle of life, all this *Weltschmerz* that we hear so much of—we have all felt its crushing pain and found it was only indigestion. If Goethe had been acquainted with the nutritive qualities of Graham bread, "Werther" would not have preached mawkish sentimentality to generations of lovers. Senancour and Amiel should have lived more on the curdled milk of their own high latitudes. Much of the so-called Puritan austerity in Hawthorne may be interpreted in terms of doughnuts.

And yet great optimists ate and wrote. Balzac and his frequent surrender to Gargantuan prandiolatry; Scott, who made furtive excursions from his chamber in Wordsworth's house to the village inn, where mutton chops and ale gave him strength for continued so-

journ in a rare and high atmosphere; Browning, who was as smoothly rounded as any of your well-fed city traders and aldermen, up to the very king of them all, who, as a youth, showed such a finely cultivated taste for venison—there is authority enough for maintaining that genius shows itself also in its capacity for transforming gross matter into undying form. On the other hand, it is open to doubt whether the ascetic principle that animates the modern literary menu, does not really hamper and cripple the imagination. Spirituality on thin gruel is possible; but, verve, *élan*, on creamed potatoes and asparagus tips is hard to conceive, and even concentration is extremely difficult on a nagging stomach. And the moral travail! Invariably it is one-half of an orange, three quarters of a bowl of milk, ten spoonfuls of a plate of pea soup, the crust only of a slice of bread. The effort of will necessary to put away the other half of the orange, abstain from the remaining 25 per cent. of the milk, turn aside from the final half-dozen spoonfuls of soup, or crush the hankering for the delicious soft of the bread, must leave one too weak for literary work, or work of any other kind, or for any appreciation, in fact, of the joy of life.

The trouble is that our writers, being an imaginative and credulous folk, have been led away by the preachments of the scientific dietarians. Only the other day a congressful of them met in London and gave birth to a new crop of formulæ. Who knows not the typical dietetic confession of faith: "I believe, or I assent, that a small plate of porridge is equal in proteid value to two thick slices of a four-pound loaf of bread. I assert that an egg contains as much nutriment as a pound of sirloin steak; that two sandwiches of French bread with watercress are convertible into as many foot-pounds of energy as a good-sized Irish stew." If the men who promulgate such beliefs are not nature fakers, they are, to say the least, very poor practical scientists. The engineer would never risk a trainload of people on a bridge that was just theoretically strong enough. He multiplies its theoretical strength by five; and that is what the dietarians should do. If, instead of the theoretical unitary egg that equals a pound of meat in utility, they said five eggs, and instead of two watercress sandwiches, they said ten, much could be forgiven them.

As for the unanimous favor with which a thin vegetable diet is regarded by our literary workers, we cannot find a reason, unless it is that, being for the most part still unknown, they are all engaged in writing the same kind of salable stories, and are therefore, till success comes, unanimous—and vegetarians. When they have "arrived," they will differentiate and take to meat. A perpetually uniform diet for authors is inconceivable. We cannot think of Jack London as surviving very long without raw beefsteak and moonshine whiskey; Josephine Dodge Daskam surely lives on Pasteurized milk and lady-fingers; Richard Harding Davis on pâté de foie gras, washed down with extra dry, and Maurice Hewlett on venison pasties and October ale. We should not be surprised if some authors ate grape-fruit and toast before sending out their hero and heroine on their climb up the Matterhorn, and dined on lobster salad before writing the scene in which she rejects him. So every literary *genre* might have its own gustatory atmosphere. As the poet may have remarked:

Eggs is for Epics, where the brave meet the fair.
Lentils for Lyrics on Melisande's hair,
Nuts is for Nature books . . .

CHESTERFIELD.—II.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters are divided into two distinct collections, those to various correspondents on Political and Miscellaneous topics and those To his Son on Education. They are alike in the dry light, the almost pitiless clarity of intelligence which they throw upon all the affairs of life, but in other respects they are naturally diverse. One is impressed in the general collection by the shrewd understanding of men and movements which again and again predicts the shifting political combinations of the age. Nor did he fail to observe the larger currents of national destiny, as in his insight into the condition of France, the clearest expression of which occurs, however, in a letter to his son: "In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France." With this insight goes an irresistible impulse to elucidate and advise; there is, in fact, just a touch of the schoolmaster, strangely compounded with the fine gentleman, in his inveterate didacticism—notable especially in the letters to his Irish friends. No one, not even Swift, ever understood Ireland better, or sympathized with her more heartily, than this British disciple of Rochefoucauld. He was constant in his support of the manufactures of paper and linen, by which he hoped the country could be brought to efficient independence. In his friendships generally, few but enduring, he maintains a kind of discreet enthusiasm, rising in the correspondence with one or two French ladies to a really exquisite gallantry. Was ever a prettier compliment turned than that by which he made his desire to conform his dates to those of Madame de Monconseil's letters the cause of reforming the British calendar? The whole letter (11 Avril, V. S., 1751) should be read in connection with that to his son a month earlier, to see with what refinement of address he turns the same notable act to the uses of pedagogy and courtesy. There is the proud self-effacement of the good teacher in the one, as of the courtly gentleman in the other: "Mais enfin voilà votre style établi ici. Voyez par là comment le public ignore presque toujours les véritables causes des évènements; car il ne vous soupçonne pas d'entrer pour quelque chose dans celui-ci."

But it is the long series of letters to his son that have made the name of Chesterfield to be a living symbol. No legitimate children were born to him, but while at The Hague he had formed a *liaison* with a certain Madame du Bouchet, governess in a wealthy Dutch family, who followed him to England and lived there quietly on an allowance during his life. In 1732, their son, Philip Stanhope, was born. Never was legitimate child trained and pushed in the world with such unwearied assiduity; in the care of this boy the father and the pedagogue combined in Chesterfield to produce an overpowering anxiety. He was educated under the best masters and then sent, with a "bear-leader," to the Continent for years to be ripened and *décrotté*. Parliament and diplomacy were both opened to him, but in the end, owing in part to the stigma of his birth and in part to an invincible clumsiness of manner, he was little better than a failure. In 1768 his death revealed the fact that he had been secretly married to a lady, who made profit of the connection by selling the Earl's treasured letters to her husband for £1,575. They were published in 1774, to the scandal of the family and of England.

In truth, few men dared at the time to defend these extraordinary documents. Horace Walpole was shocked by their naked candor. "A most proper book of laws," he calls them, "for the generation in which it is published; they have reduced the folly and worthlessness of the age to a regular system." But all the world read them, even though, like John Wesley, they were horrified at the picture of this cunning libertine "studiously instilling into the young man all the principles of debauchery, when he himself was between seventy and eighty years old." Dr. Johnson, with more vigor than justice, had already, in his terrible satire of the Patron, held Chesterfield up to contempt, and now he flung upon the author of the Letters a hideous phrase which no amount of palliation can ever quite obliterate. These things occurred toward the end of the century, when the age was in a somewhat repentant mood for its sins. Having become established in virtue, the world to-day can afford to be a little more lenient—and just. For really the manners taught by Lord Chesterfield were not those of a dancing master, nor the morals—what Dr. Johnson was permitted to call them. There is enough to excuse without any such distortion of the truth as this, and, to have done with the subject, we may admit that certain passages of the letters not only sin against the strict laws of virtue—indeed, the whole tenor of their instruction does that—but transgress the social code of the day. At times they drop to downright scheming heartlessness, when my Lord commonly acknowledges a slight twinge of conscience by writing his counsel in French. The purport of that advice may be gathered from one of the milder English observations:

> The gallantry of high life, though not strictly justifiable, carries, at least, no external marks of infamy about it. Neither the heart nor the constitution is corrupted by it; neither nose nor character lost by it; manners, possibly, improved.

It would be disingenuous to omit any al-

lusion to such passages as these, but it would be equally unfair to suppose that they give the tone to the Letters as a whole. Nor would it be just to condemn the frankness of their morals on the principle of *pueris reverentia*. It must be remembered always that they were written to an illegitimate son, to whom the preaching of rigid virtue would imply either repentance or hypocrisy on the part of the writer, and Chesterfield was neither repentant nor hypocritic. It must be remembered also that they were never intended for publication, and this for their literary as well as their moral qualities. Their greatest fault as compositions is a certain monotony arising from endless repetition of the same theme, very useful in pressing home the desired lesson, but rather irksome when the Letters are read together. Their chief excellence is their style, for which our admiration must be heightened by knowing they were entirely unpremeditated. To one who takes pleasure in the sheer mastery of a difficult artistic medium, the language of Lord Chesterfield must be a continual wonder and joy. He had not the measured eloquence of Bolingbroke, the gravity of Dr. Johnson, the naïve grace of Goldsmith, the homely elegance of Cowper, or the idiomatic ease of Gray; his style lacks color and magnetism; but he had other qualities which make his Letters on the whole the finest model of English of the mid-eighteenth century; and beside it most writing in English seems to wallow unwieldy. It is distinguished for precision, unfaltering directness, and a kind of splendid clearness. It cannot be judged from specimens, for its effect depends on sustained balance of tone; there are no purple patches. To read it is to feel such an exhilaration as comes from watching the swift, thin motion of a foil in the hand of a skilled fencer—and the foil has no button. We have seen how he trained himself as a stylist while at college, but his real masters were the great French writers, whom he knew personally and imitated, and to whom he was in turn *l'homme le plus spirituel des trois royaumes*. He had helped to introduce Voltaire and Montesquieu to British philosophy and government, and had filched from them the mysteries of French prose. His English is thoroughly idiomatic, but there is not the slightest jar in passing from his letters in that language to those in French scattered through the collection.

And from France also he borrowed another trait. Englishmen are not frank, or, perhaps, not logical. There is grossness and plain-speaking aplenty in their letters throughout the eighteenth century, but it is sheer naughtiness; they rarely deny the convention of morality. Now Chesterfield was French in conforming his standards with his acts. One finds extremely little of the contemporary coarseness in his Letters, but they accept unreservedly and, indeed, unblushingly inculcate the practical code of society as he knew it. They are overwhelmingly honest, honest in a far higher sense than can be applied, for instance, to the garrulous self-revelation of a Pepys, or to the portrait of a creature of impulse like Tom Jones. Here, if anywhere, the man of the world, the *honnête homme*, as he then was, and as, at heart, he still is, stands exhibited; there is something almost sublime in the dry unshrinking light cast upon him. And if much must be reprobated in that character, much also is admirable and at all times worthy of imitation. He was the late product of an art which has practically passed from the world. We are concerned to-day about our duties and our pleasures, and about the means of making life efficient; but who is concerned to mould his life into an artistic design? We write enormously of all the mechanical arts, but where is to be found a modern treatise on the one supreme art of living? It did not use to be so, as any one knows who has read the literature of the Renaissance.

It would carry me too far, even if I had the material at hand, to trace the development of this conception of life as one of the fine arts. There are hints of it in Xenophon and Horace and other writers of antiquity, but its real origin would be found in the engrafting of the classical sense of measure on the mediæval ideal of chivalry. Petrarch's sonnets and letters may be regarded as the opening of the voluminous literature that sprang up on the subject, and the "Decameron," with its bravely ordained delights against the background of the deadly plague, started its course in fiction.* From these sources the art became gradually defined and specialized, reaching its climax in Castiglione's elaborate dialogue on the training of "The Courtier," certainly one of the richest fruits of the Italian genius. The art came over seas to England with the rest of the Renaissance, and soon made itself felt in literature. Lyly's "Euphues" is at the head of the new genre, that book, to follow the title page, "Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember: wherein are contained the delights that Wyt followeth in his youth by the pleasauntnesse of Love, and the happynesse he reapeth in age, by the perfectnesse of Wisedome." "The Faerie Queene" is the flower of the school in England, with its confessed attempt "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline" by uniting "the twelve private morall vertues" of Aristotle with the graces of chivalry. There is a long drop from "The Faerie Queene" to Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman" (1622), but the ideal, *ut in honore cum dignitate vivamus*, is still in view, and we are preparing for Chesterfield in such passages as this:

There is no one thing that setteth a fairer stampe upon Nobility then evennesse of Carriage, and care of our Reputation, without which our most gracefull gifts are dead and dull, as the Diamond without his foile: for hereupon as on the frontispice of a magnificent Pallace, are fixed the eyes of all passengers, and hereby the height of our Iudgements (even our selves) is taken.

The Civil War left scant leisure or appetite for discoursing on delicate points of conduct, and the Restoration brought back with it all the froth of France without the substance. It remained for the dull and boorish court of Hanover to smother vice in vulgarity, and it was nothing to Chesterfield's discredit that both George II. and Caroline feared and detested him; his passionate pleading for refinement of manners may be understood when we read Hervey's record of the family doings at St. James's and Hampton Court.

These Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, then, are to be taken as a part, and perhaps the most valuable part, of that literature of Courtesy which began at the first dawn of the Renaissance. But it must not be supposed that in cultivating the art of life he meant to belittle the need of a substantial foundation. On the contrary, their whole aim was to prepare the boy for an efficient career as a statesman, not without the spur of generous service to his country. They insist upon strenuous study, although my Lord would avoid the pedantry of the universities; they declare again and again that nothing can be accomplished without application and the habit of attention. The first letter of the collection, written in French to the lad when he was only seven years old, is a disquisition in little on the necessity of cultivating eloquence, ending with the observation: "*Nascitur Poeta, fit Orator:* c'est-à-dire, qu'il faut être né avec une certaine force et vivacité d'esprit pour être Poëte; mais que l'attention, la lecture, et le travail suffisent pour faire un Orateur." In other words, the young Stanhope was already destined for Parliament. Nor is morality, as the writer understood it, neglected; he was earnest in trying to set the boy *à l'abri des grands écueils de la jeunesse*, and was not ashamed to warn him from the evils of gambling by his own example, for play, he had to admit, had been his one ruling and wasteful passion.

But it is true that toward the end these precepts are for the most part merely implicit in the letters and that the *fortiter in re* appears to be forgotten too often in the *suaviter in modo;* the end is swallowed up in the means. It happened that the young man developed a disposition studious and serious to excess, with little care for the graces; hence his Mentor's exaggerated emphasis on that side of education. The basis of Chesterfield's theory of education and something of his insight into the workings of human nature can be seen from a few quotations taken somewhat at random:

I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation; the latter having the utmost strength and solidity to support, and the former all possible ornaments to decorate.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

Smooth your way to the head through the heart. The way of reason is a good one; but it is commonly something longer, and perhaps not so sure.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh.

Never seem wiser, nor more learned, than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket: and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one.

It is hard to say which is the greater fool, he who tells the whole truth or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as necessary in business as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

*The very tone and color of its gayer aspect are given by Boccaccio in the stately language of his introduction: "Io giudicherei ottimamente fatto che noi, . . . fuggendo come la morte i disonesti esempli degli altri, onestamente a' nostri luoghi in contado, de' quali a ciascuna di noi è gran copia, ce ne andassimo a stare: e quivi quella festa, quella allegrezza, quello piacere che noi potessimo, senza trapassare in alcuno atto il segno della ragione, prendessimo."

Have a real reserve with almost everybody, and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so.

I, who have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business, and have seen all the springs and pullies of those decorations which astonish and dazzle the audience, retire, not only without regret, but with contentment and satisfaction. But what I do, and ever shall, regret, is the time which, while young, I lost in mere idleness and in doing nothing. . . . Do not imagine that by the employment of time I mean an uninterrupted application to serious studies. No; pleasures are, at proper times, both as necessary and as useful; they fashion and form you for the world; they teach you characters, and show you the human heart in its unguarded minutes. But then remember to make use of them. I have known many people, from laziness of mind, go through both pleasure and business with equal inattention; neither enjoying the one nor doing the other; thinking themselves men of pleasure because they were mingled with those who were, and men of business because they had business to do, though they did not do it. Whatever you do, do it to the purpose; do it thoroughly, not superficially. *Approfondissez:* go to the bottom of things.

Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it; and I could heartily wish that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live.

Good-breeding, and good-nature, do incline us rather to help and raise people up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them; and, in truth, our private interest concurs in it, as it is making ourselves so many friends, instead of so many enemies.

The sure characteristic of a sound and strong mind is, to find in everything those certain bounds, *quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum.* These boundaries are marked out by a very fine line, which only good-sense and attention can discover; it is much too fine for vulgar eyes. In manners, this line is good-breeding; beyond it, is troublesome ceremony; short of it, is unbecoming negligence and inattention.

Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

There is nothing reprehensible in all this, and Chesterfield's insistence on the minutest points of good-breeding—an insistence which cannot be conveyed to the reader by particular quotations—can be censured only when it is coupled with the cynical distrust of human nature which he learned from Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère—and from living society. Undoubtedly his instruction, despite his words to the contrary, too often leads to the conclusion that men are either knaves or fools, either deceiving or deceived by means of the mere semblance of things. The art of living has an ugly tendency to transform itself into a masque of imposture. His second great maxim, *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti,* is at times not far removed from Machiavelli's system of moral strategy, or, if we wish to remain within Great Britain, to Francis Bacon's adaptation of that system: "Have openness in fame and repute, secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use, and a power to feign if there be no remedy; mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver which may make the metal work better." Well, it was the practical code of the day, if not of all days, and in the end our indignation reduces itself to Walpole's disgust at seeing folly and treachery clothed in frank authority. There is an inevitable injustice in writing about Chesterfield; the more questionable side of his morality somehow assumes an importance out of all proportion to its real place. Only long familiarity with his Letters can acquaint one with their better wisdom and their brave and unfailing acceptance of human conditions. It is depressingly easy to lay bare the snares to virtue they contain, whereas only here and there will any reader clearly apprehend and make his own that supreme art of living of which they are the last and most honest exhibition. They present the Sir Charles Grandison of real life. P. E. M.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, June 21.

From Easter to June is "the season" in Paris books as in society. This season an unusual number of new publications deal with our own day and generation, that of the Third French Republic.

The most surprising to those avid of real personalities half slips out of this group because its author, Charles Bocher, is in his ninety-second year, and, including what he has been told at first hand, proudly puts on the title-page of his Memoirs—"1760 to 1907." He has long been known to Tout-Paris as the "dean" of the *habitués* of the Opera; he began in 1828, four years after the death at ninety-two of another dean, the Marquis de Mornay, who had fought in 1745 at the battle of Fontenoy. M. Bocher's godfather was the future Charles X.; and his own father told him personal experiences of the Old Régime and the Revolution and Empire. His college professor was Philippe Lebas, son of Robespierre's companion in life and death, and he himself well remembers Robespierre's aged sister. His school examiners were Cuvier and Ampère. Madame de Chateaubriand gave him chocolate of Sundays, and he was admitted as a young man to the close circle of Madame Récamier. He entered Saint-Cyr in 1836; and he passed his vacations with the last of the famous family of geographers, Cassini, who was then eighty-eight and retailed gossip told him by his own grandfather from the seventeenth century and the Court of Louis XIV.

Madame Adam publishes the fifth volume of her Memoirs—"Mes angoisses et nos luttes (1871-1873)"—notes taken day by day during the cruel downfall and swift resurrection of France. Victor Hugo sat up all night to read them. Madame Adam helped then to give Gambetta his predominance in the transformation of their country; the test of experience has perhaps since shaken her confidence in his political wisdom, so true is it that the Radicals of one generation are the Reactionists of the next; at the time a bitter critic described Gambetta as "a one-eyed man who only saw one side of things."

A sober historical work, by one who figured in the strife and not on Gambetta's side, is "L'Assemblée Nationale de 1871," by Senator de Marcère, a founder and leader of the Republican Centre. This second volume finishes the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon—"the end of the Conservative Republic," which Thiers said was the only Republic that could endure in France, and which Gambetta made finally impossible. The impartiality of this volume is praised even by those who look on its author as the type of a Reactionary. The remaining notes of Gontault Biron, first French ambassador to Berlin after the war, complete another work on this period.

"Le Cœur de Gambetta," by Francis Laur, former Deputy, deals with ultra-private life; it includes the letters to Madame Léonie Léon, whose recent death revived interest in the famous *liaison.* The book is not without historical importance, as showing the substantial nature of the man who transformed France.

"L'Émigré" of Paul Bourget is, of course, fiction; but it essays to deal honestly and philosophically with those who have an inherited homesickness for the Old France. It belongs to that growing school of *intellectuels—idéologues* was Napoleon's name for them—who would complicate the forward evolution of France with a definite revolution backwards.

A very frank book on the immediate danger—"Le Péril de la race," by Émile Pierret—treats of three physical evils more tangible than ideas—*avaric,* alcoholism, tuberculosis. Minds that jump at conclusions should reflect how the same evils exist in all civilized countries, and that the cry of alarm for the tainted part of a population should not be used to bolster up legends about the wholesome mass.

In the "Confessions de ma vie," by Wanda de Sacher-Masoch, we skirt other abysses of civilized aberration; yet neither she, nor the husband whose name she bears—the Sacher-Masoch of the harmless Jewish stories and of the harmful aberration known by his name—nor the second husband known as "Jacques Saint-Cère," was French; and mere living in cosmopolitan Paris could not make them so.

Paul Verlaine, on the contrary, with all his abyssmal faults, may be claimed by France as her own honorably; he was in at the start of the recent poets, of whom he is easily the first; and the occasional soaring of his verse to the gates of heaven has not a little helped to the present religious revival. Three publications concern him. One, of little worth, reproduces his own prose concerning France. The second is made up from documents (very human) gathered by his publisher, Léon Vanier—"Verlaine intime," by Ch. Donop. The third, aiming at more completeness—"Paul Verlaine, sa vie, son œuvre"—is by the veteran journalist and *littérateur* Edmond Lepelletier.

In the controversies which here and now stir men's souls, we have the final volume of that valiant fighter, Brunetière—"Discours de combat." Pastor Wagner applies his non-combatant methods of the Simple Life once more in *causeries* "Pour les petits et les grands." Jules Bois, who began years ago by scrutinizing the "little religions" of Paris and then went further to a large volume on Satanism, after rounding his experimental studies in India, gives a fairly disillusioned book on "Le Miracle moderne."

In politics, which are more pressing because more violently active than religion, there is a handbook of the leading party—"Le Socialisme à l'œuvre," by the able Georges Renard and others. It sets out to describe what has been done and what can be done, first to solve the economic problem by the association of persons and the socialization of things; second, the political problem, universal suffrage, the Referendum and Initiative, Internationalism and

the fiscal question; and third, the intellectual and moral problems, the organization of the family and education. C. Poinsot gives the romance and poetry of "Littérature sociale," particularly from Victor Hugo, Émile Zola, Paul Bourget, Clemenceau, and the brother novelists who sign J. H. Rosny. Gustave Téry, who was a university member until amputated for advanced opinions, talks back incisively at Socialism in a little book about "Jean Jaurès."

The *Figaro's* "petite chronique des lettres" reappears in book form in "Le Mouvement littéraire en 1906," by Ph.-Emmanuel Glaser, with a preface by Jules Claretie. Émile Faguet publishes a fourth series of his periodical judgments under the title of "Propos littéraires."

Among the very costly art-books one deserves notice for its technical possibilities, "Les Salons d'architecture," published by Charles Schmid and made up of 250 reproductions from the two Salons of the present year. S. D.

Correspondence.

VERROCCHIO AND EARLY LEONARDO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If I return to Mr. William Rankin's interesting letter on the early work of Leonardo, in the *Nation* for May 16, it is less because his views happen to be largely mine as well, than because I fear that only a handful of your readers know how prolonged and intimate has been his study of Leonardo. No one on our side of the water speaks with greater authority on such a matter. Instead of laboring small points of difference, between him and one who has learned much from him, it seems better worth while to point out that the supposition that Leonardo did considerable painting on such Verrocchian canvases as the Baptism of the Accademia and the Annunciation* of the Uffizi, corresponds closely to the historic probabilities of the case. It is about the opinion that a trained historian would arrive at, after weighing the chronological evidence and studying the Verrocchian group of pictures discursively, without Morellian or other prepossessions.

It may be asked why, in the absence of sufficient graphic evidence, no one has taken this cautious attitude towards so delicate a problem. The answer is obvious, because Verrocchio happened to be the master of Leonardo, and all critics have unconsciously been moved by the natural desire to reconstruct a Verrocchio worthy of that high responsibility. Dr. Bode's wholesale attribution of nearly all the works of the school to its head undoubtedly represents the desire to show that Verrocchio at least painted much. Mr. Berenson's and Miss Cruttwell's more cautious delimitation of his *œuvre* by quality, seems again to bespeak a desire to prove him a genius of the exquisite and experimental sort, a proper prototype for his greater pupil.

It seems to me that the time has come, since the defective material does not lend itself to the established procedures of connoisseurship, to approach the matter from the simple point of view of historic probability, considering Verrocchio painter merely on the basis of the general evidence, and eliminating all pictures that have been attributed to him on purely stylistic grounds. Thus considered, the unchallenged evidence for Verrocchio painter boils down to a single picture, the Baptism of the Accademia—an unfinished and undated panel concerning which we have Vasari's disquieting report that a portion of the work is Leonardo's. Clearly, we must build cautiously on so shaky a foundation.

Fortunately, the dates of Verrocchio's activity and Vasari's account of his beginnings, together with the dates of his chief pupils, do combine to give us certain probabilities. Verrocchio was born in 1435, and worked as a silversmith before he became the head of an *atelier* of sculpture and painting. As late as 1477 we find him working as Pollaiuolo's subordinate on the silver dossal of the Florence cathedral. We may fairly assume, then, that his beginnings as the head of his own studio of the major arts were late. In all probability, he would hardly have taken the forward step until his thirtieth year, or thereabouts, say somewhere near 1470. What Vasari tells us about Verrocchio's commissions, and the absence of early scupture, would make even a later date credible enough.†

Now Leonardo was born in 1452, and while we do not know the date of his apprenticeship, the custom of the time does not permit us to put it far from his sixteenth year. Let us say, then, somewhat before 1470. He was then, as we know from other sources, one of Verrocchio's earliest pupils in painting. And this is suggested as well by his constant influence upon the unoriginal Lorenzo di Credi, by seven years his junior. We know from Vasari, too, that Leonardo assisted his master as well in sculpture as in painting. Luckily we have that precious landscape drawing in the Uffizi, dated 1478, to tell us the kind of proficiency Leonardo had gained in his early prentice days. Mr. Rankin has properly emphasized its significant likeness to the background of the Baptism. It is even more important to realize its magnificent quality. It transcends anything we can imagine of Verrocchio's at such a date. In fact nobody but the young Leonardo, at that time, if indeed for nearly twenty years following, could have approached it. In other words, at twenty-one Leonardo had nothing to learn from anybody about landscape, being a full generation ahead of his time. But it may be urged he had had the benefit of four or five years of Verrocchio's teaching, of which this masterly sketch is the fruits.

This argument may best be met by reviewing the landscapes produced by others of the school presumably under Verrocchio's guidance; and here no one can deny that, eliminating Leonardo and the contentious pictures that suggest him, nothing in the treatment of landscape by Verrocchio's pupils would lead us to believe that he was either a master or an innovator in this field. Study the landscapes of Botticini in his Verrocchian phase, take the backgrounds of such typical school pieces as those of Berlin and London, follow the landscapes of Lorenzo di Credi, or better yet, learn at San Domenico, Fiesole, how completely he attenuates, in copying, the noble background of the Baptism—and no impartial observer, I am confident, will feel that these pupils imply a master profoundly versed in the landscape art. On the other hand, whenever, as in the Baptism and Annunciation, one does find a Verrocchian painting with a fine landscape, Leonardo is the name that instinctively flies to the lips, and the probable dates never forbid such an hypothesis. I would willingly urge what seems to me the more positive evidence of a close similarity in workmanship, amounting almost to identity, between Leonardo's Adoration of the Kings and the background of the Baptism, but I despair of making concrete to others what is a profound personal experience.

Let us now weigh also the significant fact that we possess no assured work of Verrocchio antedating Leonardo's entrance to the studio, recalling as well that Leonardo brought to a man who had exchanged goldsmithing for painting the mastery implied in the landscape sketch of 1478. Let us remember that Vasari, whose æsthetic estimates in matters Florentine are seldom faulty, describes Verrocchio as laborious rather than spontaneous, retaining to the end in both sculpture and painting something "hard and dryish" (*la maniera alquanto dura e crudetta*), put beside this Verrocchio's thrifty habit of employing student labor to the full, as shown in the famous case of the Virgin in the Duomo, Pistoia (see Maud Cruttwell's interesting account), and we have a concentration of historic probabilities all pointing to Leon-

*The difficulty of reconciling the archaic Annunciation of the Uffizi with the far freer and more advanced reduction in the Louvre seems to me to be exaggerated by Mr. Rankin and all the critics. In the first place, the attribution of that little masterpiece to Leonardo is an assumption, if a convincing one, and its ascription to his early period is equally an assumption, if a wholly plausible one. These points are raised not because I doubt either hypothesis, but because it is well to note how little we are really justified in regarding the technic of the Louvre Annunciation as the touchstone for Leonardo's early work. For this it simply will not serve. It is quite as difficult to reconcile its manner with that of the Madonna of the Rocks or of the early drawings as it is with that of the Uffizi Annunciation. But must the reconciliation be effected? One is permitted to believe that the smaller panel, though early, may follow the larger one by several years. An even better view is simply that the small scale and importance of a predella gave Leonardo an opportunity to adventure boldly, to take technical liberties that would not have been tolerated in a painting of larger scale. We must beware of supposing that the technic of an eagerly inventive genius follows unbroken lines of progress. One must expect to find all sorts of throwbacks and anticipations. It is the contrary presumption that has brought the transcendental chronologizing of the old masters, especially as practised by the German and Germanizing school, perilously near to organized pedantry. A little observation of modern artists would humanize the severity of such a theory. Am I wrong in suggesting that in his water colors Winslow Homer has anticipated by full twenty years what the art criticism of the future will solemnly call his "latest manner"?

As for the Uffizi Annunciation I feel a far greater *finesse* in the painting of the Angel than in that of the Virgin and the architectural forms. The difference is largely effaced in the photographs, but is patent, to me at least, in the picture. The Virgin is more heavy-handed both in conception and execution. I cannot believe that Leonardo could have so perfunctorily tinted another's cartoon, and since the style is not that of any of the numerous school pieces nor yet below their general level, we are perhaps justified in divining Verrocchio himself in this figure. With Mr. Rankin I entertain a strong hope, if not quite a conviction, that the Angel is by Leonardo. That Verrocchio at any time was capable of the exquisite delicacy of touch in the tree profiles and the landscape seems simply incredible to me. These qualities surpass the capacity of any one in the *milieu*, saving only Leonardo.

†It should be remarked that Vasari in the life of Lorenzo di Credi speaks as if Verrochio's preoccupation with painting were recent when Lorenzo entered the studio. Lorenzo had been first trained as a goldsmith, and one may assume that he came to Verrochio somewhere near his sixteenth year, say, 1475. This agrees with Vasari's statement that Lorenzo began by imitating Leonardo, and in a way confirms the date 1470, roughly suggested above for the opening of Verrocchio's *bottega* of painting.

ardo as the creator of the most gracious products of the *atelier*. That he should not so have been employed would be a fact so strange as to require special explanation.

I believe we may go further and say that there is practically no evidence that Verrocchio was an accomplished painter. The nearer we approach him through his school, excepting Leonardo, the nearer we come to something essentially mediocre, as Vasari truly put it, "somewhat hard and dryish." On purely historical grounds we are fully justified in presuming that Verrocchio was rather an *entrepreneur* of painting than a painter in his own right. His complexion in the rare capacity of painter, one may grasp in the gaunt and impressive figures of the Baptism. Nothing else of the many pictures that derive from him seems so autographic. The spectacle of one who painted little, and none too well, being a great head of a school (which has bothered all the critics of the subject), should really trouble no one. Besides the classic instance of Squarcione, one might cite, were it not ungracious, many painters of to-day, who have made their successes as teachers, yet are not likely to be remembered for their own canvases. As for Verrocchio, his repute as an experimenter and his early adaptation of the oil technic are sufficient to account for his vogue as a master.

If I were not unwilling to ride the free horse of historic probability too hard, I would hint that Verrocchio probably learned far more from Leonardo than he ever taught. Such a theory tallies with the flexible and eclectic nature of the artist described by Vasari and glimpsed through the sculptures. We have already noted that nothing of any consequence in Verrocchio's *œuvre* can be set before the artistic maturity of his greatest pupil. It is a short step from that observation to supposing that the mysterious and pervasive influence which we term the Verrocchiesque is in reality chiefly the influence of the youthful Leonardo, skilfully exploited by his master, and that Verrocchio himself was the single artist of sufficiently receptive capacity to profit by the example daily under his eye. In this connection it is instructive to recall how little Lorenzo di Credi, a stolid talent if there ever was one, failed to grasp the spirit of the Leonardesque while conscientiously aping all Leonardo's tricks of draughtsmanship. I have hinted that it might be a permissible inference to see in such sculptures as the David, the Marble Lady of the Bargello, and the Christ and Thomas of Or San Michele a projection of Leonardo across the temperament of his gifted master. I would say rather that so hazardous a supposition seems to me to have more in its favor than the assumption that such a wraith as Verrocchio is in painting created those lovely and wholly masterful landscapes of the Annunciation and Baptism.

In any case I would plead for a return from the confessedly inadequate pictorial evidence to some such reappraisal of the matter by historical standards as has here been most tentatively essayed.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Florence, June 18.

COLLEGE AUTHORITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Mr. Super in your issue for June 13, and your editorial note in the same number, on "academic freedom," have brought to my mind the fact that there has not been generally published—so far as I am aware—any adequate account of the form of government adopted for this university some three years ago, soon after the administration passed into the hands of our first *de facto* board of trustees.

The new system of organization is marked by what might be analyzed as four distinguishing elements: the election of a committee by the faculty, designed to act as a check upon the powers of the president; the assigning to other elected committees of some of the most important details of academic administration; the real authority of the faculty, coupled with freedom of debate, in the development of the educational policy of the university; and the remarkably large freedom and power of the department faculties and the individual members thereof.

The first of these points is probably most characteristic and interesting. An advisory board, consisting of nine members of the faculty of the rank of full professor, and representing the various departments arranged in groups based on relationship of subjects, is elected by the entire voting membership of the faculty. (This voting membership includes professors, associate professors, and assistant professors who have been members of the instructing body for three years.) The essential duties of this board are best stated in the words of the articles of organization:

> The advisory board shall advise the president concerning any matters which he may choose to refer to it. All executive acts of general importance, such as recommendations for appointments, promotions, and dismissals, and for the abolition of departments and chairs, shall be submitted to the advisory board for approval before they shall become operative, or before they may be submitted to the trustees for their action. . . . In all cases, in presenting such matters to the board of trustees, the president shall state whether or not they have the approval of the advisory board.

By these provisions, while the final authority of the corporation of the university is unimpaired, it is impossible that it should take action on any important matter —including the appointment or dismissal of the humblest officer of instruction— without having laid before it the advice of this representative committee of the faculty.

The second and third points may be considered together, and very briefly. Committees which distinctly represent the administrative duties of the president—such as those on athletics, discipline, and scholarship—are still appointed by him; but those having to do with educational policy —conditions of registration or graduation, conduct of examinations, the administration of the library, and the like—are appointed by the Executive Committee, which in turn is elected by all the voting members of the faculty. Such committees report their recommendations to the faculty itself, and these recommendations, when debated and adopted, unless they relate to matters fundamentally concerning the organization of the university, do not require the approval of president or trustees.

The fourth point, the independence of the several department faculties and their members, is—from the standpoint of the individual instructor, at least—of no less importance. All instructors in the department are entitled to take part in the deliberations of its faculty, although only the voting members of the faculty at large vote on formal matters here. The chairman of the department is appointed by the president of the university, but his only important function—apart from the cooperation of his colleagues—is the making of recommendations for appointments and promotions. On all matters of department administration, such as the giving of courses, the expending of library funds, and the recommendation of candidates for all degrees, the department acts as a body, and its action is ordinarily final. It need hardly be said that this freedom to make one's self heard, no matter how humble one's academic rank or how hopeless the minority in which one finds one's self, is a privilege which to instructors in many universities would seem as sweet as it would be strange.

When all this is said, it may be asked: How does the system work? Democratic organization is one thing on paper, perhaps quite another in reality. To this query it is still too early to make any final reply. Three years is a short time in the life of a university. But in general it may certainly be said that the president, the faculty as a body, the various committees, and many of the departments, have taken the new form of organization very seriously, and have given every evidence of sincerity in their desire to work along its lines. The president has referred to the Advisory Board not only those matters which the articles of organization required him so to refer, but almost numberless matters on which he might have taken action unadvised; and if in any matter he has made a recommendation to the trustees after the Advisory Board has declined to approve it, such an instance has not transpired. The Advisory Board itself has perhaps been more conservative than was to be expected, and its first report to the faculty consisted almost wholly of the enumeration of sundry new departures which had been proposed to it by either the president or others, and which with almost unvaried regularity it had declined to prefer to the *status quo*. This circumstance has led some to think that such a body will remain a mere form, through which the older professors—heads of departments in particular—may from time to time express their content with things as they are. But this is hardly a just inference. The Board was elected by the faculty as a whole; it enjoys no permanent tenure of office; if the faculty does not secure more radical representatives, it is simply because it is not a radical body. Perhaps, since the powers given to this new body were somewhat revolutionary in character, from the standpoint of American college traditions, it is a matter for congratulation that they showed themselves on the whole less concerned to destroy than to fulfil. The faculty as a whole has indulged in free and widely varied debate, and has set its committees to re-examining almost every part of the educational policy of the university; and if these committees have usually failed to recommend very startling changes, this again means simply that the younger and more progres-

sive party is still in the minority, and must wait its time—either to accomplish its wishes or to become conservative in its turn. Having used the word "party," I must basten to add that, properly speaking, no such thing has existed, and that the various deliberations and elections imposed upon men who had formerly been used, in large measure, to silent acquiescence, have produced no cliques, no rancorous contests, nor other than good-natured debate.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

Stanford University, Cal., June 22.

NOISE IN MUSEUMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your excellent editorial on the subject of the new Boston Art Museum, you failed to mention one very important feature of an ideal museum of art—a noiseless floor. In the average museum, all one's pleasure in a peaceful landscape or poetic group is battered to nothing by the massive footfalls of some strolling person in thick-soled boots. I seldom leave an art gallery without a maddening impression of vast, flat-bottomed, wooden-soled feet "planking" after me wherever I go. At our much-esteemed Metropolitan the custodians (or whatever one calls them) are distinguished by boots of extra resonance. One would think that the authorities might at least rubber-sole them. B.

New York, June 26.

Notes.

Routledge has in hand a new dictionary of Dickens of a very elaborate sort, compiled by A. J. Philip.

Prof. Gregory Smith is writing the life of Ben Jonson for the English Men of Letters Series—a notable lacuna which promises now to be well filled.

Henry Frowde is publishing a Sonnet-Sequence, by Theodore Watts-Dunton, on the unveiling of the Rhodes Memorial at Oxford, June 12.

The Revell Company will publish at an early date "The Parables of the Kingdom," by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, and "The Courage of the Coward," by Dr. Charles F. Aked.

Two miniature volumes come to us from E. P. Dutton & Co. One is "A Dictionary of the Bible," by Albert M. Hyamson, very useful in this vest-pocket size for travelling clergymen; the other, "My Jest Book," with a good selection of anecdotes and witticisms selected by Mark Lemon.

E. P. Dutton & Co. issue the following volumes in their New Universal Library: Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris"; Ruskin's "Harbors of England" and "Poems," and "Lucretius on the Nature of Tbings," translated by H. A. J. Munro. To the London Library they add a translation of "Beowulf," by Wentworth Huyshe; and to the library of Wayfaring Books "The Pocket Plato," edited from Jowett's translation by S. C. Woodhouse, and "The Voice of the Sea," edited by Ingram Swale.

Henry Holt & Co. have the following titles on their first autumn announcement: "The Helpmate," by May Sinclair; "A Turnpike Lady," by Sarah N. Cleghorn; "The Flight to Eden," by Harrison Rhodes, "The Luck of the Dudley Grahams," by Alice Calhoun; "The Youngsters of Centerville," by Etta Anthony Baker; "The Treasure of the Canyon," by J. B. Ames; "Harps Hung Up in Babylon," poems by Arthur Colton; "A Hundred Great Poems," compiled by R. J. Cross; "The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," by W. M. Payne; "Leading American Soldiers," by R. M. Johnston; "Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Yale College," vol. iv., by F. B. Dexter; "American Trees," by Nathaniel Lord Britton; "Darwinism To-day," by Vernon L. Kellogg; "Wage-Earners' Budgets," by Mrs. Louise R. More; "Historical Atlas," by Earle W. Dow, and a 1908 edition of Lester & Knowles' "Cheerful Year-Book."

Laurens publishes three new monographs in Les Grands Artistes: "Paul Potter," by Émile Michel; "Prud'hon," by Étienne Bricon, and "Daumier," by Henry Marcel.

We are to have next year three official biographies of English cardinals. Wilfrid Ward has about finished for Longmans the life of Newman on which he has been engaged for some time. Then, as an antidote to Purcell's indiscreet book on Manning, there is to be a life by Father W. H. Kent; and, thirdly, G. Sneed Cox, the editor of the *Tablet*, is preparing a volume, or volumes, on Vaughan.

Not less than thirteen of the twenty-five volumes tbat will compose Oscar Levertin's "Samlade Skrifter" will contain material that has not yet been published in book form. Much of this will be entirely new, from manuscripts which were found at his death, but the bulk of it has already been printed in one form or another, mostly in magazines and newspapers, especially in *Svenska Dagbladet*, of which he was literary editor at the time of his death. The parts that so far have been published comprise the first volume, with his early "Legender och Visor" and "Nya Dikter," and the beginning of the ninth "Svenska Gestalter," in which he stands at his highest as interpreter of literature and life. Volumes 10 and 11 will follow next, witb hitherto unpublished "Essays."

Edward H. R. Tatham, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, gives three Latin poems by W. S. Landor taken from unpublished letters to Walter Birch. One of these is in a letter dated Pisa, November 27, 1818, and is inspired by the absence of liberty in Italy:

> Juravit æquos facere cunctos Gallia
> Et fecit—æquos namque non possunt opes
> Virtus, honores, reddere; aut ipsa Æquitas
> Reddit, tenetve lubrico parum statu
> Seu purpuratos sive nudos Servitus.
> Gaudete Galli! at Itali multo magis
> Gaudete! quippe semper hæc vobis fuit.
> En auctiora cuique patrimonia!

Another is an epitaph on C. J. Fox, occurring in a letter dated Pisa, January 30, 1826:

> Torrens eloquii, inque præpotentes
> Iracundus et acer, et feroci
> Vultu vinculaque et crucem minatus;
> Placandus tamen, ac velut catellus
> Qui morsu digitum petit protervo
> Tum lambit dedes—tuis amicis
> Tanto carior in dies et horas
> Quanto decliperes magis magisque—
> O Foxi lepide, O miselle Foxi,
> Ut totus (me ita di juvent) peristi,
> Qui nec fallere nec potes jocari!
> Quâ nemo cubitum quatit quiescis—
> Væ jacta alea! væ silens fritillus!

Correspondents from Rome outline the contents of the promised new Syllabus, which in church circles is declared to be an important document attacking modern errors in Biblical research in theology and philosophy. The *Figaro* reports tbat the preparation of this document was inspired by Pius X., but that it is chiefly the work of the office in the Vatican. The authors whose views are attacked are said to be chiefly English, French, and Americans.

The total enrolment in the universities of Austro-Hungary, according to latest reports, is 24,578. Naturally, Vienna leads with a student body numbering 8,505, namely, 222 in the theological department, 3,523 in the law, 1,725 in the medical, and 3,025 in the philosophical. Proportionally, Vienna occupies a more prominent position among the universities of tbe empire than Berlin does in Germany, but not as great as Paris does in France. Of the other Austrian universities, Graz reported 2,030 students, Innsbruck 1,092, and the German University in Prague 1,610.

In the Beilage of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Heft 22, are published tbe details of the Chinese Imperial decree, dated April 11, establishing schools for the education of girls throughout the empire, which, as this journal remarks, puts the finishing touch to the school reform scbeme recently begun by the Government. Normal colleges or schools are to be establisbed in all of the provincial capital cities, and later on in otber centres of population, while primary schools for girls are to be opened wherever possible. All these are to be Government schools; but the establishment of private institutions is not to be discouraged—these, however, to be under Government supervision. Instructors may be natives of Cbina or foreigners. Evidently, the whole scheme has been modelled after that introduced in Japan, and rules have already been promulgated forbidding the wearing of expensive silks or ornaments by the pupils, and also the use of costly perfumes, and the like. The regulation demands that the "cruel and harmful" custom of preventing the natural growth of the feet be stopped; gymnasiums and playgrounds for physical exercises in connection with these girls' schools are to be established. In the same decree the Government announces that fifteen Cbinese cadets are to be educated at the expense of the state for five years in the schools of France.

Special attention is given in the current *Public Libraries* to the question of the open or closed shelf in colleges. Two papers, one by H. R. Mead of the University of California, and one by W. I. Fletcher of Amherst College, are devoted entirely to it, while others touch on it incidentally. Mr. Mead, who speaks from experience in two large universities, one maintaining the open system and the other having tbe main stacks closed, says there is not only less loss of books, but also a better and more satisfactory service of students and faculty where the stacks are closed. Tbe majority of readers are confused wben in direct contact witb a large collection of books, this being particularly so in tbe case of a university library wbich aims to contain all, rather than a selection, of books on a

particular subject. No statistics, he says, can show the extent of the inconvenience caused by careless or deliberate misplacements. It is true, he admits, that for many people, there is a profit and satisfaction in the examination of the books on the shelves, but this can be supplied in two ways: (1) By means of the open reading and reference room, which should contain besides reference books proper, the best books on the various branches of knowledge; (2) by admitting to the stacks for a limited period the special student who has shown himself capable of using to advantage this privilege. On the other hand, Mr. Fletcher holds that the open-shelf system, as maintained at Amherst for several years, has amply justified itself in results, and that both faculty and students would object strenuously to any radical change. His support of the open stack, however, is hardly so decided or enthusiastic as would have been the case a few years ago. He says:

> We are certainly suffering increasingly year by year in loss of books and in displacements of volumes on the shelves. I note an effect of free access which may come under the saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Not only do the individual students exhibit the carelessness of one who has come in two or three years of frequenting the library to treat it much as he would his own study, but the influence becomes traditional, and the whole student body seems to be increasingly devoid of the respect akin to awe with which we in our younger days entered a library by the gracious permission of those in charge.

Dr. Canfield of Columbia University contributes to the discussion the somewhat radical opinion—which he says he has held for many years—that "a collection of 8,000 volumes or thereabouts, carefully selected and kept fresh and up to date, constitute an entirely sufficient library for the undergraduates of any college."

When a Frenchman travels in foreign parts, his journey begins the moment the threshold is crossed. Thus René Fago in his "Vers les steppes et les oasis, Algérie-Tunisie" (Paris: Hachette) gives us three chapters before he sets foot in Algiers. But the reader gains by it: the sketch of Marseilles, slight though it be, brings out its subject. And so of the whole work. M. Fage himself would not deny its slightness, but it is the slightness of the artist who brings out the essentials, and leaves to the imagination the task of filling in the detail. Various cities were visited by M. Fage; these and the intervening journeys are described with a bold and sure touch. If a few discomforts and inconveniences can be endured, here is a fresh field for our tourists, jaded by the beaten tracks of Europe. Jules Claretie of the Academy has written a sympathetic preface to this delightful little book.

John W. Taylor, in the "The Coming of the Saints" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), has collected a mass of legendary matter relating to the introduction of Christianity into Provence and England. The greater part of his book deals with the traditions of the three Maries (and their companions), St. Trophimus, and St. Joseph of Arimathea. An outline is given of Rabanus Maurus's "Life of St. Mary Magdalene," who is identified by Rabanus with Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and with "the woman that was a sinner"; the relation of St. Joseph to Glastonbury is treated at length. Here and there historical and quasi-historical matter is mingled with the narration of the legends, particularly in the account of St. Joseph, who, our author thinks, may well have followed the route of the tin-traders to Cornwall. With a serious simplicity and enthusiasm that almost disarm criticism Mr. Taylor recognizes a considerable historical value in this late legendary material. He mentions with approval the opinion of Dr. Pryce (1790), who thought that Cornish and Breton were Semitic dialects; he regards it as probable that Jewish, or "Sarasin," tin-workers of 400 B. C. and downwards left their impress on the race. If these old workers were Jews, it was natural that they should be known to the traders, and from the latter Joseph might have heard of the Jewish colony, might have come to Cornwall to preach to his fellow-countrymen, and so might have stayed and founded Glastonbury. In the same spirit Mr. Taylor deals with the traditions relating to Trophimus and the Maries. If, instead of constructing imaginary histories, he had endeavored to account for the rise of these legends, he might have added a chapter to the history of the early English church; as it is, his volume is a collection of fanciful stories, and nothing more.

For "Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany," by Dorothy Nevile Lees (E. P. Dutton & Co.), we have nothing but praise. Miss Lees half apologizes in the Prelude for adding another to the long list of books that have been written about Florence. Her excuse is love for the glorious city and for Italy, and her reviewer can add that this love is supplemented by an excellent literary gift. Miss Lees lived in the city itself and on a villa near by, enjoying the somewhat rare privilege of being domiciled with an Italian family of the upper class. To this family belongs her little six-year-old friend, Mafalda, who, with her big sister, Francesca, and the contadini on the villa estate, form a group as interesting as if they were characters in a story. There is also described a charming *villeggiatura* near Monte Amiata, which gives occasion for the recital of the adventures of David Lazzaretti, the excommunicated and outlawed revivalist. Episodes in the daily life of the people, like the Harvest, the Vintage, and All Souls' Day in Florence, are described with knowledge and insight. We advise even those to whom a sojourn in Tuscany is a future experience to read this book, together with Mr. Carmichael's "In Tuscany," not only for the interest and information, but also for the lesson that to know this or any other part of Italy, they must learn something of the language, and go among the people in small town and country. Errors are few and unimportant. On page 35, for "Buffalmarchi" read Buffalmacchi. "Villari" on pp. 35 and 140 is a mistake for Villani. The work of the Della Robbia ought not to be called "pottery" (p. 204).

To those unlucky beings whose physical condition drives them from home we may recommend a little book by George B. Price on "Gaining Health in the West" (B. W. Huebsch). There is a comparison of the climates of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, as these are suited to the out-of-doors life of the invalid, and chapters are added on such vital questions as "Getting Employment," "How to Avoid Loneliness," etc.

The International Handbooks to the New Testament, a series projected by the late Orello Cone, who himself wrote the volume on Hebrews, Colossians, and Ephesians, is brought to a close in a fourth volume by Prof. Henry Prentiss Forbes, of the Canton Theological School, on "The Johannine Literature and the Acts of the Apostles" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). An effort has been made in these Handbooks to answer the questions concerning doctrine and belief which arise in the mind of the general reader of the New Testament, rather than to discuss questions of grammar and philology, and to a degree unusual in works of the class the topics handled are those on which one turns to a commentary for light. Explanations are concise and clear, unimportant matter has been neglected, and economy of space has been studied. The point of view of Professor Forbes is that of advanced criticism, according to which the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel is "improbable in the extreme," and the Acts is composed of sources of varying authority. The reader is furnished in brief compass with a sane and independent judgment on the facts brought to light by the most thorough historical criticism. The commentary on the Revelation in this volume is especially satisfactory.

In Edward F. Bigelow's "The Spirit of Nature Study" (Barnes) the ear-marks of the pedagogue are rather too prominent for the most enjoyable reading. The essential vitality of "nature study" is demonstrated by nothing more convincing than its ability to outlive the innumerable methods which its professed votaries are ever trying to force upon it. The royal road by which the child may approach the secrets of nature, according to Mr. Bigelow, is to select some natural object absolutely without let or hindrance from his elders, and give his attention to that. He can hardly imagine a greater crime than that of the mother who ordered the coachman to kill a large king-snake which a little boy in his class had brought home as an object of study under these instructions. What are a mother's nerves, to be set over against a boy's "development"? Of course, it is ruinous to make a regular habit of checking a child's spontaneous enthusiasms, but the possible pathways to his interest are not so limited that the feelings of others must be wholly disregarded rather than that any single one of these pathways be closed. For either teacher or pupil a good book on some phase of nature itself is likely to be of more profit than a whole library of theories or homilies on "nature study."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cabot Cary Agassiz died in Arlington Heights, Mass., last Thursday afternoon, at the age of eighty-five. Mrs. Agassiz, whose home was in Cambridge, while visiting a niece in Arlington suffered a paralytic shock on Monday, from which she did not recover consciousness. She was a daughter of Thomas Greaves Cary. In 1850 she was married to Dr. Louis Agassiz, the world-famous zoologist, whose first wife, the talented Cecile Braun, had died in Neuchatel not long after Agassiz's coming to America in 1846. Mrs. Agassiz was associated intimately in

many phases of her husband's work. She accompanied him to Brazil in 1865-66, and in 1871-72 went with him on the Hassler expedition. She also assisted him in his literary work, and was herself the author of a life of Louis Agassiz, and of a volume entitled "Seaside Studies in Natural History," in which she collaborated with her stepson, Alexander Agassiz of Harvard, one of the first authorities on marine life. Mrs. Agassiz was active in the development of Radcliffe College. She gave generously to the institution from her own wealth, and promoted its interests in every way. At the age of seventy-two, she accepted the presidency of the college, which she held for eight years, resigning in 1902. She was succeeded by Le Baron Russell Briggs, dean of Harvard College. Agassiz Hall, the centre of the social life of Radcliffe, was built and presented to the college in honor of its benefactress. Mrs. Agassiz of late years made her home with Prof. Alexander Agassiz.

RECENT POPULAR BOOKS ABOUT INDIA.

It is not often that the casual visitor to the East reproduces his impressions so vividly as Sidney Low has succeeded in doing in "A Vision of India" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). As special correspondent of the London *Standard*, Mr. Low had, to be sure, the exceptional advantage of "doing the country" in the train of Royal Highnesses, whose progress through the Empire of India he accompanied in 1905-6. But the author had another advantage, not due to Imperial favor, that of possessing the wit to deviate frequently from the route of royalty, and thus to discover for himself what is not given to all, least of all to royal eyes, to see. Books of the same intent are common enough, but Mr. Low seems to have got nearer to the under truth of things than most of his predecessors, as witness the almost photographic accuracy of the chapter on the Anglicised Maharajah. Our only quarrel is with the title Mr. Low has chosen, for there is more careful study than "vision" in his book; but it is the better for that, and those not already satiated with "impressions of India" may find profit as well as pleasure in following this pilgrim's private progress. Perhaps more profit than pleasure, for what joy is it to know that "Pariahs and Christians" are put under one head in the army list, or that converts to Christianity from any caste, save that of outcasts, are so few as to be a negligible quantity? Possibly the British (in Mr. Low's vocabulary the English) scientist will rejoice to learn that the great work of harnessing the Cauvery Falls with electricity for the gold mines has been entrusted to a Yankee company, but to the Yankee it would seem that this financial plum growing on the tree of science should have been plucked by other hands. From a native point of view, it will also be a modified pleasure to learn that owing to their "greater grit, energy, and endurance" the Mohammedans are better than the Hindus in factory work, in which caste-restrictions, too, hamper the latter. But to Hindu and Mohammedan alike it will be a pleasure to hear that they both are so docile to the foreign yoke that in the civil service four members of the ruling race suffice to control every million of its degraded subjects.

Of a different sort, among recently published works on India, is the second, revised, edition of Sir Courtenay Ilbert's digest of laws relating to that country ("The Government of India," Clarendon Press). After an historical introduction follow a summary of the system of administrative law in India, a digest of Parliamentary enactments relating to the Government, the application of English law to the natives, and a chapter on the legal relation between the British Government and the Government of native States. The chief changes made in this edition, as compared with that of 1898, are due to modifications of the Orders in Council relative to the jurisdiction exercised by the Governor-General in council in the native States. In the first chapter, containing the historical introduction, the author draws an instructive parallel between the charter of the East India Company, of 1600, and that of the Massachusetts Company, granted in 1628. The proper distinction, not always observed, between India and British India has been carefully formulated by the author, and should be noted even by general writers on India. "British India" is all Territories, and places within British dominion which, for the time being, are governed through the Governor-General or officer subordinate to him. On the other hand, "India," as legally defined, means British India, together with any Territories of any native prince or chief under the suzerainty of the British Government exercised through the Governor-General of India or officer subordinate to him. British India thus includes Aden, which is not in India (in the geographical sense) at all, while French and Portugese territory actually within India is not included in "India." Despite careful definitions, there are, however, parts of India which can be comprehended neither under "British India" nor under "India." Such are Kathiawar, Cooch Behar, and some districts of Orissa. But the reader must consult Sir Courtenay Ilbert's book to learn the status (not briefly to be explained) of these anomalous territories. Significant, by the way, is the substitution of the word suzerainty for the older "alliance" in the definition above. Finally, it may be remarked that, though the territories of native States are not part of the British dominions, yet "for international purposes, their subjects are in the same position as British subjects."

If not about India, the latest book from the active hand of Col. Sir Thomas H. Holdich, "Tibet the Mysterious" (F. A. Stokes Co.), at least touches upon and in part may be said to embrace India; for as in his other books on the borderland already reviewed in these columns the interest of the author is primarily with India itself. Moreover, Sir Thomas, at the very end of the present volume, rather naïvely shows that the true British spirit regards the Northland as merely waiting to become part of the British domain, and that the land of the Abors is only a stepping-stone to the further north, where rich mines of gold are to be found, as rich as any in the world, and only waiting for England—or shall it be the Great Bear?—to come and work them in scientific fashion. Sir Thomas is only accidentally humorous, yet there is considerable amusement to be had from his pages. But apart from this there is a great fund of information in his book. It seems to be a résumé of all that has lately been written in regard to Tibet and as such is not without value, though we are not quite used to regard the author as a mere compiler. Perhaps we do him a wrong, yet there is nothing to indicate that Sir Thomas is describing what he has himself seen and experienced. But it is no ordinary compiler who has made so rich a collection as this, and the book is crammed with history, anecdote, description, and opinions which altogether make it one of the most readable books on the land of Lamas. None can fail to be interested in the fate of the socialistic schemes of that old monarch who reigned in Tibet in the eighth century, Kir Song de Tsan. After enacting that all men should be equal and that the rich should share their wealth with the poor—not once but thrice he carried this out—it was found that "by the natural force of personal idiosyncrasy" the people returned to their former condition of inequality and the unhappy King had to renounce forever the dream of social unprogressiveness on which his heart had been set. Curious too is the account of the Binbo religion as contrasted with Lhasa Lamaism, though a fuller description may be found in the pages of our American Rockhill. Those who think Chinese soldiers are to be despised should read the story of the conquest of Tibet by 70,000 Chinese, a feat "little short of miraculous." Col. Holdich repeats the old Greek story of gold-digging ants, apparently not knowing that the Greeks merely took the tale as it was given to them by the Hindus. Comparative religion is here enriched with a striking example of the scapegoat-idea (the author seems to think that this phase of religion is to be found elsewhere only among the Jews), and those conversant with the history of northern exploration will be interested to learn the identity of the mysterious K.P., who figures so largely in the records of surveys. The book is marred by repetitions, and in a second edition the author should avoid as poison the iteration, if not the subjects, of tea, dogs, and ants.

From its title one would not guess that the latest volume of the Annales du Musée Guimet, Prof. Paul Oltramare's "La théosophie brahmanique" (Paris, Ernest Leroux), belonged in the category of popular books on India; but it is the *tome premier* of a work bearing the longer title "L'histoire des idées théosophiques dans l'Inde," and the author's purpose is to give a review of the whole history of theosophy in India, not for the Sanskrit scholar, but for the general student of philosophy. Professor Oltramare is already favorably known as an interpreter of Brahmanic thought, and this work, on lines somewhat similar to those of Deussen's more ambitious history of philosphy, will doubtless find many appreciative readers, especially among those not familiar with German. The present instalment begins with an exposition of theosophic thought as expressed in the theory of sacrifice; then, in historical order, it proceeds to the doctrines taught first by the Upanishads and later by the formal schools of philosophy, as far as the latter are represented by the two earlier divisions of Sânkhya and Yoga philosophy.

The divisions of Yoga, *râja* and *hatha*, are explained in full and a final chapter of this first volume is devoted to general considerations leading to the newer phases of philosophy, when it was no longer reserved to the few (the author does not suggest that it was ever esoteric), but became to a large extent impregnated with novel ideas, and faced new beliefs. The survey thus given, if brief, is clear, and seems well adapted both to its purpose and to the circle to which such a work appeals. According to the plan of the whole the next volume should treat of the Vedânta in its various interpretations.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Trimmed Lamp, and Other Stories of the Four Hundred. By O. Henry. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

It was not very long ago that "O. Henry" appeared upon the horizon of American periodical literature, to be promptly hailed by the somewhat dubious title of "the new American humorist." To be accurate, he is a humorist in spite of his local color and his cheerful spirit, a humorist after Kikling rather than after Mark Twain. More than once in the present volume he pays a tribute, stated or implied, to the author of the "Plain Tales," and though his characteristic mood is more grim, his style has much of Kipling's terseness and saliency. The range of his humorous sympathy is sufficiently broad to include certain members of the Four Hundred in his present studies of the Four Million. But his interests are with the proletariat (if we have such a thing), rather than the elect. Though his protest against the use of "shop-girl" as a generic term is enforced by his own specifications, he seems to find something peculiarly typical of New York life in the formula of ignorance, sophistication, and complacency which all of his "salesladies" have in common. These are qualities as conspicuous as any, in the mass of our four million. What the newsboy is the shop-girl is; and, as like as not, the thriving merchant and the Wall Street broker. Against all this knowingness "O. Henry" is fond of pitting the frank and breezy idealism of the plains, the cowboy, who makes his shop-girl what he thinks her, and puts aside all her little show of smartness with a sweep of his hand. Here also appear policemen, bar-keepers, confidence men, men about town, and city waifs of all descriptions. None of them is patently introduced to point a moral, or even to adorn a tale. "O. Henry" is actually that rare bird, of which we so often hear false reports—a born story-teller.

Susan. By Ernest Oldmeadow. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Here is a farcical little story based on a case of mistaken identity—mistaken by the actors, that is, never by the reader, whose amusement is to be found, if at all, in disentanglement, not in illusion. The success of the book must hinge upon the partiality of all the world for a lover, for complication and for the incongruous, here shown in the flattered, fluttered reception by a lady's maid of honorable addresses from a lord. Then, since all ends well, as it is bound to do in farce, the reader may fairly own to an effortless if not opulent hour. Perhaps nothing in the whole extravaganza is as extravagant as the serious moment and the serious word. The latter runs thus in the letter which tells the truth: "Yes, Beloved, thy mind is beautiful and wonderful. And yet it has deceived you." The former reveals the lady looking at herself in the glass:

> My eyes shone, my hair fell all about me, almost to my knees. In contrast, my feet were like two lilies, my neck was like a swan's.

The Normandy setting and the visit to the little Normandy churchyard show that the writer has a delicate color-sense and can make really charming vignettes of travel. The difficulty is—or the advantage—that the story as well as the scenery is done in water-color.

Reed Anthony, Cowman: An Autobiography. By Andy Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Taking "Reed Anthony" to be Andy Adams himself, we suppose this volume to be simply a further chapter in autobiography. His earlier books about the life of the cowboy and the cattleman have been widely read, not, we suppose, because they are particularly good books, but because they have to do with a picturesque and passing type of American experience. The cowboy and the miner, with the old Southern gentleman, very nearly exhaust our slender romantic treasure, and we naturally make the most of every direct manifestation of them in literature. But Mr. Adams hardly does for the plains what Mr. Bullen and Mr. Conrad have done for the sea. The present reviewer finds his latest book pretty dull; a mass of detail which it is a marvel that any one should have remembered or cared to remember. A great many drives and dickers are described to the last steer and the last dollar for all whom such things may concern. Being Southern-born, the writer has a turn for eloquence as well as for business, and once or twice he gets fairly into the senatorial stride. He looks from a hilltop upon a wide prospect: "It was like a rush of fern-scents, the breath of pine forests, the music of the stars, the first lovelight in a mother's eyes." The pleasant thing about the narrative is its ingenuousness. He has, he remarks, lived in the pit of despair for the want of money, and again, with the use of it, has bent a Legislature to his will and wish. What else, to be sure, is money for? It is a disappointment that there should be so little shooting and gambling, but now and then comes a reassuring anecdote like that in which the cattleman gets even with an enemy who has slandered him.

> I located my traducer in a well-known saloon. I invited him to a seat at a table, determined to bring matters to an issue. He reluctantly complied, when I branded him with every vile epithet that my tongue could command, concluding by arraigning him as a coward. I was hungering for him to show some resistance, expecting to kill him, and when he refused to notice my insults, I called for the barkeeper and asked for two glasses of whiskey and a pair of six-shooters. Not a word passed between us till the bartender brought the drinks and guns on a tray. "Now, take your choice," said I. He replied, "I believe a little whiskey will do me good."

Bud. By Neil Munro. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is one of those old-fashioned tales which serve to pass an hour agreeably without ever raising the slightest question of psychological truth or mastery of craft. A quiet household—two maiden sisters and a bachelor brother—is electrified by the arrival of a child, orphan of a wandering brother married to an American actress. Enter to a small Scotch town "Bud," otherwise Lennox Dyce, a joint product of the vaudeville stage and Chicago! After her advent, if nothing happens precisely as it would in real life, it is equally true that nothing happens as it would in the majority of novels of this calibre. Instead of the aunts being cruel or stupid and trying to suppress this changeling, they treat her with judgment and consideration. Being well to do, they educate her suitably, and put no barrier between her and a successful career. The curtain goes down upon Bud as a ravishing Shakespearean star. Robbed of its context, this sounds a trifle foolish, but clothed with an easy and particularly amiable narrative, the mild picture of the little provincial town is distinctly readable. The author has a taking turn of phrase, as in describing the local drummer "walking on the very backs of his heels," and the Miss Minto who "kept her deaf ear to the sisters and the good one to their brother." Also there is a neat touch in Footles, the dog, who is "really an improvement on the Scotch terrier. There's later patents in him," you might say." Not perhaps a book of solid merit, or dazzling wit, but neither is it in the least dull or in the least pretentious.

Running Horse Inn. By Alfred Tressider Sheppard. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. Sheppard has chosen his subject well in taking the ambitious young countryman, disappointed and demoralized by the Peninsular wars. The idea is good, since war has been too often treated romantically, without regard to the real effect of long campaigning upon character. But having a real idea, the author has grasped it somewhat irresolutely. At times he appears not to have made up his own mind how much of a villain George Kennett has become, this doubt strikes you as a wavering of Mr. Sheppard's, rather than as the logical development of George's soldierly vices. Of course, the conjunction of two brothers, the Napoleonic era, one girl, and a rustic setting, cannot fail to recall Thomas Hardy in "The Trumpet Major." But the comparison is unfair to a writer presumably young, and not yet in full possession of his means. The book shows a good measure of careful preparation; the English would be better for a pruning of certain colloquialisms which are unpardonably of to-day. These jar the ear and tend to dispel the atmosphere which he has been at such pains to create. On the whole, interest is fairly well maintained, and among pseudo-historical novels of the moment it ranks where Sir Pitt Crawley's Betsey Horrocks rated herself, when she

candidly remarked; "There has been better ladies, and there has been worser."

Queen Margot, Wife of Henry of Navarre. By H. Noel Williams. With sixteen illustrations in photogravure. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7.50 net.

Women of the Second Empire. Chronicles of the Court of Napoleon III., compiled from unpublished documents by Frédéric Loliée. Translated by Alice M. Ivimy, with an introduction by Richard Whiteing. New York: John Lane Co. $7 net.

The public is so greedy for court beauties and all the literature of court scandal, that the reviewer must be pardoned if occasionally he places under the same heading two or three volumes which are no more cognate to each other than that they mix up history with more or less dubious gossip. We do not know whether H. Noel Williams pays Marguerite of Valois a great compliment in taking her for a heroine after he has supplied us with equally large and well-illustrated volumes on Madame de Montespan, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barry. On the whole, however, the Queen of Navarre escapes from his hands rather lightly. Any one who buys this book in the expectation of finding it filled with anecdotes that were long since retailed to the world by Bayle and Tallemant des Réaux, will be disappointed. The tone of the present work, if not suggested by the more favorable verdict of M. de Saint-Poncy, seems at least to have derived from it an aroma of charity. To forget La Môle, Bussy d'Amboise, and Chanvallon altogether is not possible, but Mr. Williams must be credited with the desire to keep them in their proper place.

If one is at all concerned to render *convenable* a book on the Valois, it is safer not to stray far from the beaten highway of politics. This Mr. Williams seems to realize, for he dilutes the adventures of Queen Margot very considerably by adding to them the main incidents of French history, so far as it is associated with her life. Almost every one who reads history at all knows Catherine de Médicis and her children so well that an intensive study of Margot's character might have appealed to a wider circle than will be interested in a sketch which, like the present, is half politics and half biography. Her life, whether at Paris, Nérac, or Usson, is a subject well worth attention from all who would have their knowledge of human nature enlarged by familiarity with a type of woman not often found at present in polite society. It requires, however, the touch of a Sainte-Beuve to do justice to a theme in the treatment of which any trace of the banal suggests cheap and tawdry moralizing. Mr. Williams has gone far enough afield in his researches to have come across articles by Georges Gandy in the *Revue des questions historiques* for 1866, but despite this special diligence and an adequate knowledge of sixteenth century memoirs, we have found his book enriched by little illuminating criticism.

M. Loliée sketches the dames who displayed their charms or wove their intrigues at the Court of Napoleon III. The claim made upon the title-page that these chronicles have been compiled from unpublished documents, must be taken with considerable reservation. There are, it is true, some passages in the chapter on the Countess de Castiglione which seem to have come from the inside, but for the most part, M. Loliée has drawn his data from sources quite accessible to other essayists. This is particularly noticeable in the chapter which has interested us most as dealing with the cleverest of the women here depicted—the Princess Mathilde. It is a lively bit of portraiture, but nothing in it suggests command of manuscripts that have been hidden from the public eye.

Matthew Arnold's attack upon the French worship of lubricity often suggests itself when one is reading the memoirs of the Second Empire or the conversation of its salons. This is a factor which cannot be excluded from M. Loliée's book any more than it can be excluded from Mr. Williams's pages on the Valois. One cannot, however, escape a feeling of surprise at the length to which men like Giraud and Jules de Goncourt were able to carry their conversation in the salon of the Princess Mathilde. It is on record that once, when Edmond About overstepped the mark, she ordered the attendant to call his carriage. But this incident is chiefly noteworthy as showing that there was a mark which could be overstepped.

Besides the Countess de Castiglione and the Princess Mathilde, M. Loliée takes up in separate chapters all the leading beauties and adventuresses of the Second Empire. The mere catalogue of their names runs into a formidable list, since after exhausting Madame de Rute, the Countess Le Hon, Pauline de Metternich Sandor, the Countess Walewska, and Sophie de Castellane, one still has to encounter a host of minor personages, like Anna Murat, Madame de Montebello, the Vicomtesse Aguado, and Sophia de la Paniéga. Men and women alike, it is hard to make the companions of Napoleon III. seem like flesh-and-blood people. The Second Empire, considered in the light of its beginning and its end, resembles a night at the theatre much more than it does a chapter from the actual history of Europe. According to the introduction which is supplied by Mr. Whiteing, this book of M. Loliée's "bears a significance as profound as anything to be found in history or in literature. It is philosophy and memoir, court gossip and sad stories of the fate of kings, turn and turn about." This may all be, but to us the volume appears more like "the book of the opera," and a very light opera at that.

Historical Study of the Mother Tongue, an Introduction to Philological Method. By Henry Cecil Wyld, Professor of the English Language and of Philology in the University of Liverpool. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Professor Wyld's work does not come into competition with histories of the English language, either popular or erudite, of which there are already many available. Indeed, in the chapters which deal specifically with the development of English, as distinguished from those which embrace matters of more universal application, it merely touches on two of the great branches of grammatical study, viz.: morphology and syntax. It is, as is stated in the subtitle, "an introduction to philological method," in which the English language serves as the basis of illustration. This is an excellent work for post-graduate students in the Germanic languages—especially, of course, English—to supplement the usual courses in historical grammar. The author justly remarks on the serious defect "of many of the best elementary books on the History of English"—the limitation, "elementary," is unnecessary—"that the bare facts are stated, dogmatically and categorically, without any suggestion as to the sources of information or the methods of arriving at the results stated." Many an American student, in Germany particularly, engaged in his first struggle with the standard treatises on the Germanic languages—Sievers's "Anglo-Saxon Grammar," for example—will recognize the truth of this saying, and will welcome such a work as Professor Wyld has put into his hands. For instance, one may even have followed an elaborate course in Old English phonology—at least, this is certainly true of Germany—without ever having heard a definite statement as to the means by which scholars have arrived at our knowledge of the pronunciation of the Old English vowels and consonants, fundamental as this matter is. One is left to gather this information from one's reading or from chance intercourse with the professor. Similarly, one finds in grammatical treatises on every page reconstructed forms of Primitive Aryan or Primitive Germanic, but the student may go long without learning that there are limitations to the absolute value of such forms, and that they "merely record the opinion," to use Professor Wyld's words, "that this or that feature in this or that language is primitive and original."

The work consists of two parts. In the first of these, which makes up about a third of the whole, we have a discussion of the fundamental questions which present themselves in the study of all languages—how sounds are produced, how language is acquired and handed on, the principles which govern sound change, the differentiation of language into dialects, the operation of anology, etc. Professor Wyld's style is distinguished throughout by its clearness, and we have here an excellent account for general comprehension of the results of Paul, Osthoff, and the other standard authorities on linguistics. The second part is historical, and after two opening chapters, which are devoted to the Aryan mother-tongue and the Germanic family of languages, respectively, the author proceeds to the history of English, or rather of English sounds and vocabulary. He does not aim at giving us, however, according to the usual method of historical grammar, a systematic and exhaustive account of the origin and occurrence of each vowel or consonant sound in the different periods. He merely sets forth the general phonetic changes which affected these sounds in the transition from one period to another, and which so led by gradual stages to the English we now speak. On the other hand, nothing is stated "dogmatically and categorically"—the reasons for our conclusions and the limitations of our knowledge being everywhere made plain.

The chapters which deal with present-

day English will be found of particular interest, although it strikes the American reader that Professor Wyld is inclined to vest the teacher with an authority in matters of pronunciation which would be dangerous under our conditions. Constant bibliographical references add very materially to the usefulness of the book.

Borough Customs: Vol II. Edited for the Selden Society by Mary Bateson. London, Bernard Quaritch.

The appearance of the second volume of Miss Bateson's "Borough Customs" serves to intensify the regret that every historical student must feel over her early death. Miss Bateson's first work in the legal history of the English municipalities was published in 1899, and consisted of the first part of the records of the Borough of Leicester. In 1904 she published "Mediæval England" in the Story of the Nations Series, and in the same year appeared the first volume of "Borough Customs," of which the present is the second and, alas! the last instalment. It is a melancholy coincidence that Professor Maitland, to whom Miss Bateson gives so warm an acknowledgment of her indebtedness on the last page of her long historical introduction, died within three weeks of Miss Bateson herself; and thus have passed away both the author and the friendly critic of whom Miss Bateson writes: "The nature and the number of the errors which have been removed by his friendly hand, make it vain to attempt acknowledgment or even thanks."

The plan of the present volume is similar to that of Volume I., and, like it, shows Miss Bateson's chief characteristics—clear perception of essential points, and infinite patience and capacity for sustained research. The work consists of extracts, with English translations where the originals are in Latin or Norman French, from the records of boroughs in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. These are arranged in sections according to the customs they are intended to illustrate, thus allowing the reader to perceive at a glance the likeness and divergence of borough law in boroughs as far apart as London, Sandwich, Bury St. Edmunds, Bristol, Chester, Manchester, and Pontefract in England; Montgomery and Rhuddlam in Wales; Dundee, Linlithgow, and Inverness in Scotland; and Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Drogheda in Ireland.

This analysis is prefaced by the historical introduction, which occupies the first half of the volume, and in which the customs of the various boroughs are collated, and compared with English common law, which in most, but not all, instances superseded them. In the first volume the subjects dealt with were crime, tort, and procedure. The second volume takes in a larger range of subjects—borough officials, rules of the courts and their officers, bargains and purchases, fairs and markets, the alienation of land, the making of wills and the inheritance of property, relations between husband and wife, alms and oblations, and seamen's law, etc.

There is a double value to work such as this. In the first place, this research into the actual proceedings of the boroughs sweeps away any theoretical uniformity in the development of mediæval law—it does compleat away with the old idea that the legal history of a country may all be learned from the statute books of its central government, or even from a study of the common law which prevailed in the immediate vicinity of the king's court. And, secondly, the work is of even greater value on the positive side, as affording an inductive basis of comparative instances from which the actual beginnings and growth of democratic social life may be arrived at. It shows the people of the Anglo-Saxon race struggling with the problems of government, and arriving at solutions of these problems, differing according to locality and circumstances; but all offering illustrations of the difficulties that had to be met and the methods in which these difficulties were surmounted.

The subjects treated in the present volume are so numerous and diverse that it is not practicable to take any of them in detail. Probably the most interesting generalization that can be drawn from a survey of the extracts is the prevalence of socialistic ideas in the early boroughs of Great Britain. Municipal socialism is often spoken of as though it were a twentieth century, or later nineteenth century development. A glance at Miss Bateson's work would show that it is, on the contrary, only a reversion to earlier ideals and customs—ideals that almost disappeared during the era of individualism culminating in the Manchester School economics. The socialism of mediæval times, however, differed from modern theoretical socialism in that it did not extend its benefits beyond the limits of the borough, and within the borough the privileges secured by borough custom were often limited to burgesses. The "foreigner," whether he came from the next borough, or from over-seas, was under a different régime from the burgess. He was not permitted to share in the bargain or purchase in which every burgess had a right to a part along with the first purchaser. Process and execution for debt were much more severe and summary in the case of the foreigner than in that of the burgess, and in some boroughs, such as Godmanchester, a foreigner might neither buy nor inherit land.

The borough customs as regards married women show very large discrepancies from the convenient common law which after the Norman era simply made man and wife one person, and that person the husband. Many boroughs permitted the wife to hold lands which could not be alienated without her consent, and the rights of the wife to devise property away from her husband were allowed in some boroughs, as, for instance, Lincoln, even without her husband's consent. Ipswich, on the other hand, forbade devise of the wife even with the consent of the husband, if the devise were to the disherison of her heirs. It is, however, in regard to the trading wife or wife-merchant that some of the old boroughs approached most nearly to modern legislation in regard to married women. In France, the old common law allowed a wife who was a merchant in some trade in which the husband was not engaged or which the husband permitted the wife to carry on for their common profit, to sue and be sued as a "feme sole"; and Worcester, Lincoln, Waterford, and some other British boroughs placed the wife trader on the same basis.

It is, of course, to the student of historical law that Miss Bateson's work makes the strongest appeal. The book was not intended for general reading, either in form or substance; yet every lover of the old and curious will find something in it to reward a search. It may be the origin of the old fairy-tale habit of regarding the youngest son as the first favorite of man and nature, which was probably founded on a borough custom that gave the inheritance to the youngest instead of the eldest. It may be the handclasp as a confirmation of a bargain. These and a hundred other old customs gain a new meaning from this study of the borough records.

Science.

The Book of Vegetables and Garden Herbs. By Allen French. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The books on gardening, of which so many have appeared within the last few years—although there has been a pause of late—may be broadly divided into two classes: those in which advice is sugar-coated with chat and more or less of personal narrative, and those in which useful advice is offered without an attempt to be entertaining and without any pictures for mere adornment. Of the first class, Edith Loring Fullerton's "How to Make a Vegetable Garden" is a good specimen; of the second, this volume by Allen French; his pictures are of purely horticultural interest, and his pages—338 in number—are entirely matter of fact and prosaic, but for that very reason the more welcome to serious gardeners, amateur or professional.

The crops are now all in the ground—except second sowings of beans, radishes, and other quick-growers—but, for those who did not procure the book earlier in the season, it will keep; and it is safe to say that even for this season the reader of it will be able to add largely to the pleasure and profit from his garden, for the author traces the history of garden plants from the cradle to the maw. Here, for instance, are a few lines regarding cabbage, the observance of which may turn probable failure to insured success: "Culture consists in keeping the plants growing by maintaining soil-moisture. A mulch of fresh manure around the plants will do this." Again, are not thousands of households with gardens of their own disappointed every summer because the string-bean season is so short? To prolong it, the author advises the simple plan of cutting back the plants after cropping, and they will yield again later.

Other writers on vegetables have treated them usually in classes rather than individually; Mr. French gives more detailed hints, and under each head he has paragraphs or lines on soil, distances, depth, sowing, thinning, culture, fertilizing, diseases, insect pests, picking, and storing. He agrees with those who consider mulching more satisfactory than irrigating, and there is one line in his preface which, if heeded by gardeners, would reduce the failures in the germination of seeds by one-half; "the row should always be mulched

with the rake after sowing." Space is given to certain vegetables which are too much neglected in this country, such as the globe artichoke, celeriac, cardoon, sea kale, chard, which in Europe are justly regarded as delicacies. Even the carrots are in America grown chiefly for cattle, their finer varieties being entirely unknown Under the head of beans one misses an allusion to the fact that there are now on sale several varieties that are entirely stringless. Their exclusive use by gardeners should be made obligatory by law. There is a hardly justifiable sneer in the line "Some wise man has said that the value of a variety is inversely as the space given to it in the dealer's catalogue." We think, on the contrary, that the leading seedsmen are usually trustworthy in their recommendations, even if an occasional novelty is described in too flowery language.

Rocks, Rock Weathering, and Soils. By George P. Merrill. Second edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Soils, Their Formation, Properties, Composition, and Relations to Climate and Plant Growth. By E. W. Hilgard. Macmillan. $4 net.

Soils: How to Handle and Improve Them. By S. W. Fletcher. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

The soil is far more complex than our fathers deemed it to be. Many men discuss it to-day from different points of view: the geologist, the chemist, and the biologist, the physicist, the engineer, and the economist, not to speak of the farmer, orchardist, and landscape gardener. Hence our present-day knowledge is rather heterogeneous because it has been gathered by men who look at the subject from different sides. There are few if any books, in English, at least, which at once adequately and symmetrically cover the general field.

This situation is at once recognized in and illustrated by the three books now under review. One is the product of a geologist's pen. It does not pretend to cover, save briefly during the last tenth of the book, anything but the geological side of the question. The second is written by a chemist, is devoted solely to the soil, and is an exposition of soil chemistry and physics, with geology and biology relegated to the background and economics practically ignored. The third we owe to a horticulturist, who perhaps in his daily life comes closer to the soil than do the other authors. Nearly three-fourths of his work is given over to considerations of soil handling and management, to the practical affairs of soil operations, with geology, physics, and chemistry fairly well recognized, but biology scarcely touched.

But, taken together, these treatises supplement one another very well, and among them soil geology, chemistry, and economics are thoroughly covered; the direct practical teaching desired by the farmer is afforded; while the moisture, heat, and electrical relations receive much attention. But in no one of them are the important biological aspects given adequate treatment. The matter is alluded to, of course, but in each case the brevity of the discussion, the omission of many important matters, and, in Professor Fletcher's popular presentation, serious inaccuracies of statement (such as the classification of the nitrifying organisms under nitrogen fixing organisms, and the reference to "the bacteria in yeast that raise bread by their growth") are to be regretted. Soil bacteriology is still in a state of unsettled development, but its importance entitles it to a more thoroughgoing treatment than it gets in these books.

More specifically, Dr. Merrill's book is an excellent exposition of rock degeneration and soil formation. The first edition has proved invaluable for ten years to the teacher of physiography, in that it more completely covers its special subject than does any other treatise in the English language. The new edition, revised and somewhat enlarged, and even more amply illustrated than its predecessor, will admirably supplement any course in physiography, petrology, or economic geology. Having used it for years, the present reviewer has yet to find it fail him in his classroom needs.

Dr. Hilgard's work contains much of value. His soil survey a generation ago in Mississippi, and his later studies of the soils of the arid and alkali regions are famous. These are accorded due prominence in his book, as doubtless is proper; but they somewhat overshadow other matters of importance. The book is a little heavy for classroom use. It contains a larger number of printers' errors than ought to exist, due, doubtless, to the fact that Massachusetts and California are a continent apart, and that proofreading was correspondingly difficult. Yet, when all is said, there is so much valuable matter packed into its six hundred pages, its author is so well informed at first hand concerning the greater part of what he treats, and it covers so many different phases of soil, that it remains indispensable.

The latest of these three books by Professor Fletcher is written in popular style. The sentences are short and pithy; the polysyllable is noticeable by its absence; the technical terms are replaced by those in common usage. The emphasis is laid, moreover, on soil management, rather than on soils. It is an exposition of tillage, drainage, irrigation, and fertilization, rather than of the formation, composition, biological activities, and physical properties of soils. All this is well worth while for the lay reader. The large print, the easy style, the wealth of illustrations, make it a helpful book. It is to be regretted, however, that the author has in many cases sacrificed accuracy to happiness of statement; that in the avoidance of technical terms and the use of everyday ones, he has not always succeeded in choosing such as were truly synonymous. This has also resulted in superficial treatment in several places. In short, the author's line of work and past training are such that, while they fit him most admirably to discuss certain phases of soil management, they have not afforded him first-hand knowledge in other directions. Had his manuscript been overhauled at certain points by a chemist, and at others by a biologist, it would have been the better.

The severity of the struggle for existence among the young of animals is familiar to all of us, and if we may judge by the enormous number of eggs produced by many fishes, this struggle must be especially severe among forms of marine life. In a recent contribution to the life-histories of the fish of the Cape of Good Hope, Dr. Gilchrist reveals a phase of such a struggle, which the most vivid imagination could not have conjectured. In volume iii. of the "Marine Investigations in South Africa," published by the Cape Department of Agriculture, is an account of cannibalism prevalent among the young of a fish known as *Cataetyx messirei*, which is viviparous and inhabits the deeper parts of the sea. The two ovaries consisted of bright red eggs, and near these were a number of larvæ coiled up in a dense mucous substance. When examined closely, the larger larvæ were each found to have swallowed and partly digested one of their smaller brethren! The poor young fish have a bad enough time after they are hatched in avoiding the thousand and one dangers of their environment, but to have added to this the chance of being swallowed by brother larvæ before they have actually been born is surely the survival of the strongest carried to the least common divisor! Another fact of great interest brought out in the course of these investigations is the occurrence of blue pigment concentrated in cellular elements—in chromatophores, abundantly developed on the dorsal surface of the saury-pike.

Drama and Music.

John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara. By Bernard Shaw. New York. Brentano's.

This latest issue in the series of Shaw publications is a good deal more imposing in bulk than it is solid in substance. It contains three plays, "John Bull's Other Island," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and "Major Barbara," and two highly characteristic prefaces which are worth reading, for the amusement that is in them and for the exposure which they make of Mr. Shaw's mental processes. "John Bull's Island," or the greater part of it, has been played in this city, and abundantly discussed. Further reference to it at this time is therefore unnecessary. Of the "Preface for Politicians," with which it is now supplemented, it can only be said that if it does not cast much new light upon the play it exhibits very clearly and disastrously the qualifications of the author for writing it. "How He Lied to Her Husband" is a trifle which owes the honor of publication to present convenience rather than to any special merit of its own. It fills a gap in the middle of the volume. "Major Barbara" is the Salvation Army piece which ran for some time in London, but has not yet found its way to the New York stage. As a study of actual social conditions, or as drama, it is quite worthless, being wholly unreasonable and packed, as is the writer's habit, with all kinds of false and reckless generalizations, cynical extravagancies, and perverse misrepresentations, but is, nevertheless, highly entertaining in its witty, bumptious, paradoxical and wholly irresponsible fash-

ion. It reveals also many flashes of keen and humorous observation, and is by no means devoid of profound, if only too obvious truths, but these are apt to be mixed so inextricably with every variety of crazy theory that they are perhaps more mischievous than flagrant falsehoods. His "First Aid to Critics," offered by way of introduction to the comedy, is a piece of gratuitous impertinence, often written in execrably bad taste, and is prompted chiefly, apparently, by a desire for advertisement which it would be stupid to gratify.

"The Ranger" is the name of the new play which Augustus Thomas has written for Dustin Farnum. It will be produced at Wallack's on the 2d of September. The scene is laid on the far side of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and the presumption is that the central character is nearly akin to the one in which Mr. Farnum won his first great popular success. If this is so, it is a pity, for Mr. Farnum is one of the few young actors generally believed to possess abilities worthy of development.

John Hare will begin his farewell tour of the English provinces on the 30th of September. He will be seen in "The Gay Lord Quex," "Caste," "A Quiet Rubber," and "A Pair of Spectacles." The date of his final retirement from the stage is, however, still uncertain. There appears to be little doubt that be will appear in a prominent part when Mr. Pinero's new play is produced in London. If this should prove a great success, it is probable that his leave-taking of the public will be postponed indefinitely.

One of the most striking productions in connection with the Irish Theatre seems to be a little one-act tragedy, "The Gaol Gate," by Lady Gregory, which was played recently in the Queen Street Theatre, London. It has been called "one of the few tragedies of what for convenience we may call low life which have any dignity or grandeur."

It has long been a matter of pride for this country that it was an American, A. W. Thayer, who wrote the acknowledged best life of Beethoven. Unfortunately, he was able to finish only three of the requisite four volumes. After his death, in 1897, the task of completing his work was taken up by Dr. Hermann Deiters. Now comes the announcement of his death; he, fortunately, had nearly completed the fourth volume. So far the Thayer biography has appeared only in the German version made by Deiters. It is to be hoped the original will be printed.

The most eminent clarinet player of the period, Richard Mühlfeld, is dead. Brahms admired him so much that he wrote for him the clarinet quintet in B minor; and when this quintet was first given in England Mühlfeld was imported for the occasion. His tone in the lowest register was uniquely beautiful, but what made Brahms and others admire him most was the "glorious breadth of his phrasing." Since 1884 Mühlfeld had been a member of the Bayreuth orchestra, and there are passages in "Parsifal" which he played with incomparable art.

Budapest is to have a new music hall, or musical palace, as they style it. It will be built in an open place which has been called the "Franz Liszt Platz," and the chief decoration of the façade will be a bronze statue of Liszt. The concert hall will seat 250 performers and 1,500 hearers.

Art.

A History of Architecture. By Russell Sturgis. Vol. I., Antiquity. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. To be completed in 3 vols., $15.

Among many signs of the growth of popular interest in architecture in the United States, the most significant is the development of a group of American writers on architecture who, though still few in number, have done some excellent work. Among these Mr. Sturgis holds by general consent the first place, by reason both of the amount and the quality of his literary product. The appearance of the first volume of a history of architecture from his pen is therefore an event of no small interest, the more so because it aims to fill a long-recognized void. Twenty-five years ago, Fergusson's "History of Architecture in All Countries" was law and gospel for the English-reading public; but the advance of scholarship and criticism has left that notable work behind, and nothing had appeared to fill its precise place until, about eighteen months ago, Longmans, Green & Co. published the first volume of a three-volume "History of Architectural Development," by Prof. F. M. Simpson of University College, London. Mr. Sturgis's volume, following a year later in the same field, but conceived on an ampler scale, is apparently addressed to a somewhat different public, and it may prove that the two together will be required to fill the gap left by the gradual stranding of Fergusson's classic history. The great merit of the older work was its happy blending of the technical and the popular; architects and laymen found it equally interesting and informing. Mr. Sturgis's "History of Architecture" is evidently intended less for professional than for non-professional readers; it is at once less concise and less technical than Professor Simpson's book, covering in its 425 pages only about two-thirds of the ground surveyed by the English writer in 256, and illustrated in a less systematic but more popular fashion. Mr. Sturgis has in earlier works, and notably in "The Artist's Way of Working," shown his ability as an expounder of the principles and technic of the arts in a manner which appeals to the general reader, unversed in technicalities, and indifferent to dates, scale-drawings, and the intricacies of style-relations; and it is doubtless to the desire to interest such readers that we must attribute the somewhat easy-going and discursive treatment of his theme in this volume. To write the ideal history of architecture is no easy task. Perhaps the nearest approach to it is Choisy's; but that is in French.

The present volume covers the architecture of antiquity down to the fall of Rome, but without including the beginnings of Christian art. Three chapters are given to Egypt, four to Western Asia, ten to Greece, one to pre-Roman architecture in Italy, and seven to Roman Imperial architecture. Of the 336 illustrations 80 are devoted to Egypt and Western Asia, 123 to Greece, 133 to Italy and Rome. Counting the pages 114 go to the Orient, 153 to Greece, 158 to Italy and Rome. This division shows the author's indifference to mere archæology; the chief attention is bestowed upon the splendid architectures we call classic; and with reason, in a history written for the general public rather than for scholars. In the large relative space given to Greek architecture, Mr. Sturgis follows both his own evident prepossession and that of most non-professional readers, who care less for the Roman than for the Greek buildings. Architects, on the other hand, are apt to find more that is vitally interesting in the Roman architecture, because of its endless variety and flexibility, its marvellous construction, its superb planning, and its expression of power and magnificence. The cold perfection of Greek architecture, the narrow range within which it achieved that refinement of perfection, and its limited powers of expression deprive it of the suggestiveness and inspiration which the architect feels in studying the great masterpieces of Roman building. Mr. Sturgis is an architect, with a number of excellent buildings to his credit; but his attitude towards Greek and Roman architecture is that rather of the painter or the dilettante than of the architect.

Roman architecture, indeed, even in the 145 pages devoted to it, hardly gets fair treatment. The author evidently shares the common literary dislike of it; he is intolerant of the decorative use of the orders, and of the Roman arch flanked by columns, and pursues it with such phrases as "sham columns, make-believe entablatures," "complete negation of significance," and like expressions (pp. 301, 304). He denies originality to Roman architects (p. 385), and bestows scant praise upon the marvelous planning of Roman public buildings or the remarkable system of carved ornament developed by the Romans. When one considers that the Romans were the first to conceive the sublime effect of vast and lofty interiors unencumbered by supports, and then compares a plan like that of Trajan's Forum or Caracalla's Baths with the elementary planning and construction of Greek buildings and groups, it is hard to understand how so mature and scholarly a critic as Mr. Sturgis could say (speaking of the Temple of Venus and Rome): "Now all this, except the building in mortar masonry and the idea of a vault, might have occurred to a Greek. . . The Romans have little claim to originality *as builders or as makers of plans* (the italics are ours): what they knew best was how to appropriate the the ideas. . . of the Mediterranean world" (p. 385). On page 339, he speaks of "that deliberate copying of Grecian building and of Grecian thought" in Roman columnar architecture: whereas neither in its building nor in its thought does Roman architecture owe any but the slightest debt to Greece.

There is evident in these reiterated depreciations a fixed prepossession against the Roman genius, in spite of sporadic commendations, sometimes enthusiastic, which the artist in the author could not help

paying to an art which was distasteful as a whole to the critic. On the other hand, the chapter on arcuated buildings is entirely interesting and particularly full and informing in its discussion of the Roman arches of triumph. The Roman stuccoes elicit, in Chapter VII., delighted admiration, and there is not one of the seven chapters but contains happy characterizations, penetrating bits of analysis, shrewd and suggestive *obiter dicta*, and lucid explanations of technical matters. The pleasure one experiences in reading such passages makes one regret the more the lack of sympathetic appreciation in so many others.

Greek architecture Mr. Sturgis discusses *con amore*. The discussion is not very systematic in arrangement, but it is full and free, sympathetic and discriminating. One feels throughout the thorough scholarship underlying it: but nowhere is archæology obtruded or documents referred to for the sake of the mere aspect of learning. Disputed questions are not made prominent, and when alluded to are briefly discussed without controversial dogmatism. The style is familiar, discursive, almost colloquial at times; too full, occasionally, on points which interest the author, for the requirements of correct proportion. Thus the Theseion occupies in all sixteen pages, the Parthenon but four. The Temples on Ægina and on Cape Sunium are hardly or not at all mentioned. Like omissions occur in the two chapters on Egypt. The Ramesseum is barely mentioned; the splendid tomb-temple of Queen Hatasu at Deir-el-Bahari, and even the great temple of Luxor, are not so much as named. But it is by precisely such omissions that space is obtained for the freer discussion of those aspects of the art which are of wider appeal to the lay mind.

The book is a handsome, rather heavy volume, printed on thick paper, not too glossy, with double-leaded lines pleasant for the eye, and is marked by careful proof-reading, which has left a very minute residuum of errors to reward a pretty careful scrutiny. One error—hardly to be explained by careless proof-reading—is the reference on page 284 to the temples of Edfu and Denderah as "monuments of a time only just preceding that of Diocletian." Edfu dates from 247-222 B.C.; Denderah from about 40 B.C. It is difficult also to account for the various forms in which identical names appear, as Selinus and Selinunte. Segesta and Egesta; Souweida (Soueideh) and Sermeda; and for the use of the Italian forms Pesto, Metaponto, and Girgenti, in preference to the more familiar Anglo-Latin forms, Pæstum, Metapontium, and Agrigentum. Despite these minor blemishes, the work is plainly the fruit of careful scholarship, accurate in all its specific information, and usually sound in its analysis and criticism. It ought to be of real service in the stimulation of public interest and the training of public taste.

The purchase by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of some examples of sculpture by Dr. William Rimmer has revived interest in a man who has never quite enjoyed the fame due him as a sculptor. He was born in 1816 and died in 1879. He passed most of his life in Boston and New York, where he made for himself a reputation and is still remembered by many. He took up the practice of art after studying medicine and taking his doctor's degree, which gave him an unusual knowledge of anatomy. This he put to excellent use in his work, which is characterized by a fine appreciation of the human body. He early came under the influence of the Greek and Roman sculpture which he went to Rome to study. One of the results of this visit was his figure of "The Falling Gladiator," which was very much discussed in its day. He formulated a course of lectures on anatomy, which he gave to public classes in Boston, New York, and many of the secondary towns of the Northeast for sixteen years. These lectures were later collected and published, with his fine drawings, in 1877, and still comprise the only work on the subject which has any true artistic value.

The American Art Society of Philadelphia, which has been granted an appropriation by the Legislature of $7,000, covering two years, announces an exhibition of paintings to be held at the Haseltine Art Galleries, No. 1822 Chestnut Street, beginning October 14, and lasting one month. Invitations are being sent to all the leading art patrons of Philadelphia and other cities, and a large attendance is expected. Correspondence from artists is requested, whether members of the society or not. There will be an award of gold, silver, and bronze medals to the best pictures.

The seventh centennial anniversary of the famous Sängerkrieg on the Wartburg and of the birthday of the "holy" Elizabeth are to be celebrated this summer in Eisenach by an exhibition of the productions of the German artists from the age of Elizabeth to the close of the Middle Ages. This exhibition will be in charge of Prof. Georg Voss, conservator of the art treasures of Thuringia, and is to illustrate particularly the life and the arts in the period when the knighthood and the poetry of the Germany of the Middle Ages were in their most flourishing condition.

"A Guide to the Paintings in the Florentine Galleries: The Uffizi, The Pitti, The Accademia" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has been prepared by Maud Cruttwell. There are numerous small reproductions of the pictures, together with brief characterizations. The recent changes in the Florentine galleries render a new work of this sort highly useful.

Frederick Warne & Co. announce two new volumes, "Sir Thomas Lawrence" and "Sir Henry Raeburn," to be added to Newnes's Art Library in the autumn.

Finance.

Frank A. Vanderlip has brought together in one volume ("Business and Education," Duffield & Co.) fifteen articles and public addresses written upon various occasions during the last eight or ten years. Five of them deal with problems of commercial and industrial education, in which the author's interest has been enlisted in various practical ways. Four others treat of currency and finance, topics concerning which he speaks with no little authority. The rest touch upon a variety of subjects—old-age pensions, American foreign trade, our industrial future, and the like—for the most part in a desultory and unsatisfactory way. Not every man who achieves success in a business career is thereby qualified to write upon "Political Problems of Europe as They Interest Americans"; and passages like the following are drearily commonplace, by whomsoever they may be written: "Man's labor the world over is steadily decreasing in importance. It is the age of machinery. The forces of nature are to do man's work. All the world over the cost of production has fallen. The relative importance of labor in the cost of production is lessening; the sway of machinery is increasing. The twentieth century will be the century of machinery." We would not gainsay the right of successful business men to their literary diversions, but will venture the delicate suggestion that not every article contributed to popular magazines needs to be reproduced in more permanent form.

In the mass of writing upon railroad questions, it is difficult to find anything of value that approaches the study of the industry from within; nearly all writers have concerned themselves with the relation of the railroad corporation to the State. This is doubtless to be explained by the fact that those who have had the ability and the inclination to put the situation into print have lacked the knowledge, while those with adequate information—the practical railroad men—have had no inclination to talk about their business, or have been without the art of placing the situation clearly before the public. We can but welcome then Logan G. McPherson's "Working of the Railroads" (Henry Holt & Co.), as a modest attempt, distinctly successful within its limits, to explain the operation of an American railway. It is primarily descriptive, and takes up in order and in the form of lectures such subjects as construction and operation, traffic, accounting, and financial and executive administration. A particularly informing chapter is that entitled "Correlation," which describes in detail the routine procedure involved in the running of trains. The concluding chapter on "Relations to the Public and the State" favors the punishment of railways for their rebating sins, but is opposed to such restrictive legislation as interferes with their freedom. The author has drawn his material from his own observation while in the service, and his later academic experience has doubtless given him his power of clear presentation.

Kropotkin's "Conquest of Bread" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a translation of a work which was originally published at Paris, in 1892. It is devoted to an exposition of the particular brand of social revolution—anarchist communism—with which the author's name has long been associated. He is persuaded that, with every vestige of legal compulsion removed, men would readily associate themselves in "free agro-industrial communes," large or small, and order production and distribution upon a rational coöperative plan. Those familiar with his other works know that he makes out as plausible a case as it is possible to present for a preposterous proposal; but the present volume really adds nothing to

what he has said elsewhere, and it is hard to understand why it has been brought out in American dress.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, G. F. Israel in Europe. Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.
Alexander, William. The Successful Agent. The Spectator Co. $2.
Benson, Robert Hugh. A Mirror of Shalott. Benziger Brothers.
Bourchier, Helen. Darry's Awakening. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Brocklington, A. Allen. Old Testament Miracles in the Light of the Gospel. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Burnham, S. W. General Catalogue of Double Stars within 121° of the North Pole. Carnegie Institution.
Bynner, Witter. An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1 net.
Proverbs of Alfred. Edited by Walter W. Skeat. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Chronique de France (1906). Paris: Albert Lanier.
Crafts, Wilbur F. Practical Christian Sociology. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Henry Frowde. $1.50 net.
Ecclesiæ Occidentalis Monumenta. Iuris Antiquissima. Edited by Cuthbertus H. Turner. Henry Frowde.
Essays on Addison. Edited by G. E. Hadow. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.
Fackler, Edward B. Notes on Life Insurance. Spectator Co. $3.
Galton, Francis. Probability, the Foundation of Eugenics. Henry Frowde.
Goethe Calendar, 1907. Leipzig.
Griswold, Stephen M. Sixty Years with Plymouth Church. Revell. $1 net.
Griffin, Nathaniel Edward. Dares and Dictys. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co.
Herbertson, A. J. Senior Geography. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Hutchinson, Alfred L. The Limit of Wealth. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Janett, Pierre. The Major Symptoms of Hysteria. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Kennedy, C. W., and Wilson, J. S. Pausanias. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.
Lampson, G. Locker. A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Laur, Francis. Le Cœur de Gambetta. 4me edition. Paris.
Lowell, Maria. Poems. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.
Mackenzie, J. S. Lectures on Humanism. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Moore, E. A. Story of a Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Oliver, Edmund Henry. Roman Economic Conditions to the Close of the Republic. University of Toronto.
Osborne, T. B. Proteins of the Wheat Kernel. Carnegie Institution.
Paul-Dubois, L. Irlande Contemporaine. Paris: Perrin et Cie.
Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar in North's Translation. Edited by R. H. Carr. Henry Frowde.
Prescott, Henry W. Some Phases of the Relation of Thought to Verse in Plautus. Berkeley: University Press.
Shaw, Albert. Political Problems of American Development. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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HISTORIA AMORIS

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By EDGAR SALTUS.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907.

The Week.

The first report of the National Civic Federation is pretty strongly adverse to the principle and practice of municipal ownership. An exhaustive investigation of the subject was made in Great Britain and the United States. Highly significant are the facts reported by J. W. Sullivan, of the Commission, regarding the effect of municipalization upon labor. It appears that, except in the most poorly paid forms of employment and upon tramways, the wage has not been raised above that of workmen in private concerns. Municipal ownership is declared to be favorable to the "open shop"; for public appointments must be possible to all citizens, and Government regulations must be superior to those of the union. Consequently, when union men obtain municipal employment, they frequently decline to pay their dues to the union. There is a certain grim humor in Mr. Sullivan's statement that "in America the municipalized enterprises have been rich mines for significant facts relating to politics, rather than to labor." Prof. J. R. Commons of Wisconsin University, who was also on the Commission, is more favorably disposed towards municipal ownership, and advocates the recognition of organized labor by the municipal enterprise. But this would mean not municipal, but union, control. In any case, municipalization does not promise to give to the workingman that Utopian paradise which its supporters have prophesied.

The Philadelphia *North American* has summarized the results of the three months' inquiry of the committee which has been investigating the construction and furnishing of the Pennsylvania State Capitol. It has been shown that of the $13,000,000 expended, at least $5,000,000 was wasted in graft. It has appeared that the architect, Joseph M. Huston, absolutely dominated all State officials on the Capitol Commission and the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, from his appointment as architect in 1901 until the exposure of the fraud, and that he scandalously betrayed his trust. Gov. Pennypacker, who is probably as honest a man personally as ever held office, trusted everything to Huston in a way which certainly lays him open to very severe criticism for his "innocent connivance with wrongdoing." So busy an official as the Governor should, of course, never have been on such a commission, but once he was there it was his duty to know what was going on. No direct evidence has been produced of political partnership with the grafters except the testimony of S. Marshall Williams, an unsuccessful bidder, who swore that $10,000 had been paid him as hush money—it is thought by Congressman Cassel, who may have been acting for the State leaders. All the State officials concerned have testified to their innocence, their failure to profit by the jobbery, and have denied any arrangement with the political leaders to divide profits. But, says the *North American*, "Their explanations both as to the letting of the metallic furniture contract to Cassel and in the subsequent handling of the Sanderson bronze furniture contracts and their carrying out, are contradictory, mutually incriminating, and direct evidence exists convicting certain members of the boards of guilty knowledge of gross irregularities from the start." No checks were put upon any expenditures until the reform wave in Pennsylvania had elected W. H. Berry State Treasurer. Then all of the amounts due on the fraudulent contracts were hastily paid before Berry took office.

The most mischievous form of sensationalism is the glib prophecy which many public speakers like to indulge in whenever important diplomatic questions are pending. However irresponsible these orators may be, their words are telegraphed to all quarters of the globe, and serve to excite the ignorant at home, and make a false impression abroad. The other day, a retired general of the army, Oliver O. Howard, said that Japan could not "whip us," provided Great Britain remained our friend; and a rear-admiral, returning from the East, predicted "war with Japan within five years." At the American dinner in London, Mr. Reid referred to "the perniciously industrious diplomacy of these later times" as a cause of international difficulties. But the fault does not lie wholly with diplomacy: it is in evidence in extra-diplomatic circles when perniciously industrious persons kindle a fire which they have not the power to put out.

The beginning of legislation in the South along social lines was remarkably illustrated by the record of the last North Carolina Assembly, which voted money for schools and institutions in a really lavish way. Primarily, $500,000 was granted for an institution for mental defectives, idiots, epileptics, insane, etc., curable or incurable. Next the Legislature paid its attention to sufferers from tuberculosis, voting $5,000 for a tuberculosis ward at Morganton, and $15,000 for a State tuberculosis sanatorium, which is to receive $5,000 annually. County commissioners, by another statute, are now required to separate tubercular prisoners from those in good health in all prisons and detention camps. The child labor law was strengthened by prohibiting night work for children under fourteen, and raising the age limit to thirteen for the illiterate. Next, a tentative compulsory school attendance law was also put on the books, excepting, it is true, some counties, but enabling the others to apply it when certain that public sentiment is ready. The Assembly's interest in the schools did not end there. Provision was made for a system of high schools for such counties as wish them; an eastern training school for teachers and a school of technology along original lines were established, while the financial grants to the State University and colleges were largely increased. Finally, a reform school for delinquent children, called the Stonewall Jackson School, has been begun, and its management placed in the hands of women. Of course, these votes bespeak the growing prosperity of North Carolina, as does the increase of Confederate pensions from $275,000 to $400,000. But more than that, they illustrate clearly the great change that is coming in the attitude of the South towards social questions from the legislative standpoint.

In upholding the "Jim Crow car" laws of the South, the Interstate Commerce Commission falls back upon previous rulings by members of the Commission and upon a decision of the Supreme Court. It is, Commissioner Lane holds, no discrimination to separate blacks and whites when equal accommodations are afforded both races. In the particular case before him, the railroad had discriminated in that it did not furnish a wash-bowl and towels and a smoking compartment for negro passengers. With these oversights remedied, the Commission feels that there is no discrimination left; that to put all black persons into one car and all whites into another is perfect equality in the good old American sense. Under this decision, any railroad will in the future be justified in marking certain cars, "For Jews only," others "For Chinese and Japanese exclusively," and still others, "None but Dagoes may ride here"—and our learned commissioners, on gravely inspecting to see that each coach had the same number of towels and washbowls, would declare that they could find no discrimination of any kind. As

a matter of fact, they have done their best to help create classes in this democracy—a white class and a black class. As men of intelligence, they know perfectly well that nowhere in the South are the Jim Crow accommodations equal to those given to the whites, either in cleanliness or sufficiency. The railroads simply decline to "clean cars for niggers," knowing them to be not, as the Commission pretends, on an equality, but grossly discriminated against, and unable to protest efficiently by reason of their being deprived of the ballot.

Rhode Island has cause for rejoicing in the resignation of Boss Brayton from the executive committee of the Republican State Central Committee, as a preliminary step towards retirement from political life. After thirty years of devoted service to party and pocket, this unselfish patriot lays down his sword, wraps the mantle of virtue about him, and bids the torch be handed on to "younger and abler" hands. Why linger further in an age and among a race that would not have Colt for United States Senator? The historic ingratitude of republics drives the Boss from his office in the State House, which was so long a home to him. The fall is tragic, and yet Rhode Island can scarcely be blamed for yielding to the spirit of the time and seeking her own purification. Like Delaware, she has shown that even if the small State may be more easily captured by the political brigand, there are limits beyond which audacity cannot go. Evidently the wave of reform has not yet spent its force, and the name or title of boss is still odorous in the land. One by one the pillars and ornaments of an old system are disappearing. Addicks, Lentz, Ruef, Brayton, Odell—it is a muster roll of the dead. Only our own Platt still clings pitifully to the throne of place, if not of power, faithful to the end—and to himself.

No good American could possibly have escaped a thrill of gratitude towards John D. Rockefeller for his gracious kindliness towards his country. He bears no resentment against these United States for sending a number of marshals to secure his presence in Chicago, nor against Judge Landis for trying to live up to his duties as a member of the Federal judiciary. He is only sorry that the deputy marshals, in their youthful enthusiasm, should have thought they could really get him if he chose to keep out of their hands; and he can only pity Judge Landis for thinking that a Rockefeller could be made to tell on the witness stand anything he preferred not to tell. Why make all this bother, then, in the case of a harmless old man who really doesn't know anything about Standard Oil, except that it comes out of the ground and is taken care of by Archbold, Rogers, and Pratt, and who lives even as the sparrow, receiving with unquestioning faith his twenty millions yearly without inquiring whence they come, or why?

The Cosmopolitan Society, which has been organized in Brooklyn by members of various nationalities and races, for the purpose of promoting good feeling between such races and opposing the exploitation of any one by any other, is a little out of the general category of associations formed for serious purposes. It has the admirable object of interesting itself at once in the anti-Japanese crusade and the Jim Crow car movement. To be consistent, the Italian and the Jew must also come under its sympathetic concern. It will be interesting to see how long such a body can maintain its existence without subordinating its ideal of the parliament of man to some particular issue. It is the general opinion of those most experienced in forming leagues, we believe, that it is unwise to hitch a wagon to more than one star. Yet the gain in efficiency and unanimity may sometimes be offset by a loss in real influence. Advocates of this or that special measure are incessantly trying to secure favorable expressions of opinion from the permanent bodies that are not formed for one special kind of propaganda, and command the more influence for that reason, like the Chamber of Commerce, the National Board of Trade, and, preëminently, the great political parties.

Professor Münsterberg has returned to Boston after spending four days at Boisé, where he studied the mental characteristics of Orchard. While the professor has not yet made a systematic report of his observations, he has given some account of his visit to the Boston *Transcript*. It appears that Orchard has "brutal lines from forehead to chin," that the lobes of his ears, his retreating forehead, and glittering eyes proclaim him a degenerate. He has a remarkable memory, and speaks the truth. Every facility was offered to Professor Münsterberg for making his investigation. The Governor of Idaho himself introduced him to the prisoner. But unless more interesting results than those reported are forthcoming, it would seem that the eight days spent in travelling between Boisé and Boston were, scientifically considered, so much time wasted. Professor Münsterberg thinks that in the future the psychological expert may have an important place in courts of justice, even as chemists, physiologists, and alienists have now. But to admit psychological expert evidence in most trials would open the door to every sort of charlatanry. The cry to-day is not more, but fewer, experts.

Professor Garfield's election to the presidency of Williams College, in succession to Dr. Hopkins, whose resignation will take effect next year, has a significance more than personal. He will be the first layman to be at the head of Williams. His clerical predecessors filled chairs of "Christian Ethics" and "Natural Theology." Professor Garfield has been a teacher of law, a lecturer on political science and the whole democratic movement. To make such a man as he president of Williams is as violent a break with tradition as was the choice of a professor of economics for the presidency of Yale, or an historian for Princeton. Yet it is precisely men of the Garfield type to whom college trustees are now looking. When to broad training and wide experience of the world and acquaintance with educational methods, one unites vigor and genial address and practical capacity, fitness for the presidency of a college does not depend upon the further question whether one is a clergyman. Going back to an institution with which his father's name is indissolubly connected, Professor Garfield will enter upon a large opportunity.

The "Mikado" opera question is still agitating the British public. Joseph H. Longford, whose service in Japan as British consul at various places extends over thirty-three years, writes to the London *Times* that, twenty years ago, the Japanese were scarcely known in England, and no one thought of paying the slightest attention to them, while visitors from Japan hid their feelings in silence. Circumstances have changed completely, and to-day we can estimate how the Japanese must receive the knowledge that "the English people have publicly burlesqued in the most offensive manner" their sovereign, who is also a spiritual head, like the Pope, from "the spirit that has been aroused by the incomparably less humiliating affront which has been offered by the people of San Francisco." Mr. Longford relates an incident to show how the Japanese themselves acted in a similar case. Over thirty years ago a theatrical company produced a drama which included a burlesque of the Crucifixion. Sir Harry Parkes, British Minister at the time, remonstrated informally with the Japanese Government, and the drama was at once prohibited.

At a university settlement meeting in Manchester, England, Mrs. Humphry Ward spoke on the "Needs of City Children for Play." It is important that places should be set apart where they can amuse themselves during their leisure hours; otherwise they spend their time in the streets, and quickly fall into vice and crime. Such places are the more needed because the homes of

many children are so unfit. "They go, perhaps, into the midst of drunken fights, where they may be knocked about, and they cling to the play-centre." Mrs. Ward dwelt also upon the necessity of directing the play of the young, in which she said New York set an excellent example. Yet many of the English towns are better organized for carrying on this good work. In some there are not only play-centres, but industrial schools in which the children are amused, and learn how to gain a livelihood. In this city, the opening of the public school buildings for play during the summer vacation has been a great boon, especially to those who live far from any park or open square. The school houses are cooler and cleaner than the street, and the *morale* of the children can be attended to better when they are gathered in one place. Yet, after all, it is a barren substitute for the real country.

The result of the Parliamentary election for the Jarrow division of Durham, which was looked forward to with much interest as a possible index of the effect of the Nationalist revolt on the fortunes of the Liberal party, has turned out a surprise. It was thought that the defection of the Irish vote would be sufficient to give this Liberal stronghold to the Unionists, who in the last election did not even contest. As a matter of fact, the poll is headed by a Laborite, with a plurality of nearly 800 over the Unionist candidate, who in turn led his Liberal opponent by nearly 500 votes. Some 2,100 votes were cast for the Nationalist candidate, or 1,300 less than the Liberal strength. The curious feature of the election is that the total number of votes cast, 13,926, is about the same as that polled in January, 1906, when the Liberal candidate received 8,047 votes, against 5,093 for his Laborite opponent. An analysis of these figures would seem to show that the cut in the Liberal vote to less than one-half is not so serious as would appear. In 1906 not improbably a large percentage of the Unionists voted for the Liberal candidate against a professed Socialistic candidate. This year they have returned to their party. Actually, the Government has not suffered a very severe blow, since the Labor party, as far as the Liberal main programme is concerned, is still its ally. On the other hand, it seems doubtful whether the Nationalists, in any English seat, will be able to swing the balance in favor of the Unionist party. The Labor party, by nominating an Irish candidate—Peter Curran is the successful candidate from Jarrow—should always be able to capture a goodly portion of the dissident Nationalist votes.

Discontent with British rule in India is now reported to be assuming the form of secret military organization and drill preparatory to armed insurrection. Yet it is not with such comparatively tangible acts of disloyalty that the authorities should find it most difficult to cope, as with the vast religious and social agitation. Repression, though unpleasant, is at least comprehensible and natural in the face of rebellion. But how, in the present state of feeling in India, can the Government venture on suppressing meetings or forbidding acts and ceremonies which are by nature religious and intimately bound up with the innermost life of the people, without precipitating a crisis it must be anxious to avoid? We have spoken before this of the grotesque mixture of Occidental and Asiatic methods and ideas which the anti-British movement in India, and particularly in Bengal, shows. The commercial boycott and the school strike, as practised in Europe, are very well understood. The press is clever in avoiding the penalty of the law while preaching what the authorities consider sedition. There seems to be no want of trained speakers and organizers. But to further the sentiment of unity among the natives we have one leader recommending "the formation in every town and village of organizations for the performance of the Rakshi Kali pooja (blood sacrifice) every Amabashya night. With drums, torches, music, and fireworks vast congregations should assemble and sacrifice 101 white living goats." A combination of Eastern fanaticism and European weapons is what may confront the British Government.

Italy, which is beginning to feel the drain of her enormous emigration but finds it difficult at the same time to adopt a policy of absolute restriction, has done the next best thing by taking steps for facilitating the homeward flow of men and money from across the seas. In the discussions on the new emigration bill now before the Italian Parliament, it was pointed out that remittances from emigrants to their families at home were decreasing, and remedies were suggested in the form of reduced postal rates and improved facilities. To encourage Italians abroad who have acquired some wealth to seek repatriation, it is provided that the laws of citizenship be so modified as to make re-naturalization possible after a simple renunciation of foreign citizenship, or result automatically after a three years' residence. A news dispatch the other day quoted one Italian immigrant as coming to this country for the purpose of saving up ten dollars with which he might return home and purchase a cow. The speaker's vision will undoubtedly broaden with his first day on our shores, and when he goes back to Italy it will be undoubtedly with many times fifty lire, and the determination to take his place among the new class of small proprietors which is coming to constitute an important factor in the social life of Italy.

Italian anti-clericalism has just had its innings with the capture of the Roman municipal administration by the Radicals. The Catholic party in Italy is described as having a splendid organization, while their opponents have been weakened by factional strife. The present triumph of the anti-Catholic party was undoubtedly due in great measure to the profound dissatisfaction aroused by the recent policy of the Government in repeatedly giving official recognition to the dignitaries of the Vatican, and manifesting its good will for the Church in other ways. About two months ago the country was greatly stirred up because military honors were accorded to the newly created Cardinal Lorenzelli, on the occasion of his formal entry into his see of Lucca. About the same time Cardinal Cassetta was honored with a gun salute by an Italian man-of-war, and the cardinal patriarch of Venice, on presenting himself before the King during the latter's visit to the city, received precedence over all other officials, together with military honors due to a prince of the blood. More irritating to anti-clerical opinion has been the growing participation of the troops in religious fêtes and processions.

China's determination to be modern and Occidental is showing itself in more ways than one. In preparation for a representative form of government, which seems to be drawing nearer, Chinese students have apparently mastered the art of throwing bombs. If any striking evidence of the solidarity of the world is desired, it may be found in the rapidity with which the most backward nations have come to adopt modern means of political and revolutionary agitation. The boycott, the school-strike, the hunger-strike, are practised with commendable skill by Persians, Hindus, and Chinese. Now comes the use of explosives. The Chinese have undoubtedly learned from Russian exiles in Japan and in Mongolia. It is interesting to know that there is an appreciable Socialistic literature in Chinese, created for the most part by the aforementioned Russian exiles and refugees. Very probably, Russia's thousands of prisoners in Japan, among whom must have been numbers of discontented liberals and professional agitators, have supplied a certain impetus to the Socialist movement in the Mikado's Empire, whence in turn some of the ten thousand young Chinese students now studying in the Japanese universities bear the torch of progress or of revolution to their own shores.

WORKING UP A WAR.

The old journalistic recipe for inflaming sentiment in favor of war is now being tried, with much preliminary success, in the case of Japan and the United States. Either country has its unscrupulous newspapers; but ours exceed the Japanese in number and in the devilish ingenuity with which the facilities for collecting and disseminating information are utilized to make the thoughts of readers bloody. We saw the whole process illustrated in 1895-98. Yellow journalism scored its greatest triumph, or touched its deepest shame, in bringing on the war with Spain. The methods were then made familiar. They are now being imitated, almost to a hair. If Franklin were alive, he would deduce from them rules for making a peace-loving nation turn into a quarrelsome braggart and bully.

Your truly warlike editor, living at ease, but writing as if he ate gunpowder, always begins by protesting that he ardently desires peace. He merely scatters his firebrands as "precautionary measures" setting the house on fire to test the efficiency of the engine company. Urging the doing of things which breathe of war and look to war, he asseverates his conviction that they will be the surest guarantee of peace. So it was before the war with Spain. This, that, or the other hostile move was declared by the newspapers in charge of the campaign to be the one thing that would certainly avert war. So now, the dispatch of our battleships to the Pacific is represented as the infallible means of keeping the peace. Yet the naval demonstration is, at the same time, seized upon as an excuse for printing columns and pages of matter which can have but one aim and one effect—to provoke the war spirit. Naval experts are called upon to state whether the fleet is "ready," and whether we could surely whip Japan. Then there is gathered reams of stuff going to show that "Editors Endorse Plan to Send Fleet of Big Battleships to the Pacific." This is got by scraping the press of the country, and erecting the Butte *Inter-Mountain* and the Fort Wayne *Sentinel* into important organs of national opinion. Next comes the assembling of "Public Sentiment" as expressed by "Representative Citizens." In special dispatches we are informed what Michael Ryan of Cincinnati considers to be correct naval strategy, and what Moses H. Brand of Milwaukee thinks the true policy to pursue. All this is churned over, or whipped into froth, day after day, with a result which is often comic, frequently ridiculous, but which remains in the end both disgusting and perilous.

Most people, we know, simply laugh at all this newspaper dabbling in war. But is it not dangerously like "the laughter of fools"? The fool, wrote Burne-Jones in one of his letters, has three laughs. "He laughs at what is good, he laughs at what is bad, and he laughs at what he does not understand." It is this latter, empty amusement over the attempt of certain editors to "get up a war score," which is really disquieting. It ought to be better understood what this sort of thing leads to. It poisons the general mind by making its presuppositions warlike instead of peaceful. Men and nations are what they are largely on account of their mental presumptions, the atmosphere which they unconsciously carry about with them. This, in an industrial democracy like ours, is normally one of peace. Business cannot go on, nor commerce extend, if men's minds are fixed upon battles and sieges and sudden death. Hence the need of cultivating the temperament of peace—of teaching citizens to look for stability of conditions and for orderly progress, instead of being on the watch, all the while, for the shocks of war. Hence, also, the villany of those lily-fingered and luxury-loving editors who, either to glut a private revenge, or to promote private financial speculations, or perhaps, merely to make a newspaper sensation in a dull season, try to upset the equilibrium of the country, and force thoughts of war into minds where, but for this wicked newspaper clamor, they would never find entrance. Such a phenomenon it will never do to treat, with our easy American good-nature, as merely a hot-weather joke—to pass it off with our perpetual giggle. Terrible consequences may spring from this criminal trifling.

One of the most unpleasant features of the whole affair is the strange course of the Administration. If our President were, on his own confession, anything but the sincerest and squarest of men, we should be troubled by the apparent duplicity of the statements made in his name. On Tuesday last his private secretary gave an official *démenti* to the rumors that a squadron of battleships was to be sent to the Pacific. "You may say that the President has not even considered the advisability of sending *any* ships to the Pacific." Two days later, this became a "possible" cruise to the Pacific, but not "at once." After that, came Secretary Metcalf's announcement in California that the battleships were to go directly to the Pacific, and that the plans for the movement had been made long before in Washington. All this may be firm and wise and consistent statesmanship, but any one can see how deplorably it lends itself to the brawling of the sensational newspapers. Considering the very bad impression made both at home and abroad, we think that the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy ought to revoke his order—or, if necessary, give out a new version of what he had always intended to do. If it is needful, for practice, or in order to show the world how quickly we can mobilize a fleet, that battleships be swiftly sent somewhere, let their destination be made the Mediterranean or the North Atlantic. Should the President, after all this vacillation and conflicting announcement, persist in sending the squadron of fighting ships to the Pacific, it can only be taken as a willingness, on his part, to heighten the bad feeling against the Japanese (with whom he was so dead in love only last December) and to encourage the talk of war.

TARIFF COUNSEL FROM THE COUNTING-ROOM.

Though it falls in the summer season, when the political thermometer is at its very lowest, the taking effect of the new German tariff agreement is made the occasion for a demonstration of distress by the standpatters. One could obtain, even before it took effect, a carefully compiled and comprehensive account of the havoc which the agreement is to inflict on American industry. Any one who accepts the premises that the interest of any single branch of manufactures is superior to that of the whole country, and that the buying of foreign products is an evil *per se*, can work himself to a high pitch of alarm over even the smallest grudging concession. That Germany has received something in exchange for a second postponement of her advanced tariff on our products is, of course, the height of injustice to the high-tariff mind.

Under our system, opinions of mere "consumers" are not likely to avail against the Dingley tariff until they are supplemented by the demands of special industries, interests pulling against interests. How far this force is already in operation is well shown by the opinions from business men assembled in the *Annals of the American Academy*, under the title of "Tariffs, Reciprocity, and Foreign Trade." Here is no counsel from the closet. Charles Deering writes on the tariff and the price of agricultural machines; Louis Müller of Baltimore on its relation to the grain trade; J. Ogden Armour on the tariff and our foreign trade in meats; Maurice Coster, export manager of the Westinghouse Company, on its relation to our foreign trade in electrical apparatus; A. Augustus Healy on the leather industry, and W. B. Mershon of Saginaw, Mich., on the lumber trade.

These great national industries are unconnected; one might prosper while the others declined, or successfully invade a foreign market from which the others were repulsed. Yet the picture here drawn of industrial conditions today is surprisingly alike in its several parts. Each export industry, these ex-

perts declare, maintains itself precariously, and is everywhere menaced, unless our Government is willing to join with those of Europe to secure freer trade, or to give relief by admitting raw materials. The tariff which Germany holds in readiness when our present agreement expires is so high that, as Mr. Deering says, "If such an increase does not destroy our German trade in agricultural implements, it will be sufficient at least to cripple seriously its development." Under that of Austria-Hungary, "it is only a question of time when more-favored manufacturers will drive American products out of the market." As for grain, Mr. Müller declares that "there is absolutely no hope of competing with any country that enjoys the minimum rates, if the United States has to pay the maximum rates, because it is hardly conceivable that the wants of Germany cannot be entirely filled by any country enjoying the minimum rates." "Given a fair opportunity," says Mr. Armour, "there is no reason why we should not be able to sell Germany a large proportion of the cattle she imports annually. But, better still, from an economic American standpoint, we should, with a fair adjustment of our tariff relations, be able to sell her immense quantities of pickled and canned meats. Her people would be glad to get them—if given a chance."

"The time has come," in Mr. Coster's view, "when it is difficult to compete with the French, Germans, and Austrians for electrical apparatus to be used in their own countries." The lower labor-cost in these countries, he thinks, would not overbalance the advantage of our workmen's superior skill, but for "the discrimination of the foreign tariff, which . . . has been so adjusted as to gradually encroach on our trade in many countries, in some instances practically bringing our exclusion." The leather industry, asserts Mr. Healy, "has never demanded that the people of the United States be taxed for its benefit, but itself has been, and is now, taxed for the benefit of other and more favored industries." Mr. Mershon finally declares that, "as a manufacturer, as an employer of labor, and as one who has been in the lumber business all his life and is now engaged in it, as an owner of forests and timber lands and saw mills, I cannot see wherein the Government is not making a great mistake in maintaining this tariff upon rough lumber, taxing our home industries for their raw material, and offering a premium for the destruction of our present forest area."

We have thought it worth while thus to outline the arguments of spokesmen for these leading industries, because this is the sort of appeal which by sheer iteration may in time induce Congress to end its present policy of inaction. In the exciting days when the Dingley law was being framed no industry which made anything like so strong a case for relief as any of these would have been sent away without a special clause drafted for its benefit. But the cry, "Give us a tariff or we perish," is much more appealing to Congress than "Take away the tariff or we perish." Our fiscal system works on a sort of ratchet which enables duties to be raised at the simple turning of a crank, but demands a tremendous amount of effort to let down even a single cog.

According to the protective theory, each person or industry which the tariff law fails to protect is one more argument for at least bringing the law up to date. The grain trade is our largest branch of agricultural industry. Among our manufactures, slaughtering and meat-packing ranks first in net value of product, lumber and timber products fifth, leather eleventh, agricultural implements thirty-sixth, and electrical apparatus and supplies forty-first, out of 354 classified industries. What is to be the answer when these insist that, instead of paternal care, our Government has given them only hampering restrictions?

THE PROPHET AND THE LEADER.

If there were any doubts that Marcelin Albert, so recently acclaimed the redeemer of the French Southland, was really entitled to consider himself entrusted with something of a spiritual mission, his present fate should remove them. It is not merely that Albert is now in prison charged with fomenting public disorder. His brevet as prophet comes primarily from the fact that he has been repudiated by his erstwhile followers and denounced by his own lieutenants as a traitor to the cause he set on foot. Yet his only transgression has been that at a moment of crisis he attempted to call a halt on a movement that had already outrun his personal control. "The best informed among my authorities call him a simpleton," writes the Vicomte de Voguë from Montpellier. Others more cruel call him a madman. Simple or mad Marcelin Albert must have been, to imagine that a popular uprising can be gauged up to a previously designated mark, and brought suddenly to a stop. Dr. Ferroul, his practical-minded aide-de-camp, knows men better, of course, and from his cell urges the Southerners to go on demanding concessions they had no thought of at the beginning. When Albert and Ferroul regain their freedom, obscurity most probably will fall to the former, while there is no telling what bounteous aspects may beam on the other's eyes.

Numerous critics, writing on the present situation in Russia, have fallen into the habit of ascribing what they consider the failure of the revolutionary movement to the absence of competent leadership. Putting aside the objection that this is merely indulging in a species of wisdom after the fact, which would discern splendid capacities for leadership among the Slavs if they had succeeded instead of failing, we may point out a certain important difference between the leader and the prophet. The one manipulates forces that he finds ready to his hand; the other's task is to bring non-existing forces into being. Now, Russia is as yet unprepared for the leader's work, and is still the proper field only for the prophet. Many millions of peasants must be aroused, millions of workmen must be educated more thoroughly than they have been; a clearer consciousness of aim must be created among the chaos of nationalities, classes, and creeds before there can be any opportunity for real statesmanship. There must still be long years of secret propaganda, of conspiracy, of education by pamphlet and word of mouth and, possibly, the bomb, before the revolutionary movement is actually in full swing. And many small and obscure prophets will labor and perish or be swept away by the result of their own efforts after the destiny of their tribe.

Before we can look to the appearance of a great leader in Russia, we must be prepared for the appearance and disappearance of many more great personalities than we have had as yet. It is almost essential to the rise of a successful leader that he should have been preceded by many failures, or, as we have just called them, prophets in their own line. Absolutism, constitutional monarchy, moderate republicanism, Jacobinism, terrorism, had all to be tried and found wanting before a Napoleon appeared. And so in the Russia of to-day and to-morrow, there must still be Plehves, Wittes, Stolypins, Milyukoffs, and Gapons before the successful leader learns to hammer his success out of the rough ore of their labors and their failures.

Such a leader will escape disaster because he will have learned the lesson that the prophet never learns—of riding with the tide and never boldly attempting to halt it. In that he shows a deeper knowledge of the nature of popular movements than the seer, poor simple soul that he is. The latter imagines that if you want a crowd to get to X, you set the crowd into motion, and when you get to X you stop. The practical man knows that, once set into motion, the crowd may find the sensation of travel so pleasant that, aided by the law of inertia, it will insist on pressing on beyond X to Y and Z. What victorious nation ever contented itself with exacting as the reward of victory no more than what it set out to fight for? What triumphant political party ever held itself restricted by its pledges? What tre-

mendously popular statesman has ever held himself bound by his previous record? It is only the unpractical man, the idealist, the prophet, that will cling to a fixed conception of truth and aim. The practical man knows that the goal always recedes before a crowd as it advances, and so he keeps on moving in step with it—and always a little in advance.

That Russia is still unprepared for leadership, in this sense, is apparent from the fate that has overtaken the various political figures we have mentioned, beginning with Gapon, who affords us a tragic parallel to Marcelin Albert. Gapon imagined that he could carry on a democratic labor movement by peaceful means without actually antagonizing the Russian autocracy. Had he been wiser, the massacre of Red Sunday should have undeceived him. He had aimed at a labor movement, and set on foot a revolution, and when he attempted to stem the tide by entering into relations with the Government, he sealed his own fate. Witte took the reform movement in hand and guided it to the stage of constitutional monarchism, but he was in turn swept off his feet by the mad rush towards social revolution. Stolypin imparted to the movement a sharp swerve backwards, but only to be carried much further than he wished towards reactionism. Not until the various conflicting forces in Russia have been brought to act steadily and consciously in their respective direction will the opportunity be at hand for the successful leader.

CHILD SUICIDE.

The causes and the prevention of suicide among the young is the subject of a book just published by Louis Proal of the Paris Bar. Some years ago M. Beule wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes:* Suicide, which in particular cases we condemn, pleases us in tragedy and history, precisely because it no longer has a place among our customs." The author of those very words took his own life; and M. Proal shows not only that the crime has become more common in Europe, but that a considerable percentage of those who commit it are children. His work is not a morbid study of an unpleasant subject: it is rather a serious consideration of an evil which, according to statistics, constitutes a menace to French society, with suggestions concerning its prevention and cure. In 1839, out of a total of 2,752 suicides in France, 20 were those of boys and girls under the age of sixteen. From that time until 1869 the number of youthful suicides reported annually remained almost stationary. Since then, however, there has been an increase in the number of adults as well as of children who take their own lives. In 1879, for example, out of 5,114 suicides, 37 were less than sixteen years of age; and in 1902 there were 59 cases of children among 8,716.

These figures, however, do not give all the deaths from this cause; for where children have killed themselves parents and teachers are reluctant to make it known. Moreover, in many cases where children have attempted suicide, no report has been made to the police. France is not alone in noting this increase; for something like it has been observed in parts of Germany, Switzerland, and Spain. Happily, the census shows the evil to be but little prevalent in the United States. But its growth in Europe has been so marked as to present a problem for the psychologist and criminologist. M. Proal observes that nearly all the faults of adults are to be met with also in children. Rousseau, who insisted that children were depraved because of education, had little experience of their ways, for his own offspring were made a public charge. Education has to develop what is good, but it also has to remedy what is evil in the character of the child.

Suicides are more frequent among city than among country children. The latter are less confined, and less overworked at school; nor are they made so familiar with vice and acts of violence as those brought up in the crowded precincts of the larger towns. In general, the causes of suicide are emotional; and among these jealousy has an important place with the child. And this illustrates the evil of favoritism on the part of parents and guardians. Says M. Proal:

> In the sentiment of jealousy there is not only the egoistic desire to possess all the affection of parents, the refusal to share their caresses with the sisters and brothers; there is also an ardent demand for equality. The child wishes to be loved as his brothers and sisters are, because he has the same right to parental affection as they have. . . . All injustice, particularly that which proceeds from parents, puts him into rebellion, exasperates and discourages him.

Other moral causes act in the same disastrous way, such as sudden anger, pride, a luxurious or effeminate education, differences and disputes between parents, excessive intellectual effort, family privations and bereavements. Suicide may be induced by physical causes also, such as ill health or bodily deformity.

In his chapters dealing with the prevention of suicide M. Proal has much to say in criticising the severe treatment of children at home and at school. Continual scolding, reproof about trifling matters, punishment upon slight provocation, he disapproves. Children should never be kept at school during vacations, which may give rise to melancholia or depression of spirits. Of course, the severe pressure of rigorous examinations is to be condemned, and M. Proal says that in China, for example, during the tests for the civil list, the number of suicides increases appreciably. In many instances children are predisposed to take their own lives by neurasthenia, hysteria, or epilepsy. These, however, are only predispositions; they are "occasional," not "efficient," causes, and may be counteracted by general hygiene or medical treatment. A defect of the will often indicates a defect of health. Disgust with life is almost always the effect of a sickly temperament. Attention to diet and sleep, fortifying the nervous system in various ways, may free the child from this dangerous tendency. It is, moreover, important that the young should be supplied with optimistic literature, and that they should, if possible, be led to believe in immortality, which may give them pause when they reflect upon self-inflicted death. While all the great pessimists have taught what should lead logically to suicide, they themselves, in most instances have felt the joy of living. It is their disciples who desire death.

M. Proal differs from Dr. Magnan in holding that suicide with the child is always impulsive, never deliberate; and in this he seems justified both physiologically and clinically. Any feeling which can overcome the instinct of self-preservation must be very intense; and when the unformed mind is swayed by grief, pride, or pain, there is lacking that experience and mature deliberation which in the adult might inhibit suicidal action. Hence, since suicide is possible at all, it is not strange that the child should commit it, but it is strange that he should commit it so rarely. While a tendency to take one's own life may not imply insanity or degeneration, it shows that the mind has lost its equilibrium, and that the proper remedy is to be found in wholesome training. In these days, when the gospel of envy and discontent is preached in so many quarters, M. Proal insists that the virtues of resignation and endurance should be forced by precept and example. "Le révolté devient facilement un désespéré." And if society takes so much pains to protect the young against external evils, it should do all in its power to protect them against themselves.

THE PERILS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

A few days ago amateur photography had a martyr in the young man who was seized by a cramp and drowned while swimming in some rapids under the eye of the camera. In this case it was the subject who underwent the danger; usually it is the photographer. In its infancy amateur photography was regarded as rather a mild pastime, not

exactly effeminate, but dilettante. The photographer puttering about his dark-room or holding the little cap while he counted seconds was anything but an exemplar of the robust virtues. This is changed. The progress of invention which has made Arctic exploration relatively easy has added immensely to the dangers to be faced by the photographer.

In a recent book on the routine of journalism there is a somewhat pathetic account of the difficulties of the photographer, whether employed by a newspaper or not, who essays to record the news, so to speak, on his dry-plates. The reporter, in all conscience, has a hard enough time on occasions, but at least he need not blazon to the world that he is a reporter. The "special artist on the spot" in the civil-war period could make sketches on his cuff. But the photographer may not put trust in disguises or excuses. His apparatus cannot be mistaken for anything else under heaven. Everybody knows he is taking pictures, and if any one resents it, the camera is one of the most vulnerable points of attack. One ray of sunshine, and the work is spoiled. The rôle of a busybody is bad enough, but to be a busybody with fifty pounds of cumbersome apparatus along so that one cannot even run away, is far worse.

Of course, the adventurous photographer has some peculiar triumphs. "You will notice, ladies and gentlemen," says the announcer in the vaudeville theatre, "that the moving picture is interrupted just after the fire reached the second story of the dynamite factory. The reason is that at this point the building exploded, burying the photographer under ten feet of masonry. Fortunately, however, his film-holders were uninjured." The audience can only get a faint reflex of the pride that must have filled the daring youth as, beneath the burning deck, he shielded his biograph apparatus.

But it is not only in the haunts of men that the photographer is called on to do and dare. It is the humane custom of our day to go to the woods unarmed; but the wild fauna do not subscribe to our disarmament proposals. Not only has the outdoor photographer of wild life, like Emerson,

> named all the birds without a gun,

but, like Spartacus, he has learned to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl—and press the button as the lion springs.

William T. Hornaday of the Zoölogical Park, though himself an adventurous naturalist, reproves in one of his books the foolhardiness of a colleague who secured some marvellous pictures of Rocky Mountain goats and sheep by pursuing them to crags or promontories reached by no other paths than those up which they had come, and then, while the creatures were making up their minds whether or not to butt the photographer down the precipice and to eternity, taking their likenesses and retreating. Really, the custom which has become common of having a second photographer at hand to photograph the feats of the first photographer commends itself. Here is a photographer coming down in a parachute in order to record in passing the secret evolutions of a new airship. Perhaps he will succeed, perhaps not; but, at any rate, the snapshot of his headlong descent made by his friend on the ground will be vastly acceptable to the widow and the orphan.

It must always be true that chance has a large part in producing the sensational successes of popular photography. We know of a case in which an amateur had "snapped" a fleet of fishing schooners, or some such craft, and on developing the plate discovered that at the very instant of his exposure a man had fallen from the masthead of one of the vessels and was represented in mid-air. Similarly, an English magazine published, a year or two ago, what was declared to be an authentic photograph of a man having his leg bitten off by a shark. He had fallen overboard in the tropics and the shark seized him just as a fiend on deck had jokingly photographed his predicament. These were pictures which, short of methods like those of the Greek sculptor who flayed his slaves in order to study their agonies, all the forethought and care in the world would not have secured.

On the other hand, the deliberate taking of chances does not necessarily bring good results. Every one has seen photographs of battle, murder, and sudden death which are mere hodge-podge, unintelligible unless marked with Maltese crosses at the important spots, and full of suggestion only because one has already been told that they were taken under perilous or harrowing conditions. Events perversely refuse to adapt themselves to the photographer's art. The actors in historic scenes do no credit to the stage manager. Squadrons, in their excitement, lose their alignment just as they pass the reviewing stand. Harassed committees and marshals give away so many tickets that great ceremonials are crowded and screened. Hence it is that all the photographer's activity and pretensions need not make the historical painter fear for his livelihood. His barons never get in the way of a clear view of King John at Runnymede; nor has he to erase any of the Roman populace with gray pigment in order to reveal whether it is a crown or a dish of lampreys which Mark Antony is offering to Cæsar.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON DEFOE.

II.

Although Defoe's name had figured in Cibber's "Lives" and in booksellers' catalogues, and although collectors like Bishop Percy and Isaac Reed had taken an interest in him, it was not until 1790, so far as I can discover, that the first fairly important list of his writings was printed. This was appended by George Chalmers to the revised "Life," which he prefixed to Stockdale's attractive edition of "Robinson Crusoe." The results of Chalmers's labors seem very meagre to-day, but no one can examine his memoranda and his correspondence as I have done, thanks to Mr. Aitken, without feeling that he deserves to be praised as a faithful pioneer in a difficult and ungrateful task. His list of ninety-nine genuine and dubious items was not superseded until 1830, when Walter Wilson, the friend of Charles Lamb, published his "Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe," to the first volume of which was prefixed a list of writings containing two hundred and ten items. Wilson had profited much from Stace's catalogue of the extensive collection of Defoe's works offered for sale in 1829, and there is abundant evidence that he included items which he had either never seen or only slightly examined; nevertheless, both as a bibliographer and as a biographer, he made a great advance upon Chalmers. Ten years later William Hazlitt the younger issued, in the first volume of his frustrated edition of Defoe's works, a list of genuine and doubtful writings, which was marked by more acumen than Wilson had shown, and was more important than the revision of Chalmers's list, published the next year in volume xx. of the well-known "Oxford Edition." Then in 1858, in the third part of Bohn's revision of Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual," Defoe was credited with a large number of genuine and spurious works, the latter being extraordinarily numerous; and eleven years later Lee's "Catalogue" superseded all previous attempts to explore what it is scarcely an exaggeration to term this bibliographical chaos.

In his introduction, Lee gave some statistics with regard to his labors. He rejected "more than sixty" items from Bohn's Lowndes, thirty (including duplicate entries) from Wilson, and twelve from Hazlitt, retaining, however, seven titles which the last-named had not accepted as genuine. He added sixty-four new titles, several of them being those of journals with which Defoe was connected. How far Lee used the collections of Defoe's works to be found outside of London and Oxford is not clear, but his letters to Crossley (owned by Mr. Aitken) and the catalogue of his library show that he had examined a considerable proportion of the tracts and volumes which have been attributed to Defoe by collectors and dealers within the past century and a quarter. Doubtless many of the omissions I propose to enumerate were due to the fact that Lee had never seen or else never carefully examined the pamphlets in question; but not a few were due in all probability to his unwillingness to accept any work the authorship of which would set Defoe in a bad light. I have had access to collections and to bibliographical information, printed and written, which Lee

could not have utilized, and there has been much new light thrown upon Defoe's character by his correspondence. Hence it is not surprising that I feel justified in saying that Lee's bibliographical work is far more in need of being supplemented than it is of being corrected. It is surprising, however, in view of the pleasant relations apparently existing between Lee and Crossley, that the latter, some time before his death in 1883, should have been able to draw up a list of sixty-one items which, in his opinion, had been unwarrantably omitted from Lee's "Catalogue." In *Notes and Queries*, shortly after the publication of Lee's list, Crossley stated that more than fifty genuine works remained to be added, but he did not enumerate them. These omissions cited by Crossley will be treated together after I have noted what seem to be errors in Lee's rejections from the ascriptions made by previous bibliographers.

Of the items rejected by Lee from Wilson's list—thirty by his count, but thirty-two by mine—three were without titles, having been inserted by Wilson on the basis of vague statements by Defoe. Of the remaining twenty-nine, I have been unable to see six in any form, and of a seventh I have found only a fragment. Of the twenty-two left I am quite definitely prepared to argue for the acceptance of two. One is "What if the Swedes should come," etc. (1717), about which Wilson was very doubtful, but which Crossley and the catalogues of the Advocates' Library and of Yale assign to Defoe. In my judgment the internal evidence for the ascription is completely convincing. Internal evidence is equally strong for "The Christianity of the High Church Considered" (1704), which Lee categorically assigns to White Kennet. The British Museum Catalogue gives the tract to Defoe, I can find no authority for the ascription to Kennet, and I think that the way Defoe's opponent Leslie refers to it, and other circumstances, support the strong internal evidences of its genuineness. I suspect that Lee's rejection was largely determined by his desire to save Defoe's consistency, the tract having been dedicated to Lord Haversham, with whom our pamphleteer shortly afterwards had a quarrel; but I should like more information with regard to the specific ascription to Kennet. A third item assigned by Wilson and others to Defoe, but discarded by Lee, "A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons to His Friend in the Country, relating to the Bill of Commerce, etc." (1713), has not a few of Defoe's characteristics, and is most probably from his pen, but I do not at present think the evidence strong or abundant enough to warrant a very positive ascription.

The relations of Lee's list with that of Hazlitt need occupy us only a moment. By my count Lee rejected fourteen instead of twelve of Hazlitt's items, and retained eight instead of seven of the tracts which the latter regarded as spurious. At present I am inclined to think that so far as concerns these twenty-two tracts Lee erred only in rejecting "The Christianity of the High Church Considered," which Hazlitt had accepted, and in accepting "A True State of the Difference Between Sir George Rooke, Kt., and William Colepeper, Esq.," which Hazlitt had rejected.

The "more than sixty" items which Lee said he omitted from Bohn's Lowndes amount to precisely seventy, if I count correctly, but I admit that the chances of making errors in dealing with such a hodgepodge of entries are far from small. Possibly Lee did not count items Bohn showed to be by other authors.

Ten of the seventy I have not seen, or else at this juncture cannot pass upon competently. Of the remaining sixty rejections, I find occasion to question only four, three of which have been already mentioned here. The fourth is "Some Further Observations on the Treaty of Navigation and Commerce" (1713), which Hazlitt printed in his edition (vol. iii.), although he had not included it in his list of Defoe's writings. On the whole, I am inclined to feel, that although this little pamphlet takes a view of the French and English trade inconsistent with Defoe's more or less official utterances, and that hence Hazlitt, who believed in Defoe's consistency, should not have accepted it, nevertheless it is probably, though far from certainly, from our pamphleteer's pen.

We may now turn from Lee's relations with his chief bibliographical predecessors to consider (a) the discrepancies between his list and that furnished by the Catalogue of the British Museum, and (b) the additions suggested by Mr. Crossley. The small discrepancies revealed by a comparison of his list with the entries in the catalogues of the other libraries I have examined will be best considered in connection with my own list of suggested omissions, which will close this series of communications.

It would not, of course, be fair to hold Lee responsible for all the differences between his Catalogue of 1869 and the columns upon columns of printed and written items which last summer gave me a clue to the books and pamphlets of Defoe to be found in the great library of the Museum. It is convenient, however, to note here that there seem to be about thirty-seven positive and doubtful ascriptions to Defoe in the immense catalogue that are not to be found in Lee's list. Perhaps two or three of these, entered by hand, are intended only as tracts that deal with Defoe, a point on which my notes do not enlighten me. Of this large list some are plain errors, *e. g.*, the queried ascription to Defoe of Gay's poem "Wine," and the categorical ascription of Josiah Woodward's "Account of the Societies for the Reformation of Manners"; others are rejected by nearly every competent student of Defoe, others are doubtful, and a few certainly genuine. The genuine items, besides a tract on the South Sea scheme to be mentioned later, are in my judgment:

(1.) "Moderation Maintain'd" (1704), a pamphlet in praise of a sermon by Kennet—shown to be Defoe's not only by its substance and style, but by the initials D. F., which no one else at that juncture, not long after the pillorying, would have been likely to append to the preface of such a performance.

(2.) "The Ballance: or, a New Test of the High-Fliers of all Sides, etc." (1705), attributed by an old hand to Defoe, and almost certainly his, since it contains characteristic references to other works of his, as well as an autobiographical statement that fits a passage in his life.

(3.) "The Trade of Britain stated, etc." (1707, misdated 1708), a short tract, which I found to be merely a reprint of two numbers of the *Review*.

Whether another short pamphlet, "Observations on the Fifth Article of the Treaty of Union" (1706), which is also ascribed to Defoe in the Catalogues of the Rylands Library and the Advocates' Library, is correctly attributed, is a question hard to answer. I suspect that it is; but a tract full of figures and details, and so brief that a writer's peculiarities have little chance to emerge, is one about which any bibliographer is liable to err, unless he has strong external evidence. There are fully half a dozen such trifles entered as Defoe's in various catalogues, over the genuineness or the spuriousness of which it seems almost idle to argue; and while it will be desirable to enter them later in a full bibliography, I shall say nothing about them here.

The sixty-one tracts assigned to Defoe by Crossley over and above the ascriptions made by Lee are enumerated in a manuscript list now owned by George A. Aitken. This number is much smaller than that of the items advertised as Defoe's on the authority of Crossley in a catalogue of second-hand books issued by Pearson & Co., in 1885. This catalogue contained, however, so many plain errors—for example, it quoted a note from Crossley which, if the date given were exact, must have been written a little while after his death—that I was forced to regard the manuscript list, despite the fact that that was not dated, as representing the great collector's final contribution to the bibliography of the man to whom he devoted so much time and thought.* On examining the British Museum's priced catalogue of the sale of Crossley's library (June, 1885) I was convinced that in the main the items in the Pearson Catalogue came from twenty-two bound volumes of tracts bought by the firm, and that those volumes contained many pieces the genuineness of which Crossley would never have claimed. Still, the Pearson Catalogue is valuable to any student of Defoe, and I owe to it the first suggestion of one or two pamphlets which I think should be ascribed to him.

One of Crossley's items, "Due Preparations for the Plague" (1722), was, as I have already stated, accepted by Lee also, and is unmistakably Defoe's. Another, "What if the Swedes should come?" has been mentioned as one of Lee's unjustifiable omissions from Wilson's list. Of the remaining fifty-nine items I have examined fifty-two certainly and possibly fifty-three—if, as I think, one entry duplicates another. The six or seven items I have not seen will be enumerated later in a list of desiderata; I will now briefly report on the tracts examined.

Two seem to have been definitely claimed by bibliographers for other authors, to wit: "An Account of the Obligations the States of Holland have to Great Britain, etc." (1711), and "The Causes of the Discontents in Relation to the Plague, etc." (1721), the first of which is generally assign-

* Another example of a flagrant error may be given: "A Faithful Register of the late Rebellion" (1718) is assigned in the catalogue to Defoe, but I find written in the Columbia University copy "An interesting account, though not, I think, Defoe's," with the signature "James Crossley." It is not likely that this was Crossley's copy, but *Notes and Queries* makes it certain that the entry represents his opinion.

ed to Robert Ferguson, the second to Bishop Edmund Gibson. Careful analysis does not impel me to champion Crossley's ascriptions to Defoe; but it should be said in justice to Crossley that, on the surface, both tracts seem in style and substance the product of the most prolific pen of that generation. That even Crossley should have been deceived should be a warning to others; but the fact that the style of the two tracts does not answer all the tests for Defoe is on the contrary encouraging to the bibliographer who relies upon such tests.

Taking the remaining tracts in chronological order we have

(1.) "Reflections on the Prohibition Act, etc." (1708), which is a very plausible ascription.

(2.) "The Re-Representation; or, a Modest Search after the Great Plunderers of the Nation, etc." (1711), most probably Defoe's.

(3.) "An Essay upon the Trade to Africa, etc." (1711), very probably Defoe's, and upon a subject that frequently occupied his pen.

(4.) "The True State of the Case between the Government and the Creditors of the Navy, etc., As it relates to the South Sea Trade, etc." (1711), most probably Defoe's, and not impossibly duplicated in another entry in Crossley's list, which reads "The True State of the Case as relates to the South Sea Trade" (1711), a tract I have failed to find, though I have searched some very large collections.

(5.) "A Farther Search into the Conduct of the Allies and the late Ministry, etc." (1712—attributed to Swift by Roscoe), very probably Defoe's.

(6.) "A Defence of the Allies and the late Ministry, etc." (1712), almost certainly Defoe's.

(7.) "The History of the Jacobite Clubs, etc." (1712), a by no means unlikely but, for certain reasons, a doubtful ascription.

(8.) "Peace or Poverty, etc." (1712), a most probable ascription, also to be found in the Yale Catalogue.

(9.) "Proposals for Employing the Poor, etc." (1713), plainly Defoe's.

(10.) "A Brief Account of the Present State of the African Trade" (1713), most probably Defoe's, and attributed to him with a query in the Yale Catalogue.

(11.) "A Letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk" (1713), a not unlikely attribution, but too brief a tract for positive ascription.

(12.) "Nott [ingh] am Politics Examined, etc." (1713), not improbably Defoe's.

(13.) "A Letter to Mr. Steele, Occasion'd by his Letter to a Member of Parliament, concerning the Bill for preventing the Growth of Schism" (1714) is not positively identified as Defoe's by Mr. Aitken, who lent me his copy, but I thoroughly agree with Crossley's ascription.

(14.) "A Letter to the Whigs, Expostulating with them upon Their Present Conduct, etc." (1714) is certainly Defoe's, and is stated to be by him in a contemporary hand on Crossley's copy and also on the Yale copy; why Lee rejected it is incomprehensible to me.

(15.) "A Brief Survey of the Legal Liberties of the Dissenters, etc." (1714) is plainly Defoe's, and he probably edited "A Collection of all the Papers that have been Given to the Lords and Commons, In Relation to the Bill to Prevent Schism" (1714), which quotes from it.

(16.) "The Case of the Catalans Consider'd" (1714) is so good a tract that I rather hope Defoe wrote it, but the internal evidence does not seem strong enough for a very positive ascription.

(17.) "The Second-Sighted Highlander, etc." (1715), an attribution supported by Col. Grant and by the Yale Catalogue, is specially interesting to me, not only because I made it independently, but because if it is accepted, we must ascribe to Defoe a series of skits, suggested by Swift's joke on Partridge. This series began in 1711 with "The British Visions: or Isaac Bickerstaff's Twelve Prophecies for the Year 1711," and was continued to include this tract of 1715. My own ascription of the series was due to the prominence Defoe gave it in the *Review*, and I found afterwards that this had caused Mr. Aitken also to suspect that he had a hand in it. I have examined only the tracts for 1711, 1712, and 1715, and they all certainly bear out Crossley's attribution of the single one he seems to have known.

(18.) "Burnet and Bradbury, or the Confederacy of the Press and the Pulpit, etc." (1715) is also tentatively ascribed to Defoe in the Yale Catalogue, and I think is unquestionably by him, although Crossley states that in his copy there was a note attributing it and "A Friendly Epistle to . . . Thos. Bradbury" (No. 165 of Lee's list) to H. Watkins, student of Christ Church. The pamphlet purports to be by a novice, but there are few items in Defoe's bibliography of the genuineness of which one can afford to be more certain.

(19.) "Some Methods to Supply the Defects of the late Peace, &c." (1715) is one of the tracts attributed to Defoe by Boyer, and is also given to him in the Yale Catalogue. In my judgment, it is plainly his. It answers exceptionally well the stylistic tests, and has been steadily attributed to Defoe ever since it was written.

(20.) "Memoirs of Some Transactions during the late Ministry of Robert E. of Oxford" (1717) is the same as "An Account of the Conduct of Robert Earl of Oxford" (1715), which Boyer assigned to Defoe, and it seems surely his. It is among the attributions by Col. Grant.

(21.) "Some Considerations on the Danger of the Church from her own Clergy" (1715) is very plainly Defoe's, and a tract in which he hits at the frustrated treaty of commerce with France, an attitude which, it will be remembered, was one of Crossley's chief reasons for rejecting the tract on the Triennal Bill claimed by Defoe!

(22.) "An Humble Address to our Sovereign Lord the People" (1715) is much in Defoe's manner, but, as the point of view is more or less that of a High Churchman, ascription should be somewhat tentative.

(23.) "The Fears of the Pretender Turn'd into the Fears of Debaucbery, etc." (1715) is plainly Defoe's.

(24.) "Strike While the Iron's Hot, etc." (1715) seems certainly Defoe's.

(25.) "Memoirs of the Conduct of her late Majesty, etc." (1715) is clearly Defoe's—cf. my remarks on "The Secret History of the White Staff."

(26.) "The Secret History of State Intrigues, etc." (1715) is the same as "The Secret History of the Scepter, etc.," and can scarcely be by any other author than Defoe.

(27.) "The Conduct of Some People about Pleading Guilty, etc." (1716) seems certainly Defoe's.

(28.) "A True Account of the Proceedings at Perth . . . Written by a Rebel" (1716) has been attributed to the Master of Sinclair, but has been shown by Lord Mahon not to be his—cf. "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, etc.," Appletion, 1849, I. 135 *note*. Crossley's ascription to Defoe seems to me much more than plausible, perhaps entirely convincing, and, if we give the tract to him, it strengthens the presumption that he wrote the histories of Charles XII. and Peter the Great.

(29.) "The Danger and Consequences of Disobliging the Clergy Consider'd, etc." (1716-17) is most probably Defoe's.

(30.) "The Danger of Court Differences etc." (1717) is plainly Defoe's.

(31.) "A Letter to Andrew Snape," etc. (1717)—as this contribution to the Bangorian Controversy purports to be by the author of the "Declaration of Truth", to Hoadly, which is No. 182 of Lee's list, it must have been omitted by the latter only because he did not know of it.

(32.) "Secret Memoirs of a Treasonable Conference at S . . . House, etc." (1717) is most probably Defoe's and is one of the tracts attributed to him by Boyer, whose sagacity in such matters I have come to admire.

(33.) "The Question Fairly Stated Whether Now is not the Time to do Justice to the Friends of the Government, etc." (1717) is plainly Defoe's.

(34.) "Reasons for a Royal Visitation, etc." (1717) is unmistakably Defoe's.

(35.) "Fair Payment no Spunge, etc." (1717) was attributed to Defoe at the time it was written, as we learn from another tract which I believe Defoe wrote, and it bears every mark of genuineness.

(36.) "A Brief Comment upon His Majesty's Speech, etc." (1718) is very probably Defoe's.

(37.) "The History of the Reign of King George, etc." (1719) is indisputably Defoe's and is specially interesting because in it he maintains firmly, long after the extent of his exaggeration was ascertained, the truth of his extraordinary and well-known account of the blowing up of the island of St. Vincent (cf. p. 229). In this connection, and in view of the great eruption of Mont Pelée in May, 1902, it seems worth while to call attention here to the article by Alfred F. Robbins in *Notes and Queries* for June 14, 1902, which pointed out the previously ignored fact that another London newspaper besides *Mist's*, viz., *Applebee's*, contained an account of the eruption of 1718. Mr. Robbins did not discuss the possibility, to my mind considerable, that Defoe was largely, though not entirely, responsible for the journalistic "dressing up" of both descriptions of the catastrophe.

(38.) "An Historical Account of the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh, etc." (1719) is the most important item in Crossley's list. When I began to read it, I could not but believe that the great collector had been egregiously deceived, since the author of the pamphlet claimed, with reference to his hero, to "have the Honour to be related to his Blood." As I read on, however, the style seemed more and more to bear out the ascription, and on the last page I found a statement which tallied so completely with one made by Defoe in a letter to Harley that all my doubts vanished. Later, in other writings of Defoe, I discovered accidentally additional and strong confirmation of the ascription, and I am clear that a better case can be made out for its genuineness than can be made for at least three-fourths of the pamphlets and books that are unhesitatingly accepted as Defoe's. It seems worth while to add that the tract was written to supplement one by the subsequently famous Shakesperean, Lewis Theobald.

(39.) "A Brief State of the Question between the Printed and Painted Callicoes, and the Woollen and Silk Manufacture. etc." (1719) is, it seems to me, certainly Defoe's and contains a short passage which makes me query whether, when he was writing it, he was not gathering the information he afterwards used in one of the greatest of his books, "A Journal of the Plague Year."

(40.) "The Just Complaint of the Poor Weavers Truly Represented, etc." (1719) is certainly Defoe's.

(41.) "The Trade to India Critically and Calmly Considered" (1720) is certainly by the author of No. 39, and that author was Defoe and nobody else.

(42.) "The Interest of Great Britain Consider'd: or, The Herring Fishery Propos'd, etc." (1723) contains many things that justify Crossley's ascription, but others that render me unwilling to accept it without a reservation.

(43.) "The Tryal and Sufferings of Mr. Isaac Martin, etc." (1723) is a tract which purports to have been written by the man who underwent the tortures of the Inquisition that form its subject. Some features, especially the dialogues, suggest very strongly the supposition that he may have employed Defoe to tell his story for him, but I fail to find anything that warrants a very positive opinion on the subject.

(44.) "Some farther Account of the Original Disputes in Ireland, about Farthings and Halfpence, etc." (1724) is interesting, if only for the fact that it seems to be the sole tract that gives Wood's side in the controversy that occasioned Swift's famous letters. I am inclined to agree with Crossley in ascribing it to Defoe, but it should be noted that Mr. Henry R. Wagner in his bibliography entitled "Irish Economics" (1907, privately printed) thinks that the printing was done in Ireland, which would somewhat militate against Defoe's authorship.

(45.) "The Life of Jonathan Wild, etc. By H. D., Late Clerk to Justice R—." (1725)

is a tract regarding the authorship of which I find myself between two fires. I am by no means sure that Crossley is right in his attribution, yet I am less inclined to take sides against him than Mr. Aitken appears to be. I am more inclined to agree with Mr. Aitken in rejecting the next of Crossley's items,—

(46.) "Unparallel'd Cruelty: or, the Tryal of Captain Jeane of Bristol, etc." (1726)—a loathsome tract which Defoe can well spare from his voluminous works.

(47.) "A Brief Case of the Distillers, and of the Distilling Trade in England, etc." (1726) is also a tract Defoe could well spare, but much as I should like to reject it, I feel that it must be laid at his door.

(48.) "The Evident Advantages to Great Britain and Its Allies from the Approaching War, etc." (1727) is explicitly stated to be by the author of "The Evident Approach of a War, etc." (1727), which is No. 239 of Lee's list. There seems to be no reason for disputing either ascription.

(49.) "A Brief Deduction of the Original, Progress, and Immense Greatness of the British Woollen Manufacture, etc." (1727) is indisputably Defoe's.

(50.) "Some Objections Humbly Offered to the Consideration of the Hon. House of Commons, Relating to the Present Intended Relief of Prisoners" (1729) seems to be Defoe's, and so does

(51.) "The Perjur'd Free Mason, etc." (1730), although the latter is not an item on the genuineness of which a prudent bibliographer would lay a large stake.

(52.) "A Brief State of the Inland or Home Trade, etc." (1730) is, on the other hand, a pamphlet on the genuineness of which any reader of Defoe's "Plan of the English Commerce" ought to be willing to lay as large a stake as is ever warranted by internal evidence alone.

To sum up, of the sixty-one items in Crossley's list, one is now accepted by all, one—"What if the Swedes Should Come?"—is quite generally accepted, two seem to be mistaken ascriptions, and of the fifty-two (or fifty-three) others that I have examined I find only nine about which I have any real doubt. Of these nine, I suspect that over half are by Defoe, and of the forty-three (or forty-four, if there is a duplication of titles) remaining, I am inclined to hold that at least twenty-eight should be accepted as readily as almost any entry in Lee's list, and that the fifteen left are so marked by Defoe's characteristics that doubt with regard to them almost partakes of over-scrupulousness. Certainly Crossley, who was of much assistance to Lee, deserves to be remembered as the greatest of all authorities on what is perhaps the most tangled subject in English bibliography.

W. P. TRENT.

Correspondence.

VOYAGES OF THE NORTHMEN AND OF SEBASTIAN CABOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every student knows full well that there is no finality about history. Such a subject, for instance, as the early history of North America gives us a very wide field, in which every industrious gleaner may still gather a few grains—some new facts that will help to solve the problems of our early annals. When the Original Narratives of Early American History were published, especially the one on "The Northmen, Columbus, and Cabot," I looked forward to obtaining new light on this very interesting subject. I must confess that I have been sadly disappointed. I take, for instance, the discovery of America by the Northmen. We all know that mixed up with fantastic fable in the Saga of Eric the Red is real history; we have only to study the map of the North Atlantic to see for ourselves how this wonderful discovery of America came about, five centuries before Columbus. Once these adventurers had found and colonized Iceland, the first north-easter would throw their frail craft on to the shores of Greenland; and then the further discovery of Labrador and Newfoundland was sure to follow. All this is very clear, and very simple. The remains of buildings in Greenland and the contemporary records place the whole subject beyond all doubt.

The vexed and unsolved question is the extent of their voyages in north-east America. We must always bear in mind that these daring explorers made their wonderful voyages in small, open boats, using their one lug sail only with a fair wind. Their expeditions were made in the summer, when the weather is often calm. With their oars twenty to thirty miles would be a good day's work. American historians seem to forget these evident limitations, and describe the voyages of these daring old pirates like trips in modern steamers. On their most southern voyage to Vineland, where they found the grapes, they had an encounter with the *Skrellings* or savages, in skin boats—undoubtedly Eskimos; no other aboriginal inhabitants but this race use skin boats; all the other Indian tribes had birch-bark canoes. The editor of the Original Narratives of Early American History declares, on the authority of John Fiske, that these savages in skin boats were not Eskimos, but American Indians. He strengthens this view, as he supposes, by declaring that the Northmen did not come in contact with Eskimos in Greenland. If we remember that these savages are coast tribes, who live by fishing and sealing, and are constantly moving about in their boats, the idea that the Northmen in Greenland had never met them, is absurd, and absolutely opposed to the records. Ari, the great authority on early Norse history, which the editor quotes, speaking of the Greenland colonies, says:

> They found there men's habitations, both east and west in the land, both broken cayaks [skin boats] and stone smithery, whereby it may be seen that the same kind of folk [Eskimos] had been there as *they which inhabit Vinland*, and whom the men of Greenland [the Northmen] called *Skrellings*, or dwarfs.

Any one can see at once that the encounter with the Eskimos in Vinland puts a definite limit to the Northmen's explorations. All American students of history are well aware that the Eskimos never went beyond Newfoundland. There is not a trace of their existence anywhere farther south. Nova Scotia and all the maritime provinces were then occupied by Micmacs and other branches of the great Algonquin family. In the map of the Icelander Stephanius (1570) Newfoundland is marked as Vinland. The northern part of the west coast of the island may well be described as flat in contrast to Labrador, "Helluland" (or stone land). The description of the sandy beach, with the fine salmon river, exactly fits in with St. George's Bay, on the west coast of Newfoundland.

I give no opinion, but every one must see that the encounter with the Eskimos puts a stop to the wild theories about the Northmen's voyages to Cape Cod and Boston. American history on this subject is an amusing comedy of errors. I can remember all the literature about the Norse baptismal chapel found at Newport, R. I.; how the learned Rafyn of Copenhagen rose to the seductive fly thrown on the waters by the fantastic Americans. Oh, tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the streets of Ascalon! The baptismal chapel on which so much learning and eloquence was expended turned out to be an old stone mill erected by a former Governor of the Province. Then we have another absurdity: Leif's statue in Boston, erected by Professor Horsford to commemorate the great Northman's visit to the Hub!

We turn to another subject, the voyage of John Cabot in 1497. Here again our expectations of new light are sadly disappointed. Between the claims of John and Sebastian Cabot, the editor gives no definite opinion. It is time, at any rate, that this question should be settled. Unless all the contemporary records are absolutely false, Sebastian Cabot was no more in North America than in the moon. The letters written by the Italian and the Spanish Ambassador at the time tell us who went with John Cabot on his voyage—"a Burgundian and 16 English sailors." These also sailed with him on his second voyage in 1498. The second grant recited "the land found by the said John." The records of the Drapers Company, London, 1521, deny that Sebastian was ever in North America, and Martyr, Sebastian's most enthusiastic admirer, has to admit that the Spaniards absolutely denied his claim to be the discoverer of North America. Harisse has shown that Sebastian was one of the greatest liars of his age, a double-distilled Italian liar, and that every statement he made about his father and the voyages is proved to be wholly false.

It is at last time that this most absurd error, which is still to be found in almost every English and American history about Sebastian Cabot as the discoverer of North America, should be eliminated from text-books.

D. W. PROWSE.

St. John, Newfoundland, July 2.

Notes.

To the New Universal Library E. P. Dutton & Co. add "The True Travels and Adventures of Capt. John Smith," and "Rejected Addresses," by Horace and James Smith.

The second part of the Tebtunis Papyri, edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, with the assistance of Prof. E. J. Goodspeed, will be published by Henry Frowde next month. The most important new fragment is that of the lost Greek original of Dictys Cretensis.

The Baker & Taylor Company makes the following announcements for the autumn: "The Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard"; "History of Architecture," vol. ii., by Russell Sturgis; "The Appreciation of Literature," by George E. Woodberry; "The Apprcciation of the Drama," by Charles H. Caffin; "Building a Home," by Henry W. Desmond; "Browning's Italy,"

by Helen A. Clarke, and "The Story of Joseph," illustrated in color by G. A. Williams.

Duffield & Co. have become proprietors of the late Richard Hovey's books, "Along the Trail," "The Birth of Galahad," "The Marriage of Guenevere," "The Quest of Merlin," and "Taliesin." They announce for early publication a posthumous volume, "The Holy Grail and Other Fragments," with introduction and notes by Mrs. Hovey, and preface by Bliss Carman. This volume will contain Mr. Hovey's outline of the written and projected nine volumes that were to make up the Launcelot and Guenevere series. Other posthumous work of his is also in hand.

Later prizes announced by the Académie Française are as follows: Prix Gobert (9,000 fr.), to De Lanzac de Laborie for "Paris sous Napoléon"; Prix Thiers (3,000 fr.), to Éd. Rotb for "Histoire de la représentation diplomatique de la France auprès des Cantons suisses, 1430-1526," and to three others; Prix Archon Despérouses (for verse), to Mme. Hélène Picard and to four others; and the Prix Coppée to Alfred Droin for "La Jonque victorieuse."

The preliminary circular for the fifteenth International Congress of Orientalists, which is to meet in Copenhagen in August, 1908, has just been issued. A large committee has been formed of professors and prominent citizens of Copenhagen, including the Mayor, who, with Professor Vilh. Thomson as president, will have the preparations in charge. Membership is open to all Orientalists and to representatives of learned societies at a subscription of 18 kronen ($5) to be forwarded to the treasurer, L. Glückstadt, Holmens Kanal 12, Copenbagen; cards for the wives or daughters of members, 9 kronen ($2.50). The congress will be divided into seven main sections as follows: (1.) Linguistics, Indo-European Languages; (2) Languages and Archæology of Aryan Lands, subdivided into (a) India and (b) Iran; (3) Languages and Archæology of the Extreme Orient, subdivided into (a) China and Japan, (b) Indo-China and Malay; (4) Semitic Languages and Archæology, subdivided into (a) Aramaic, Hebrew, Phœnician, Ethiopic, etc., (b) Assyrian, (c) Languages and Archæology of the Islamic world; (5) Egyptian and African Languages; (6) Greece and the Orient; (7) Ethnography and Folk-Lore of the Orient. The progress of Oriental studies is reflected in the steady extension of the field covered by the congress. The creation of such sections as the last two is a sign that modern scholarship is alive to the larger problems that are apt to be swamped in the concentration on restricted fields. A special section for the Historical Study of Religions, which was included in some of the former congresses of Orientalists, has now been abandoned, because the increasing interest in this subject has led to the institution of separate congresses, likewise of an international character, to cover this subject in all of its divisions. The first of these was held in Paris in 1900; since then another has been held in Basel, and the third will take place in Oxford in September, 1908.

Among the forthcoming publications of Constable & Co. is a translation of Erman's "Handbook of Egyptian Religion," by Miss A. S. Griffith, sister of the well-known Egyptologist, Prof. F. D. Griffith. It is an account of the development of the ancient religion of Egypt from the first dawn of the history of the country to its overthrow by Christianity during the Roman occupation. It has explanations of many of the objects commonly found in collections, as well as of many that are unusual, and renderings of religious texts of special interest. The new volume is richly illustrated, and has a preface by Mr. Griffith. It also includes the original preface by Professor Erman, which he has slightly modified for the English version.

In response to a letter received from the United States commissioner of education suggesting that the American Library Association should coöperate with his department in the preparation of the next report of the Government on public libraries in the United States, the Council of the A. L. A. has voted that the matter be referred to the League of Library Commissions. It adds the recommendation that they report to the Council a plan for the preparation by the Bureau of Education of uniform library statistics, indicating items of first importance and a method of cooperation by which the library commissions in States where they exist may be utilized to furnish late figures. Through the cooperation thus planned and the use of a uniform code of statistics, it is expected that the next report of the Government in this field will have greater scientific value as a basis for sociological study.

In the *Daheim*, of Leipzig, No. 31, Prof. Paul Samossa discusses at considerable length the reason of the anti-foreign crusade that is making itself felt with increasing power in the academic circles of Germany. During the past semestre, out of 45,136 students enrolled in the universities, no fewer than 4,151, or 8.6 per cent., were foreigners; and of the 12,000 that constituted the student body in the Technological Institutes no less than 2,701, or 22.5 per cent., were foreigners. The Russians especially are crowding out the German students. Russia admits only a certain percentage of Jews to her higher educational institutions, and as a consequence those who cannot gain admittance go to Germany. The anti-foreign propaganda began in the Technological Institute, and has now spread to the universities, the chief reasons being the fact that particularly in the laboratories they crowd out the Germans, and that they make use of the knowledge and skill acquired at German schools to the detriment of German trade. Various methods have been suggested to counteract the evil. Several institutions have raised the tuition for foreign students; others have decided that foreigners can be enrolled only after the Germans have had the first chance during the first weeks of a new term. These means have, however, not proved effective, and at a recent convention of the university rectors the first was strongly condemned as unwise. Professor Samossa does not excuse entirely the German universities in this matter, asserting that several of the universities have made the doctorate examination so easy for foreigners that in some countries, notably America and Holland, the German doctor of philosophy is not highly respected. He believes that the German Government will be compelled to take some radical steps in this matter.

John R. Spears, the well-known naval writer, is the author of "A Short History of the American Navy," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Since it has appeared under the auspices of the new Navy League of the United States, it is obviously intended to be used for propaganda purposes. Interestingly and compactly written, it cannot, however, claim consideration as a serious historical study. One example of the loose style of the navy boomer which marks it will suffice. Speaking of the growth of the movement for a modern fleet in the early eighties, Mr. Spears says, that the agitation was continued "until the nation saw that the condition of affairs then existing was not only humiliating and destructive of the moral fibre of the people, but it steadily invited aggressions and actual war." A more reckless and unfounded statement it would be hard to find; every intelligent student of our history from 1865 to 1898 knows this. Yet this is but a keynote of the whole book.

Prof. J. M. Hart's "Development of Standard English Speech in Outline" (Henry Holt & Co.) is substantially an abridged Middle English phonology, with consideration, however, of the main sound changes in Old and Modern English. We confess ourselves not in sympathy with the object of this work. Such a book could, of course, only be intended for graduate students in our universities. But we are convinced that it is a mistake to give such students the idea that the task confronting them is simpler than it is. All the probabilities are that a student who has spent a good deal of time in mastering a treatise like this will be quite content with what he has learned from it, and will feel about Sievers, Ten Brink, and the other standard authorities very much as Chaucer's easy-going monk did about St. Augustine's injunctions to hard work: "Lat Austyn have his swynk to hym reserved." It is characteristic of Professor Hart's point of view that he declares himself in his preface as "more than puzzled by the air of confidence with which the German school blocks out mediæval England in squares like a checkerboard, and assigns each bit of writing, from Layamon's Brut to the 'Alliterative Poems,' to its particular square." Now, the variety of Middle English dialects is a most annoying fact, but surely the Germans have already sins enough to bear, without being made responsible for this. In conclusion, we need hardly say that the information given in this little book is sound, and it is only on the question of aim that we take issue with its author.

Two well-known studies in Roman history have recently appeared in new editions. W. T. Arnold's "Roman System of Provincial Administration," which originally came into being in 1879 as "the Arnold Prize Essay" of that year, has been revised from the author's notes by Dr. E. S Shuckburgh and published by B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. The editor has occasionally rewritten a paragraph or inserted new material, and has added fresh citations of authorities, but the work is still in the main Arnold's. It would be easy to suggest further improvement. The corpus of Latin inscriptions should be used more freely. References to such works as Marquardt's

"Römische Staatsverwaltung" should be made to the last edition. More attention should be given to the correction of misleading or inaccurate statements. The class of provincials, for instance, spoken of on p. 210 as "wretched," was, in fact, exceptionally fortunate. It is greatly to be regretted that the death of the editor while the volume was in press has not only left the revision unfinished, but more especially has deprived classical scholarship of an able, conscientious exponent. With the substantial merits of the first edition students of Roman history are well acquainted; and they will find the present volume even more serviceable. In its field it has no rival in English. Far less important is the new edition of S. Baring-Gould's "Tragedy of the Cæsars," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The judicious reader will be disposed to find fault with the extreme partisanship shown in the treatment of the various emperors. To prove Tiberius a great ruler and an admirable man, it is unnecessary to disparage every one opposed to him. The minute diagnosis of Nero's alleged insanity, adopted by the author from a certain Dr. Wiedemeister, will find little credit among those who have followed the inconsistent testimony of alienists in recent criminal trials. As the title of the book indicates, the chief interest is in the personal character of the Cæsars. The study of their portraits is a real contribution to history. Even if the reader cannot trustingly accompany the author through the details of iconographic analysis, at all events he will find the interpretation suggestive and stimulating.

Prof. Adolf Harnack, the brilliant critic of the Berlin theological faculty, is surprising friend and foe by his recent conservative results in his investigation of of the book of the Acts. His late work, "Lukas der Arzt," was a decided advocacy of the traditions which made the third gospel and the Acts the products of the same author; he has now supplemented these researches by a special investigation of the "Zeitangaben der Apostelgeschichte des Lukas." which he submitted to the Philosophico-Historical Section of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and which is published in the Transactions. It is substantially a defence of the unity and historical credibility of the book from a new point of view, namely, the chronological, particularly by bringing the chronological data of Acts into connection with the recognized facts of secular history. He asserts that the contents of Acts are historical; and thinks also that the so-called "We Sections" of the book belong to its kernel, and cannot be separated on the ground of being the product of a foreign author. Harnack's rejection of the Tübingen critical views is regarded in conservatively inclined periodicals as evidence that the high tide of negative criticism of the New Testament has been reached, and that the waters are now receding.

Adolphe Lejeune-Choquet's "Histoire militaire du Congo" (Paris: Berger-Levrault) will disappoint those who take it for a connected military account of the Congo. It is rather a record of the various explorations, expeditions, combats, etc., that have taken place, with such historical, geographical, and political chapters as may serve to round out the subject. It will also disappoint those who may consult it in search of arguments against the King of the Belgians. But the book is nevertheless of interest and value within its limits. There are many illustrations, besides sketches of the numerous military operations. Although the Congo has been "colonized" since 1876, we note that but 1,493 Europeans are reported in 1905, as compared with 25,000,000 negroes, the area of the country being nearly a million and a half of square kilometers.

The language question in Norway has been at least temporarily settled by a law passed during the present session of the Storthing. After the lapse of a certain number of years every young man who desires to enter the university must by a written thesis prove that he is able to handle in writing not only the usual literary language (Dano-Norwegian), but also that language which, under the name of landsmaal, represents the literary common denominator of the several country dialects. Under these circumstances the Danish-Norwegian Dictionary (*i. e.*, a dictionary giving the Norwegian equivalents of the Danish words of the regular literary language) now being issued by S. Schjött is extremely timely. It will also prove of interest to foreign students who wish to get an insight into this allegedly artificial language, which is, nevertheless, embraced with the greatest love and enthusiasm by its adherents and can show a literature steadily growing in value and quantity. Schjött's dictionary will appear in about eighteen parts of sixty-four pages each; three parts have so far been issued.

Henrik Jæger's "Illustrated History of Norwegian Literature" (Illustreret Norsk Literaturhistorie), in three volumes, valuable though it be in many respects, carries the subject down only to the year 1890, and its references to the younger generation of authors, who had already made their appearance by that time, are extremely meagre and unsympathetic. This gap has now been filled by Carl Nærup's "Illustreret Norsk Litteraturhistorie, 1890-1904" (Det Norsk Aktieforlag, Christiania), a volume in large 8vo of 264 pages, giving sympathetic accounts of the lives and works of the whole younger generation of Norwegian writers. Although none of these writers may ever attain the fame of the two great Dioscuri of Norwegian literature, Ibsen and Björnson, there are several of them who well merit a closer acquaintance, and nobody could wish for a better guide than Nærup's volume. The book is profusely illustrated, and of special interest in this respect are the renderings of Vigeland's characteristic portrait busts of Ibsen, Garborg, Hamsun, and Obstfelder.

The first part of vol. vii. of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Government Printing Office) covers the period from January 1 to May 21, 1777. The details of military affairs still form, naturally, the larger part of the record. The custody and exchange of prisoners, the treatment of deserters, and of the persons, apparently no inconsiderable number, who harbored them, and the defence of the western frontier, were frequently before Congress for consideration; while the vain hope of getting possession of Nova Scotia had not yet been dissipated. Elaborate reports on the establishment of army hospitals and the impressment of wagons and carriages were presented. A plan for the organization of a Board of War was submitted April 8; a few days later the national arsenal was located at Springfield, Mass. The hostility of Congress to Gen. Schuyler, in large part due to the machinations of Gates, is shown in resolutions of March 15, in which some expressions used by Schuyler in a letter of February 4 are sharply condemned as, "to say the least, ill-advised and highly indecent." Schuyler apologized, and on May 8 was restored to favor. The presence of French and German volunteers in the army was causing trouble, and on February 18 Washington was directed to dismiss such "French gentlemen" as he deemed unfit; while on March 13 it was voted to instruct the American representatives abroad to discourage the coming of persons who could not speak English. Repeated efforts were made to induce the acceptance of the Continental bills at a parity with specie, to provide for their redemption and the payment of the debt, and to check the issue of paper money by the States. In the field of foreign affairs the most important steps were the appointment of Franklin and Arthur Lee as American representatives at the court of Spain, and the transformation of the old Committee of Secret Correspondence into the Committee of Foreign Affairs, with Thomas Paine as secretary. Mr. Ford's notes are, as usual, informing; the restorations of passages from the manuscript journals, however, are somewhat less numerous than in previous volumes.

Prof. Kuno Fischer, historian of the newer philosophy at Heidelberg, died last Thursday. He was born at Sandewalde in Silesia in July, 1824; studied philosophy, philology, and theology in Leipzig and Halle, and with the publication of a thesis in the Platonic style entitled "Diotima, die Idee des Schönen," he qualified for the privilege of lecturing on philosophy at Heidelberg. But the academic career which had opened so auspiciously came to an untimely end with an order issued by the Bavarian ministry prohibiting him from public teaching. After various changes, he was, in 1872, recalled to the university which had disowned him, and there passed the remainder of his life. He became, indeed, one of the most prominent figures in the old university town which resounds with anecdotes of his life in and out of the classroom. He was as much a local institution as Heidelberg Castle itself, and his loss will deprive the university of its most brilliant teacher.

His principal work, the "History of Modern Philosophy," exhibits the quality of clear thinking and the ability to follow out a theory in all its ramifications. These traits rendered him an admirable controversialist, and one of his most noteworthy achievements was his argument with Trendelenburg on the philosophy of Kant. Like some others, Fischer for many years had laid special stress upon the teachings of Kant, and had held that the critical philosophy could not be neglected without serious detriment. In 1862 he published a treatise on

the two schools of Kantian philosophy at Jena. His "Logik und Metaphysik" (1852), published at Heidelberg in 1865, is a systematic treatment of philosophical problems which in contents and method belongs to the school of Hegel. In addition to his more formal treatment of metaphysical themes, Fischer was deeply interested in the philosophical aspects of German literature. His studies of Schiller, entitled respectively, "Die Selbsthekenntnisse Schillers" (1858), "Schiller als Philosoph" (1858), and "Schiller als Komiker" (1868), have since been collected under the title "Schiller-Schriften" (1891). His treatment of Lessing and Goethe is equally noteworthy. Of the latter poet, he made a profound study, incorporating his impressions in several volumes now collected under the title "Goethe-Schriften," comprising studies upon the inception and composition of "Faust," "Iphigenie," and "Tasso."

Dr. Elseus Sophus Bugge, professor of languages at the University of Christiania, who died on Monday, was the best-known philologist of Norway. He was born at Laurvig, Norway, in 1833. After studying at the University of Christiania he proceeded to Copenhagen and Berlin. So early as 1854, he began to write on the old folk poetry of the Norseland, and in 1858 he printed a scholarly translation of a collection of Norwegian Folk-Songs, with commentary. In 1866, he was appointed to the newly created chair of comparative philology in the University of Christiania. His first edition of the songs of the Edda, published in 1867, still ranks as one of the best critical editions, if not the best, which have appeared. One of his best-known works is the studies into the origin of the heroic and mythological sagas of Norway (1882), which was particularly well received in Germany. In 1891, Professor Bugge began the publication of a complete set of the Norwegian monumental runic inscriptions. He was elected in 1881 a corresponding member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris. His death is looked upon in Norway as a national loss, and the Storthing has voted a State funeral.

RECENT VERSE.

One of the most satisfactory books of closet drama of the extreme type that we have lately seen is G. Lowes Dickinson's "From King to King" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), written some sixteen years ago, and now republished to profit by Mr. Dickinson's success in another field of letters. There is in the piece no pretence of dramatic structure; yet the effect of the whole is highly—in the closet sense—dramatic. In a series of Landorian imaginary conversations, some in verse, some in prose, beginning with "Eliot and Hampden in the Tower," and concluding with "Vane on the Scaffold," we have a vivid presentment of the pregnant cross-purposes, the conflicting idealisms, which divided the manhood of England in the days of the great civil war. Mr. Dickinson's thesis, if an imaginative clue to a whole historic period may he so called, is finely put in four lines from a speech of Cromwell's:

But while we wear our flesh, there's contradiction,
Action and counteraction; 'tis the law
Makes life itself another name for battle,
And labels peace death.

Many of the dialogues which compose the piece contain a stirring clash of personalities, revived with convincing sensitiveness. This sensitiveness, as well as Mr. Dickinson's capacity in versification, is seen to advantage in the concluding speech of Milton in a colloquy with his former tutor, Young:

O thou,
Who once, from Heaven descending, didst illume
With hallowed altar-fire and tongues of flame
Thy chosen saints of Pentecost; on me
Though later born, to utt'rance less divine,
Such grace bestow as, kindling all within,
May prompt prophetic song, not all unfit
To celebrate thy people's praise and thine!
. . . . . .
Purge and prove
Thy people's heart! give them a single purpose!
That so their acts, wedded to prayer and praise,
May blend harmonious concord, apt to charm
Even angelic ears in Paradise;
Where round the burning throne eternally,
Seraph to seraph, saint to saint responsive,
With silver trump and harping symphonies,
Peal in a choir immortal hallelujahs.
To such attune, though weak, my mortal voice,
That, while this island-nation, born anew,
A golden eagle, beats her dauntless wings,
Undazzled, full, against the blaze of noon,
I, with not too presumptuous aim, may sing
Her praises right, nor, honoring her, forget
To celebrate, as due, Thee, sole Supreme,
Thee first, Thee last, and Thee eternally!

The leisurely and catholic reader can but regret that Mr. Dickinson has, apparently, forsworn verse, and given himself over to the cultivation of imaginary conversations in prose.

A rather similar piece of dramatized history, though with a more compact and conventional structure, is "Sir Walter Raleigh," by H. A. A. Cruso (T. Fisher Unwin). Mr. Cruso has read the literature of his subject diligently and recaptured something of the temper of "the spacious days." Poetically considered, the performance is a little languid, yet it can be read without undue effort.

"The Coming of Philibert," by Sara King Wiley (The Macmillan Co.), is an interesting bit of dramatic blank verse which just misses distinction. The fable, though a little reminiscent of Calderon's "Vida es Sueño," is sufficiently novel and happy. A wise king, being the father of twin princes, endeavors to avoid future dissension by having one prince educated at court as his successor, while the other is reared in an Arcadian solitude by a woodland philosopher, in ignorance of his royal claims. Brought back to court by his reigning brother, the forest-bred prince, with his naïve veracities, acts as a kind of touchstone whereby the intrigues of the courtiers and the ineptitudes of their monarch are seen for what they are. After a variety of adventures, sentimental and martial (the piece is dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt), the ruling brother politely gets himself out of the way by suicide, and we behold his rustic twin firmly seated upon the throne of Artacia, and in the way to become a benign and masterful monarch. The play is intelligently put together, though we do not feel that the writer has exhausted all the dramatic possibilities of a rather unusually suggestive *donnée*. The versification is correct, but not notable.

The likeness that we ventured to point out some time since between the dramatic temper of Cale Young Rice and that of the dramatists of the Elizabethan decadence is seen yet more clearly in his latest volume, "A Night in Avignon" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). This brief poem which, by the expedient of arbitrarily breaking the iambic pentameter into trimeters and dimeters, is made to fill a volume of thirty-two pages, presents a night in the life of Petrarch, in which, Laura being cold, he turns to a lighter love, only to be visited by the Signora de Sade, in a mood platonically melting, and to be by her disowned for his meditated infidelity. The situation is conceived with an admirable intensity, but it is worked out with such agitation of mood and manner that it fails to be pleasing or even convincing. It is a cause for regret that a poet of such gifts of imagination and phrase as Mr. Rice should persistently destroy the possibility of pleasure in reading his work by failing to put the slightest artistic curb upon his mood, by persistently overleaping all bounds of artistic decorum. In the present instance the excesses of temper are aggravated by haggard and melodramatic punctuation. The following, in which the dots are Mr. Rice's, is a not unfair specimen of the utterances that he puts upon the suave lips of the father of humanism:

There in the cloister have you peace—in prayer?
In visions—penances? . . .
Swear that you have! swear to me! once! . . .
but once!
And I . . . ! . . .
No, never! . . . never!
(He wipes his brow)

A lover of Petrarch turns with relief from this to Miss Agnes Tobin's "On the Death of Madonna Laura" (Heinemann). Miss Tobin has rendered into English Petrarch's entire second cycle, and, as a whole, has done it admirably well. In fidelity to the original, as well as in evenness and sincerity of tone, Miss Tobin has not been surpassed save in a few sonnets Englished by master hands. A good sample of her work is the fifteenth sonnet of her cycle:

You have discoloured, Death, the loveliest face
That ever was, and quenched the loveliest eyes;
Forcing the locks and breaking all the ties
Of a keen soul in a most lovely case.
An instant all my good doth blast: O base!
On those soft lips your heavy finger lies,
That spoke so sweet, and you endure my cries.
I wander blind with tears from place to place.
'Tis true my lady comes to help me then
When Love and Pity lead her by the hand:
No other succour holdeth life for me.
And if her speech, and if her gesture grand
I could impart, I would transform, not men,
But tigers, bears, and monsters of the sea.

Yet good as this is, in its grave tenderness of tone, its characteristic Petrarchian *morbidezza*, it is in certain details a striking illustration of the proverb, *traduttore traditore*. How weak, for example, is Miss Tobin's fifth line compared with its original, which depends, like the lines before it, from *Morte* as a subject,

In un momento ogni mio ben m'hai tolto;

and how pale is "transform" in the penultimate verse as a rendering of *accenderei d'amore*. These, however, are but evidences of the difficulties that stand in the way of perfect translation. They are not to be considered as serious blemishes in Miss Tobin's work unless it be that the first instance, which is rather characteristic, indicates a lack of full perception of the importance of close syntactical concatenation in sonnet structure.

The "Selection from the Verses of John

B. Tabb," made by Alice Meynell (London: Burns & Oates), is a fairly satisfactory exhibition of the quality of that keenly individual poet. With a curiously insinuating, personifying imagination that winds itself into odd crannies of nature and human life, Father Tabb combines a gift of quaint and pregnant poetic expression. He has something of the concettists' way of playing with recondite images and the radical meanings of words, and something, too, of their alchemical power of refining out the dross of a poetic idea and giving us only its molten gold perfectly fused in melody of twelve short lines. Add to this that Father Tabb has in a high degree the modern imaginative scientific sense of the far-reaching inter-relations of life, though it takes from his temperament a weird and shadowy hue, and we see the source of the haunting suggestiveness of his tiny lyrics. Like the pin-pricks which the experimental psychologists employ to determine the sensitiveness of the nervous system, his verses are a singularly efficient test of poetic sensibility. His pieces all contain such riches in a little room, and are all so tempting to quote, that we shall here present three of them:

THE PLAYMATES.

Who are thy playmates, boy?
"My favorite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister, Peace, to stay
The livelong day.
I love them both; but he
Is most to me."

And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow?
"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead.
But I have wed
Peace; and our babe, a boy
New-born, is Joy."

OUTLINES.

O frame me in thy love, as I
The landscape in the branches low;
That none beneath the bending sky
Our sylvan secret know.

For 'tis of Life the mystery
That wheresoe'er its fibres run,
In time or in eternity,
The many shape the one.

O'ERSPENT.

My soul is as a fainting noonday star,
And thou, the absent night;
Haste, that thy healing shadow from afar
May touch me into light.

We have before us twenty-one thin volumes of verse published by Mr. Badger. The diligent perusal of them fails to reveal any traces even of mediocre poetic talent, save in the case of the thinnest of them all. The handful of brief lyrics in "Cobwebs," by Gertrude Rogers, are a pale distillation of old poetic symbols. Yet in the iterative melody of her "Horns of Elfland" and "shattered strings" there is, as in this lyric, a certain wan, appealing charm:

The flames of the autumnal fires
Are dying fast,
Leaving but embers of desires
Whose warmth is past.
November by the ashes stands
Silent and pale;
Trying to warm her chilly hands
By fires that fail.

A somewhat ampler quality is discoverable in a more ambitious collection entitled "When Yesterday was Young," by Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney (Robert Grier Cooke), though the book as a whole is perhaps less effective. Mrs. Sweeney's verse in both conception and phrase is the product more of fancy than of imagination, and a book the size of this can scarcely be energized save by the latter. Mrs. Sweeney's persistent experiments with broken line stanzas are seldom very successful, though occasionally, as in "The Wind," she hits a pretty tune, and one capable of giving pleasure, if we refrain from too closely scrutinizing the phrasing:

O'er beds of purple thyme
It blows
And inly glows
With faint and fragrant rhyme.
The rose
Scent, too, it knows,
From tarrying where they climb
In sweet hedge rows.

It haunts the heart anew
With dreams
Of heathery hills, and gleams
Of gold gorse, glowing through;
And teems
With dusky beams
Of bending ferns that grew
By laughing streams.

Alilt on lustrous wing,
Again
Through dew-lit lane,
It wanders, pleasuring,
And fain
Would tempt the strain
Yon heaven voiced thrushes sing
In far refrain.

The salt breath of the sea
O'er miles
Of moor, beguiles
The longing memory;
And smiles
Of the sunny spray like the wiles
Of a girl, come happily
From storm-throned isles.

It touches, too, I know,
The worn
Wood path—the corn—
The lilacs bending low
Each morn,
And sets the thorn
About the door aglow
Where I was born.

In the Preface to "Nineveh and Other Poems" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), George Sylvester Viereck protests that his poems must not be judged from the point of view of a Puritanical morality. It is not our intention to introduce any ethical considerations here, yet considering the poems in themselves as works of art, we cannot but regret that a young poet of such remarkable imaginative endowment and technical mastery as Mr. Viereck should have allowed himself to be so exclusively and monotonously occupied with a single theme: he is the celebrant of Ashtoreth, Lilith, Pasiphaë, Sappho, Cleopatra, Faustina, and Salome—and of "Mr. W. H." and Antinous! His mood is that of Whitman's "Children of Adam," touched with a precocious satiety that vitiates the artistic result. Even Mr. Viereck's sustained energy of phrase and the fine orotund music of his verse hardly avail against this vicious monotony of subject. The subject, however, is fortunately taken not so much from life as from a rather narrow segment of poetic literature. There is good ground for the hope that Mr. Viereck may grow away from these earlier moods and masters, and give us poems in which a nobler meaning inspires his admirable form. In the meantime the source of his earlier impulse, as well as the admirable form, may be perhaps most discreetly revealed in this resounding sonnet "To Swinburne":

Eloquent master, thy melodious rage
Our latter song may not aspire to reach!
Our eyes beheld the magic of thy speech
Conjure the love-queens of a perished age,
You, clothe with life their spectral forms, and wage,
When the sight stung thee, war with Heaven for each:
Only the rolling anthem of the beach
Could break the spell and end thy vassalage.

The sea, thy true love, taught thy lyric tongue
The mighty music of her mutiny:
Thy voice as hers the ages shall prolong,
And, praising numbers, men shall ask of thee:
"Is it the sea that thunders in his song,
Or is it his song reverberates in the sea?"

"The Happy Princess and Other Poems," by Arthur Davison Ficke (Small, Maynard & Co.), is the sort of book that always gives the critic pause. The collection is clearly premature, yet along with a good deal of vagueness and ineptitude, there goes so much of melody and imagination, of the poetic sense of life, that one hesitates to apply to it the more rigorous standards of poetic art. There is in the book no single gleaming and memorable piece, yet often, as in this concluding section of an ode "To Fancy in the Later Days," the intention and much of the execution is admirable and memorable:

They have forgot. The fairest things
Pall; and they seek their joys in strife,
Panting for what the morrow brings,
The fleeting morrow of worn life.
The silences of twilight hours,
The voices of each woody spot,
The very beauty of small flowers,
They have forgot.

The sunset burns for them in vain.
To them the sacramental dawn
Is but new lease of trivial pain
Which must be drowned in pressing on
To strange fierce joys. No milder balm
Brings any easing of their lot.
The soft, the beautiful, the calm,
They have forgot.

They pray to God with hope of heaven;
Yet nightly have no heart to see
Orion and the shining Seven
Move through the dusk's infinity.
—What if to them the death-hour brings
Knowledge which life has given not—
That heaven lies in the little things
They have forgot?

Fancy, crowned in heaven of old,
Bring again thy sacred gold
That our days fade not in cold.
Cast thy light upon the flowers
Blooming round the weariest hours,
And in bosoms make thy home
Whence the visions all have gone.
Thou canst build that godlike state
Past the bitter blows of Fate;
Thou canst make the heart stand free
Even from its own agony;
And in the light thy coming brings
The soul looks up, Lo! and has wings!

Mr. Ficke has to learn what to leave out, and to recognize that even in poetic style the happy phrase is that which flies like an arrow to the goal, not that which plays about the mark like a garden-hose, however charming the rainbow tints that sparkle in its spray.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Winged Victory. By Robert Morse Lovett. New York: Duffield & Co.

All the virtue of this story lies in the first of its three parts. Here is an affectionate and reverent study of child-nature, grateful enough in the midst of our sentimental or facetious or condescending manipulations of the child as literary "copy." Three children are concerned. Their father is a sporting gentleman, or gentle-

man sport, who, in a flush hour, has become possessed of a large country estate not far from Chicago. Fortune's wheel takes its customary turn, and when the story opens the children are living half-cared for upon the half-abandoned place, while the father remains in the city, trying all expedients except that of hard work, to recover his always precarious position of affluence. He is a gambler by nature, and after the action begins the cards turn persistently against him. The oldest child, Linda, is adopted by a rich and worldly Chicago aunt, who offers to take the second girl, Dora, also. But Dora refuses to leave her little brother Peter, and the two remain at the old place under the care of a single retainer. They go to the village school, where the little brother makes almost no progress, in spite of all his sister's efforts. Gradually it dawns upon her that he is not as other children—a discovery which only makes her love more fiercely maternal and self-sacrificing. The fatal accident which snuffs out the little "natural," deprives the sister of her main object in life. With his death the first part of the story ends—a love-tale complete in itself.

The other parts read like tame sequels; Dora herself becomes commonplace and ineffective. Presently we find her in a Western co-educational institution, which it is not hard to identify with the University of Chicago. Two youths, fellow-students, become involved in her fate: a desirable one whom she has always known, and an undesirable one, whom she proceeds to marry. He is one of your flabby poets, all hair and hysterics, whom sensible women marry out of pity. This one commits suicide in the end, when, of course, the better man takes his leavings. Of the minor characters, one Constance Dare has a bad eminence, uniting all that is most disagreeable in the "co-ed" to all that is most crude and facetious and "fresh" in a certain type of Middle Western girl. The most distressing thing is that one is evidently expected to admire her on the whole—Dora does. For her part of the story, as for the poet's, there is little or nothing to be said. But the Dora part, the child-Dora part, is matter for gratitude and for remembrance.

A Woman's War. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Harper & Bros.

Notwithstanding a certain crudeness, in "The Slanderers" Mr. Deeping gave an appreciable promise of power and imagination. In "A Woman's War" the crudeness remains.

Having chosen a painful but live contemporary theme, he proceeds to treat it with a childish superficiality. A small country town boasts two rival doctors. Parker Steel is incompetent, greedy, and dishonest. Betty, his wife, is a real villain; she resembles the wicked Polish countesses of early German fiction. Dr. Murchison, on the other hand, possesses all the virtues, and his wife is even better than he. Unfortunately, he is an hereditary dipsomaniac, and, in spite of constant and heroic struggles, when the story opens, succumbs to temptation almost as often as confronted with anything to drink.

Owing to the virulence of public opinion and the machinations of his enemy, Dr. Steel, Murchison loses his practice, for the mere trifle of a sponge and a forceps sewed up in a patient who thoughtlessly exposes him to the revelations of an autopsy. He is driven to dispensary work in an unhealthy town where his little girl dies. Her death, however, lifts "the curse" from him, and he bravely returns and hangs out his shingle in Roxton.

Parker Steel, meanwhile, . . . but, really, the exact piece of carelessness through which he comes to grief is hardly mentionable outside of the lecture room. It may be asked why any amount of negligence on his part should cancel the scandal of the sponge and forceps. Nevertheless, by the rules of the game, in this kind of novel, the old score is wiped out, and the book closes with a grateful populace pulling Murchison's carriage through the streets of Roxton.

The Flying Cloud. By Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

If the reader can once get over the rhapsodical opening chapters of this very good tale of the sea, he is probably in no danger of abandoning the gallant Flying Cloud till her long voyage from Britain is over, and the Australian shore swims into sight on the last page. It is quite an achievement to spin more than three hundred pages of narrative practically without a plot. A thread of human interest does run through the story in the form of an opium-eating skipper, who is very successfully worked out, but the real hero, heroine, circumstance, and occasion, is the Flying Cloud herself. First she wallows in the Bay of Biscay, then she drifts across the Tropics, then she staggers around the Cape and into port through one of the most magnificently pictured hurricanes in contemporary fiction; and that is all. The personality of the Ship, which Mr. Roberts dwells upon so fondly and insistently, we, too, readily come to feel and acknowledge towards the end of the book.

The Hill of Dreams. By Arthur Machen. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Continental fiction conducts the warfare of the flesh frankly in the flesh. Many people object to this, but compared to a fashion now gaining vogue in England, the French method seems almost wholesome. In "The Hill of Dreams," Mr. Machen confines his young man's struggle to the field of imagination alone. When Anatole France does this, he stages his picture upon the banks of the Nile, among hysterical early Christians. In modern Paris, the story of Thaïs would be distasteful, possibly because few young Frenchmen (except such museum pieces as Madame Tinayre's Augustin) are worrying to-day about their souls. Then, like Fogazzaro's Benedetto, Augustin was purely religious, and temptation assailed him in the shape of one woman. Not so Lucian Taylor, our present young man. It was "No love of a woman, but the desire of womanhood, the Eros of the Unknown, that makes the heart tremble." Lucian constructs a dream city into which he can retire at will, and witness various spectacles, some highly noble, others — discreetly veiled by the author under a few mystical allusions — of a less edifying nature. Lucian invents a "ritual" for himself, and with the aid of plenty of good sharp thorns well driven into his flesh, he learns to "taste in all its acute savor the joy of physical pain."

There is a great deal about the incredible secrets of Gothic art, about beauty, about "secret practices" and "Barbarians." The barbarian aunt who wished Lucian to get a place in some bank and earn a salary will have the full sympathy of every normal reader.

Although written with noticeable ability, the book in itself has not sufficient strength to deserve attention here, did it not mark a curious morbid phase of English fiction in which sound, color, and scent are put to superfine uses by neurotic young gentlemen who should be shut up, or set at manual labor. When a young writer (of course, Lucian was an abortive poet) feels that "Literature is the sensuous art of causing exquisite impressions by means of words," he had better purge his mind of Pater, De Quincey, and Poe, and of its contempt for Philistia. Like Balzac's painter, Lucian dies leaving his masterpiece a chaos of unmeaning lines, and leaving upon our minds the impression that the redeeming quality of such symbolism run riot must be the small likelihood of its exerting the faintest influence.

His Courtship. By Helen R. Martin. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is a short story which made up its mind to grow into a novel, and got spoiled in the process. With material at hand for the creation of a very attractive bit of life in fiction, in the shape of a vividly real Pennsylvania Dutch farmer family, speaking a fascinating jargon, the writer has done what our masters of local color will undoubtedly continue to do for long years to come, and, instead of developing her story from the nature and necessities of her *milieu*, has attempted to run her good virgin material through the antiquated machinery of clap-trap plot and situation. To introduce into the primitive atmosphere of the Morningstar farm the immemorial kidnapped child of very wealthy and refined parents; to bring her into contact with the very paragon of a young and handsome professor of psychology, who runs away from women, and is by them, nevertheless, pursued; to bring the same beautiful lily of the farmyard into contrast with certain wonderfully conceived women of the world, for that sole purpose created—all this is seemingly dictated by the mere necessity of filling space. The technique is at times startlingly jejune. Because the Morningstars say: "Pop, he wrote 'em a postal in, last Saturday's a'ready, tellin' 'em they have the dare to come Wednesday dinners," the town boarders must say by contrast, "Our creature comforts are of such minor importance. Material things absorb most of us too much; don't you think so?—leaving us too little time for the things that are really worth while in life. . . . Remember, dear, the simple life is subjective as well as objective."

The Development of Religion in Japan. By George William Knox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Dr. Knox uses the singular number with correctness. Japan has many religions, yet her religion is one. The ordinary sub-

ject of the Mikado does not draw lines of demarcation between Shinto, Buddhism, Confucianism, or even Christianity. Shinto is the national memory. It would be hard for a native without great powers of discrimination and critical knowledge of history to tell just in what it consists. It has almost nothing tangible. Until an outside form of faith was imported, the cult had not even a name. Buddhism is the heart of the nation, and has been the greatest unifying influence. Without Buddhism, despite government, it would be difficult to think of the Japanese as a nation, and not a mere conglomerate of tribes. Confucianism furnishes the universal ground of ethics, and in its modern restatement is the creed of a scholarly minority. Christianity, though professed by thousands and felt by a million, cannot in the perspective of history be called one of the religions of Japan. It is beyond cavil, however, that some Shinto sects imbibed features from that Iberian Christianity, publicly known in Japan for one century, and secretly nourished by a few thousands two centuries in seclusion. Hence, though Dr. Knox glances at the future, the substance of his six lectures treats of the three religions—indigenous, Aryan, and Chinese—which form a composite in the mind of the average native. The religion of the Japanese cannot be understood apart from history. It is not to be found by a study of the systems as given in the Sacred Books, for it is at once more and less than they. Hence the enormous advantage possessed by Dr. Knox, who, as a critical student dwelling in Japan during fourteen years, corrected theory by observation.

His two lectures on Shinto show us the Way of the Gods, which arose and developed among the various tribes, Malay, Aryan, and Tartar, possibly even Semitic, as the religion of nature, without formula or other objects in view than the expression of tribal ethics and human emotion. The powers of nature were personified. The first visible embodiment of the gods was probably a row of carved posts, such as we see in the Pacific Islands and Korea. Unquestionably, phallic worship was predominant. Then there grew up a mythology which shaped itself through the struggles of the various tribes, until one, the house of Yamato with its Mikado, became dominant. The stories were now reshaped and colored with a purpose, that is, the support of the Imperial House and power. Thus Shintoism, becoming in its second stage a political engine, took on something of the form of an organization, by which all the tribes and nations were unified under the dogma that the Mikado and his ancestors had come down from heaven and had been given divine authority. After this, genealogies were duly invented, since the foundation theory of the nation was kinship more or less direct with the emperor. This process is transparent on the pages of the Kojiki or Records, composed 712 A. D., and the Nihongi or Chronicles, compiled 720 A. D.

Buddhism, in its first propagation in Japan, not without accompaniments of strife and bloodshed, compelled a still further systematizing of the Way of the Gods, which now received the Chinese name of Shinto, literally theology. Later the Norito, or native liturgies, were rewritten in beautiful literary style. The essence of Shinto, and its one book, is the Kojiki, the so-called "Bible of the Japanese," composed by order, and with the design of correcting false or rival claims to the Mikado's sovereignty. There is no pretence of religious motive, nor of setting forth a moral code; but, following Chinese precedent, Japan must have a cosmology and a national history, and an account of the fashion in which the Imperial house obtained its power. Indeed, one suspects that the many-jointed names of the gods between mud and man are folk etymologies to explain the Ainu place names found by the newcomers on the soil.

It was a dazzling prospect for the Yamato people back in A. D. 552, still many centuries before the white, straight-eyed Aryan-speaking Ainu had been conquered, or even the southwestern Malay and other folk had been pacified, to possess the writing, ethics, and political models of China, and at the same time to have from far, far mystic India the gorgeous images and altar furniture and the sutras, with their world of new ideas. The Mikado's domain was then a mere fragment of land, a little oasis in a vast desert of unsubdued savagery. In less than a hundred years, however, by a palace revolution, the old idea of clan government and the fiction of a bloodtie for all were abandoned. A system of taxation and a strong bureaucracy, with the Mikado shut up like a god, were established. Buddhism was propagated from the court and the throne, bringing in supernaturalism, as opposed to merely natural religion. It was carried in a thoroughly Japanese form to every Ainu hut and frontier village. Whether we call this a chapter of decay, as did the late Professor Whitney, or a true evolution, it strengthens the theory of Okakura that Japan is the epitome of all Asia, the depository of its intellectual forces; and that in Japan is the best treasure-house of Asiatic art and civilization—though Mr. Okakura is weak in his knowledge of the Semitics.

We need not follow Dr. Knox in his chapters on Confucianism, which he discusses first as polity and ethics, and secondly as a world system. The simple tradition of ethics and ritual of North or Communal China having during the centuries absorbed many of the elements of the Hindu faith, and much of the strong individualism of southern China, or Taoism, underwent profound change in the twelfth century. When restated by Chu-Hi it was not only ethics and ritual, but a philosophy and creed. It did not get beyond sea, however, until the seventeenth century, when the Chinese refugees from the incoming Tartar dynasty reached Japan. Then from Yezo it was made official orthodoxy.

Dr. Knox glances at contemporaneous movements. In the glorifying of Busbido, and the works of Okakura and Nitobe, who idealize the past, a Japan is projected on the imagination which never really existed as set forth by these authors. He hints at the efforts of the eclectics to combine with Bushido the noblest truths of our modern science, philosophy, and religion, and at the dreams of those who would find the future of Japan in a return to the worship of the Absolute. He declares that Christianity is a part of the new enlightenment, but it is not for him to believe—knowing the Japanese so well—that they will ever accept that form of Christianity in which the religion of Jesus has been occidentalized beyond all recognition by thinking Orientals. In the possible elements of human interest this book may be lacking, but as a philosophical treatment of a great theme in a spirit at once catholic, critical, and sympathetic, it is a masterpiece.

Émile Zola, Correspondance. I., Lettres de Jeunesse. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier.

This first volume of the correspondence of Émile Zola is made up of letters sent to three of the intimate friends of his young manhood, Baille, Cézanne, and Roux. The letters to the last-named, which were written between 1864 and 1872, comprise less than a tenth of the book. They are essentially business documents, dealing almost exclusively with the production at Marseille of a play by Zola and Roux called "Les Mystères de Marseille," and are so devoid of significance of any sort that there is little excuse for their publication. On the other hand, the letters to Baille and Cézanne, which belong to an earlier period (1859-1862), are of much interest.

True, these letters, aside from a few to Cézanne (with whom Zola seems to have felt less constraint than with Baille), are far from being models of the letter-writing art. Taken as a whole, they are perfunctory, ponderous, and pedantic. They are deficient in vivacity. They possess neither grace, brilliancy or distinction of style nor originality of thought. They abound in superlatively solemn advice, in rather amateurish literary criticism, and, in highly formal, not to say stilted, disquisitions on love, marriage, the family, poetry, art, civilization, and religion, which the writer serves up with little or no variation to both his correspondents, and which, by his own admission, he sometimes tries to market as articles in the literary journals. But, with all their commonplace heaviness, they reveal a man so antithetic to the traditional Zola that, for every one who has the slightest curiosity regarding his personality or his art, they are very well worth reading.

In them we find, first, instead of Zola the methodical worker, who blackened a given amount of paper doggedly each day, inspiration or no inspiration, an emotional, vacillating, mercurial Zola, a creature of moods and caprices, subject to spells of discouragement and self-distrust, frequently tearing up in disgust the results of his efforts and sometimes unable to produce at all. Thus we find him saying to Cézanne:

I am prostrated, incapable of writing two words, incapable even of going out for a walk. I think of the future, and I see it so black, so black that I recoil in dismay. No fortune, no trade, nothing but discouragement! No one on whom to lean, no wife, no friend beside me! Everywhere indifference or disdain! This is what greets my eyes when I scan the horizon, this is what renders me so sorrowful. I doubt everything, myself first of all. There are days in which I believe myself without intelligence, in which I ask myself what manner of man I am to have dreamed such proud dreams. I have not finished my studies, I do not even know how to speak good French; I am ignorant of everything. My college education is of no service to me; a little theory, no practice. What to

do then? My mind is continually balancing, and I am sad from morning till night.

Next, instead of Zola, the novelist, we find Zola, the poet, producer of lyrics and projector of vast epics, an admirer of form, a worshipper of beauty, who brings everything in life and letters to the touchstone of poetic standards. He proclaims the loftiness of the poet's calling in another letter to Cézanne:

Baille, you say to me further, regards art as a sacrament: this is thinking as a poet should. Yes, art is a cult, the cult of the good, of the beautiful, of God himself. Under the verses is the soul, like the visage under the mask. Alexandrine, hemistich, and rhyme are the materials, the tools which every hand may use; but, soaring above these coarse means, is the Idea, fructified by the heart; the Idea, this celestial gift, this imprint of the finger of God. Furthermore, as you add, every one is not admitted to the adoration of the Idol; as for me, I should have perhaps said, of God, for poetry and divinity are synonymous in my sight. After having placed the poet so high, I shall not dare to say to you that I am a poet; but, in all sincerity, I may advance that I am striving to be one, and that I comprehend the sublimity towards which I strain—and this is more than can be said of the herd which sees in a poet only a machine for the production of cesuras and rhymes.

Finally, instead of Zola, the realist, we find an idealistic Zola; indifferent to science; glorifier of virtuous, and even of Platonic, love; "a nursling of illusions"; an admirer of such romanticists as Ary Scheffer, George Sand, Lamartine, de Musset, and Michelet; a dreamer, whose sole ambition is a peaceful retreat remote from the hurly-burly of the world; a lavish dispenser of lofty, unworldly counsel to his friends. The future chief of the realistic school writes to Baille:

You speak to me justly of the ideal and of reality, and you propose to me that we reopen our ancient discussion upon this subject, but with a change of positions, you becoming the idealist and I the realist Such an idea cannot appeal to me; I wrote in conformity with my views, and, after a thorough self-examination, I find no change in my thought. I should be untrue to myself if I addressed to you at this time the letters you addressed to me formerly. I cannot become a realist in the sense you give this word, since to erect material necessities into law would be to stifle all the noble impulses of my nature. But, as I did not cease to repeat to you, I have often encountered reality; I know it, and, if you desire, I can show it to you, so that I be allowed to speak to you afterwards of the sky and to discover to you a star in every stagnant pool I shall have sounded. What irritated me profoundly before was your persistent unwillingness to comprehend my philosophy. In vain I cried to you: "Reality is sad, reality is hideous; let us veil it then with flowers; let us have no more commerce with it than our miserable humanity demands; let us eat, let us drink, let us satisfy all our brutal appetites, but let the soul have its part; let dreams embellish our hours of leisure."

To read these letters is to comprehend the career of Zola in its entirety. The Zola who appears in them is the poetic, self-deceived altruist of "Les Trois Villes" and "Les Quatre Évangiles," and the Don Quixote of the Dreyfus affair. Toward the end of his life Zola returned to himself. We see the romantic strain of unreality that underlay and distorted his so-called realism. The one thing furthest from his vision always was the simple uncolored apprehension of the truth.

The Historic Thames. By Hilaire Belloc. With colored illustrations by A. R. Quinton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

This is not one, but two distinct books. We have in the first place a series of colored reproductions of scenes and buildings along the Thames River from its headwaters to the Tower, which may be said to hold a respectable place among illustrations of this kind so greedily devoured by the public. As in most books of the sort, the colors are too heavy—the reds too red, the blues too blue—with a somewhat messy effect. But with these deductions the sites with which every one is familiar, by name at least, pass before the eye with all their romantic charm. They offer a lazy man's voyage as well as can be expected.

Besides the pictures there is, secondly, Mr. Belloc's text, of which it must be said that it bears the least possible relation to the illustrations. Glancing at the views of houseboats moored at Oxford, of Hampton Court Palace, Eaton, Sunset at Marlow, Medmenham Abbey, Henley, Bray Village, and the like, one looks to the text for a graphic description of the river seasoned with its historical and literary traditions. Quite the contrary is the fact. These scenes are scarcely mentioned in the narrative. What we have is an interesting monograph on the place of rivers, particularly of the Thames, in the formation of early society, with a rather savage diatribe on the change in English civilization brought about by Henry the Eighth's dissolution of the abbeys, and by the consequent rise of the landed aristocracy. The Thames, in other words, is made the excuse for a shrewd discussion of government and sociology. There is, of course, no harm in thus binding together pictures and text so little related, except that in a smaller volume Mr. Belloc's monograph might be read with greater comfort, and that the pictures would gain in interest for some account of their associations.

The substance of Mr. Belloc's discourse is an arraignment of the popular, protestant, and, as we may say, Teutonizing historians, such as Green and Freeman; and here, we think, his case would have been stronger if he had omitted his constant flings against the omissions and imbecilities of the conventional students of history and economics. His aim is to show how much England has suffered from the break in its continuity of traditions, how much happier and, relatively, how much more prosperous the poorer classes were under the rule of the Church than under the "Venetian oligarchy," as Disraeli called it, or under the present commercial régime. To do this he displays at considerable length and with no little skill the economic function of the monastic system in the Middle Ages, "to which," he adds unnecessarily, "no sufficient attention has been given by historians." As a part of his argument he gives a picturesque account of the rise of the Cromwell family. Thomas is a "witty scoundrel," and the enormities of Oliver Cromwell (*alias* Williams, as he repeats with rather impertinent frequency) are left to be conjectured by the imagination. In much of his argument he follows what is, on the whole, the trend of the most modern school, which deprecates the violent changes of the Reformation and the Rebellion, and shows the great loss to England's higher civilization caused by a few hot and foolish heads of the seventeenth century. But it is also true that Mr. Belloc carries his partisanship beyond all bounds. Thus, he says, to take his attitude toward the Dissolution:

In a word, the business of Henry might be compared to what may be in future the business of some democratic European government when it lays hands upon the fortunes of the great financial houses, but with this double difference, that the confiscation to which Henry bent himself was a confiscation of capital whose product did not leave the country, and could not be used for anti-national purposes, as also that it was the confiscation of wealth which never acted secretly and which had no interest, as have our chief money lenders, in political corruption.

Every one of these statements might be controverted, and to ignore the corruption of the monastic system in Henry's day is simply not to write history. When Mr. Belloc touches on "moneylenders," he shows all the spiteful venom of a French anti-Dreyfusard. Naturally his book will call down reprobation from certain high quarters, but it can not by any one be denied the qualities of interest and vivacity.

Christianity and the Social Crisis. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The radical tinge of the title of this book is not belied by its contents. The thesis of the author is that the ruling purpose of Christianity is social reconstruction, that for various reasons this prime object of the Christian religion has been grievously neglected from the apostolic age to the present, that the Church is now face to face with a grave situation, and that her duty as well as her opportunity is to turn Socialist, abjure the present competitive system, ally herself with the proletariat and against the capitalistic class, and march on in triumph in a new order of the world. Such a manifesto from a professor of church history in a leading theological institution is highly significant. It may be taken to indicate that the leaven of revolutionary social theory is pervading religious circles more generally than has been supposed.

Professor Rauschenbusch writes in the heat of religious zeal and with reforming passion. The "comrades" of socialistic groups will find here the nervous intensity and fire to which they are accustomed. The enthusiasm of the street-corner orator, however, has played havoc with the author's judgment as an historian. The primary conviction on which he has based his argument is that Christianity came into the world as a social movement, and that the real aim of its founder and his immediate successors was the reconstruction of society. The attempt is made to draw a close parallel between the political activities of the Hebrew prophets and the career of Jesus. Yet, if any conclusion is established as the result of critical study of the gospels, it is that the reformation of society was far from the thought of the Galilean teacher, and that anything like a panacea for the ills of the world is in direct violation of his spirit. His message was for the inner life of the individual and he did nothing for society as a whole. That he did not contemplate the abolition of

poverty is shown by his remark, "The poor ye have always with you," and the equanimity with which he regarded oppression and inequality is witnessed by his counsel, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The socialist interpretation of the New Testament is further from the truth than the traditional and ecclesiastical.

In justice to Professor Rauschenbusch his remarks that "Jesus was no mere social reformer," and that "no comprehension of Jesus is even approximately true which fails to understand that the heart of his heart was religion," should be quoted. As a teacher of history he is well aware that the apocalyptic atmosphere in which the founder of Christianity lived permeated all his thought. But the judgment of the historian gives way completely before the passion of the reformer.

More serious is the evidence of a clouding of moral vision through the influence of socialistic theory. Appeal is made for an alliance of the spirit with the flesh, and failure is predicted unless faith reach out for carnal weapons. Only so can we understand the following declaration, with which the author declares he "started out":

> The ideal of a fraternal organization of society will remain powerless if it is supported by idealists only; it needs the firm support of a solid class whose economic future is staked on the success of that ideal.

It may be remembered that there have been apostles who gloried in other gospels than that of self-interest. It would appear also that faith, having formed a new alliance, must not insist too strenuously on its former gentle methods of spiritual persuasiveness: for we are told that "the Christian idealists must not make the mistake of trying to hold the working class down to the use of moral suasion only, or be repelled when they hear the brute note of selfishness and anger."

Professor Rauschenbusch insists on the wrongfulness of the "wages system," and waxes indignant over the fact that an individual or corporation can hold title to a vein of coal or copper! In the orthodox socialistic manner he "proposes to give to the whole body of workers the ownership of these vast instruments of production and to distribute among them all the entire proceeds of their common labor." He is amazed at the "resistless and elemental power" which Socialism has exhibited, is persuaded that it is the "ultimate and logical outcome of the labor movement," and that the Church, therefore, should ally herself speedily with Socialism as the coming power. From the author's statement, however, it would appear that Socialism is purely an economic movement, which proposes to bring about the brotherhood of man by economic methods. If this be true, what fellowship can it have with the spiritual idealism of the New Testament?

Cromwell. Von Wolfgang Michael, Professor an der Universität Freiburg i. Breisgau. Mit drei Abbildungen. Zwei Bände. Berlin: Ernst Hofman & Co. (Bände 50 u. 51 der Biographien-Sammlung Geisteshelden.)

The German "Heroes" series, which now numbers fifty-three volumes, contains the biographies of forty men of prominence, of whom eight, Carlyle, Darwin, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Stanley, Byron, Adam Smith, and Cromwell, are Englishmen, and the remainder, with a few exceptions, Germans of the last two centuries. No American appears in the list. Of the forty thus far selected for the German hall of fame, but seven are men of action in the sense of warriors and political leaders. The others are "heroes" in the world of thought and culture—poets, scientists, dramatists, philosophers, artists, and musicians. This fact serves to show that, however much militarism has dominated the German system of government and administration, and has planted its Hohenzollern heroes in marble along the Unter den Linden, the German idea of a "hero" is still intellectual and artistic.

Cromwell appeals to the German mind because he resembles, in a more or less fanciful way, the founder of the modern German empire. Like Bismarck, he was a man of heroic stature who performed Titanic deeds. He swept away the old and established a new order; he remodelled armies and won great military victories; he overthrew established kingdoms and founded a new government; he manipulated parliaments, and as a statesman experimented in constitutional forms. Like Bismarck, he was humble before God, deeming men weak and unworthy, and himself but an instrument in the hands of the Most High. Both viewed history as a series of divine manifestations beyond the power of statesmen to control. Cromwell might well have said, as did Bismarck, that the statesman cannot make history, but that "he must wait until he hears the footstep of God sounding through the events of his time, and then springing forward grasp the hem of His garment. That is all." He, like Bismarck, spurned the tricks of the orator. "I cannot," he once said, "work upon your feelings through a play of words and so obscure the facts. The orator coins mere words; my duty is to deal with facts, and the decrees of God demand that of us." He often said that he spoke best when he drew upon the ideas which God had implanted in his soul.

Professor Michael's biography bears many resemblances to that of Professor Firth in the Heroes of the Nations series. It is commonly accurate and scholarly, free from digressions and philosophical disquisitions, and is at all times cautious and impartial. It is rather longer than is Professor Firth's work, and touches more aspects of Cromwell's character. On the whole, it is more readable, because less condensed, and more complete, because presenting a better-proportioned picture of Cromwell's life and activity. It contains a few errors—for example, when Hugh Peters is mentioned as one of the founders of Connecticut—and in general is not very satisfactory in what it says of Puritanism in England and America. It is, furthermore, deficient in all that relates to Cromwell's colonial and commercial policy, for, though it deals successfully with the navigation act of 1651, and has a few paragraphs on Continental trade, it says nothing of the machinery for controlling trade under the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and ignores the greater part of the legislation of the period. On the other hand, it is strong on the military and diplomatic sides, has excellent chapters on the wars with Holland and Spain, and gives rather more space than is usual to the relations with the Northern Crowns. It possesses, too, a critical bibliography of unusual excellence, and has a fairly good index.

The narrative is based very largely on the writings of Gardiner and Firth, but Professor Michael is familiar with a wide range of Cromwellian literature, including the writings of a number of American scholars —Beer, Merriman, Bowman, and Catterall. Strong's articles have, however, escaped him. He has dealt to a small extent with manuscript sources in London and Sweden, and has used, for the first time in this connection, the dispatches of Schlezer, the Brandenburg envoy in London, found in the secret Archives of State in Berlin. Schlezer's letters throw considerable light on Cromwell's later career, 1657—1658, and on Richard Cromwell as Protector. Professor Michael promises to show at some future time wherein these papers add to our knowledge of Cromwell's rejection of the kingly title, and of his sickness and death.

The portrait which forms the frontispiece to the first volume, and that which faces page 128 of the same volume, are new and have never been reproduced before. They are from photographs of two paintings now in the Gripsolm palace, in Stockholm, and in posture, dress, and features, bear a striking resemblance to the well-known portrait by Walker.. Indeed, there is reason to think that Walker himself painted the first portrait, which may have been sent by Cromwell as a gift to Queen Christina of Sweden. Regarding the second, nothing definite seems to be known, though tradition says that it was painted by Sir Peter Lely. It is strange that Gardiner, in the collection of likenesses gathered for the Goupil edition of his life of Cromwell, should either have neglected or been ignorant of these paintings.

Cambridge. By M. A. R. Tuker. Illustrated by William Matthison. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Trinity College, Cambridge. By W. W. Rouse Ball. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

St. John's College, Cambridge. By R. F. Scott. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The English universities have been much exploited by publishers of recent years, partly for the benefit of old Oxonians and Cantabs, partly for that of a larger public. Of the three books now under review the first is addressed to the wider circle, the last two aiming more closely at past members of the two greatest Cambridge colleges. It must be said, however, that Mr. Rouse Ball's little book on Trinity contains many anecdotes concerning its worthies that are well worth reading, even for those who are not members of the college, as for instance Porson's subtly expressed criticism of Southey: "Mr. Southey is indeed a wonderful writer; his works will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten." Or this one of his successor in the Mastership, Mansel:

> It is said that one of the undergraduates invariably walked across the grass on his

way to Hall. One day the Master determined to reprove the delinquent, and, opening the window at which he was sitting, he called to the student: Sir, I never look out of my window but I see you walking across the grass plot. My Lord, replied the student, I never walk across the grass plot but I see you looking out of the window.

M. A. R. Tuker's volume contains nearly a hundred colored illustrations, as to the excellence of which tastes will doubtless differ. The text, however, may be commended as an intelligent and careful exposition of the mysteries of an English university, sound, discriminating, and readable. In it the author covers the historic growth of Cambridge, the colleges, the university as a degree-giving body in the past and present, collegiate and social life, famous men, Cambridge in English history, and the women's colleges Newnham and Girton.

From all of these books there may be disengaged something not without value to the American of the present day. At Cambridge, on the other side, time is of the essence of the intellectual contract. It is not a gain but a loss to get, say, Aristotle in six months instead of in six years. You may acquire facts by cramming, you can acquire intellectual maturity only by a process of slow and continuous absorption. The university is concerned primarily with the cultivation of the mind and the advancement of learning; it is incidentally, almost apologetically, that she admits that these processes may lead to the practical result of earning income. The man in a hurry who does not care to digest his intellectual pabulum, but is merely concerned in converting it into practical results, gets, fortunately, little more encouragement in the Cambridge of the present than he did in the Cambridge of the past. Have we any institution left of which this can truly be said?

Science.

Nearest the Pole. A Narrative of the Polar Expedition of the Peary Arctic Club in the S. S. Roosevelt, 1905-1906. By R. E. Peary, U. S. N. With ninety-five photographs by the author, two maps, and a frontispiece in color by Albert Operti. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $4.80 net.

The one abiding impression left by Commander Peary's graphic narrative is his devotion to the work to which he has given the greater part of twenty years. From beginning to end it shows that he was animated by that spirit of the true explorer who, to use his own words on receiving the Hubbard medal of the National Geographic Society, unflinchingly holds that "the thing he has set himself to do is a part of his being, and must be accomplished for the sake of the accomplishment." So when he reaches his farthest point his feeling is not that of exultation at "the mere beating of the record," but of bitter disappointment that he must turn his back upon the goal, to attain which "I had almost literally been straining my life out." He makes his readers feel that the desolate Arctic land is more congenial to him than the congested thoroughfares of civilization. Going on shore one day early in his outward voyage, he says, "as I trod the moss patches beside the murmuring stream whose quieter reaches were crusted with ice, . . . my pulses bounded rapidly and I felt that I had come into my own again." Characteristic, too, of this same spirit, is the way in which the new land discovered in his exploration of the Grant Land coast is regarded. "What I saw before me in all its splendid, sunlit savageness was *mine*, mine by the right of discovery, to be credited to me, and associated with my name, generations after I have ceased to be."

As Commander Peary states in his preface that the preparations for his new expedition had rendered it impossible for him to put his narrative into the shape which he desired, criticism of it from a literary point of view would be out of place. It consists largely of extracts from his diary, and they give vivid pictures of the hardships and dangers of an Arctic explorer's life. Naturally they are characterized by a similarity, and he had no thrilling experiences to relate. But the reader gets a clear idea of the way in which emergencies were met, dangers from ice-pressure guarded against, provisions obtained and exploration carried on. Occasionally there are touches of humor, as for instance: "We crossed the Arctic Circle at two o'clock this morning, and Percy, the steward, asserts that the bump when the ship went over it, woke him up!!" Once when the Roosevelt was fighting her way through the ice-floes, he heard the captain "whisper through teeth clinched from the purely physical tension of the throbbing ship under us: 'Give it to 'em, Teddy, give it to 'em!' " In this connection it is interesting to note the satisfaction which this ship gave. She forced her way through apparently impassable places and came "safely through experiences which I am satisfied no other ship afloat would have survived." In one of her charges a blue floe, twelve to fifteen feet in thickness, was split fairly in two. He was fortunate also in the choice of his companions.

I have never spent a winter in the Arctic regions, so free from petty annoyances and discomforts, both physical and mental. The members of the party were congenial, cheerful, energetic, and interested in the work. The ship's people were interested and willing, and the atmosphere of the ship lacked entirely the element of friction which is so often an extremely disagreeable feature of Arctic winter life.

The most striking result of the expedition was, of course, his getting nearer to the Pole than any other explorer, reaching 87° 6′ north latitude on April 21, 1906. But for the loss of seven fair days in crossing the open water of the tidal crack between the land ice of Lincoln Sea and the central polar pack, he might have conquered the 174 nautical miles which lay between him and his goal. The exhaustion of his food, the death of his dogs, and the panicky condition of his companions, however, rendered further advance impossible. The experiences of this record journey across the ice lead him to the conviction "that man and the Eskimo dog are the only two mechanisms capable of meeting all the various contingencies of serious Arctic work, and that the American route to the Pole and the methods and equipment used remain the most practicable for attaining that object."

The other main results were the discovery of some new land, probably an island, in the northwest, the addition to our knowledge as regards ice and other conditions in the western half of the central Polar Sea, the delineation of a large part of the unknown coast of Grant Land, and the determination of its unique glacial fringe and floeberg nursery. A chapter is devoted to a report to the Peary Arctic Club (of whose history from its foundation, in 1899, a brief account is given) of work done by him in the Arctic in 1898-1902. In another there is a detailed description of the Roosevelt, in which stress is laid on the fallacy of the notion that steel is a suitable material for the construction of an Arctic ship, and on the fact that "the elasticity, toughness, and resiliency of thick wooden sides are essential" in it. Some entertaining sketches and impressions of "my Eskimos," which are on the whole distinctly favorable, are given in the last chapter. His narrative ends with this characteristic answer to the question often asked him: Of what use are Eskimos to the world? "With *their* help, the world shall discover the Pole." The attraction of this sumptuous volume, whose typographical excellence and general make-up reflect great credit on the publishers, is much heightened by the numerous photographs of scenery, human beings, and animals. Among the most noteworthy, after the portraits, are those of a typical dog and "a study in bronze," the face of an Eskimo woman.

A German physician, Dr. Robert Hessen, has recently published the results of his researches concerning the real cause of consumption ("Die wahre Ursache der Schwindsucht"), which he ascribes to the checking of the purifying function of the pores of the skin. In support of this theory he records some interesting facts. Fresh air and out-of-door exercise are important factors in the prevention of this disease. For this reason in England 1,500 persons in a million die of consumption, whereas in Germany there are 2,000, and among the Russian peasants 3,500. The latter pass the winter wrapped in sheepskins near a warm fire, and rarely if ever wash their bodies. Dr. Hessen further says that young women, who are employed in stores to show furs and walk to and fro all day in these warm garments, usually suffer from phthisis. This was also the fate of the English comedians, who some years ago masked themselves in hides in order to represent animals on the stage. Although these plays were very popular, the mortality of the actors from pulmonary disease soon put a stop to them. Dr. Daniel Diehl, the chief physician of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, states in his books of travels "An Bord und im Sattel" that Patagonians and other tribes who go naked are never consumptive; and the Norwegian zoölogist and Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, in his volume "In Night and Ice," asserts the same of the Eskimos, who always go naked in their huts. Only in western Greenland, where the natives have been converted to Christianity

and persuaded by the missionaries to wear clothes, does pulmonary disease prevail.

Drama and Music.

"A Question of Honor," by Max Nordau, translated by Mary J. Safford (John W. Luce & Co.), was first published under the title of "Dr. Kohn," in 1898, although no intimation of that fact is given in the present volume. It may be a revised edition—though nothing is said on that point—but in any case, the description on the flyleaf, "a tragedy of the present day," without allusion to the original date, is misleading. Moreover, there is nothing in the printed text, even in the stage directions, to denote the place of action, which, to say the least, indicates strange carelessness in preparation, although the omission will not be of much consequence to the intelligent reader, who will be sufficiently informed by the circumstances of the story. During the last ten years liberal ideas have made some headway even in Prussia, and the social and political condition of the Jew has been improved, although still subject to many galling restrictions. Dr. Nordau wrote at a time when the Anti-Semitic prejudice was raging in Germany with peculiar violence, and he pictured an extreme case. But if his play, like most bits of special pleading, is somewhat extravagant in its illustrations of moral and intellectual virtue on the one side and gross bigotry on the other, it deals fairly and forcibly with the general question, and demonstrates in vivid fashion the follies and crimes of racial and religious hatreds. Incidentally it satirizes with pungent vigor various absurdities of the German military code of honor, and the atrocious illiberality of a certain brand of ecclesiastics. Politically it is a strong appeal to the Jews to reassert their nationality. The warning that the stage rights are reserved seems rather superfluous. It is not at all likely that any manager here would dream of producing anything at once so undramatic and contentious. But as a study of one of the problems in European politics it is both illuminating and interesting.

J. Comyns Carr is the latest dramatist to attempt a solution of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He has made a play out of the unfinished Dickens story, in which Beerbohm Tree is soon to be seen at His Majesty's Theatre in London, in the character of John Jasper. It is hinted that Mr. Carr has invented a dénouement different from any of those which have been hitherto suggested. The question is not one of much importance. It would be quite in accordance with theatrical custom if he brought Drood back to life again for the sake of the conventional happy ending. The character of Jasper seems to be well within the range of Mr. Tree's best abilities, and ought to afford him a good opportunity.

During her provincial tour in England next autumn, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will produce an English version of Hofmansthal's "Electra," which has had a long run in Berlin and great success throughout Germany. The adaptation will be done by Arthur Symons, and the music is to be composed by Cyril Scott. In Berlin the piece provoked much controversy, some critics protesting against its very modern treatment of the ancient classic. Hofmansthal made his first success with "Gestern," a play in blank verse written at the age of sixteen. "Œdipus" and "The Sphinx," his most recent productions, have both won public favor.

It is announced that Madame Modjeska is contemplating a brief professional season in some of the larger cities next winter.

Leoncavallo's new opera, "The Red Blouse," is based on an episode of the period when Austria ruled Venice. Two brothers, one of whom is in sympathy with Austria, while the other is an ardent Venetian patriot, are infatuated with the same girl. She loves the patriot and makes no secret of her preference. Vowing vengeance, the rejected lover denounces his brother to the police as a Garibaldian. His immediate arrest follows. The girl, expecting his prompt execution, and guessing his brother's crime, sends for the latter and promises to be his if he can secure the release of the prisoner. The brother eagerly agrees to testify in his favor. The day of the trial comes. A gunshot is to tell her that he is sentenced to death, while a trumpet signal will indicate his acquittal. The brother, having given his testimony and feeling sure of the other's acquittal, hastens to the girl to claim her as his own. As he enters a shot is heard. With a wild cry the girl draws a dagger and stabs him. The shot, however, proves to have been accidental. While the girl abandons herself to her grief, friends arrive and announce that her lover is free. Curtain.

Japan has taken up European music seriously. Kobe has a Chopin Club, which gave a concert on May 3. A large portrait was displayed over the stage, and the walls on all sides were decorated with biographical facts concerning the composer. In Tokio, on April 30, S. Saito, the well-known organist, gave a recital of Bach's works. Tokio has an Academy of the Piano, the faculty of which consists of "more than twenty Japanese pianists of prominence."

Art.

An important work has just been published by the Grolier Club—Dr. D. McN. Stauffer's "American Engravers upon Copper and Steel," issued in two handsome octavo volumes, printed at the De Vinne Press, and containing forty-three full-page reproductions, of which twenty-three are photogravures. Three hundred and fifty-three copies have been printed, three being on Japan paper. One of these three is as usual for the Club library; the other two will be offered at auction to the members at the next annual meeting.

Dr. Stauffer's work really opens up a new field, and is the first attempt to record systematically the professional lives of about 706 American engravers. These biographical sketches, which in a large number of cases are entirely new material not accessible elsewhere, fill the first volume. The second volume contains full descriptions of about 3,500 engravings and their "states," executed by men who were actively employed in or prior to the year 1825. This date was selected as marking about the beginning of what may be termed the commercial era of engraving, when large companies were organized and the actual engraver's name no longer appeared upon the plate. The number of plates issued during those prosperous years from 1825 to the introduction of the photo-processes was enormous, one concern having issued more than 25,000 separate plates.

Except in the case of the very earliest engravers whose minor work even is important, not every plate is described, but generally only portraits, buildings, historical views, and some large and important plates. Ordinary book-illustrations, not falling under these heads, have been for the most part excluded. Plates of this "subject" type were often used again and again for different books by various publications, the lettering being altered, as required, until they were worn out.

The descriptions of the prints are accurate, done, with a few exceptions, from the engravings themselves, and include lined transcripts of the legends. The arrangement is alphabetical by the name of the engraver, and under the engraver alphabetically by subject as to the portraits, the views and miscellaneous prints being put at the end. We may here point out an oversight in the make-up of the book which will serve to exasperate many a user of the volume. The headlines are uniform throughout, and the engraver's name is not carried over from page to page. If it is desired to consult any particular engraver, the book is likely to open in the middle of the description of the work of some prolific artist, and it may be necessary to turn backward or forward several pages before one can determine the location of the author. Uniform headlines are, in a book of reference, a waste of space which might be better occupied. Collectors who have had occasion to use Foley's "American Authors" will appreciate our criticism.

In a lecture delivered before the members of the British Academy on the "Column of Trajan," Commendatore Boni, director of excavations in the Roman Forum, gave an interesting account of his latest researches on that subject. Until recently it was commonly believed by archæologists that Trajan's column had been erected to indicate the height of a hill cut away in order to level the area for the Forum Ulpium, the dedicatory inscription (*ad declarandum quantæ altitudinis mons et locus tantis operibus sit egestus*) having been interpreted to convey that meaning. This view, however, did not seem to Commendatore Boni to be in accord with the few statements of ancient writers on the subject, where the column is referred to as a sepulchre, and he therefore determined to investigate the matter. He soon found that in the inner vestibule at the base of the column there were still visible traces of a door which had been walled up and plastered over. On removal of the plaster and part of the masonry, it was found that the door led into an atrium, which, in its turn, led into a chamber, within which were the remains of a funeral table; moreover, just above the table, holes had been

drilled in the marble wall of the chamber, presumably for clamps to support two urns. On the evidence of an inscription, now in the Vatican Lapidarium, stating that Hadrian had erected a temple in honor of his parents Trajan and Plotina, which temple had stood close to the column, Boni ingeniously inferred that the chamber which he had discovered was a sepulchral chamber, and that the funeral table had supported two urns containing the ashes of Trajan and his wife. On making careful trigonometrical calculations, it was furthermore found that the column was a "columna centenaria," exactly 100 feet high; it is at least improbable that a hill should have been exactly this height. What proved Commendatore Boni's contention beyond dispute was the fact that, on digging various pits in the vicinity of the column and also across the whole width of the valley occupied by the Forum Ulpium, remains of early imperial and republican work, such as roads, foundations, drains, were laid bare. At one spot were even found traces of a wall of blocks of tufa, which we know, from similar remains elsewhere, probably date from the 4th century B. C. This shows that, long before the column was built, the valley between the Quirinal and the Capitol had been practically a level plain and not a hill. The dedicatory inscription, which has hitherto been used as evidence for the existence of such a hill, Boni now interprets as referring to the height and noble proportions of the buildings which had been erected both on the level of the Forum Ulpium and on the slope of the neighboring hill, and of which a view could be had from the top of the column.

An alphabetical and fully illustrated catalogue of all the French drawings in the Louvre and the Museum of Versailles is an enterprise that cannot fail to win the interest of students. This enormous task has been undertaken by Jean Guiffrey and Pierre Mond, and the work bears the imprint of the Librairie Centrale d'Art et d'Architecture, Paris. In the first volume the roll is carried from Adam to Bouchardon. The list is printed clearly in double columns, there are tables of watermarks, collectors' stamps and those of museums, finally an index of proper names. One can hardly imagine a better arranged or more prepossessing piece of scientific classification. One may regret that so many cuts, excellent photogravures, have been crowded upon each plate. The editors have evidently destined the reproductions rather for the purpose of identification than for study. A few cuts, however, take advantage of the generous quarto page. The most welcome of these in the present volume is the Assumption in sepia, ascribed to that consummate miniaturist of the fourteenth century, Beauneveu. Each volume costs thirty-five francs, and the series will apparently run into the twenties, requiring perhaps as many years for its completion. The descriptive but cumbrous title is "Inventaire général des dessins du Musée du Louvre et du Musée de Versailles." The work forms part of the collection Archives des Musées Nationaux et de l'École du Louvre.

Charles Morice, the well-known Paris critic, has made a valuable contribution to the history of modern painting in his study, "Eugène Carrière" (Paris: Société du Mercure de France). This little volume is made up largely of the writings and sayings of Carrière, who was the author's friend. It is an exposition, not a criticism. Since Carrière was not merely a creator of theories concerning the painter's art, but also had the much rarer gift of working according to programme, and actually prevailing thereby, this intimate revelation of his mind is of no common interest. He believed firmly in that principle of correspondences which he shared with Rodin and many of the Symbolists. The business of art, he felt, was to discern and assert the intimate relations between man and man, between the animate and inanimate creation—relations obscured if not denied by the average careless liver. The beauty of an object for him lay not in its abstract form or color, but in its suggestion of kinship with countless similar objects. What saved this attempt from being merely intellectual and frigid, was that it was based after all on vision primarily, and not on reflection. He saw his sitters, almost invariably his family and friends, in a sort of aura—the famous mist that invests his figures. This envelope dissimulated all narrowly individual traits so that every composition or portrait became a type. Carrière's strong sense of bony and muscular form prevents, however, any loss of character through such simplification. In fact one may say that in becoming generalized types his figures actually gain a higher degree of reality. We have no space to follow his theory in detail or to quote from his many admirable *pensées*. It is a book that should be read entire. We can take exception to M. Morice's frankly adoring attitude only when it leads him to claim for Carrière the greatest gifts as a colorist and decorator. Finally it is suggestive to note so important an achievement made in sheer repudiation of the still popular doctrine of art for art. Carrière's attempt to understand himself and his fellows through the exercise of universal sympathy is the very negation of the ideal of the "ivory tower." His positive fraternalism associates him in some measure with the modern Socialistic movement, with which, however, he had no closer affiliation.

Finance.

Regulation of Commerce Under the Federal Constitution. By Thomas H. Calvert. Northport, N. Y.: Edward Thompson Co.

The conflict of State and Federal jurisdiction so long associated with the question of slavery has taken on a new form during the last quarter-century with the development of industry and the enlargement of the scope of business activity in corporate form. Federal versus State regulation has become a distinctly practical question to the directors of many a large corporation. The extension of Federal interference in various directions and the numerous suggestions for still greater enlargement of the range of Federal activity have turned the inquiring attention of the whole nation to the source and extent of Congressional power over industrial action.

A number of books have appeared within a few years treating in more or less detail the history and judicial interpretation of the interstate commerce clause, the best of them being the recent work by Prentice and Egan. The volume under review is another of the same kind. It is intended primarily as a lawyer's handbook, and it will doubtless serve its purpose successfully, for the arrangement is logical, the cases well chosen, and the significant points in decisions clearly formulated. The book lacks attractiveness for the general reader in the fact that it contains little else than cases—almost no comment, explanation, or summary. Neither does it possess sufficient originality to enable it to usurp the place occupied by its predecessors.

However, the author has occasionally expressed an opinion on a controverted question not yet adjudicated that reveals his fundamental philosophy. From the parallel that a State has power to regulate rates for domestic transportation, he draws the conclusion that Congress has the power directly to prescribe interstate rates within due Constitutional limits.

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He recognizes the existence of a Federal police power similar to that exercised by the States in domestic matters, and believes that the power of Congress to regulate under the interstate commerce clause may be extended to the point of prohibition. But he doubts whether Congress has the absolute and unlimited power to prohibit the transportation of articles respecting the use of which no question of public health, public morals, public safety, or public convenience can arise. For example, while recognizing the wisdom and constitutionality of the pure-food laws, he considers the prohibition in interstate commerce of goods produced by child labor as beyond the power of Congress, and holds it to be a matter of domestic concern entirely within the control of the individual States. We may hope that in this respect he has interpreted our Constitutional law correctly, and that the courts will promptly dispose of the dangerous and pernicious proposition advocated by Senator Beveridge at the last session of Congress, if it is ever enacted into law. Referring to the Wilson act of 1890, which subjects to the operation of State laws intoxicating liquors when transported into any State, the author urges the wisdom of taking one step further in the direction of national and State comity by withdrawing the privilege of importing into a State even for personal use articles in which the laws of the State prohibit traffic—a suggestion which, if adopted, might, in view of the extraordinary character of much of our recent State legislation, work a distinct hardship to the beneficiaries of interstate traffic. Moreover, there is considerable doubt whether the courts would sustain a statute of such sweeping character and of such broad application.

The author's study has impressed him with the wide powers possessed by the States over the instrumentalities of commerce, even in matters affecting their interstate business, and has led him to the same conclusion reached by Secretary Root in his oft-quoted speech, that it is the indifference and the delinquency of the States in adopting adequate regulations that have led to agitation for Federal regulation. "There would be no need to invoke the exercise of the Federal power in such cases if States adopted reasonable regulations to satisfy local requirements or opinions."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashley, R. L. American History, for Use in Secondary Schools. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Laird & Lee's Guide to Historic Virginia and the Jamestown Centennial. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Baker, George Pierce. The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Berglund, Abraham. The United States Steel Corporation. Columbia University Press.
Buchanan, George. Glasgow Quatercentenary Studies. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.
Davis, J. E. Round About Jamestown. Historical Sketches of the Lower Virginia Peninsula.
Davis, Richard Harding. The Scarlet Car. Scribners. $1.25.
Dewhurst, F. E. The Investment of Truth. Chicago University Press. $1.25 net.
Dexter, Franklin Bowditch. Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale. Vol. IV. Henry Holt & Co.
Drew, G. A. Invertebrate Zoölogy. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.25 net.
Freneau, Philip. Poems. Vol. III. Edited by Fred Lewis Pattee. Princeton: The University Library. $9 net the set.
Friedman, Morris. The Pinkerton Labor Spy. Wilshire Book Co.
Gilbert, J. H. Trade and Currency in Early Oregon. Columbia University Press.
Gnauck-Kühne, Elisabeth. Die Deutsche Frau um die Jahrhundertwende. Berlin: Otto Liebmann.
Huguet, Edmond. Petit Glossaire des Classiques Français du dix-septième Siècle. Paris: Hachette et Cie.
King, Alfred Castner. The Passing of the Storm and Other Poems. Fleming H. Revell Company.
Lafargue, Paul. The Right to Be Lazy. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
La Monte, Robert Rives. Socialism: Positive and Negative. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Logan, J. D. Quantitative Punctuation. Toronto: William Briggs.
Official Postal Guide of the United States. Albany: J. B. Lyon Company.
Old Houses in Edinburgh, drawn by Bruce J. Home. Edinburgh: W. J. Hay.
Smith, Dr. Samuel G. The Industrial Conflict. Fleming H. Revell Company. $1 net.
Smith, Preserved. Luther's Table Talk. Columbia University Press.
Spargo, John. Capitalist and Laborer. Modern Socialism. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
The Seamy Side. A Story of the True Conditions of Things Theatrical by One Who Has Spent Twenty Years Among Them. Boston: Percy Ives Publishing Co. $1.50.
Voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618. Edited by W. L. Grant. Scribners. $3 net.
Widney, Joseph P. Race Life of the Aryan Peoples. 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls. $4 net per set.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907.

The Week.

Right on top of the announcement that those who are trying to pick a Presidential dark horse had better keep their eyes on Secretary Cortelyou, comes that official's announcement of his proposed reform of the methods of handling passengers' luggage on steamers and docks. Some time ago it was stated that Mr. Cortelyou would endeavor to abolish the existing habit of outraging American citizens who have dared to expend from $10 upward during their sojourn in Europe. The chief result of his study of the manners and methods of his subordinates is his doing away with the requirement that a passenger be made first to swear to his declaration, and then be examined with a view to proving him a liar. No oath will be required of the criminal American tourist hereafter, nor will he be forced to spend the last two hours of his voyage sitting in line in the steamer's saloon waiting his turn to be cross-examined. He can sign his declaration at any time on the way over. The examiners in the past have evidently believed that every one of their victims was at heart a smuggler. In this they were often right; the existing barbarities would make an apostolic delegate hide his pearl shirt-studs in his shoes and the most respectable Methodist bishop alive conceal his new London clothes at the bottom of his trunk, while the most saint-like of women would smuggle with all the ardor, not of a law-breaker, but of an outraged soul. The whole miserable, picayune, personal baggage law ought to go. In the hope that it will, travellers to Europe will henceforth gratefully wear a Cortelyou Presidential button in the lapels of their coats.

Our State Department is again mortified at the inability of foreigners to understand our pretty tariff ways. This time it is the French. The most lucid nation in Europe, they yet cannot perceive the rationale of our demand that they should give us minimum tariff rates, while we continue to *frapper* their goods with Dingley rates. Our proposals, as reported in Paris by Ambassador Jusserand, have made "an unfavorable impression," and the State Department is expressing "some concern." But this concern is plainly over the intellectual crassness of France. She fails to see how $250,000 worth of Porto Rican coffee can be set off against French wines to the amount of $18,000,000. This is truly pitiful. Apparently, there are too many ex-journalists in the French Ministry. Their training has made them expert in coffee and pistols, but evidently not in coffee and wines.

Accused of sensationalism, and severely attacked for its reckless statements, *The Navy*, the new monthly, believed to be the organ of some of the higher officers of the navy, returned to its attack upon our warships in the July number, which appeared on Saturday. This time its criticisms drew out an official reply. So far, however, from denouncing *The Navy*, Rear-Admiral Brownson's statement admits the truth of most of its charges. There were defects in the Oregon, Kearsarge, and Kentucky, and they were discovered before the ships were finished, but—"the wonder is that there were so few defects, considering that they were the first heavy battleships built in this country." Thus the official statement. Compared with the battleships of other nations, the "Oregon class was distinctly superior." "It is true that their armor was badly placed, but that arose from the addition to the ships of a great amount of material, stores, and machinery not included in the original design." It is also true that, according to Rear-Admiral Brownson, these unfortunate ships lack balanced turrets, that their eight-inch ammunition tubes (?) are not sufficiently protected, and that their turret portholes were so large that a one-pounder projectile could have put the gun entirely out of action. It was to conceal this defect that their commanding officers built wooden shields when they went to Europe, as related by *The Navy*. But Rear-Admiral Brownson finds much consolation in his complacent belief that if we could get behind the scenes in foreign navies we should find possibly a worse state of affairs. To our mind, and we think to most taxpayers, this official explanation is the very reverse of satisfying. Its tone is, moreover, unfortunate in the officer who put it out, save for its frankness. Its admissions render it probable that the rest of *The Navy's* charges are well founded, that not one of our battleships floated as she should at Jamestown. Each one of them failed to show her armor belt at the proper place when loaded for sea. Now, the United States has paid enormous prices for its battleships, and maintains a large number of designers, graduates of Annapolis, who are supposed to know their business, and it would seem to the lay mind as if this called for the ability to calculate what weights will be placed on a battleship when she is ready for sea. Indeed, *The Navy's* revelations, its repeated assertion that the same defects of the Oregon class are reappearing in the designs of our new 20,000-ton sea-monsters, ought to lead to a Congressional inquiry, particularly in view of these admissions of Rear-Admiral Brownson.

The Alabama State Bar Association is doing a good work in agitating a reform of the abuses of criminal appeal. Its Committee on Correspondence has been addressing the bar associations of other States. The circular letter which has been sent out recites the growing scandal in this country of reversals on appeal for error in the trial courts which was not really material. In too many jurisdictions in this country the doctrine has gained standing that an error of ruling, created *per se* to enable the excepting and defeated party to obtain a new trial, must prevail with the higher court. The result is something like 50 per cent. of reversals, or new trials, in this country, as compared with about 4 per cent. in English practice. This evil has been vigorously brought to the notice of the Alabama Legislature by the Bar Association, and we understand that a bill to correct the extravagances of appeal on technical and immaterial grounds is in a fair way of being enacted. Other States should take the matter up. Doubtless an amendment to the Federal Judiciary Act would also be useful. That the abuse of setting aside verdicts for error not going to the merits is great and growing, Judge Brewer has strongly testified.

The second instalment of the report drafted by the Municipal Ownership Committee of the National Civic Federation, makes it pretty evident that the general outcome of the investigations of the committee will be very much like Mr. Dooley's summing up of the results of a certain widely discussed episode in the White House. "Two hundred thousand citizens in Alabama," said the Chicago philosopher—we quote in general terms—"who never voted for a Republican candidate will now cast their ballots for a Democratic President, and an equal number of citizens in Massachusetts who associate Democracy with the devil, will continue to vote for the Republican ticket." With the committee made up half and half of the champions of quite opposite economic views, we can only look forward to a repetition of the sharp divergencies between experts. When we take up this matter of municipal versus individual ownership, it is largely a question of faith or prejudice, as we may choose to regard it. Once the point of view is chosen, the aspect and importance of everything that follows, success

or failure, efficiency or incompetence, dollars and cents, are all predetermined. And where the question is as complicated as this subject of the ownership and administration of public utilities, the chances for different interpretations are almost infinite. When the advocate of municipal ownership points to a gain in dollars and cents at Wheeling, his opponent replies that the service is poor. When the latter points to a loss in dollars and cents elsewhere, the municipal ownership advocate declares that "life, liberty, justice, virtue, and intelligence are of greater moment." And as for political corruption, you may regard it as a vital argument against municipal ownership, or as the product of the maleficent influence of privately owned public service corporations.

A fight for the open shop is in progress at Washington. The labor unions are arrayed against the Master Builders' and the Employers' Associations. The strike will stop all building, with the usual annoyance to employers and the inevitable hardships to the employed. The former, in stating their case, assert that the members of unions will not live up to their contracts; "they will observe an agreement only when it is made in accordance with their dictation." The unions reply that "organized labor cannot view the open shop in any other light than the disintegration of the workmen's organizations, and that proposition they will combat and fight to the last ditch." This is the old issue. The employer is the only one of the two parties who is expected to live up to his contract; and when he does so, he is subject at any moment to an arbitrary strike. Union working men should know how wearied and disgusted the whole community is becoming with their tyranny and untrustworthiness. If needed labor legislation halts, the course of labor organizations has much to do with it.

In appointing Victor H. Paltsits as State Historian, Gov. Hughes chooses an expert for a position which emphatically requires an expert. Hugh Hastings, who has recently resigned as State Historian in order to become a Tax Commissioner in this city, is a gentleman of many accomplishments and admirable temper and industry. He was not, however, trained to historical research; he was never by profession a decipherer and editor of historical documents; and in his work on our archives he was forced to lean on the broken reeds of zeal and general intelligence. Mr. Paltsits, however, has had much experience in the very kind of labor that the State Historian must perform. He was educated with unusual thoroughness; and he has risen to the position of assistant librarian of the Lenox. He has edited the "Journal of Captain William Pote, Jr.," 1745-1747, "Papers Relating to the Siege of Charleston," 1780, the Rev. John Miller's "New Yorke Considered and Improved," 1695, "Captivity of Capt. John Gyles," 1689-1697; he was bibliographical adviser to the editors of the seventy-three volumes of Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents—one of the monuments to American scholarship. He has prepared several standard bibliographies, particularly on historical subjects. From every point of view, therefore, the appointment seems ideal—what we might expect from a man with Gov. Hughes's appreciation of the intellectual side of life. Under the skilled hand of Mr. Paltsits our State archives should become a treasure-house for students of history and the development of our social and political institutions.

No want of feeling makes us say that the reports of Ouida's falling on evil days have a certain æsthetic fitness which must appeal to the authoress of "Puck" and of "Under Two Flags" herself. To live sumptuously in a princely Florentine villa surrounded by many graceful and well-loved hounds, is to reproduce a beatific existence of Boccaccio's time. To be cast out the next week, absolutely impoverished and starving, and to be compelled to seek refuge in the cottage of the mother of one of her servants, but still accompanied by three of her faithful dogs, is like a situation out of Ouida's books. Governments, which always move with pernicious slowness, seem in this case to have belied their reputation, and a British pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars should be sufficient to make the writer secure against actual want in the future. But, then, Ouida is quite capable of spending her annual stipend on one lavish feast for all the homeless dogs in Florence, as reported. To the extent, however, that she is very far above the commonplace mob of us, she is also above the need of our commiseration. It is only to be hoped that the authors of our own best-sellers are wise enough to invest their earnings in New York rather than in Italian real estate.

The dreaming of dreams, especially when it coincides with real events, continues to excite wonder. The Rev. Dr. Rollings, who is studying medicine in New York, fell asleep and dreamed that his "second self" had taken its flight to England, where his father lay in bed surrounded by members of his family. Dr. Rollings saw his father "sink back" and die. Two weeks later, a letter informed him that his father had actually died at the hour of his dream. Of course, spiritualists will attribute such an occurrence to clairvoyance or some such supernatural process. It is really nothing but a coincidence. Thousands of people have dreams of friends dying, without the occurrence of any corresponding event. Such cases pass by unnoticed. But when coincidences take place, a supernatural explanation is given forthwith, and no account is taken of the "negative instances" which make the argument fallacious. An extraordinary case of "clairvoyance" is reported in the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, by Prof. William James. The body of a woman who had been drowned was recovered through a dream. Professor James says that this story "is a decidedly solid document in favor of the admission of a supernormal faculty of seership." But most men of science would prefer to have more evidence before accepting such a conclusion. When there happens to be a long run of the red at *rouge et noir*, it is not necessary to conclude that there is either fraud or a miracle.

Even the most besotted golfers will be tempted to renounce their favorite game if it is to be infected by a Rockefeller taint. The trail of that serpent has been over all the national amateur championship. All the dispatches from Cleveland have been so filled with the doings and sayings of the oil magnate on the links, that it has been rather difficult to make out who was winning, and what class of play was being exhibited. The turned-up trousers and soft hat and ohs and dear, dears, and hurrahs of Rockefeller have made the accounts of the tournament pretty painful reading. To crown all, we had to submit to a lot of Rockefeller philosophy of golf, pointing out its moral tonic, and showing how it makes men clean, truthful, and modest! An enemy of golf hath done this. For it is hard to think of so fine a sport becoming of itself snobbish and toadying. Still, one remembers Talleyrand in Maine congratulated by a native on the prospect that, in Philadelphia, he would have the opportunity of seeing, not Washington, but the richest man in America.

The movement among German Catholics to do away with the Index of prohibited books, would seem, to an outsider, of little importance. Since it was established nearly four centuries ago by Paul IV., the Index has had decreasing influence, especially with the laity. This has, of course, been due in part to the immense number of books and articles printed in many languages, of which the Congregation can take no note. A short way of condemning heretical literature would be that adopted by Pius V., as well as by his predecessor, of prohibiting in general works issued by certain publishers and printers. Under Pius IX., the number of theologi-

cal names on the Index increased considerably, partly because of the growingly liberal philosophy of the nineteenth century. It was to oppose it that the *Katholik* was founded at Mainz, and that Leo XIII. afterwards issued the bull *Æterni Patris*. The abolition of the Index might momentarily encourage the liberal Catholic movement in Italy, which, under the leadership of Murri and Fogazzaro, is causing so much unrest. But there was a supervision of the reading of the faithful oefore the Index was formally established, and probably a papal condemnation of important theological or philosophical movements in general would suppress heresy quite as effectively as the old way of putting obnoxious publications on a list, with which few even of the bishops are familiar. Certainly, mere outside pressure will not abolish the Index; and this German agitation will very likely succumb to papal discipline. In 1674, when the Congregation censured the Gallican maxims of the Sorbonne, a year did not pass before the offending theses were withdrawn, under the supervision of Bossuet.

Such hope eternal as the Irish Home Rulers cherish, or profess to cherish, has a pathetic quality. Here is John Redmond, for example, just after the apparent dashing for years of the aspirations of the Irish Nationalists, telling them of his confidence that they are nearer than ever to their goal. This is, no doubt, a part of the stock in trade of an Irish leader. It would never do for him to admit that his cause is hopeless; and the darker the immediate prospect, the rosier must be his prophecies. But those familiar with Irish history know how old a story all this is. More than sixty years ago O'Connell was as positive of the speedy grant of an Irish Legislature as Redmond is to-day. Said the latter, the other day: "If the Irish people show themselves in earnest, whatever Government may be in power will find itself at an early date coerced into introducing a bill for the better government of Ireland." In the recent Life of Sir James Graham is published a letter by O'Connell, written June 30, 1846, in which he said: "No man can tell how near we may be to the accomplishment of our best wishes, and in truth our only hope, the repeal of the Union." Of such is the tragedy of Irish history.

The action of the Italian Senate in ordering the incarceration of former Minister of Instruction Nunzio Nasi, who has been arraigned before that chamber sitting as a Supreme Court, on charges of extensive embezzlement while in office, is the beginning of the last act in a *cause célèbre* that has lasted for nearly four years. Nasi's peculations were enormous; his methods showed a simplicity and directness that should command the serious study of high political financiers all over the world. Out of a fund created for the "support of schools and the subsidizing of teachers," more than three hundred thousand lire were distributed to an amazing variety of beneficiaries, including stone-masons, police officers, dressmakers, midwives, "and an infant of twenty-five months." Out of another fund for the subvention of agricultural instruction, pensions were freely granted to "artists without patrons and journalists without journals." When charges were first brought against the erring Minister in 1904, Nasi, from a safe retreat abroad, demanded that he be brought before the Senate as a high court, but the Chamber decided that the case be prosecuted through the regular judicial channels. There ensued three years of legal and political manœuvring. The courts cast Signor Nasi into the arms of the legislature, and the legislature threw him back into the courts. Finally, the Court of Cassation decreed in favor of the Senate's competence. Meanwhile, in his native town of Trapani, in Sicily, Nasi has been a popular hero; he has been repeatedly reëlected to Parliament, streets have been named after his lawyers, and there is even a popular *Inno a Nasi*, just as there is a Garibaldi's Hymn. What his adoring townsmen would have done if Nasi had won the Derby, can scarcely be imagined.

Count Posadowsky, the German Secretary of State for the Interior, who has just retired from office, or, rather, has just been forced out, was the personal choice of the Kaiser for the place, because of his excellent services in the administration of Posen. Now, within two months of completing his ten years of service, he has found it necessary to resign, because he read an inspired announcement that his resignation was about to be handed in. Originally, he was looked upon as a somewhat reactionary official of the ordinary type. To the surprise of all classes, he rapidly developed into a statesman of great ability and of liberal tendencies, particularly in the direction of social reforms and legislation. Having begun as a Junker and Agrarian, he goes out of office particularly regretted by the Liberals and Social Democrats. A more striking case of broadening in office has never been seen in Germany, but the liberalizing process he underwent was his undoing. He was not enough of a high-tariff man to please the land-owners, and he is believed to have opposed the dissolution of the last Reichstag. Hence his rather brutal dismissal. He has been succeeded by the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, who has strong reactionary tendencies. The selection of the new Prussian Minister of Education, Dr. Holle, is also taken to mean that the Conservatives are more than ever in the saddle, despite Von Bülow's overtures to the Liberals.

That the Germanization of Prussian Poland, in spite of the enormous resources with which it has been carried on, must remain a failure, is a common conclusion. The planting of German colonists in Posen has only served to spur on the Poles to adopt their rivals' superior methods of cultivation, with the result that the country is said to enjoy unexampled prosperity. The coming autumn is expected to witness the recrudescence of the national movement in the form of school strikes, violations of the censorship laws with regard to the use of the Polish language, and popular demonstrations. Events in Russia may not improbably stimulate the German Poles to increased resistance. So long as the Duma was in being, and the Polish Deputies continued to be recognized as one of its most important elements, Russian Poland cherished high hopes of a national restoration, in part at least, and their German brethren may have been tempted to rest on their oars a bit to watch the movement of events across the border. Now that Russian Poland's hopes have been shattered, there is evidently nothing left for the Poles everywhere to do but to resume the slow, desperate struggle for their racial existence in the hope of brighter days.

Paris, for some time, has been entertaining his Majesty, Paramindr-Maha-Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, with whom, in March last, France concluded a treaty that is regarded as finally establishing a satisfactory boundary line in Indo-China. The French press calls attention to the fact that, since 1868, Siam has been pursuing a process of national regeneration comparable to that which Japan entered upon in the same year. Instead of the loose feudal relations formerly subsisting between King and local rulers, we find now a firmly centralized system, in which the local dignitaries have consented to take an important part as subordinates of the Government at Bangkok. There is a legislative council appointed by the King, and the executive government is carried on by regularly constituted ministries. The foreign commerce has attained a value of fifty million dollars, though the trade is largely in the hands of the Chinese. It is, of course, well known that two American jurists, Edward H. Strobel and J. I. Westengard, have taken an important share in the work of reform in their capacity as advisers to the King of this progressive country.

WARS AND PHRASES.

As though there were not enough Jingoes, ordinary rattle-brains and conscious mischief-makers, in this country and in Japan doing their best to egg on two unwilling nations into a criminally irrational conflict, our press must needs go abroad for wise opinion as to the "inevitable struggle" that confronts us. And because the European mind is the more inclined towards abstract, or at least generalized, thinking, we find the reasons for a war with Japan framed in imposing formulæ. To a correspondent of the *Times*, Ernest Judet, editor of the Paris *Eclair*, has declared that "the position in a nutshell is that both Powers want supremacy on the ocean called the Pacific, and unless one makes up its mind to draw back, a conflict is inevitable." To speak of Supremacy on the Pacific, as to speak of the Key to the Caribbean or the Waterway of the Future between the Two Oceans, is the ultimate argument of Jingo philosophy. "You simply have got to fight," the argument runs, "because a San Francisco mob has maltreated certain Japanese subjects, or because the Japanese hate you, or because a Japanese fleet is bound for San Francisco. What? You say you refuse to be hurried into war over matters that can be easily arranged? You hesitate before the appalling consequences? Well, then, friend, you must fight anyhow, because the Supremacy of the Pacific is at stake."

It is the error of these facile philosophers of history to imagine that, because certain phrases have become famous in connection with great national and social movements, all that is necessary to set public passion ablaze is to invent some taking cry or epigram. They overlook the fact that wars have never been fought over phrases, but that they arose from great material reasons or emotional crises to which the popular phrase merely gave appropriate expression. Even a vindictive and unreasoning cry like "Remember the Maine" had its basis of validity in a general feeling of bitter irritation, no matter by what means produced. But politicians who would have us go to war for the supremacy of the Pacific show as little comprehension of the springs of popular action as they do of the nature of political catchwords in general. Look at England, Mistress of the Sea, is their argument; look at Germany's Emperor dictating Peace and War to Europe; is it not worth while fighting for as noble a sounding phrase as any of these? They forget that Mistress of the Seas, or War Lord of Europe, represents only the historian's summary or phrase for a succession of events, each of which appealed to Englishmen and Germans on its own merits. Britons, in going out to defeat the Armada, did not say: "Go to; we will now enter on a two-hundred-year process of mastering the sea," any more than the Simian that first rose to an upright position said to himself: "I will now begin to evolve into a Jingo editor."

The *Times's* interview with the Paris journalist contains another gem of thought. Once having laid it down that a Japanese-American war is inevitable, he adds: "I will not venture to say whether it is likely to occur to-morrow, next year, or in the next ten years; but it is the only natural solution of the problem as now stated." The implication is that, inasmuch as a war must come some time or other, the Power that feels itself the stronger to-day should do its best to hurry on the conflict. Our own heroes of the press are accustomed to state the truth in terms of the Panama Canal, the argument running about as follows: "There must be war between the United States and Japan at some time or other; but when the Panama Canal is completed, America's increased strength in the Pacific will leave Japan hopelessly outclassed; therefore it is for Japan's interests to attack us now; therefore there will be war. *Q. E. D.*" Now, we may pass over the sordid cynicism of this mode of reasoning, since we recognize that to call for the application of the ordinary standards of right and wrong to international relations is merely to be old-fashioned and visionary; but the lamentable confusion of thought inherent in the argument should be pointed out. Briefly put, it imagines a situation where two grown-up men are carefully manœuvring for an opportunity to land the first blow, and deduces therefrom that it would be wise for any one of us to go and assassinate the new-born infant son of an unpopular neighbor, lest when he grows up he should succeed in overcoming us.

Even if it be conceded that war, in our present stage of civilization, is an unavoidable evil, or, perhaps, a necessary accompaniment of healthy national growth, is it not patently silly to counsel present war just for the sake of anticipating war in the future? Because it is inevitable that by 1925 conditions should have so developed in the Far East as to force a conflict between the United States and Japan, what good would it do to fight now, when such conditions do not exist? Why not carry the argument to an extreme and, estimating that, on an average, every nation in the next hundred years will spend about ten years in waging war, start in right now for a ten years' spree, and then settle down to ninety years of peace and contentment? Would not most people be thankful if immediately after birth they had been *compelled* by their parents to pass through all the pains of measles, teething, an operation for appendicitis, disappointed love, dieting for flesh reduction, deteriorating eyesight, and senile debility?

THE DRIFT AT THE HAGUE.

The last number of *Punch* has a full-page cartoon on the Hague Conference, which not inaptly expresses the general feeling of disappointment with that body. An idealized figure of Peace stands reading the programme affixed to the door of the Temple of Peace. It runs: "Lectures on the Etiquette of War. Contraband. Capture of Merchant Shipping. Prize Courts." Thereupon Peace soliloquizes: "Always glad to lend my house for a good cause. Still, they might perhaps have asked me to join them. But evidently it's my room they want, and not my company."

It would be rash, or at least premature, to say that this year's Hague Conference will be barren of results. At present, it is true, there appears to be a deadlock on nearly every one of the mild proposals to ameliorate the conduct of war—the immunity of private property at sea, the abolition of prize-money, etc. Even on the subject of prize-courts there is such disagreement that last Thursday Mr. Choate had to move for the appointment of a "harmonizing" committee. As for a permanent tribunal of arbitration, to which all the signatory Powers are to bind themselves to submit future differences, it is as slow in coming as the chariot of Sisera. Thus, if one were to sum up the status of the various plans before the Conference, with the discussions held upon them, he would be almost forced to look forward to something very like failure.

Yet an attitude of modified hope would probably be more reasonable. Doubtless, we expected from the Peace Congress more than we shall get; but we may easily get more than we now expect. The situation is, in that respect, not unlike that which existed after the opening weeks of the Conference of 1899. It began with high hopes, but soon it seemed as if every one of them was to be dashed. In the end, however, valuable results were secured. Hence it is reassuring to read such a review of the history of the first Conference, put into comparison with the negotiations leading up to the second, and with the topics signalized for debate therein, as André Tardieu publishes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15. He sketches most suggestively the way in which the Congress of 1899 was rescued from failure. The Czar's proposal for reducing armaments early proved impracticable, and cynicism about the outcome set in and long prevailed. But diplomatists of the number and weight of those convened at Russia's instance really could not adjourn without doing something; and finally they did accomplish a work which, though restricted in scope, was

beneficent in conception and useful in operation. M. Tardieu expects a somewhat similar result this year. It will take considerable ingenuity to find a form of words by which discrepant views may be reconciled, but the likelihood that a few useful agreements will be effected is strong. At the worst, we may fall back upon the comforting remark of M. de Martens, that the mere effort to agree on peace measures has a distinct value.

The one great defect of the Conference, running through all its delays and misunderstandings and inconclusiveness, is the lack of a sharply precise and definite programme. Means of abolishing war, clear-cut proposals to disarm, the erection of a great court of arbitration to which all civilized nations shall be bound to refer their quarrels—these things could be clearly discussed. They would furnish a basis for a positive decision, one way or another. But when you get together to confer about the "etiquette" of war, about the more or less of cruelty and barbarism to be tolerated, then you instantly run off into all these fine shadings and subtle distinctions and intrigues by selfish interests which to-day, like so many green withes, bind the Conference and impede its action. It is all very much as if the duello were under discussion, and grave men should argue, not whether it ought to be done away with altogether, but whether duellists should fire at the drop of the handkerchief or on the count; whether there should be a nurse as well as physician in attendance; and whether all bullets and swords used should not be made antiseptic!

It was, of course, involved in the terms under which the Conference was summoned that it should not directly labor for the abolition of war; but the unfortunate consequence is such floundering as we now see at The Hague. You will not make much headway in putting an end to prize-fighting if you limit yourself to discussing amendments to the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry! And it is unhappily the case that a quiet assumption that war must and shall be preserved has underlain many of the Hague discussions. Even the alleged meliorators of war are not consistent, when it comes to the pinch. As Sir John Macdonnell points out in the July *Contemporary*, those, like Capt. Mahan, who oppose the exemption of private property at sea, affirm that to do so would be to make war less terrible, and so diminish the deterrent motives which keep nations from it. Yet their professed aim is precisely that of making war less terrible! But when it is proposed to make it so and also less *inviting*—to take away the prospect of prize money—the meliorators promptly abandon their position, and take ground which, logically, would compel them to defend every savagery of war as a deterrent.

It appears certain, as we say, that the high anticipations of convinced lovers of peace will not be realized by the Hague Conference. Yet it may be hoped that some humane agreements will be reached. Starting afresh from them, it will be in order to press on the work of making war as unthinkable as the ordeal or the duello.

THE HARRIMAN REPORT.

Mr. Harriman's criticism of the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on his railroad operations is (1) that it was marked by malign secrecy in the manner of its publication; (2) that it is not so much a public document as "a personal pursuit of me." Either point, his own lawyers could have told him, is *aliunde*. The report was given to the press associations in the usual manner of such official publications—that is, labelled "confidential," with a fixed date for "release," before which no part of it was to be used. Even if this were not the regular proceeding, it would not affect the validity and significance of the facts embodied in the report. They stand as of record. They were, indeed, largely brought out or verified by Mr. Harriman's own testimony at the public inquiry.

His charge that the Commission was unfairly "personal" in dealing with his transactions, strangely overlooks the nature of the case in hand. The report was not a Presidential speech, with its necessary vague generalizations about "the man who," or "any citizen who would," or "the evildoer," no names being mentioned. It was a specific inquiry into the specific misdeeds of a specific man; and not to out bluntly with his name would have been ludicrous. There is no question whatever of personal animus. The financial operations uncovered by the inquiry, and epitomized in the report, would not have smelled sweeter by any other name than Harriman.

Indeed, the Commission is not so directly hostile to Mr. Harriman as it had been expected to be. His prosecution for violation of the law is but vaguely hinted at. Even that stout determination to vindicate the Commission's jurisdiction, of which we had heard so much, and to compel Harriman to answer its questions about his personal speculative interest in the securities of the roads which he was manipulating, nowhere figures in the report. Yet it is scarcely conceivable that this purpose has been abandoned. All questions of personal antagonism, or personal consequence, put one side, it is of great importance that the Commission's powers of investigation be judicially defined. Unless, therefore, the intention is to let Mr. Harriman off with a perfunctory scolding, we must believe that the questions which the Commission put to him, and which he refused to answer, will be certified to a Federal court with a request that an order be issued directing him to give the facts about his stock-market activities. We are not yet ready to take the view, held by some, that Harriman is really well content with the report as it stands, and is satisfied that nothing more will be done.

If any one looked for sensational matter in the report, he was doomed to disappointment. There is nothing new in it. What we have is simply a review, very full, and, as it seems to us, scrupulously fair, of the evidence elicited at the hearings. If there is anything severely condemnatory of the Harriman methods, this lies in the recital of the facts, not in any punitive attitude of the Commission. The Alton affair comes in for the most trenchant arraignment, but this, again, arises merely from the lucid way in which the whole truth is set forth. The terrible summing up, of which it is open to Mr. Harriman to dispute the findings and figures if he can, is as follows:

> Taking the original cost of the property as it stood upon the books of the Alton Company December 31, 1898, as $39,935,887, adding the amount which appears by the testimony of Mr. Harriman, Mr. Felton, and Mr. Hillard to have been spent upon the property out of the new capital issued after Mr. Harriman and his associates obtained control of the road, to wit, about $18,000,000 (including the cost of the 58 miles of the Peoria road at $3,000,000), it shows that the foregoing liabilities of over $113,894,000 were placed upon property which had originally cost approximately $58,000,000, or an increase of stock and liabilities upon the road, for which not a dollar of tangible property had been added, of practically $56,000,000.

After this, it is not necessary to speak of the handling of the Alton securities, under the Harriman régime, as "rich in illustrations of various methods of indefensible financing."

Most people will think the Commission's final "Recommendations" meagre and disappointingly vague, if not conflicting. It is strongly urged that railways be confined to the business of transportation, and not allowed to invest "generally" in the securities of other railways or steamship companies. Yet many exceptions are at once indicated. "It is in the interest of the public to facilitate the consolidation of connecting lines." Is this a stone aimed so as to hit Harriman, but miss the President's friend Mellen? At all events, the legal and legislative difficulties encountered in attempting to prevent the consolidation of the New Haven and Hartford with the Boston and Maine, fall at the very moment of the appearance of the report to emphasize the fu-

tility of its mere generalities. The fallacy that lurks in these is plain in the last of the Commission's recommendations against the "inflating" of railway securities "for merely speculative purposes." Granting that this should be done, there is not the remotest suggestion how it could be done, either in law or practice. All told, therefore, we regard the body of the report as more valuable than its conclusions. The former sets out a body of ascertained fact; the latter are far less a plan of action than the expression of pious hopes.

THE ART OF STEALING CLOTHES.

In a German newspaper, Jean Jaurès, leader of the Unified Socialist party in the French Parliament, attempts an estimate of what has been accomplished by the three Socialist politicians who since 1899 have consented to assume ministerial positions. These men are MM. Millerand, Briand, and Viviani; and the writer's opinion, based on the career of all three, is that it decidedly does not pay to coöperate with the bourgeois elements, who have shown themselves able to "exploit" the proletariat's leaders as well as the proletariat itself. To M. Millerand, who became Minister of Commerce under Waldeck-Rousseau at the height of the Dreyfus crisis, M. Jaurès pays liberal tribute for his activity in establishing a ten-hour day for woman and child workers throughout France, his encouragement of the trade-union movement by according political recognition to the "syndicates," and his agitation in favor of old-age insurance, which resulted in the enactment of such a measure by the Chamber last year. But M. Millerand fell a victim to ambition, and instead of devoting his great talents to the welfare of his party "and hastening the hour when the working class, powerful enough at last and disciplined enough, might call into being and keep in being a 'government of social evolution,'" he chose to follow his own way towards the Premiership. As for M. Briand, he is only an unscrupulous wire-puller and "climber," who has grown from a fire-eating anarchist into a cheap Moderate, and is planning to swim into power on a Conservative wave.

"They steal our men," so we may sum up M. Jaurès's summary of the situation. And he proceeds to point out with exultation, though it is a somewhat wry-faced enthusiasm, that the "bourgeois" republic cannot dispense with the Socialists. "If it cannot obtain the coöperation of the moderate Socialists in carrying on the work of racial reform, it turns to the renegades from revolutionary Socialism in order to pursue a policy of repression. It cannot get on without the support of the working classes; it cannot even get along without traitors from our ranks." We may grasp the reason for the writer's bitterness when we recollect that, while Socialists, like all parties, have become accustomed to see their principles appropriated by their opponents and put into practice, in more or less modified form, under a more or less modified name, they have not yet learned how to remain unmoved when they see their leaders pass out of the camp or into the enemy's lines.

And yet it is difficult to see how fairly moderate Socialists of the type of M. Jaurès can look forward to any other future than one in which Socialist ideas and Socialist thinkers shall gradually filter over into bourgeois strata and fructify the barren soil—a process, however, which peacefully can go on only to a certain extent. Socialism in Europe has been recognized before as being two-fold in character: first, it stands for the abolition of private property, and, second, it stands for any number of social reforms, general or local in nature. Now, while Socialism may count upon the uncompromising hostility of the present order towards its main tenets, it must expect to see its secondary reforms, many of which are admirable and undeniably called for by European conditions, accepted one after the other by the parties in power. But it has been the mistake of French opportunists to imagine that they could advance through minor conquests to their ultimate aim. The so-called bourgeois parties will make concession after concession in the way of social reform, and when it comes to the sharp decision between the present fundamental order and collectivism, the *impasse* will be as sharp as ever. Premier Clemenceau formulated this thesis in a brilliant manner during his great debate with M. Jaurès last fall. "We take your ideas," he practically told the Socialists, "and carry them out, but we remain individualists." Or, to put it into homely form, "We are ready to wear any clothes you may prove our health or our good looks require; but we will *not* go naked."

Bebel and the German Socialists have clearly recognized the twofold nature of the Socialist programme, and have, logically enough, refused to take office under a "bourgeois" régime. They reason that the essentials of Socialism cannot be carried out until a majority of the nation has been converted to the true faith; and as for the secondary reforms, the "bourgeois" government can be forced to adopt them anyhow, without going to the trouble of converting good Socialists into bad Ministers. In other words, until they are strong enough to pass a law making it obligatory to go naked, the German Socialists are quite willing to let the Government go on stealing their clothes. As an Opposition party, they undoubtedly have pushed Germany in the direction of democracy. What is called State Socialism, Christian Socialism, coöperative movements of varying kinds, have all been stimulated by or risen in response to the Socialist propaganda. The same is true of Belgium, where the Socialists have forced the Catholic majority to adopt progressive labor legislation; and the same will probably be the case in Austria under universal suffrage.

When we come to the illogical Anglo-Saxon, it is more difficult to foretell how far he may carry the game of garment-stealing without owning up to it. With us, the label is still powerful; a fatally radical theory propounded by an unsafe Democrat, becomes a principle necessitated by marked changes in our national life when proposed by the party that never errs. Government *ownership* is a harmful thing, but if a Trust is wicked, the Government may *run* it; and so possibly some day it may be discovered that one might be right in discarding *all* his clothes, if we consider that, after all, he would be wearing a fine suit of epidermal tissue. In one of Anatole France's late philosophical romances there is a vision of Europe organized as one vast Socialistic federation under a republican form of government. England, however, is represented as constituting a separate Socialistic state—with a King and a House of Lords.

TRAINING FOR MUSEUM WORK.

We have before called attention to the new and interesting profession that has been opened up through the growth and creation of art museums, and noted that the supply of curators falls far short of the demand. If anything, the dearth of this kind of talent is likely to increase for a time. The older museums are unable to find department heads, and through such benefactions as that of Messrs. Johnson, Widener, and Elkins of Philadelphia, new and important galleries are founded as full grown. Meanwhile, directors seek in vain for experts, or bring them over the water.

Indeed, one may say that it is easier to find a good director than a competent staff of curators. Executive ability is not rare among us, and a number of organizers, frequently trained for other professions, have acquired a discursive knowledge of the whole field of art and a personal acquaintance with collectors and experts that fully qualify them for their new duties. In fact, men of this type are often preferable as executives to specialists. The smaller museums, and especially those that devote themselves to our own art, will generally be managed by a single chief of this character.

As for the museums of broader scope, it may be asked, Why should they not select promising young men and let them grow up into the curatorships? This argument might be supported by

the example of several curators of American training who, making the most of very slender advautages, have shown much energy, and have gained more than a respectable position. But a very little reflection will show that our museums are as yet too new to serve as training schools. In no department of any of them could a student hope to gain the material knowledge that is expected of a curator in a great European museum. And aside from the scantiness of the actual materials of research, the isolation of a young expert among us is in itself narrowing. Better than formal studies is association with seasoned connoisseurs, and this can as yet be had at home only in very scanty measure.

Since the career is open and attractive, one may assume that gradually the right persons will appear, even without organized encouragement. But meantime the need is acute. Our rapidly growing collections are either uncatalogued or inadequately listed, and through the very growth of departments the scieutific arrearage mounts up formidably. We need a supply of trained curators, and need it now, and sorely. Young men of considerable preliminary training and of uncommon initiative may, of course, study in such institutions as the École du Louvre, but we really want a training more generally available. Theoretically, the best way to meet the case would be to organize a museum school in one of the European capitals, preferably Paris, at which research in the history and connoisseurship of art would be conducted by great specialists, in the local museums. A rudimeutary plant and organization would suffice, a mere headquarters and working library. Nothing elaborate in the way of a faculty would be required, for the lectureships would chiefly be filled by European specialists, the courses varying according to the personnel of the student body. The residential term would be short, since such studies presuppose wide travel. As for ways and means, it might in the long run be good business for our museums to support such a school coöperatively, as, with private aid, our universities and colleges sustain the American School at Athens.

And here arises the query why such schools of archæology as those of Athens and Rome should not undertake this work. Evidently, it would be germane to their purposes, but unfortunately, neither is at present on a basis to give instruction of this special kind. On the other hand, both possess working libraries and the nucleus of a faculty. To add a museum department to either would be far less expensive than to begin afresh. Probably there is greater hope in raising these schools to a higher power than in founding another feeble American school on European soil. But, frankly, if either the Roman or the Athenian schol were to undertake this new function, a considerable reform and expansion would be necessary.

Considering the dearth of trained curators more broadly, a practical person might imagine that something could be done by coöperation, one expert cataloguing and arranging the collections of several museums. To meet an emergency, something of this sort may be and is being done. The Metropolitan Museum, for instance, borrowed Professor Morse of Boston to catalogue the Japanese potteries. In many cases it would be good policy to invite a European expert to put a department in order and lay down a scheme for its regular growth. On the purely scientific side, much may be done by such exchange of services. When it comes to buying, however—in many ways the most delicate function of a curator—it is evident that he cannot serve two masters. Coöperation, then, is at best a makeshift, and we face the necessity of manning our rapidly growing museums with really qualified officials, with much the feeling of the Hebrews who were bidden to make bricks without straw. For a wealthy donor to provide a proper training for this important and neglected branch of public service would evince an originality in benefaction rarely displayed in that hackneyed pursuit.

MUSIC IN NOVELS.

The heard melodies of real life are sweet, but the unheard melodies of poetry and prose fiction, if not sweeter, are more surprising. At times they even fill the reader with dismay. The first syllables of recorded time describe the strains from the fibula, the lyre, and the *tenuis avena;* in Dante there is the sound of the *angelica tromba,* while Dryden brings forward a whole orchestra in the St. Cecilia ode. There is a fascinatiou in Lucie's *clavecin* in De Musset's poem; and we admire the young man in "Maud," who sat up all night listening to the strange trio of "flute, violin, and bassoon." But it is in our later romance that music is most vividly described.

Sometimes it is vocal, and then not always of the best quality. There are female characters with untrained but powerful voices; there are artistic performers with weak voices; there are heroines with a low, rich contralto, and heroes with tender baritone voices. The number of high sopranos is, however, small; and there are almost no tenors. Every novel-reader knows the unhappy lady who has to take to the opera or concert stage for a living, being trained for her profession by an imbecile foreigner who speaks broken English and is himself in reduced circumstances. There are, moreover, flute-players. In novels the flute always "quavers," whereas in real life it pierces the ears and ruffles the temper. When American novelists tell about Bohemian life, they always bring on a flute-player, living in some street near Washington Square. It is inevitable, it seems, that Bohemians should pursue music, and have rooms in the neighborhood of South Fifth Avenue, although the chance of artistic advancement in that quarter is rather less than that of suffering from ptomaine poisoning.

Another familiar musician of fiction is the organist who sits alone in the church, pulls out all the stops, and fills the place with "glorious harmonies," until the heroine steals in, conceals herself in a pew, and at length emerges, to the embarrassment of both the player and herself. Harps went out of fashion with harpsicords; so the favorite instrument of the newer writers is necessarily the piano. Not all players have the virtuosity of Major Ponto's governess, who could play "Getting Upstairs" with variations, and who, having got the tune to the top of the landing, "hurled it down shrieking to the bottom floor." Musical experts have little patience with the sentimental young woman in the novel who relieves her feelings by letting her fingers "wander over the keys." Descriptions of such slovenly playing have ruined the technique of many a boarding-school miss. But occasionally, in turning to the exquisite fiction of our own time, we come upon real musical prodigies. Such an one was Martin Challoner, in E. F. Benson's artistic novel. He had been forbidden to have a piano in his rooms at Cambridge, but that made no difference. He could "even play Wagner on the piano"; and one lady said, "I believed he had instruments concealed about his person." The rector was not pleased when Martin played Lohengrin on the organ during the church service; but the player's friends were enraptured by his proficiency and the extent of his repertoire. When, for instance, he had finished "the fourth étude of Chopin," the heroine said, "Martin, play the Brahms variations." Next a great Russian performer exclaimed, "Play, if you happen to know it, really know it, I mean, Chopin's fifteenth prelude." He played it "so the rain beat, the gutter choked, the chariots of God thundered overhead, one ray of sunlight gleamed."

The Russian, although he practised for three hours "a couple of passages out of the Waldstein sonata," was no match for Martin. The latter's taste was very modern, and he made fun of the Hallelujah Chorus. Both these men of genius thought that Schumann was "stodgy," but they delighted in Bach. There was no stodginess when Martin got to work on one of the "Suites Anglaises," for, "like a cloudless dawn with the singing of birds after a night of storm and thunder, the exquisite melody

flowed from his fingers, precise, youthful, and joyous. . . . It sang as a thrush sings, . . . danced in a gavotte, moved slowly in a minuet, and romped through a bourrée like a child."

According to the new psychology, Martin must have been a degenerate, as he could not distinguish clearly between sounds and colors: "C-major is red. And F-sharp is blue—electric blue, like the grotto at Capri," he said. When he played "Chopin's first ballade," the heroine found herself "sitting bolt upright in her chair, with a strange tingling excitement spreading through her, and a heightened and quickened beating of the blood." And no wonder, considering what the piano was doing; "the wild lantern of the storm flared this way and that, and once more again after that stupendous riot in the skies the hot darkness was punctuated by the dreadful melancholy of the dripping rain."

We should have liked to hear a duet played by Martin and a fiddler-hero described in a recent American story, who could play "Wieniawski's B-flat concerto":

> First came a slow pure clematis of melody, delicate, archly fair, innocently unfolding, shyly confiding to a close. Then a rhythmic, vigorous second underran it, overbore it, nearly obliterated it, and the duality became a struggle—a struggle with an ache in it.

The only musical instrument which has not yet invaded the novel is the phonograph. But we shall doubtless soon be told how Jessamine carefully adjusted the disk, and how the full-throated melody seemed to make the Great Caruso a visible presence. The novelist may forget to add that the hero at once escaped through the low Tudor window and lighted a cigarette.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, June 12, 1907.

"No age can write its own history" or its own political biographies. James Drummond's "Life and Work of Richard John Seddon" (Christchurch and London: Whitcombe & Tombs) is able and painstaking; the writer has lived through the events that he narrates, and, as a journalist, has closely followed them day by day; though an admirer, he is not a blind partisan, and his work is reasonably impartial. As an account of the political history of New Zealand in the last quarter of a century, it may be accepted as eminently useful, if not quite definitive. For there are passages in the narrative where the stage is not as fully illuminated as it needs to be truly seen, and where important personages and incidents are left in shadow. Thus, the circumstances connected with Mr. Seddon's appointment to the premiership, in 1893, and the share of the Governor therein are not all related. The consequent struggle for the premiership between Seddon and the present chief justice of New Zealand, which should have found a separate chapter, has been ignored. All hung on that. Had it been otherwise settled, New Zealand, and after it Australia, would assuredly not have committed themselves so strongly, and might never have committed themselves at all, to intervention in the Boer war. The spirit of Imperialism would have been checked. The reaction of the Australasian colonies on the Motherland would have been weaker and less injurious. That victory not won, all Seddon's future would have been a blank and his past valueless. Certain chapters are, moreover, inadequate. While the history of the female suffrage movement, from its inception, is carefully given, the later stages of it are slurred over, because a true narrative would have reflected disadvantageously on the subject of the biography. Still more inadequate, to the extent of being positively false, is the account of the introduction of the Licensing bill. Nor is it true that the overwhelming majority at the polls in 1893 was for Seddon; it might have been for Stout; in reality, it was for a strict temperance measure, to which the ex-publican was opposed. In describing the impending bankruptcy of the Bank of New Zealand, only averted by the prompt action of the Government, Mr. Drummond does not mention Justice Gillies, who precipitated the crisis. Even when he has single happenings to tell of, he sometimes passes them by. He makes no mention of the two strokes of paralysis that foreshadowed Seddon's premature death, or the consequent trip to the South Sea Islands, big with consequences. The narrative of the fatal, and yet glorious, visit to Australia falls far short of the reality.

Mr. Drummond is not entirely to blame for the omissions and perversions. He was writing in the lifetime of his hero, when the whole truth could not be told. He was treading on the embers of still-smouldering fires. We can less easily forgive him for not making the most of his opportunities. Has he "no feeling for his business" that he has no word for the solemn arrival of the coffin in New Zealand at dead of night, when the crash of cannon from the warships "smashed the morning," and echoes rolled round and round the hill-encircled city? We also miss living portraits of the various personages mentioned, who pass before us like shadows. Yet Seddon's career was so remarkable that his biography furnishes lessons of all kinds for the public men of other countries. To American readers the chief interest of the book will be found in the detailed history of the labor legislation in which he played so large a part.

Mr. Seddon, who was a son of Anak, was a legitimate descendant of another Titan, Frederick Edward Maning, the author of "Old New Zealand, by a Pakeha Maori" (Whitcombe and Tombs). Pakeha Maori was the designation given to a white man living among the Maoris in the days that preceded the British annexation of the islands. Such Pakehas lived with the Maoris as the French settlers in Old Canada lived with the Indians. Maning married the daughter of a Maori chief, and reared a "dusky brood." An immigrant, he was naturalized as a member of a powerful tribe; a gentleman by birth, he at once became "a *rangatira* of the first water," or chief; an educated man (he was the grandson of a vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin), he was consecrated a *tohunga*, or priest, but to the last, he refused to divulge the mysteries of his order, though he always wrote of the *tohungas* with execration. The manners, usages, and sentiments of the Maoris he did, however, describe in a volume that is doubtless unique. For the first time the life of a savage people was related from within. The *tapu* (taboo, both consecration and excommunication) in all its forms and variants, with the terrible penalties consequent on the breach of it; *muru*, or legal robbery; *mana*, or prestige, are precisely defined and strikingly illustrated. The approach of an armed band, the war-dance, and the *tangi* (lament) are vividly described. A lurid sketch of a spiritualist *séance* shows Tyler's assertion, that these things belong to the stage of barbarism, to be correct. On such occasions all were, quite literally, in deadly earnest; and Maning's account of the "atmosphere of belief," the "taking of the feelings by storm," and the completeness of the deception would furnish a commentary on Bagehot's essay on "the emotion of conviction." His remarks on suicide prove the falsity of Durkheim's generalization. All this and much else form a happy hunting-ground for the sociologist, while the narrative is picturesque, often amusing, and at times enthralling.

There would seem to be a great gulf fixed between the roystering Lever of Maori life and the decorous missionary's son, who lost his judgeship for exposing the corruption of the Native Lands Department in New Zealand. Yet they had much in common. In his later and respectable days, the Bohemian was appointed a judge of the Native Lands Court, and both he and Wilson are authorities of the first rank on everything relating to the Maoris. As a judge, John Alexander Wilson was exceptionally well placed for understanding the institutions and ascertaining the traditions of the Maoris, and his "Story of Te Waharoa; together with sketches of ancient Maori Life and History" (Whitcombe and Tombs) is a "documented" twin treatise of high importance. It has been compiled from the MSS. of his father, who was one of the earliest missionaries, from unwearied personal inquries, and from the records of the courts. Judge Wilson is no such racy writer as Maning, and no such vivid sketches light up his pages. He is historical, where Maning is descriptive. His materials carry him back hundreds of years—to the times preceding the later Maori immigrations. He carefully distinguishes the earlier from the later strata of the population, and traces their separate usages to the two different but afterwards blended strands. (Here, however, it must be interpolated that his results, which have been disputed, must be carefuly sifted and not always implicitly accepted.) He describes lucidly their primitive communism and its gradual break-up. He tells of the women who led migrations and founded tribes, who caused tribes to be annihilated from revenge, who headed bands of Amazons and routed the enemy; but he tells also of women who got doomed villages to be spared, and who terminated inveterate hostilities by their mediation. The publishers who are re-issuing these New Zealand classics, handsomely got up and cheaply

priced, have earned the gratitude, not only of New Zealanders, but of all who are interested in the life and the history of savage peoples.

In a new and interesting preface Judge Wilson states, not as a belief, but as a fact, that a fair race preceded in New Zealand the immigration of the two brown races. Just this conclusion had Prof. Macmillan Brown arrived at in the articles now reprinted as "Maori and Polynesian," (London: Hutchinson). There he applies the thesis to the stratification of races in the Western Pacific with a wealth of erudition and a power of imaginative presentment that have no previous parallel in the same field. All that the author asks is that his argument shall receive an unprejudiced hearing. The evidence in favor of the conclusion seems preponderant, but in any case the volume is one of surpassing interest and scientific importance.

Political economy would appear to be out of date in these colonies, where ministers scout it, and legislation flies in its face, where political economy societies die out and an uncut copy of the "Wealth of Nations," with McCulloch's "Dissertations," can be bought for a shilling. Yet we are called on (a little late in the day) to notice a bold bid for a re-hearing of its claims. Fathers have sometimes had to continue the work of their sons, like that of "the apostle" Eliot, but H. Stanley Jevons more fittingly continues the work of his distinguished father ("Essays in Economics," Sydney: Angus & Robertson; also Macmillan). The late Professor Jevons was the founder of what his son names the Hedonic School in Economics. The economic theories of Adam Smith, when expounded in Glasgow College, startled the Glasgow merchants, and when Professor Jevons broached the views afterwards developed in "The Theory of Political Economy," the shrewd Lancashire cotton-spinners suspected that much learning or, rather, over-much abstract reasoning had affected the professor's sanity. There was literally a method in his madness, however. Taken up by Gossen, the new method has since been elaborated by Professor Pantaleone of Rome, and it is now being applied to the chief economic doctrines by Jevons's own son. His object is to fill up some of "the numerous gaps to be found in all existing text-books," and he shows no lack of originality in carrying out his plan. The book abounds in new terms, new definitions, new laws, new results. The distinctive feature of the method is the application to economic facts of the curves, perhaps first used by Babbage. It is here applied to the themes of Pleasure and Pain, Utility, Labor, Exchange and Capital, Rent, and Production. The variations of the curves are described, and their causes elucidated. The new developments not only found the science on psychology, but bring it into close connection with mathematics and mechanics. Political economy is thus treated as an exact science, to be cultivated effectively only by those who are trained in the methods of the physical sciences. Few are as well fitted to advance it as the young professor who relinquished a career as a geologist in Sydney in order to return to England and pursue an hereditary vocation.

A new note in Australian poetry is struck in "The Secret Key and Other Verses," by George Essex Evans (Sydney: Angus & Robertson; London: Australian Book Company). The "weird melancholy" of the bush had spread like a pall over earlier Australian verse, because it was sung by defeated men in a country where man had still an unequal battle to wage with nature. There are elegies and threnodies in this collection, but the pæan is now the measure, and it is raised by singers who are confident of themselves and proud of their country. Mr. Evans has succeeded Brunton Stephens as the poet-laureate of "Earth's mightiest isle." In a finely touched "Australian Symphony," with "undertones, weird, mournful, strong," he prophesies:

> Not as the songs of other lands
> Her song shall be,
> Where dim Her purple shore-line stands
> Above the sea!
> As erst she stood she stands alone;
> Her inspiration is her own.

He celebrates her historical events and her great days, her notable men and her "women of the west" in the musical verse of one to whom rhythmical utterance is a necessity. We understand the place and function of poets when we read such poems. They furnish their portion of the æsthetic accompaniment without which the history of a country would be as incomplete as a symphony without counterpoint.

Australian fiction is changing, like Australian poetry, and it is finding in the life of its cities themes less melancholy than the bush had supplied. Almost every man has passed once at least through a critical period when his life neared or reached a tragic point, and is fit to be presented in æsthetic form. So in "Bubble Reputation," by Alfred Buchanan (Melbourne: George Robertson & Co.), a collegian turned journalist skilfully blends a narrative that has the ring of autobiography with the story of the progress of the labor movement. Indigenous in substance, it is mimetic in form. Gertrude Atherton is widely read and intensely admired in Australia, and one of her books has had the honor of being publicly cited by a State attorney-general. "Bubble Reputation" is one of the offspring of that passionate and realist tale, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times." The general conduct of the story is similar in both; it works up to a like crisis, and many of the characters could be arranged in pairs. Most of those in the Australian novel are well-known figures in Sydney society and public life. The labor minister, who is meditating apostasy in order to become fashionable; the leader of the bar; the leader of the Opposition; the labor leaders and their intrigues; the press and the editor; "dæmonic" women, and the Sydney buck—are all skilfully drawn. The enchanting background of the Australian Corinth and its intoxicating nights, where the "Hymn to Proserpine" is more in keeping than "St. Agnes's Eve," the Randwick race course and its fascinations, are so described as to be realized. It is perhaps the first Australian fiction where the new social variety called Australian life, in all its brightness and gayety, has at last been vividly portrayed.

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

George Meredith's first book, a volume of "Poems," published with the imprint of John W. Parker & Son, in 1851, has always been the scarcest of the first editions of this author's writings. Of the copies that turn up in the market, fully one-half, it should seem, are presentation copies. The book apparently had a very small sale, and the author may have kept copies by him which he disposed of by giving them to his friends. We have recently seen a letter which shows that the book was printed at the author's expense, that the edition was 500 copies, and that 100 only were bound at the time of publication. This letter, which was written to I. Vizitelly, the printer of the book, is dated only "Weybridge, Thursday noon." It is, in full, as follows:

> Will you have the kindness to send me your account for the printing (500 copies), together with the binding of 100 volumes, immediately? as I am anxious to know whether the amount has overstept my calculations, or not. I trust the publication of the volume will not be delayed beyond Saturday & that I shall receive a volume from you on Sunday morning? Not receiving the Dedication and Titlep. has made me fear another delay.

The edition of Meredith's "Evan Harrington," published in New York by Harper & Bros., is dated 1860, whereas the first English edition, published by Bradbury & Evans, is dated 1861. It is probable that the latter was actually published in the autumn of 1860, and post-dated, as was the custom. Harper's edition was probably printed from an advance set of proof-sheets, or possibly from a transcript of the author's manuscript. There are several differences in wording on the first page, but no extended word for word comparison of the two editions has been made.

Three other books by Meredith were first issued in book form in the United States. "The House on the Beach" was included in Harper's Half Hour Series, in 1877. It was a small 32mo pamphlet, price 20 cents, but is now very rare. "The Case of Gen'l Ople and Lady Camper" and "The Tale of Chloe" were published at 25 cents each by the John W. Lovell Company in 1890, the first being issued under date of June 23, and the second under date of July 7. These three stories were first collected in England in 1894.

Reports have been received on a few lots at the sale of the library of the Dukes of Altemps, sold by Sotheby, July 8. A Homer in Greek, printed on vellum (only two others known), at Rome, 1542-51, four volumes, in the original Venetian binding of brown morocco on heavy oak boards, brought £251. Raoul le Fevre's "Recueil des Histoires de Troyes," Lyon, 1490, lacking title and two other leaves (one probably a blank), brought £175. An undescribed edition of Cato in Italian, twenty-six leaves, brought £21.

The world of letters owes too much to the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul for his death (July 4) to pass without notice. He was a Maecenas, not of the men of letters themselves, but of their literary remains. He had passed his life and spent his fortune in saving from destruction the original manuscripts of books, letters, household accounts, marginal scribblings of the great French writers of the nineteenth century; his industry extended to printers'

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proofs corrected by the author. All these, with first editions, he stored and classified and described in his great private house at Brussels. The whole collection now goes, by his will, to the Institut de France, to be kept for students' reference and visitors' curiosity in the Château of Chantilly, left for such purposes with all his own collections by the Duc d'Aumale. The scrutinizing Vicomte had been at work for more than half a century. After Balzac's death he rescued manuscripts from butcher and baker and corner grocer, who were using them to wrap up their merchandise. Some one, of course, had cast them aside as refuse after the voluminous writer's death. Material was found for more than one volume of unpublished Balzaciana, among the rest a "bourgeois" tragedy which was found in a corrected proof of the author. There were letters of Théophile Gautier in this omnivorous colection; of George Sand and Alfred de Musset; of Alfred de Vigny. From these documents M. de Lovenjoul had already compiled a new species of book, not the least important in the history of literature—his "History of the Works" of Balzac and of Théophile Gautier. During life he was always ready to put his treasures at the disposition of every genuine student; they will now be open to independent research. It is to be hoped that the minute erudition of the collector has been left in some manageable shape, like an annotated catalogue of his unique collection.

Correspondence.

E. L. GODKIN AND JOHN CASSELL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been reading with very great interest Mr. Rollo Ogden's "Life of Edwin Lawrence Godkin." The early connection of Godkin with the firm of Cassell is mentioned, but Mr. Ogden could not identify the magazine of which he was the sub-editor. I think I can supply this information, and also show that the work was excellent training for Godkin's future. John Cassell was a native of Manchester, where, after working in the factory, he became a carpenter. In the early days of the temperance movement—in 1833—he heard a lecture by Thomas Whittaker (the father of the present Sir T. P. Whittaker), and became an ardent advocate of "teetotalism." With a watchman's rattle, as he passed from village to village, he called the people together to hear what he had to say on the subject. After establishing a profitable business in the sale of coffee, he became also a publisher. He first started with the *Teetotal Times*, and then in 1848 began the *Standard of Freedom*. On January 5, 1850, he issued the first number of the *Working Man's Friend and Family Instructor*, and it came to an end March 26, 1853. It was a soberly written paper, appealing in the main to the skilled artisan class with whose thoughts and needs Cassell was familiar. The contributors included William and Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer, Charles Swain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jules Verne, Émile Montegut, and others. The magazine was issued at a penny a week, and contained tales, sketches, poems, lessons in French, and a wide variety of other matters. The ideals were self-help, universal peace, the widening of the franchise, religious equality, free trade, temperance, and all that which in 1850 was meant by the Radicals when they used the word "Progress."

One of Cassell's many ideas was that of encouraging working men and women to attempt literary composition—an excellent idea in many ways. He may have thought that he would thus make vocal some mute Milton and render him glorious, but apart from that desire a full knowledge of the mother tongue is best attained by a serious effort at expression. Those who have struggled with the difficulties of intelligibly and adequately stating their own thoughts will be all the readier to appreciate the greatness of the masters of style. Cassell did not find any Shakespeares or Miltons among the workmen. Perhaps his greatest discoveries were Janet Hamilton, the Scotch shoemaker's wife, whose homely verses gained her a meed of fame, and John Alfred Langford, a chairmaker, who afterwards attained distinction as a journalist and as the historian of Birmingham. But "The Literature of Working Men," as these monthly supplements were styled, caused something of a sensation and excited the interest of Cobden and other friends of education. It was an English parallel to the "Lowell Offering," and all the more remarkable because the average of popular education was lower in Great Britain than in the United States.

In this *Working Man's Friend* appeared the series of illustrated articles which, after much recasting, omission, and revision, became Godkin's "History of Hungary." There are similar series on "China and the Chinese," on "Egypt, its Edifices and Its People," "The Holy Land," "Spain and Its People," and "Russia and the Russians," which have much the same characteristics as the Hungarian series. They are frankly compilations, but the dry facts are from time to time illuminated by comment, which, if it has the "profundity of youth," has also its strength and sympathy. When the *Working Man's Friend* ceased to be published, its place was taken by the *Popular Educator* and by the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*. The curious in such matters may see in this first magazine issued by John Cassell the germ of most of the departments of literature in which the firm he founded afterwards became so important. He died at the early age of forty-eight in 1865.

The *Working Man's Friend*, with its supplements, makes nine duodecimo and three quarto volumes. Once only do we find the name of Edwin L. Godwin, and that is as the author of a sketch entitled "A Christmas in Rathnagru" (December 25, 1852, p. 197). This is a weird story of a college duel and of the visitations of the banshee to a country house. It is sufficient to show that Godkin might have done something notable in fiction if he had cultivated imaginative literature. This latent talent for story-telling remained undeveloped.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, England, July 5.

PROFESSOR BUGGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death of Prof. Sophus Bugge of Christiania is not only a loss to Norwegian scholarship and Germanic philology, but constitutes for many students of this branch of learning a distinctly personal bereavement. You will, therefore, perhaps allow one who during his student days enjoyed the good fortune of having Professor Bugge for his *privatpraeceptor*, to add a few remarks of a more personal nature to your announcement of this scholar's death.

Professor Bugge's attainments may be said to be a matter of common fame, having been recognized by learned institutions the world over; but when it comes to an appreciation of Bugge's character and influence, mention must be made, first of all, of that beauty of temper, that all-permeating kindliness of heart, which made out of every pupil, out of every one with whom he came into personal contact, a friend and lifelong admirer. Those who had the opportunity to study under Bugge—to listen to his lectures on the Eddas, on Runic Inscriptions, Sanscrit, Gothic, etc.—will ever cherish the picture of this teacher with the great head that seemed so weighted down by thought and study that it was always rocking in one direction or another, with the large, kindly, veiled eyes, almost hidden behind a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and they will consider it one of their life assets—as does the present writer—that they have sat at the feet of this Gamaliel. Bugge's teaching was scholarly and scientific to a degree, and he knew how to instill into his listeners his own spirit of scientific courage combined with modesty and reserve; and even if he could not transfer to them his own gift of intuition in emendation and interpretation, they could not but be helped and inspired by the presence of genius. The present writer knows of only one academic teacher who in the matter of inspiring students could be compared with Bugge, namely, Prof. Eduard Sievers of Leipzig; there may be others, but Bugge will always be classed in the front rank.

Bugge's lasting contribution to science will, no doubt, have to be sought as much in that almost innumerable series of monographs which are found scattered in learned magazines in many languages and countries, and relating to the several branches of philological research, and in the many suggestions which with lavish hand he contributed to the works of others, as in his own numerous independent publications.

Among these latter his edition of the Eddic poems—whereof Vigfusson rightly remarks that Bugge has thrown "light on many obscure places by the happy and *certain* emandations which by some gift of divination he had the secret of making"—will always maintain a high position. His last important work, the publication of the Norwegian Runic Inscriptions, was commenced in 1891, and its first volume, in six parts, completed in 1903. The second part of the second volume has been, since 1904, announced as "in the press"; it can, therefore, confidently be hoped that this thesaurus was completed by Bugge's own hand before his death. His "Studies on the Origin of the old Scandinavian Mythical and Heroic Tales" have, on the other hand, proved more fruitful in suggestions and discussions than in establishing any certain results. That Bugge was right in the main

principle, there can be little doubt, but the details are still *sub judice*.

Linked, as he was, by ties of the most intimate friendship, to scholars in all the Scandinavian countries, Bugge could not help being distressed by the growing enmity between Swedes and Norwegians during the latter years of the Scandinavian Union, and he did all in his power to promote friendship between the peoples. Thus when some years ago, his pupils and friends subscribed a fund to perpetuate Bugge's name at the Christiania University, he decided that the money should be employed as an endowment for scholarships for Norwegian students at Danish and Swedish universities; and he was one of the prime movers in the establishment of an exchange of professors between the Scandinavian universities, by which Swedish professors have been giving a series of lectures in Christiania and Copenhagen, Danish in Norway and Sweden, Norwegian in Sweden and Denmark. He hoped greatly that in this way the Scandinavian, peoples, and particularly the student class, might come to a better mutual understanding. Nevertheless, Bugge appreciated the necessity of the rupture, and was a loyal adherent of the new order of things.

To Bugge is truly applicable that saying of the old Norwegian sage and poet: "Chattels die, kinsmen die, one's self dies, the same; but the report of good fame never dies for whoever attains it." Or, as Euripides says:

Πολλῶν δακρύων ἔσται πίτυλος· τῶν γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπενθεῖς φῆμαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσι.

P. GROTH.

New York, July 9.

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG AND THE IDAHO TRIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I returned two weeks ago from Boisé to Boston, the newspapers circulated a few remarks which I made concerning Harry Orchard's subjective truthfulness. The reaction followed immediately. At first I was blamed for trying to influence the court and the jury. As next step came the inevitable: some lawyers of the defence told the world, and the Socialistic papers echoed it, that the whole thing is graft. I had been the "guest" of the prosecution and had simply been "paid" to spread interviews favorable for Orchard. And, finally, in the last week, the serious papers began to show that "modern psychology" has made a failure, as my interviews contained, after all, only observations which any one might make without eight hours of psychological experimenting, and that the time of my trip thus seems wasted. The opinion, "seriously entertained by intelligent Bostonians," that there exist psychological methods of examining the "truth-telling powers" of a witness seems thus exposed to deserved ridicule. As long as the criticism referred to me personally, I kept silent, with the intention to wait till the trial is over, but since it turns now against "psychology," I feel obliged to break my silence.

As to my short remarks about Orchard's truthfulness before the end of the trial, I plead these extenuating circumstances. First, I absolutely refused to speak a word for publication in Boisé; all the interviews which I discovered later in Eastern papers were written without my humble coöperation. Secondly, my remark that Orchard believes now what he says came out in the following way: I had been four days and nights in the hot sleeper, reached Boston late, overfatigued, and had still half an hour's trip in the accommodation train from Boston to Clifton. In this half-hour I found at my side a gentleman who told me that his paper wanted a few words concerning Orchard, and that he did not wish to trouble me at the station, but he thought I might have time for it in the train, which he had boarded for that purpose. I refused at first everything, but as I had to sit with him half an hour, we entered into conversation, and I acknowledged finally that in my opinion Orchard's confession is substantially reliable. I was overtired, and did not think at all of the possibility that such remark would go beyond the Boston morning paper. Of course, the next morning, when it was out, and was wired over the land, I could not avoid explaining to a new interviewer in a few words the way in which I had reached that opinion. That was all. I may add, thirdly, that I knew, of course, that my inquiries could not come into the court room in any form, and that the jury had no chance to read a line about the case in the papers; the idea of influencing the trial is thus not in question.

As to the hint that I was the "guest" of the prosecution or that I was "paid" by some one for these extracted interviews I do not think it necessary to answer or to defend myself. But in justice to all concerned I want to say emphatically that no one at any stage of my investigations or before or after dared even to suggest to me that I—with or without pay—ought to find material in favor of Orchard. On the contrary, every one respected the complete objectivity of my methods, and every one knew that I had a strictly scientific and not a legal, still less a commercial, interest in the case. The fact is that on the first day after seeing Orchard on the witness stand all my personal antipathy went to him and my sympathy to Haywood, and stayed there till to-day, but my psychological studies had nothing to do with such feelings.

Now, as to these studies: am I really to blame that I have abstained from any report of my observations and experiments? As soon as the trial is over I shall report in scientific archives what I have found, and, as public interest is awake and as the value of experimental psychology for the court room deserves full discussion, I shall try to sketch at least some of the methods and results also in popular form. To-day I cannot do anything but beg serious readers not to judge the methods of psychology from accounts which do not give the slightest idea of the real experiments involved. If I had really drawn my conclusions as to Orchard's reliability from those superficial impressions which the papers reported, I should feel morally obliged to resign the chair of psychology in Harvard University. I may say at least to-day that the chief proof lies for me in certain results of the time measurement of associations, a complex method which has been developed for legal purposes in the last two or three years. To deny that the experimental psychologist has indeed possibilities of determining the "truth-telling powers" is just as absurd as to deny that the chemical expert can find out whether there is arsenic in a stomach or whether blood spots are of human or of animal origin. I shall show my methods in all detail, and beg only that the newspaper trial against experimental psychology be postponed till the trial against Haywood is ended.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

Clifton, Mass., July 12.

Notes.

The next volume of the Highways and Byways Series, to be published by Macmillan in the autumn, will take up Kent, Walter Jerrold writing the text and Hugh Thomson doing the illustrations.

Two more volumes have been added to the Dent-Putnam Classiques Français: Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes," with Preface by Émile Faguet, and "Contes Choisis" of Voltaire, with Preface by Gustave Lanson.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce a New Handy Information Series, with such titles as "How to Play Golf," "How to Play Chess," "Handy Book of Card Games," "Handy Book of Synonyms," and "How to Keep Well."

Henry Frowde is reprinting, from the Proceedings of the British Academy, Prof. William Ridgeway's paper on "The Date of the First Shaping of the Cuchulainn Saga."

John W. Luce & Co. have arranged to bring out in the autumn an American edition of Agnes Tobin's "On the Death of Madonna Laura," which was reviewed in the *Nation* last week.

Among the autumn announcements of L. C. Page & Co. are: "Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre," by Francis Miltoun; "Castles and Keeps of Scotland," by F. R. Fraprie; "Turkey and the Turks," by W. S. Monroe; "Umbrian Cities of Italy," by J. W. & A. M. Cruickshank; "A Woman's Journey Through the Philippines," by Florence Kimball Russell; "Mexico and Her People To-day," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Old New England Inns," by Mary Caroline Crawford.

D. H. Bates's memories of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" will be published in book form by the Century Company this autumn.

The Mayor of Lichfield makes an appeal for money to restore the house in which Samuel Johnson was born, and which since 1901 has been a public museum and memorial of the illustrious moralist. The building, unfortunately, has for lack of funds fallen into a state of dangerous decay.

A hitherto unknown work of Gobineau has been discovered by Prof. W. Schemann of Freiburg, i. B., and is to be published in the near future under the title of "La troisième République Française et ce qu'elle veut," the chief purpose of the book being to lay bare and warn against the dangers of intellectual centralization in France. In general the book gives an interesting picture of the intellectual life under the third republic, the most attractive chapter being perhaps that on Napoleon III. and his ef-

forts, exerted in vain, to combat the growing power of the bureaucracy.

The Garibaldi centenary should be useful in gathering indications of genuine experiences written out at the time. The dozen South American years have so far been totally neglected. For the Expedition of the Thousand, France has, besides Marc Monnier's newspaper correspondence, Dumas *père's* "Garibaldiens," Ulric de Fonvielle's letters, with Edouard Lockroy's drawings, in *Le Monde Illustré*, and Maxime Du Camp—all of the Thousand. Lockroy is still an active member of Parliament. Gen. Türr, the hero's *alter ego*, is still able if he wishes, to write the most desirable of memoirs.

The interest excited in the memoirs which were pretty certainly left by the late Count Nigra, but which for obvious reasons may not be given to the public for a long time, should not lead to forgetfulness of the valuable literary work connected with his career and published during his lifetime. His historical importance is due to the fact that he was the disciple, bosom friend, diplomatic agent, and international representative of Cavour, whose work he was charged with continuing. There is no one left in Europe, not even the venerable Visconti-Venosta, who has had the same experience in length of time and European extent of the men who transformed the Continent after 1848. Emperor Francis Joseph, it is true, still remains, but he was limited to his post, and is not likely to write memoirs. What could be told discreetly Count Nigra published during his lifetime in his "Ricordi Diplomatici"—personal impressions of a vanished world. The letters written to himself by the Comtesse de Circourt, and those of Cavour to that lady of the historic Salon, are of the highest value to all who wish to know something of the inside of history. Folk-lorists will remember his "Popular Songs of Piedmont"; and Italians may still pride themselves on his translation of the Greek Hymns of Callimachus. It was Massimo d'Azeglio who counselled him to cultivate poetry as a relief from statesmanship, pointing to his own example in painting. But at that time it was also thought that the training in statesmanship included a knowledge of the world of the past as well as that of the present.

The conferring the honorary degree of LL.D. on the King of Siam by the University of Cambridge during his recent visit to England, was not a tribute to mere royalty, but to the man himself. He is the first sovereign of Siam, to quote from Dr. Sandys, the public orator of the occasion, who had set before him, as the law of his existence, that it was the duty of a king to live, not for himself alone, but for the good of his people. He had no sooner ascended the throne than he became the foster-father, the preserver and defender, the liberator and educator of his people. His zeal for education was shown by the fact that not a few of the royal princes had been sent to Harrow and other great schools, and to both Oxford and Cambridge. Among his gifts to the university library were thirty-nine volumes of the Sacred Books of Siam, and the success of the Cambridge Ethnological Expedition of 1899 was largely owing to his Majesty's hospitality and generosity.

The serious problem of the unemployed in England is being solved by the National Institution of Apprenticeship. The majority of the unemployed, said Lord Avebury in an address at a meeting held on June 28, in the Mansion House, and presided over by the Lord Mayor, "were so because they were unskilled laborers," and their great number was largely due to the diminution of apprenticeships. Accordingly, the institution was founded in 1905, "in order that boys and girls should start life with the advantage not only of a liberal education and training given in the schools, but also with a practical training which was to be had in the workshop." Since its work began, over 200, mostly boys, have been apprenticed, and applicants for places now exceed forty per week. On the registers of the institution there are the names of more than 400 carefully selected masters, many of them ranking among the most important in their respective trades, who have taken, or agreed to take, apprentices from the institution. The only qualifications required of an applicant are his or her respectability and fitness for the selected trade. No question of religion or party politics is asked. It lends money for premiums when necessary, and supervises the apprenticeships so as to ensure as far as practicable that the apprentices are properly taught their trades and do their duty to their masters.

In France, where this kind of research is particularly cultivated, a third prehistoric congress is to be held between the 13th and the 18th of August in Autun, Burgundy, under the auspices of the Société Préhistorique de France. The first congress of this kind was held in Périgueux, in 1903, and the second in Vannes, in 1906. Autun is the classical Augustodunum, which under Augustus took the place of the ancient Bibracte, described by Cæsar and Strabo as the oldest and most important town in Gallia Lugdunensis. It is to-day the chief site for prehistoric research in France, especially in regard to military camps and fortifications, which is to be the leading theme of the coming congress. The museums and antiquities of Autun will be carefully studied by the members of the congress, and a three days' excursion to important archæological sites in the neighborhood constitutes a part of the programme.

The committee of the New York Library Association on library institutes reports that the plan first adopted last year, of dividing the libraries of the State into numerous small groups and holding a single day's meeting at the centre of each of these groups, has proved an even more decided success this year than last. In all, twenty-eight meetings were held, at which the number of libraries represented ranged from two to eighteen, and the attendance from six to thirty-five. The average representation was seven libraries and sixteen persons at each meeting. The total attendance for all the meetings numbered 453 persons, representing 207 libraries. These figures show a gain of thirteen libraries and fifty-one persons over the attendance last year, and a gain of more than 100 per cent. over the attendance under the old plan of two years ago. At each meeting, the problems to be discussed were selected by the librarians of the group from a list of twenty-five submitted by the committee. The topics chosen, in the order of their popularity, were as follows: "Book-selection," discussed at seventeen meetings; "Where to Buy Books and How," at thirteen; "Reference Books Most Used," at eleven; "Recent Books," at eight; "Mending Books," at eight; "Liberality to Borrowers," at six; "Fines and Penalties," at six; "Use of Magazines," at six. Fourteen other topics found a place on the programme of one or more meetings. Three topics contained in the list submitted by the committee proved to be of so little interest that they failed to find a place on any programme. These were "Branch Libraries," "Hours of Opening," and the "Accession Book."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports that the educational authorities of the Province of Brandenburg, to which Berlin belongs, have entered into an agreement with a number of English and French educational boards for the purpose of exchanging graduates of the female normal colleges of these three countries. Last year a number of young French women teachers received temporary appointments in Germany with satisfactory results; and the aim of the new negotiations has been to extend this scheme of international exchange in higher educational work. It will be remembered that during the past few years a number of gymnasium teachers in institutions along the French and German borders have been employed as instructors in the practical acquisition of their own tongue in the schools across the national lines.

"Outdoors," by Ernest McGaffey (Scribners), is a reprint in book form of about thirty nature sketches contributed originally to the Chicago *Record*. Papers on various forms of shooting and fishing alternate quite regularly with such bloodless subjects as "Under a Greenwood Tree," "A Northern Nightingale," "In Dim October," and "The Bare, Brown Fields." Mr. McGaffey has the true instinct for outdoor life, but the chapter on "Hunting with Ferrets" betrays a bad flaw in its development. The ferret belongs to the pot-hunter, and any attempt to introduce it into higher society is to be resented.

The Rev. Dr. Allan Pollok, for many years connected with the Presbyterian College of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and now honorary principal of that institution, has embodied in a volume entitled "Studies in Practical Theology" his counsels on the personal life and public duties of the ministry, as they have shaped themselves in the instruction of several generations of theological students (Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons). While the subject of preaching and pulpit preparation is not neglected, much more space is devoted to such topics as the clergyman's life as a student, the conduct of public worship, the administration of the Church and the visitation of the sick, than is usual in homiletical treatises. The best traditions of the Scottish ministry, among which are scholarly industry, personal dignity, unfailing courtesy, and above all things, fidelity and conscientiousness, find a kindly and gentle exponent in Principal Pollok. While it is doubtless true that lectures on pastoral theology never produced a good clergyman, he may be deemed a most unusual minister who finds none of Principal Pollok's pages profitable for correction.

While Prof. A. L. Hickman's "Geographisch-Statistischer Universal-Taschen-Atlas" (G. Freytag & Berndt, Wien und Leipzig) may not supply a "long-felt want," it does furnish a desirable convenience. This little book, 7″x4″x0.75″, is nothing more nor less than a sort of geographical encyclopædia. Besides the maps, sufficiently clear and numerous for ordinary purposes, it contains a mass of political, commercial, politico-economic, etc., data. For example, the "Tables of All the States of the Earth" give in alphabetical order for each continent the name and form of government of each state, the name of the ruler and of his heir, the area, population and density of the capital and other important cities, with their populations, the money system, and the chief products of manufacture and tillage. Especially numerous are the diagrams, in colors, comparing, for example, population of countries and cities, religions, and all the other elements dear to the heart of the statistician. The gold and silver money of each nation of the world is represented in full size. We are obliged to note that in the matter of maps the Americas are not so well treated as Europe. But this apart, the book is one to be kept within reach, for nothing but a turn of the hand is required in its consultation.

Oscar Browning is at pains to inform us in the preface to "The Fall of Napoleon" (John Lane Co.) that his book is intended as a "personal history" of the Emperor during the period 1813-1815; but it must not be inferred from this that he has turned over a new leaf and taken to psychological history after the manner of Lamprecht, or, let us say, Nordau. Far from it; there is nothing in this book of psychology, or of historical research, in the strict sense, or of literary grace in any sense, but only two familiar, if dissimilar, facts, Napoleon and Mr. Browning. His volume is, in fact, a general history of three years of Napoleon's career and shows no very distinctive merit, save that it is not marred by the extreme carelessness of his last book on the same subject. The author is a mild apologist of Napoleon, and has taken Albert Sorel as his chief guide. Of the French historian he says, "his great work on Europe and the French Revolution places him as an historian only second to Taine," a sentiment which many will not echo.

Another aspect of the history of the great Corsican is that dealt with by W. H. P. Phyfe in his "Napoleon, the Return from St. Helena" (Putnams). The book is slight, contains more blank than printed pages, and sets forth the well-known circumstances of the transfer of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena. There is also a description of the tomb in which he now reposes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued at the Riverside Press a special edition of "The Poems of Maria Lowell," which leaves nothing to be desired in the *simplex munditiis* now aimed at by the best bookmakers in place of the illegible elegancies of the school of William Morris. Maria Lowell was, it need scarcely be said, the first wife of J. R. Lowell, a New England woman of fine spirit and culture. After her early death, in 1853, her husband had a small edition of her poems printed to be distributed among his friends. Before his own death he had in mind to reissue the little volume with various additions; but the project was never carried out, and the present reprint adheres to the original contents. The poems are amateurish in part, with the peculiar thinness of temperament or the spirituality, one scarcely knows which to call it, that marks the lesser New England literature. But it has its distinct charm, and here and there a very genuine beauty, as in this sonnet, which we may transcribe:

In the deep flushing of the Western sky,
The new moon stands as she would fain be gone,
And, dropping earthward, greet Endymion:
If Death uplift me, even thus should I,
Companioned by the silver spirits high
And stationed on the sunset's crimson towers,
Bend longing over earth's broad stretch of bowers,
To where my love beneath their shades might lie;
For I should weary of the endless blue,
Should weary of my ever-growing light,
If that one soul, so beautiful and true,
Were hidden by earth's vapors from my sight,
Should wane and wane as changeful planets do,
And move on slowly, wrapt in my own night.

OFFICIAL PRAGMATISM.

Pragmatism. Popular Lectures on Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

In these lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute and at Columbia University, Professor James presents informally the theory of Pragmatism, which he has adopted, even if he did not devise it. The subject is one well suited to popular treatment, for the pragmatic position is essentially that of the average man, of the man in the street. Furthermore, Professor James has an unconventional way of dealing with philosophical questions, so that by graphic illustration and by simple language he attracts attention and wins assent. He observes that Pragmatism is not a new, but an old, way of thinking. It is indeed as old as Aristophanes, who shows Strepsiades, in the "Clouds," opposing his pragmatic views to the philosophy of Socrates. For the explanation and defence of Pragmatism given by Professor James is simply a quasi-philosophical apology for practical as opposed to philosophical thinking, and *Unphilosophie* has always been applauded by the crowd.

We find in these lectures all the old objections and criticisms which the "plain man" has always made to scientific philosophy. Professor James states these cleverly, and makes the most—as superficial writers have always done—of the inability of philosophers to answer their own questions. He borrows Schopenhauer's sneer at the "professional philosophers," and says that he turns away from "abstraction and insufficiency" towards "concreteness and adequacy, towards facts, towards action, and towards power," being apparently oblivious of the difficulties which lurk in such abstractions as action and power. The "empiricist temper" must be "regnant," and rationalism must be given up, that is, we must be content with skepticism in theory, and with non-rational practice. We are left in doubt, even after Professor James has explained in the simplest language his interesting opinions, what these value-judgments are worth which determine what is true. He says:

The Schiller-Dewey view of truth has been so ferociously attacked by rationalistic philosophers, and so abominably misunderstood, that here, if anywhere, is the point where a clear and simple statement should be made.

About this there can be no question, for Pragmatism stands or falls with its criterium of truth, and with its method of determining how that criterium is justified. Now, what is the "clear and simple statement" made by the author? First, he gets involved in the mere definition of truth, which he says means agreement with reality; for we must determine what is true before we reach reality. Secondly, he speaks of the truth of ideas, which, as a matter of fact, are neither true nor false; and, thirdly, he says that the truth of an idea is not a stagnant property inherent in it, which no sane modern philosopher ever supposed it was. "Truth happens to an idea. It *becomes* true, is *made* true by events." "The true, to put it very briefly, is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving." And again he says: "Grant an idea or belief to be true, what concrete difference will its being true make in any one's actual life?" Now, assuming that truth is not, but is made, how shall we recognize it after events have made it? If it be said, "by its expediency," we must then ask how is expediency determined, and is it true that expediency determines truth? The problem must be solved intellectually. Possibly this is why the lecturer says that the third stage in the career of Pragmatism is where its adversaries assert that they have discovered the theory; for if the theory is to be vindicated it must be by the intellectualist's, not by the pragmatist's method. One is reminded of the identification by Cudworth of morality with the "eternal fitness of things," without an explanation of what makes a thing fit. Professor James declares that it is the same thing to say that an idea is useful because it is true, and to say that it is true because it is useful. But in that case why distinguish the two terms? If they are indistinguishable, either proposition is tautologous and meaningless.

It would be easy to show how this method breaks down when any philosophical problem comes up for solution. A few instances will suffice. Pragmatism, we are told, has no dogmas, because it looks away from "first things, principles, categories, supposed necessities," and looks towards "last things, fruits, consequences, facts"; yet only a page earlier, five mutually exclusive "last things," "consequences," are presented, and their reconciliation arrived at by a principle beside which even the Hegelian dialectic seems childlike and transparent. For, says the Pragmatist, however contradictory to your way of thinking mine may be, if each has a value, each is a true way of thinking. To illustrate: In one room an atheist is scoffing, in another a Christian is praying. If it does not "matter" to the atheist that there is no God, or to the theist that there is one, then why should the rationalist intrude upon the dispute? Both atheist and theist believe what is expedient to each, and so the belief of each must be true. Such a reduction to the absurd of the ancient Protagorean indifferentism is a further proof that the essential fault of Pragmatism is in its test of truth. At bottom the error lies in a kind of intellectual laziness or shiftlessness, a desire to shuffle off the responsibility of the mind. It is the scholastic sister of

artistic impressionism and moral opportunism.

To take another case, there is the controversy about free-will which Professor James approaches as if he intended to discuss it seriously, but leaves with a few irrelevant remarks, of which the following is a sample: "Free-will pragmatically means *novelties in the world*, the right to expect that in its deepest elements, as well as in its surface phenomena, the future may not identically imitate the past." The same might be said with equal truth of any physical effect. But even if it could not, how could such a proposition as that just quoted be proved pragmatically?

It seems hardly requisite to look further at this form of opinion. It does very well for the average practical man, to whom little matters except the events which occur within touch of his right hand. But to call this superficial empiricism philosophy is like confusing truth and value.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Militants. By Mary Shipman Raymond Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Andrews is an accomplished story-teller, writing at times with a rhythm and dignity which place her quite above the average. The material of her stories, however, is of most unequal merit, and a slightly defective sense of structure often makes for a too obvious ending. Out of the present volume, "The Militants," more than one story arrests attention, not only for the manner, but for an unusual quality of simple, old-fashioned piety. "The Messenger" even touches upon the supernatural without the flatness commonly attending such risky ventures. The colonel sends out Lieut. Morgan to warn Captain Thornton that Black Wolf has taken the war path. Morgan's companion is delayed by a lame horse, and the young lieutenant rides on alone after nightfall towards the Black Wind mountains. The whole episode is too delicately told to deserve the ignominy of a second-hand narration. Suffice to say that the young soldier is helped by an angelic presence in such a way that neither hero, author nor reader is made in the least ridiculous. This miracle is brought about by two things: Mrs. Andrews's evident sincerity (a single mindedness so complete that to her Indians are as "cruel and filthy" as if no Indian Rights Association had ever undertaken to civilize the white man), and the really lofty key which she sustains throughout.

Like "The Messenger," "The Bishop's Silence" and "The Witnesses" are profoundly religious. Mrs. Andrews is no questioner; apparently a devout churchwoman, she looks out upon the world with sturdy belief. With the pen of to-day, she has rather the mind of a generation ago. In "The Aide-de-Camp," she merely writes an animated love story of the civil war, not quite keeping the pace till the end. The rest of the volume is composed of mediocre, romantic stories of the most conventional pattern. In these the lovely Southern heroine has it all her own way. "Sweet and crisp in the white that Southern girls wear most," she wins the eligible suitor in a variety of settings, by dint of her creamy complexion (one wonders—is it ever cream of tartar?), erratic syntax and conviction of being adorable. In fact to Mrs. Andrews's own personality is due whatever tolerance can be bestowed upon such threadbare tales as "The Little Revenge," "The Governor's Wife," and "The Ivory Gates." Nevertheless, if these be below the mark, on the other hand, it is not often that the magazine story contains such a finely emotional passage as the following:

That the other world of our hope rests on no distant, shining star, but lies about us as an atmosphere, unseen yet near, is the belief of many. The veil of material life shades earthly eyes, they say, from the glories in which we ever are. But sometimes when the veil wears thin in mortal stress, or is caught away by a rushing mighty wind of inspiration, the trembling human soul, so bared, so purified, may look down unimagined heavenly vistas, and messengers may steal across the shifting boundary, breathing hope and the air of a brighter world. And of him who speaks his vision, men say. "He is mad," or "He has dreamed."

The Fortuna Filly. By Howel Scratton. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Food, drink, and horse are the delightful ingredients of this innocent idyl. What cheerful stripling in what rosy hour hath contrived this enchantment? One refuses to admit that it may be a work of elderly art. No person who had ever been reduced to the sense of a digestion, a morning headache, or a code of social morals, could have achieved so light-hearted a record of impossible things. The plot alone is worth the price of the book, whatever that may be. An English baronet, a great furnisher and follower of the turf, though he never bets, has a fair daughter, who has a lover, who is pecuniarily ineligible as a suitor. But the fair daughter has an inspiration in the nick of time, as the lover is almost on the point of departure, in despair, for South Africa—that last infirmary of noble minds. It occurs to her that they may as well make their fortunes by a little skilful plunging on the turf. No sooner said than done. With the aid of an old trainer, the lover's few paltry thousands are speedily transformed into a snug fortune, and everybody, including the baronet father, who seems rather to enjoy his rôle of dupe, is happy. Indeed, everybody is so invincibly good-natured, everybody has such a good time, that the only villain provided is a sorry enough scarecrow. He is not cheerful, but he is so obligingly inept as greatly to increase the general cheerfulness. And oh, the horsy talk, and the viands and beverages that go with it! . . . "A big racing filly, dark bay, with one white hind heel, a lean varmint head, if I may use a doggy simile to a horse, as others have done before me, beautiful shoulders, big hips, with great length from hip to hock, and great flat clean legs, with nice round hoofs." This is one of a score of horses described with caressing care. So are the meals, for that matter. Hungrily, course by course, we follow them from the ox-tail soup to the anchovy toast.

As for the race meetings, they are all youth and success and joy: "All was bright and gay and jolly. Ravishing dresses were everywhere, and the place was a whirl of lace and silk and lingerie, of tiny shoes and tempting ankles, of rosy cheeks and glancing eyes and coquetry and laughter."

Nor are touches of higher sentiment lacking. "Dearest," says the hero to the heroine, between bets, "that song makes me sad. It makes me feel what sordid, worldly creatures we are, struggling for fame and money. I should like to give up everything—my profession and that hateful betting—and live on what we have got, in a tiny cottage by the Cornish sea." But our heroine is made of sterner stuff: she holds him to his task, and he forgets the cottage with the song which painted it upon his sensitive fancy. The winning of the Cambridgeshire makes it possible for him to declare himself to the baronet, who remarks complaisantly, "It is not often that a young man wins the Cambridgeshire and a wife in the same day, but you can have her!"

Delia pressed her father's arm and said, "Thank you, dad!" After which the cheerful pair may be safely left to themselves.

Spirit Lake. By Arthur Heming. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Heming's method harks back to the good old days when writers ran with the hounds, and children's books were one-sided and bloodthirsty. His group of Algonquin Indians go out into the Northwest for a winter's shooting and snaring, to bring in furs to the Hudson Bay Company's trader. The author has decided to rejoice with the trapper rather than to agonize with the trapped. Consequently, there is much joyous adventure, with a spirited account of the ways of Indians on the trail, of the manner of chasing various kinds of game, and a capable presentation of the Indian's point of view in business dealings with white men. This is an excellent book for boys just emerging from the stage where they "play Indian," and not yet old enough to relish their Parkman.

Tippoo Tib. The Story of his Career in Central Africa. Narrated from his own accounts by Dr. Heinrich Brode and translated by H. Havelock. With a preface by Sir Charles Eliot, K.C.M.G. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a unique book. It is the story, told largely in his own words, of the adventurous career of an Arab, who, though a slave-hunter, contributed in no small measure to the civilization of East Africa. Born in Zanzibar about 1835, he was only eighteen years old when he led his first expedition into the interior for slaves and ivory. The profits of this trade in those times may be learned from the fact that on one occasion with beads costing three dollars he bought ivory which he sold for ten thousand dollars, to say nothing of what he got for the natives who brought it to the coast. During nearly forty years of a trader's life he made extensive journeys, and became Sultan of a large territory to the west of Lake Tanganyika, as well as Governor of the Stanley Falls District in the Congo Free State. In 1891 he returned to Zanzibar, and lived quietly there till his death in 1905. He wrote an account of his adventures in Swahili at the suggestion of Dr. H. Brode, an attaché of the German mission, who published the original text, together with a German translation, in the Proceedings of the Institute of Oriental Languages. The present work is substantially a reproduction of

this autobiography with much additional material, chiefly historical, to make the narrative clearer or to correct obscure and false statements. It is accordingly a valuable addition to the scanty records of East African history.

Tippoo Tib—whose real name was Hamed, this being a nickname, "blinker," given him on account of a tremulous twitching of his eyelids—unlike most of his countrymen, seems to have been especially attracted by Europeans. This may be due to the fact that in one of his early expeditions he found Dr. Livingstone, then on his last journey, in a village without supplies and at the mercy of the natives who were at war with the Arabs. He describes him as an old man who called himself David, supplied his immediate wants, and rescued him from his dangerous position. In Livingstone's "Last Journals" we find this record, "Hameed is certainly very anxious to secure my safety," besides much else concerning their intercourse during the few days they were together. The next traveller whom he was able to assist was Lieut. Cameron, the first man to cross the Dark Continent. Possibly the fact that he had come out to aid Livingstone attracted Tippoo Tib and led him to help the traveller materially on his way. Singularly enough, the German explorer Wissmann, the first to cross the continent from west to east, was obliged to ask his assistance in the interior, which Tippoo Tib readily granted, conducting him in safety to the coast.

But the European with whom he had most to do was Stanley. Their first meeting was at a town on the upper Congo in 1876, of which our hero gives an amusing account. Stanley showed him his repeating rifle, saying: "'With this gun you can fire fifteen shots at a time.' . . . Then I thought in my heart: 'He is lying. That is a rifle with one barrel, and the second thing there must be the ramrod. How can the bullets come one after another out of the one barrel?' And I told him in turn: 'On the Lomami is a bow on which you place twenty arrows, and when you shoot it off the whole twenty fly at once, and every arrow strikes a man.' Then he rose at once, went outside, and fired twelve shots." Stanley pictures him as a "tall, black-bearded man of negroid complexion, in the prime of life, straight and quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine, intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes, and gleaming white, perfectly formed teeth." They became good friends, and Tippoo Tib accompanied him with a large number of armed men in his exploration of the Congo River for a considerable time. He was with Stanley also in his expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha, being left by him at the edge of the great forest to provide carriers for the unfortunate rearguard. The accounts of the two in regard to the disasters which befell this force and their causes differ materially, and it is difficult now to determine which tells the truth.

During the closing years of his life he was the most interesting personage in Zanzibar, as well as an important member of the council. He had two great longings, neither of which was gratified: the one to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, the other to behold the magic land of Europe, of which he had heard so much from his friends, and of whose splendor he had a foretaste when with Stanley he touched at Cape Town. It was certainly a remarkable career, chiefly memorable for the services which he rendered to the four great explorers. But had he been less devoted to money getting, had he used his great ability as a leader to establish and extend his dominion, the whole history of East Africa might have been changed. Instead of being divided between Great Britain and Germany, it might have become a great Mohammedan empire ruled over by Sultan Hamed, alias Tippoo Tib.

William Thomas Arnold. By Mrs. Humphry Ward and C. E. Montague. Manchester: The University Press.

The unobtrusiveness with which this volume is issued is in curious harmony with the character of its subject. It is published not in London, but in a provincial city, it appears almost without advertising, and it bears an imprint which would suggest that it is of interest only to a narrow circle. Its place is on a shelf hitherto scantily furnished. There are few memoirs of journalists, and the section of journalistic biography which concerns itself with men who never occupied an editorial chair, but did practically their whole work as writers of leading articles, is especially small. Dr. Robertson Nicoll's biography of James Macdonell was indeed the only notable book of the kind until this life of William Arnold appeared. The fortunate collaboration of Mrs. Ward, Arnold's sister, and Mr. Montague, one of his journalistic colleagues and friends, has given us here a book of first-rate importance for all students of the history and influence of the press.

William Thomas Arnold was born in 1852 in Tasmania, where his father Thomas Arnold—second son of Arnold of Rugby—was chief inspector of schools. The family returned to England in 1856. The lad was sent to the Oratory School, Birmingham, his father being at that time a Roman Catholic, and afterwards to Rugby, where he became head of the school. He entered University College, Oxford, in 1871 and took his degree in 1875. The desultoriness of his reading prevented his gaining the examination honors which his great abilities had led his friends to expect, but in 1878 he amply retrieved this comparative failure by his success in the competition for the Arnold Essay Prize. He won it with a treatise on "Roman Provincial Administration," which has ever since been the chief English authority on the subject. After spending a short time as a private tutor, he was invited in 1879 to join the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*. He gave himself mainly to the service of that journal, until spinal trouble compelled him to retire in 1898. He removed to London, and contributed to his old paper and other publications, as far as his health would allow, until his death in June, 1904.

The main energy of his life was poured into his writing for the daily press. He had a high ideal of the functions and possibilities of his profession, and a great contempt for the "superior" contributor who sneers at journalism as such. He approved the saying that there is no limit to what a man can do, if he does not care who gains the credit for it, and added that for a man who wished to get things done, there was no work like journalism. He thus took anonymity seriously, and even with a kind of zest, "bearing himself to his paper," Mr. Montague tells us, "as a Jesuit to the Order." This attitude, however, was obviously conditional on the character of the newspaper to be served, which must not be a hoarding for the posters of a party or a mere reflection of public opinion, but an instrument of civilization. There must be "no uncritical assents, in politics, morals or criticism, to fashionable second-bests." Those who are familiar with the place the Manchester *Guardian* has held for many years in English journalism will understand that Arnold found in its employment ample scope for the exercise of his talent without the risk of parasitism or quackery.

At the beginning of his career Arnold saw that the journalist's necessity of making up his mind quickly on points of evidence required him to maintain the constant discipline of scholarly research, if he would be saved from superficiality. He must be able, at least, to bring an expert's methods to those subjects to which he could not bring an expert's knowledge. Arnold's historical studies not only safeguarded bim in this respect, but directly contributed to the sane judgment of contemporary politics. And in several subjects in which Arnold was not himself an expert he kept himself aware of what the experts were doing. When these experts met him, they were surprised to come upon what Mr. Montague happily calls "unexpected pockets" of special knowledge in Arnold's mind. M. Augustin Filon, for example, discovered that Arnold knew better than he the mass of French verse of Dryden's age, and other friends occupied on subjects far away from Roman history would hear from him of important foreign monographs which he feared they might otherwise overlook. The sudden emergence of a new topic found him well equipped with the material for its discussion. To the working journalist, one of the most interesting passages in this book is the account of Arnold's mass of cuttings, notes, and references "arranged in concentric circles about him; the most vital parts re-read and digested; the next in order of value merely indexed in his mind and kept ready to his hand by the help of some 378 spacious pigeon-holes, the outer ring of material, not preserved bodily, but kept within call by notes of its whereabouts, filed in the appropriate pigeon-hole."

It is clear that Arnold owed much of his effectiveness in journalism to his Oxford training, but one is rather surprised to find that he considered the Universities a poor school of style. Mr. Montague reports him as complaining that most Oxford Honors men seemed to need a year in a newspaper office "to unlearn their journalese." An appendix consisting of a few specimens of Arnold's leading articles would have been of assistance to us in estimating his own qualities as a writer. As it is, the few extracts, mainly from his letters, quoted here and there in the book, show a style deserving rather higher praise than Mr. Montague is inclined to give it. Mr. Montague himself evidently prefers a

more "exquisite" literary manner, but every one will not agree with him. With so much necessity of rapid writing it was no slight merit in Arnold's style that it should be so "fluffless"; that there should be "no inky humming and ha-ing, or clearing of the literary throat." We are told, too, that he had a keen sense of the moral value of words, recognizing how fanaticism is bred by the extravagance into which men are betrayed by their ignorance of the exactly-proportioned word, or by the laziness which prevents their taking the pains to find it.

There is much that could be said of Arnold's patriotism, of his social charm, of his generosity, of his sympathy with the sufferiug of others, and of his cheerful fortitude in his own. He lived his life on a high plane, and to the story of its altruistic devotion might fitly be applied, many of the lines written in Rugby Chapel by his distinguished uncle in memory of that Arnold in whose heart was no languor, and in whose word no weakness.

Poesie di Mille Autori intorno a Dante Alighieri Raccolte ed ordinate cronologicamente con note storiche, bibliografiche e biografiche da Carlo del Balzo. 12 volumes, 8vo. Rome: Forzani e Cia. 1889-1907.

Signor del Balzo is to be congratulated on completing a work which nobody would have advised him to undertake, but which, being done as successfully as he has done it, many readers will prize. More than twenty years ago he set about collecting whatever poets have said in any language about Dante. He begins with Guido Cavalcanti's sonnet of 1283,

Vedesti, al mio parere ogni valore,

which was a reply to Dante's own sonnet in the "Vita Nuova,"

A ciascun alma presa e gentil core;

he ends with Giuseppe Brambilla's canto, dated May 14, 1865, in honor of Dante's sixth centenary. In all, he prints 648 pieces, and his work comprises over 7,000 pages. We mention these figures, not because quantity should rank above quality, but because they show the compiler's range and thoroughness, tests of prime importance in an anthology of this kind. Anthology is hardly the right word; herbarium would be more exact, because Signor del Balzo, like the botanist sent to bring back specimens of the entire flora of a country, properly makes no distinction between flowers and weeds. We have noticed no omissions.

The reader who is assured, therefore, that the collectiou is exhaustive, may ask what purpose it serves. We would reply at once that it is much more than a literary curiosity. In the first place, it furnishes a remarkable criterion of the estimation in which Dante has beeu held from age to age. Next, it enables us to trace Dante's immediate influence for more than five hundred years on poets in Italy and other lands; for Signor del Balzo cites not merely the tributes to Dante, but the conscious imitations and paraphrases and indirect offspring of his poems. Again, it sets before us an almost unlimited means towards the comparative study of literature. We can pursue this study *vertically* (so to speak), that is, by taking the specimens in one language and examining them chronologically, or we can investigate *horizontally*, that is, by comparing the various authors, Italian and foreign, of a given period. As a quarry of linguistics the work has further value, because it contains scores of selections which, if sought in their original sources, could be found only in the largest library.

But in addition to the interest and value of the selections themselves, we have the editorial work of Signor del Balzo. This comprises not merely biographical informatiou and ordinary bibliographical references, but much critical matter, many sidelights, anecdotes, and recondite illustrations. The notes to Joannes de Virgilio's "Carmen" (i., 158-163), for instance, give a conspectus of philological comment. The compiler's own remarks are often well worth attention. The scope of this thesaurus can best be inferred when we state that it includes sonnets and short lyrics on the one hand, and several dramas on the other. Friedrich Notter's "Romanzen-Kranz" (xi., 263-477) fills 215 pages; and "Dante," a tragic drama in five acts, requires even more space for the original Danish text and the French version below it; and this is only one of several dramas printed entire. Half a score of languages are represented, including Italian and its dialects; French, English, Spanish, German, Danish, Hebrew, and Latin. The student of literary forms will find here material for an investigation of the art of writing eulogies in verse; the student of Italian history will not fail to perceive how one generation after another of Italians turned to Dante as the prophet of independence; the reader who has leisure for browsing will come upon many entertaining curiosities. Of the intrinsic poetic merit of the hundreds of selections critics will hardly agree; but a reviewer who can command only five or six of the languages in which these effusions are written may hazard, without audacity, the opinion that eulogies do not, in general, "make" for poetry. And it is not Anglo-Saxon bias that brings the verdict that the noblest tributes and the finest poems by foreigners in the entire collection are written in English. Indeed, who has matched Longfellow's sonnets except Michael Angelo himself?

The value of Signor del Balzo's monumental work will enhance with time, as it becomes more difficult to gather the many hundred volumes on which he has drawn—some of them, indeed, are already very rare; and it should have a place in every large public and college library. The Dante scholar and the specialist in comparative literature scarcely need to have it commended to them, so obvious are its merits and uses. The only defect we have to charge against it is the lack of a good index.

Signs and Portents in the Far East. By Everard Cotes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Awakening of China. By W. A. P. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.80 net.

Nearly all the recent books on Japan and China are characterized by bulkiness and sameness. The first quality arises undoubtedly from purely mechanical considerations and the second follows from the first. After all, the events of the last two years in the Far East, that is since the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war, have not been so many or of such startling nature as to be impossible of adequate treatment within a comparatively restricted number of pages. Mr. Cotes's volume, therefore, like others we remember reading, is made up largely of discussion and description such as we have grown accustomed to find in the newspapers and magazines. First there is a good deal of gazetteer and geographical information and this is followed by an account, quite adequate for the most part, of actualities and aspirations in the new China —reform, the building of railways, the creation of an army, the introduction of Western education, the missicnary problem, and exactly what Japan is going to do to China and the West. All the books speak of Yuan-shih-kai, and his progressive policy as viceroy of Chih-li, of Hankow and its steel mills and arsenal, of the Belgian railway which runs from Pekin to Hankow or from Hankow to Pekin in accordance with the traveller's point of departure, and of the results for the world at large when the huge stirring empire shall have thoroughly awakened. Mr. Martin's volume differs from the general type in that it deals for the greater part with the Chinese history of an earlier time, and only secondarily with present day movements; and with a mere reference to certain interesting chapters such as the one concerned with the Viceroy Chang as a type of the highest kind of Chinese statesman, and another which treats of the rôle of the European missionaries from the point of view of one who was a prominent worker in the field for over half a century, the volume may be dismissed.

On the whole, writers on conditions in the Far East all sin in the direction of undue optimism when it comes to speaking of the future of China. That a new age is dawning in the Celestial empire is not to be denied, but that the tremendous changes which most observers foresee will come about within our own days is seriously open to doubt. Obvious though the historic caution is that because Japan lies so near to China the latter must not necessarily follow in the footsteps of its neighbor, the implication is always present in our more or less highly colored accounts that what Japan has accomplished China, too, can, in the same speedy manner, attain. The Chinese, as we have said, are abandoning their antiquated educational system, studying Western culture and systems of government, and developing a spirit of patriotism which reveals itself in an active native press and a somewhat less active movement for taking the management of various industrial enterprises out of the hands of Europeans. Even the question of abolishing extra-territorial jurisdiction in the ports and the capital is discussed. But when we come to examine just what our authorities mean by Japan's achievements we find that it is not her industrial development, nor again her progress in the Western arts, that has impressed the imagination as much as her triumphs in the battlefield. So that really the regeneration of China resolves itself into the question whether the Middle Kingdom can ever become a first-rate military power. This has been plainly enough stated by Mr. Putnam Weale in his series of well-inform-

ed volumes dealing with the Far East.

Once the problem is reduced to this simple basis it becomes apparent that the example of Japan cannot greatly aid us in estimating the future of China. The Chinese may be better traders and artisans than the Japanese and possessed of a land far richer in natural resources. That is beside the question. The facts are that the Japanese by temperament and training have always been a fighting people, and the Chinese a pacific, almost an effeminate, nation. There is good fighting material, we are told, in the Chinaman, especially in the hardy inhabitant of the northern provinces. But it must take more than one generation to instil the militant spirit into a people whose genius is decidedly opposed to the practice of the soldierly virtues. To put it almost brutally a nation that still finds its highest type in the scholar and philosopher, not by word of mouth, as among us, but innately and sincerely, a nation which counts filial piety above every other virtue, including patriotism, must take more than a decade or two to develop into a fighting nation. Much praise has been lavished on Yuan-shih-kai's excellent army of 100,000 men; but there is no absolutely sure prospect that when Yuan-shih-kai passes away in the course of time or politics, that army will remain. The fortune of progress in China is still largely bound up with a few great personalities, and there is no firm guarantee against a period of reaction such as followed the outburst of reform activity during the last years of the nineteenth century.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By Charles Augustus Briggs and Emilie Grace Briggs. 2 vols. [International Critical Commentary.] New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

These volumes command respect as a work of immense industry. No existing commentary on the Psalms can be compared with them for exhaustive thoroughness. The interpretation presents the results of a lifetime's study, in the course of which every question of criticism and exegesis has been patiently and independently investigated, while the notes furnish a complete apparatus—critical, grammatical, lexical, historical. It is perhaps ungrateful to say that in the treatment of Hebrew words and phrases the author has done more than the duty of a commentator, and filled his pages with matter for which the student might properly have been referred to the excellent new Lexicon of which Professor Briggs is an editor.

The feature of the work which the author unquestionably regards as his most important original contribution to the understanding of the Psalter is the reconstruction of the text. Professor Briggs was one of the first American scholars to investigate the structure of Hebrew poetry, and he has had the gratification of seeing his views accepted, in essentials, by an increasing number of students. His theory, briefly set forth in the Introduction (vol. i., pp. xxxviii-xlviii), is, in substance, that Hebrew metre is a loose stress rhythm, a verse consisting of a certain number of emphatic syllables—usually from three to six—alternating with unemphatic syllables indefinite in number, quantity, and rhythmical relations; a certain number of such verses—from two up to twelve or fourteen—constitutes a stanza or "strophe." These criteria are applied in a thoroughgoing way to the Psalms. Having determined how many "tones" there should be in a line, and how many lines should go to a "strophe," the text is made to conform to the pattern.

This Procrustean criticism will provoke dissent from scholars of more conservative temper or of stricter philological training. The one established fact is that Hebrew poetry is accentual, not quantitative; but that nothing more is necessary to make accentual rhythm than a fixed number of stressed syllables in the line, is an obviously false proposition; and that Hebrew poets habitually counted their fingers with such monotonous regularity, and cut up their poems into uniform stanzas, like Watts in the hymn book, is an unfounded assumption. Such machine versification there may be in the Psalter—neither men, gods, nor booksellers have ever succeeded in suppressing machine poets—but that this is the characteristic of Hebrew poetry is a theory which cannot but evoke a protest from those who have an ear for its rhythm as well as a feeling for its spirit. The hesitation we have on methodical grounds is not diminished by closer observation of the results. Many of the emendations to which the author is led by "metrical" considerations commend themselves; but a far greater number are arbitrary and unnecessary. By way of compensation, when it is not a question of metrical regularity, Professor Briggs is surprisingly conservative, and defends the text in many passages which are generally regarded as corrupt.

In regard to the age of the psalms, also, he is conservative, attributing more than thirty psalms to the period of the monarchy. He assigns Psalms 74 and 79 to the Babylonian exile, and 83 and 44 to the Persian period, exscinding the unmistakable references to the persecution by Antiochus Epiphanes and to the national uprising as Maccabæan interpolations. To the Maccabæan times are ascribed Psalms 33, 102b, 109b, 118, 139c; no psalms of later date are recognized.

The author's critical reasoning is sometimes hard to follow, as when, for example, he argues that in Psalm 2, "The seat of dominion is Mount Zion, and therefore we cannot think . . . of a Greek king, such as Alexander Jannæus, or . . . of Aristobulus I." Why these Asmonæan rulers should be called "Greek kings" and in the next sentence distinguished from "Maccabæan princes," or where their residence was, if not on Mount Zion, does not appear. Like many other critics, Professor Briggs confidently connects particular psalms with historical persons and events upon the ground of allusions or parallels, which, if recognized at all as such, are capable of the most diverse interpretation. Thus, he discovers the royal bridegroom of Psalm 45 in Jehu (2 Kings 9-10):

Jehu was a well-known hero, anointed by a prophet of Yahweh . . . ; he was at once proclaimed by the army, showing his popularity and probable grace of form and speech; he rode forth in his chariot to meet the king and overthrow him; . . . he killed the king by piercing his heart with an arrow. He wrought fearful deeds upon Jezebel, the royal household, and the worshippers of Baal. . . . No more graphic description of the victorious ride of Jehu could be composed than vs. 4-6.

Professor Haupt, in the exercise of similar divinatory faculties, is convinced that the poem was written for the marriage of Alexander Balas with Cleopatra; while Duhm hits on Aristobulus I., and Kirkpatrick sticks to Solomon. The patent fact is that there is nothing in these praises of the prowess of the king and the beauty of his bride that might not have been sung by a court poet at the wedding of any monarch. Linguistic evidence may perhaps determine in a general way the age of the poem, but our curiosity about the names of the hero and heroine must remain unsatisfied.

In the Introduction the author presents the results of a laborious investigation of the older and smaller collections of poems—the Davidic Psalms, Psalms of Asaph, the Korahites, the Director's Book, etc., in their complicated relations to one another, and develops a theory of the successive stages in the compilation and editing of the Psalter. A discussion of this theory is not in place here; but the reviewer may be permitted to express a far-reaching doubt whether the evidence—chiefly in the titles and in musical or liturgical directions—is of a nature to sustain so detailed a reconstruction of the internal history of the Psalter. Other topics dealt with in the Introduction are the nature of Hebrew poetry; the history of interpretation, the account of which is somewhat meagre; and the Hebrew text and ancient versions of the Psalms. The treatment of the last subject is marred by many inaccuracies.

A word should be said in conclusion about the translations. They are meant to present connectedly a literal interpretation of the reconstructed text, without any attempt to preserve the poetical quality of the original. But they frequently exhibit a singular obtuseness to the effect of English words. The Hebrew *rinnah* may be, in the dictionary, a loud and strident cry; but "attend to my yell" (Psalm 17:1) produces on the English reader an incongruous, not to say ludicrous, impression which is wholly false to the original.

Nuovi Studii Danteschi (Ugolino, Pier della Vigna, I Simoniaci, e discussioni varie). By Francesco D'Ovidio. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

The three studies named in the title are new; the remainder, nine in number, appeared between 1879 ("L'Enfer del Littré") and 1904; the article on Littré's Old French version of the Inferno was printed originally in the *Nuova Antologia*, and Signor D'Ovidio had therefore some ground for doubting the advisability of having it reprinted; as to the rest, each came forth originally in some more or less inaccessible print, and there was ample warrant for republishing them all. Nearly every essay in the present book will be valuable to Dante scholars, and each may be read with interest by a still greater audience.

The study entitled "Ugolino" interprets that episode from seemingly every point of view likely to clarify its meaning and to prove that Dante handled his theme with an art bordering upon absolute perfection.

To "The Last Words of Ugolino" (Poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno—to be translated, possibly, "then fasting had more power than grief") Signor D'Ovidio devotes 53 pages. He faces the problem thus:

The question must be only whether those bodies [of Ugolino's sons], at first fondly embraced, were at last more or less bitten through blind starving rage, with little or no physical effect, but with a great psychic effect; that is, in Ugolino's being shot through with the frightful thought of having set his teeth into his own sons, and in his wish to avenge himself down there [in hell] on the skull of him who was the cause of such an enormity.

Forty pages of argument lead our commentator to a fairly obvious conclusion which is not foreshadowed in his question:

When [Ugolino] says that at last even grief had to yield to starvation [inedia], what else can he mean but that he, too, fell? He, too, if Dante had been in such a daze as to ask him, "What did the fasting do?" would perhaps have reproached him with being hard of understanding, as he had already reproached him with being hard of heart.

The essay on "Il Canto di Pier della Vigna" is a comparative study of Dante and his classical sources, followed by a detailed interpretation of the canto. In a similar study of "Il Canto dei Simoniaci" Signor D'Ovidio describes accurately the baptismal font of San Giovanni as it was in Dante's time; and shows that Dante's scene of the Simoniacs, upside down in their pits, is derived from the very incident which the poet uses as an illustration to impart reality to that scene—a method constantly followed by Dante. To the puzzle as to what Dante meant by "il piè fermo," Signor D'Ovidio offers a satisfying answer on pp. 448 and 454.

The last study in the volume, though not new (it appeared some five years ago), is really the one of greatest importance; for it is a bold, luminous, and persuasive argument that the "Fiore" was composed by Dante. In 1901 Mazzoni put forward this idea as an hypothesis. This hypothesis D'Ovidio turns into a thesis. If his argument is not merely convincing, but so strong that no one can overthrow it, a gap in the darkest period of Dante's life, that period in which he forgot Beatrice and succumbed to the flesh, will have lost most of its mystery. The poet's relation to the mystic rose in Paradise and his debt to the "Roman de la rose" can then no longer be doubted; the profane rose of the "Fiore" will amply explain why Dante thus symbolizes his repentance of what must have been the bitterest memory of his past. If the Durante of the "Fiore" is the Dante who in the "Commedia" names himself but once, what Boccaccio says of his hero's having strayed from virtue will have been proved true; a whole epoch in the poet's life will have to be rewritten, and more than two hundred sonnets, revealing unmistakably a Dante who sinned like other men, and even dwelt in a jesting allegory upon all the stages through which he passed before arriving at his "rose," will have to be added to the poet's works, not, perhaps, as unquestionably authentic, but as being in all likelihood the creation of his pen. The manuscript of the "Fiore" is at Monpellier; it awaits a competent editor.

Science.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF ALDROVANDI.

BOLOGNA, June 14.

Many of the delegates from Europe and America who assembled in Bologna on June 11 as guests of the municipality, came with very indistinct notions as to the achievements of the man in whose honor they had been invited; but from the remarks of the chief speakers at the commemoration, and from an inspection of the reconstructed Aldrovandi Museum and of the numerous documents brought to light and published on this occasion, a clear impression results. It is a curious coincidence that the celebration should come in the same year with the centenaries of Linnæus and of Agassiz—scientists of whom Aldrovandi may fairly be said to be one of the important precursors. When he died at the age of eighty-three in 1605, he left by will all his books, specimens, manuscripts, and other materials to form a museum. These materials were scattered through various parts of the university, and some wandered as far as Paris; a few that were of a combustible nature helped, it is said, to feed the stoves of the lecture halls. Finally in 1905, when 300 years had passed, the authorities determined to carry out the provisions of the will, and at the same time to honor the memory of the distinguished man who had devoted practically all his time and fortune to the advancement of science and the glory of his native city. At a time when the influence of the Inquisition was deadly, and the standards of the university were at a low ebb, he was a powerful advocate of sound principles in science. Quite remarkable for the age was his rigid insistence on the necessity of observation. In the museum are shown in striking juxtaposition his original specimens, the drawings from them, the woodcuts made under his supervision, and the prints in his published works. These works fill a dozen large volumes, some of which were printed after his death with funds left by him for the purpose. His manuscripts crowd an extraordinary number of shelves; an index of them is published by the university in connection with the commemoration. The whole museum is sumptuously arranged in one of the fine halls of the university. At one end are displayed the documents of greeting, in some cases very artistic and elaborate, brought by the delegates from universities and learned societies. Probably no scientist would say that Aldrovandi's works are of great importance for consultation to-day; nevertheless, the museum marks an epoch in the development of modern scientific methods and knowledge. The botanic garden and the geological museum, also founded by Aldrovandi, contain valuable specimens; one, a fossil found in an Etruscan tomb, is said to be the oldest geological specimen known.

The date chosen for the celebration is that which was assumed for the birthday of the university at the time of the eighth centenary in 1888, namely, June 12. The honorary head of the committee which arranged the celebration was the syndic of Bologna, Marchese Tanari, who greeted the delegates at a reception in the town hall on the evening of the 11th, but the effective head was the distinguished geologist, Giovanni Capellini, professor and Senator, under whose supervision the arrangements were carried out without a hitch. He presided at the "solemn commemoration" on the 12th in the Archiginnasio, formerly the home of the university. After cordial addresses of welcome by the authorities of the city, the university, and the Italian Government, responses were made by some of the delegates, one speaking for each nation represented. The thanks of the Aldrovandi family were expressed in a very neat speech by Conte Aldrovandi, a descendant of the great naturalist, and now connected with the Italian Consulate in New York. Then followed a commemorative oration by Prof. Emilio Costa, who brought out particularly Aldrovandi's part in the history of Bologna. The occasion was a brilliant one. Most of the delegates wore academic costume, in some cases decidedly picturesque. Many students, wearing their historic "goliardic" caps of various colors, according to the faculty under which they studied, filled the back part of the hall.

Some of the results of the commemoration are permanent in character, especially the institution of the Aldrovandi museum and the publication of important documents, beginning a series which is to cover the history of the university. The rest of the programme arranged for the delegates was lighter in character, and included a visit to the admirably arranged and beautifully situated orthopedic institute, and a banquet at the Hotel Brun. Free access was granted to the museums and art galleries. The libraries of the university and the city were closed, but, nevertheless, through the courtesy of the librarians, who at the same time were busy as members of the committee, visitors were allowed to consult the rare books and manuscripts in which Bologna is rich. A fourteenth-century fragment of a bestiary, ascribing to various animals the traditional fanciful characteristics of such books, was obligingly brought to light by Dr. Ludovico Trati, the learned assistant librarian of the university; it showed vividly the sharp distinction between the natural science of the Middle Ages and that of Aldrovandi's age, the distance surely being greater and more significant than that between Aldrovandi and the scientists of to-day.

KENNETH MCKENZIE.

D. Van Nostrand & Co. have just issued "A Handbook of Wireless Telegraphy: Its Theory and Practice," by James Erskine-Murray; "The Construction of Dynamos," by Tyson Sewell; "Canning and Preserving of Food Products," by Edward W. Duckwall; "Agglutinants of All Kinds for All Purposes," by H. C. Standage, and "Ammonia and Its Compounds," by J. Grossmann.

The French minister of public instruction recently submitted to the Conseil Supérieur a proposed reform of the higher university degree—*licence ès lettres*. This suppressed not only all examination in Greek, but in Latin as well. The abandonment of Greek is allowed in the license for history, philosophy, and living languages, as a preparatory literary training already exists without Greek. But the university has so far no literary training without Latin; moreover, the minister's

proposition excluded the examination in Latin without prescribing any literary examination in French. This is described as, at least, frank in its modernity—a degree in letters without examination in literature. The Conseil accordingly refuses the reform and demands that the written examination in Latin shall be retained for the university *licence ès lettres* of whatever kind. On the other hand, the Conseil approves the minister's programme of physical education in primary and higher schools. The end of such education is twofold—"to give energy and to teach how to make the best use of energy." Hence the two great divisions of exercise: first, developing exercises which set up a healthy balance between physical and intellectual activity; second, exercises of application, "games and sports that make a man familiar with practices which he will have to apply in life." The general principle of all such exercises is that "they shall be within reach of the weak who have more need of improvement than others." The conclusion is significant of the times:

> The instructor should strive to obtain an average as high as possible from the whole collection of pupils under his care. All training that aims at making experts (*virtuoses*) out of the best endowed should be prohibited, for it could be given only to the detriment of the weak, who have the most need of improvement.

Sir William Henry Perkins, the English chemist, whose death in London was announced Sunday, was born in London in 1838, and received his early training at the City of London School. He studied chemistry under Dr. A. W. Hofman at the Royal College of Chemistry, and later became Hofman's assistant. In the course of his experiments he discovered a purple or mauve dye formed by the oxidation of aniline. This discovery, made by accident from materials which Sir William was about to throw away, proved to be the foundation of the aniline or coal-tar color industry, which gives employment in Germany to over 100,000 men. No less than 700 distinct tints are produced by the process. In 1906 the jubilee of the discovery was celebrated, and Sir William was entertained in this country. Johns Hopkins conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him. He was knighted shortly before coming to America. He retired from the manufacturing interests in 1874, and devoted himself to research. His writings were numerous, but appeared for the most part as contributions to the Transactions of the Chemical Society.

The death is announced of Emmanuel Mendel, the well-known nerve doctor, in his sixty-eighth year. He was professor of psychiatry in the University of Berlin, and author of various works in neurology.

Drama and Music.

A. W. Pinero and Bernard Fagan, the author of "The Prayer of the Sword," are both writing new plays for George Alexander.

Ben Greet and his players finished on Saturday night a two weeks' engagement at the University of Chicago. They began their present season in Florida on May 2, and the weather has been most unpropitious to their out-door representations. More than half of their performances have been given in theatres or halls. As a rule, the company has been very successful. Mr. Greet will fulfil a few engagements in the East before entering upon a summer vacation.

Henrietta Crosman's dramatic version of "The Pilgrim's Progress," called "The Christian Pilgrim," will begin its New York season in the Liberty Theatre on the 4th of November.

William J. Locke has prepared a dramatic version of his own novel, "The Beloved Vagabond," and Beerbohm Tree will produce it, in London. It was designed originally for Arthur Bourchier, but the latter abandoned all claim upon it, recognizing the fact that the central character would fit Mr. Tree more easily than it would himself.

C. G. Sonneck has a letter in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, in which he vigorously combats the prevalent opinion that "Yankee Doodle" was brought to America by hired Hessian soldiers. He has in his possession a libretto, dated 1767, entitled "The Disappointment," the text of a ballad opera, the fourth number of which was sung to "Yankee Doodle." The Hessians may be grateful for having that stain wiped off their ancestors.

The copyright of "Tristan und Isolde" has just expired. It was first performed on June 10, 1865, at Munich. The only Wagner operas of which the copyrights have still to run are "Die Meistersinger," "Parsifal," and the four Nibelung dramas.

The new German periodical, *Morgen*, prints some previously unpublished letters of Wagner, in one of which he expresses his hope of finishing the "Ring" operas in 1855 (the actual date of completion was 1875). "In 1858," he writes, "the whole work is to be performed here in Zurich. Should I not then be alive, so much the better. Then, perhaps, Rietz will produce the whole thing in Leipzig as a funeral service for me; which would be a true analogue to my whole life."

Emma Calvé will be at the head of the soloists of the Maine Festival, to be given this year, as usual, at Portland and Bangor, under the direction of W. R. Chapman. One of the features will be Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," in the cast of which will be the excellent young baritone, Cecil Fanning, who will also fill one part of one day's programme with a song recital.

News comes from Italy of the assured success there of "Sarrona," a grand opera in two acts and a prologue, of which the music, text, costume-designs, and scenery are by an American, Legrand Howland. This young man, with an associate, Thomas Wilhelm, was appointed impresario of the Carnival Season at Piacenza, in Italy, where "Sarrona" was then being produced. It is the first time an American has ever held this position in connection with a Government opera house in Europe. The opera's record during the year in which it has been before the public is somewhat remarkable. It was first produced in symphony form at Monte Carlo and at Aix les Bains. Thereafter it was given in the municipal opera houses of Piacenza, as already stated, during the carnival, when it had a remarkable success; at Varese, Naples, Florence, Udine, Trieste, and at Pola, a naval port of Austria. More recently, six performances were given at Milan in one week, and wherever it has been heard the reports of the enthusiasm of the audiences have been unanimous. The Grand Opera House Fenice at Venice has opened negotiations for the opera, and the agents have offered a tournée of Germany. It will be interesting to see whether the German critics repeat the enthusiastic appreciation shown by the Italian press.

Art.

A History of Tapestry from the Earliest Times until the Present Day. By W. G. Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $12 net.

This book commands the respect of the student, because of its unpretending character. It is avowedly a compilation, but it contains a vast number of hitherto unrecorded facts, assembled from many sources, English and foreign. Although there is no bibliography, a very full one might be gathered from the footnotes, with this exception, that English translations of books are preferred to the originals. The volume is, then, a history in the sense that it is a record, and little else; but it is well that, however entitled, these prodigious accumulations should be published. The work lacks, however, an adequate index. Three separate tables, "The Chief Centres of Manufacture," "Subjects of Tapestries," and a list of Tapissiers, Merchants, Painters, etc., do not altogether make up a sufficient key to the contents.

The important part begins in chapter iii., the early tapestry of Europe. Then the fourteenth century is treated in chapters iv. and v., with distinctions carefully drawn between the work of Paris and that of Arras, Germany, and England. Much of this information is new in the sense that it has not been accessible. The four following chapters are devoted to the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, in which period tapestries were made even in Scotland. Those of Arras have a chapter to themselves. The whole of chapter xv. is devoted to the sale by the Commonwealth of the royal collection made by Charles I. Two chapters only are devoted to the famous French workshops of the seventeenth century, but that branch of the subject has been carefully elaborated in other books.

The most original section is the first two chapters, which deal with pre-Christian tapestry, including the recently studied—we might almost say the recently discovered—tapestries of Christian Egypt. And here is strongly evident the difficulty which the student will find in using this book for anything more comprehensive than a record of dates and facts. Just as there is nowhere between these covers an adequate account of the manufacture of tapestry, so there is no clear distinction between one ancient decorative weave and another. Indeed, there is a disposition to classify any textile of great beauty of pattern as a "tapestry," without regard to its structure; and so, looking back to pages 2 and

3, which contain the only account of tapestry weaving and to pages 11 and 12, in which Andromache and Helen are found at work in the pages of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the student is left with the conviction that any ornamental, certainly any very rich, textile fabric would be regarded by the author as belonging to his subject. To the special student, however, tapestry is a peculiar and separate thing. It is not strictly a textile, if the word textile be defined in a minutely accurate way. It is as nearly a work of pure art as any production can be which depends upon the use of tools more elaborate than pencil and modelling stick. It is essentially an art of secondary impulse, like other arts of decorative design. Or it might be said that the translation by the operative into terms of dyed woollen is as purely an artistic process as the translation by the etcher into lines engraved upon copper, of an original which presents the artist's thought.

Owing to this looseness of definition, the illustrations of the book are really more important than its text. The text tells us about the facts, but the illustrations lay the facts before us, and this in an admirable way for any work short of a costly folio. There are 82 illustrations, of which three or four only are printed with the text. Four are large folding plates with color-printed representation of important tapestries, complete and excellent, especially in their appearance of unflinching verity. All the rest are well made half-tones; and the practised reader will understand that even a well made half-tone may fail to present clearly and forcibly a worn, faded, creased, and repaired old tapestry. The splendid photogravures in this or that French or Austrian book devoted to the subject belong, indeed, to another category, and we must be content here with the instructive illustrations of a guide-book. We take leave of the author, then, with admiration of his power as a faithful draughtsman, and with respect for his diligent search among original sources of information.

To all students of the history of art, whether ancient or modern, the name of the Munich publishing house of Bruckmann has become familiar on account of the range and the high quality of the series of monumental works they have been issuing. It is due to their enterprise that students of classical sculpture have now at their command, in the "Denkmäler griechischer und römischer Skulptur," in Arndt's "Griechische und römische Porträts," and in their publications of special collections, material which can be surpassed only by great collections of casts such as few cities or universities can provide, while Furtwängler & Reichhold's "Griechische Vasenmalerei" offers the most accurate and beautiful reproductions of Greek vase-paintings ever attempted. It is, therefore, gratifying to note that they have now turned their attention to Greek and Roman paintings, in a series of folio plates, with accompanying text, to be entitled, "Denkmäler der Malerei des Altertums," the first numbers of which, under the able editorship of Dr. Paul Herrmann of the Dresden Albertinum, have already appeared. We are promised that this is to consist of about 600 plates, and "will include the whole of the material which has been preserved, with the sole exception of examples which possess neither scientific nor artistic importance." By this is meant not only all the wall paintings of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and Rome which are worth reproducing, but also earlier works, such as the prehistoric paintings which have been brought to light by the recent excavations in Crete, as well as the wall paintings of Etruscan tombs, the few scattered remains of Greek paintings of the pre-Roman period, and portraits from the Fayum. Mosaics also will be included to a limited extent, where these are clearly copied from paintings. The work will undoubtedly give a new stimulus to the study of Greek painting, an art which the Greeks esteemed quite as highly as they did their sculpture, but which has been largely neglected by modern students, partly because of the loss of original works by the great painters, or even copies of them, and partly because of the lack of trustworthy reproductions of the paintings that have survived. The basis of the series which has now been undertaken is photographs carefully and especially made from the paintings themselves, each to be reproduced by the process best suited to its requirements, whether phototype, photogravure, chromolithography, or lithography and collotype combined. There will be a limited number of colored plates, but the expense of preparing these with the standard of accuracy which has been adopted is too large to admit of many, and the majority of the plates will, therefore, be in monotone. Those of the first numbers, which have reached us, give easy assurance that the high quality of the Bruckmann publications will be maintained.

Théobald Chartran, the painter, died in Paris on Wednesday. He was born at Besançon in 1849, was a pupil of Cabanel, and exhibited his first picture in 1872. In 1877 he won the Prix de Rome. His specialties were religious subjects and portraits. He visited America several times, and painted pictures of a number of well-known Americans, including President Roosevelt.

Finance.

LOW PRICES FOR HIGH-GRADE SECURITIES.

Every one is familiar with the off-hand theories which have been put forward to explain the present high prices for money, the decline in the best grade of securities, and, particularly, the troubles of our great railways in raising fresh loans, and the exceptionally high rates of interest they have had to pay. Mr. Harriman blamed it all on the laws to regulate the railways; even Mr. Vanderlip intimated that the only remedy was a more lenient temper towards the railways. Similarly, Londoners have insisted that the so-called "Socialist tendencies" of the Campbell-Bannerman ministry were making the trouble. Even at Paris, the proposed income tax, now put over for a year, has been gravely assigned as the sole cause of financial disturbance.

All this special pleading Paul Leroy-Beaulieu has brushed away in a recent discussion in the *Économiste Français*. He perceives, with all experienced and unbiassed observers, that, while such incidents may inflame a troubled situation, they can hardly have caused so uniform a series of phenomena, visible in every money market of the world. The peculiarity of the present strain on capital has been, as our readers are well aware, its worldwide manifestation. This was not true even of our season of "undigested securities" in 1903; capital was then under severe strain in England and in the United States; but in France and Germany markets were comfortable and capital abundant. Nor was it true in 1901, when Germany was bidding high for capital and the strain had fairly set in at London. Paris and New York were then reporting almost a plethora of available money. But in 1907, from New York, from London, from Paris, from Berlin, from Amsterdam, from Vienna—even from such usually neglected points as Rome, Rio Janeiro, and Egypt—the story of the money and investment markets has been the same.

Not long ago the theory had much vogue that this depression in high-grade securities, with fixed rate of interest, was due to the converging of attention on stocks with a speculative value. It was argued that when, as a result of the great activity of trade, opportunities for increase in dividends on such investments seemed to the capitalist to be unlimited, he would not readily put his money into securities which could give him no larger return in good times than in bad. Hence his reluctance to invest in that quarter of the market caused a decline in value of such securities. In this argument there was undoubtedly some truth. But when, six months ago, it became evident that investors were even more reluctant to take new stocks of sound and prosperous railways than new bonds, it was plain enough that some other force was at work. M. Leroy-Beaulieu shows with great clearness and detail what it was.

Beginning with the annual requirement of new capital for our railways, as set forth by Mr. Hill, he adds the apparent needs of other branches of our industry, and arrives at the estimate that America is asking for not less than $2,000,000,000 fresh capital per annum. But the annual increment of capital in this country, great as it now is, does not reach to one-third of that amount. To make up the balance, only two recourses exist—to obtain the capital from other countries, or to withdraw it from other and older investments in this country. The first recourse was adopted on a large scale last year; but it was soon made clear that the European markets were themselves in much the same condition as our own. In all of them, home demand on free reserves of capital was pressing closely upon supply; some of them, such as Germany, were themselves making heavy drafts on other markets. In M. Leroy-Beaulieu's opinion, only four markets of the world are to-day in a position to "export" capital. These are England, France, Belgium, and Holland; and of the four, England is largely out of the field because of the impairment of her resources in the Transvaal war, and because of the prior demands by the colonies. This is in accord with the belief of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. In a speech

on July 4, Mr. Asquith attributes the shrinkage in "gilt-edged securities" to "the permanent destruction of capital," and the "trenching on the reserves normally free from encroachment."

Beaulieu's conclusion is unhesitating. The world-wide expansion of industrial and financial activity must be checked until supplies of capital, in the process of accumulation, again exceed demand. This check to activity involves, in his judgment, reduction in prices on financial markets—which is the process now actually before our eyes—and reduction in the price of raw material of manufacture, whose abnormally high level is largely responsible for the absorption of capital, on the present scale, in productive industry. The action of the copper market this past week—a voluntary reduction of 2 to 3 cents a pound by producers, in the face of their assertion that the whole world is "short of copper"—followed close on his prediction. Finally, he warns the industrial markets that some at least of the plans of expansion already under way must be postponed to a more convenient season.

It might perhaps be supposed that this judgment would be construed into an omen of serious reaction or disaster. The situation has not so been regarded by our own practical business men, such as Judge Gary, Mr. Frick, and Mr. Hill; nor is it by M. Leroy-Beaulieu. His opinion clearly is that a period of hazardous inflation is being brought to a fortunate close, and that the financial and industrial situation is not only more normal, but much safer, for the check. His feeling as to the future is sufficiently indicated by his advice to investors that the present situation offers to capitalists, large and small, a legitimate opportunity for placing their funds to advantage, such as they have not witnessed in twenty years.

The death is announced of Karl Umpfenbach, who, until 1900, was professor of political economy at the University of Königsberg. Among his works are "Des Volkes Erbe," "Volkswirtschaftslehre," "Kapital in seiner Kulturbedeutung," and "Altersversorgung und Staatssozialismus."

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Kriiger, Gustav. Das Papsttum. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.
Laird & Lee's Glimpses of the Jamestown Exposition and Picturesque Virginia. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 35 cents.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1907.

The Week.

"When," asks the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "are the Democrats going to do something besides yelling murder? Why don't they open their best artillery on the standpatters? The pat people can't stand long if the fire is well directed." These remarks gain fresh pertinence from the account given by Senator Hopkins of President Roosevelt's position respecting tariff revision. The Senator talked with the President one day last week for two hours, during which he "gained the impression" that "there will be no tariff revision until after the next Presidential election." Senator Hopkins adds that he himself thinks it will be "suicidal" for the Republican party to touch the tariff during the next Congress, but that, "after the Presidential election" it "will be the duty of the Republican party to revise the tariff." This seems to imply that, when once the party has elected a President, it doesn't matter whether it commits suicide or not. In all seriousness, this situation furnishes its own comment, not only upon Republican sincerity, but upon Democratic sagacity. With such an issue as this fairly forced upon them by their political opponents, the Democrats are neglecting it, and are casting about for new forms of "yelling murder." Col. Watterson advises the party to take up with the cry, "Back to the Constitution." As well make it, "Back to Nature." Any mere generality like that would have no more rallying power than an algebraic formula. Specific abuses, concrete reforms, are the necessary weapons of a political party in opposition; and the tariff provides whole arsenals full. In view of the admissions which Republicans themselves now make, the argument could be turned against them with overwhelming effect.

In one of the New York papers we read an authorized statement of President Roosevelt's position in regard to the sending of the battleship fleet to the Pacific, which is most welcome. It is here represented that the object of the proposed cruise is to ascertain the defects of the fleet, if any; that no order has been issued by the President or by the General Board; that the plan was made before the recent war flurry, and that the fleet *may* go to the Pacific. So far, so good. We sincerely hope that before long the "may" will become "will not"; but it is reassuring, indeed, to know that nothing is definitely settled as yet. Of course, this does not explain the contradictions of the Presidential statements of two weeks ago. Moreover, it puts Secretary Metcalf, with his promise of the greatest naval spectacle the Pacific Coast has ever seen, in a most delightful pickle. He must either pose as a braggart who cannot substantiate his boasts, or as an ignoramus in regard to happenings in his own Department. There is only one way out: Let him put the blame on the much-enduring Loeb.

That the man chosen to act as Mayor of San Francisco with almost absolute powers should turn out to be a prominent scholar, educator, and physician, is another indication of the distance we have travelled from the time when that rare species, "the scholar in politics," was tolerated by the practical politicians only because public opinion would not quite sanction cruelty to a harmless creature actuated by good intentions. A writer and a student of American history, up in New Hampshire, has succeeded in bringing the practical politicians face to face with a problem which they find exceedingly perplexing. Another novelist seems to be attaining merit as Mayor of Toledo. Even at Albany they have heard something of a man with the temperament of the juristic scholar, who saved a great party from the utter ruin that its practical leaders so zealously prepared for it. And to show how the world has moved on, it strikes us as nothing unusual that in its present desperate plight San Francisco should turn to a man whose geographical knowledge extends beyond the boundaries of his ward, and whose mathematics contains no formula for the determination of political assessments on shopkeepers and dives.

Even the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which is not known for its friendliness to Gov. Beckham of Kentucky, admits that his appointments of officials for the new city government of Louisville have been beyond criticism, with one single exception. They in turn have chosen as their assistants men who stand well before the community, and are desirous of governing well. Hence the city's affairs are being better administered today than at any time for years past. It is, of course, no easy task the reformers have before them, the ousted officials being already hard at work to hamper the efforts of their successors, who must fight for their political lives at a new election next fall. But at least they are unhampered by any of those political obligations which prevented those who stole the government from administering it well. No doubt Mayor Bingham and his associates will find themselves handicapped by "immemorial abuses, contrariety of opinions and report," and "the perversity and selfishness of friends and alleged friends." Yet the new appointees are cleaning up the city in earnest, have already closed the saloons on Sunday, and disciplined all the commanding officers of the disreputable police force, thus displaying both courage and vigor. Gov. Beckham helped them, too, by not appointing a single member of the rightfully elected reform ticket. This leaves the new officials quite free, and without the handicap of campaign animosities.

Judge Story would have some new illustrations of the "Conflict of Laws" could he write about the recent clashings between State and Federal courts. Passion seems to be running high in North Carolina over the orders of the United States judge restraining the authorities of the State from putting the new railway law into execution until after its constitutionality had been determined. Tall talk is indulged in by the Governor, and by some members of the State judiciary, but we presume that sober counsels will prevail and the Federal writ be duly respected. A speedy and orderly determination of the legal questions at issue should be sought by all concerned. The North Carolina case is not unlike that of the Consolidated Gas Company in this city. In the latter, too, a Federal judge stayed the execution of a State law until it should appear that its effect would not be confiscatory. There was much newspaper and other grumbling, but Judge Lacombe's decision has been regarded as binding in New York. So, in the end, will Judge Pritchard's be regarded in North Carolina.

The Board of Visitors to the Military Academy at West Point, in its report just published, takes a radical view. "An officer," it says, "should be an all-around educated gentleman. As it is now, his entire training, both preparatory at the Academy and post-graduate, is almost purely technical." Hence the Board of Visitors calls for a general revision of the scheme of instruction. It thinks that time should not be devoted so exclusively to technical studies, and that a broad course in literature, with independent reading, would do a world of good. In this the Visitors have exposed one of the most evident weaknesses, and it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will appoint a board of officers for the revision of the curriculum, like the one that has just reported on the Naval Academy of Annapolis. It

is a pity, however, that, so far as yet appears, the West Point Visitors have not called attention to the mental and physical overworking of the cadets. Reputable army physicians maintain that life-long injury is done to the cadets in this way, and assert that it is frequently a year or two after their graduation before some of them return to a normal condition.

The latest disaster on the Pacific brings out once more the dangerous nature of navigation on the Northwest coast. It also emphasizes anew, with many recent incidents, the fact that fog is, after all, now the greatest danger which confronts seamen. On the Atlantic, the Kronprinz, in a fog, grazed an iceberg the other day, yet it was not discovered until the ship was almost on top of it. And last week two fishing smacks were run down and sunk by steamers in a fog, while a third was barely able to crawl into port. Obviously, scientists need to give their attention to methods of safeguarding ships in a mist. Of course, there can be no warning from an iceberg or a submerged wreck, but the under-water bell gives great hopes that it is a better way than the steam whistle of giving notice of a nearby danger. It is now being installed in several places along the coast, so that ships may find their way into port when unable to see the coast lights, or take a reckoning. It may also give the special protection to sailing craft they so sadly lack, in the absence of whistles. If what its inventor claims for it is true, the Board of Steamboat Inspectors will soon find it worth while to insist upon its adoption, as it does upon lifeboats and life-preservers. The Navy Department has ordered it for twenty-three vessels of various types.

The need of an international Theatrical Trust, such as is now proposed, has long been apparent. The existing syndicate has been continually hampered in its efforts to build up a national theatre along national lines by the constant invasion of "unorganized" foreign plays and actors. How can the cowboy drama, for instance, be carried to the point of ideal perfection if, just when we have succeeded in evolving a half-dozen examples of the type, Hauptmann or D'Annunzio sends over a play that seems to have been written in entire disregard of the life and ideals of the Wild West? A combination of interests that shall regulate the dramatic output, after the fashion of the Steel Trust, in various countries, would do away with the evil. We might then have the Pinero and Sudermann plants shut down for a couple of years, while the Sardou and Fitch foundries were run under full blast, or vice versa. And in the same manner ruinous competition among the actor folk would cease. No pauper Italian or Russian actresses should come here unbidden to play "Magda" or "A Doll's House" in the teeth of our native talent, or shatter, by the sweep of their crude European emotions, long-established traditions which call for the interpretation of "Hedda Gabler" or "Divorçons" by young and golden-haired ministers' daughters from Illinois.

A law in Texas against pistols? The thing seems incredible. As well expect a statute forbidding the domestic use of the bowie-knife. And yet on Sunday there went into effect in the Lone Star State a law imposing a tax of 50 per cent. on the gross earnings of the whole business of all who sell revolvers. That is, if a man keeps general hardware and pistols too, he must give half his profits to the State of Texas. From the point of view of the dime-novel writers, this is a serious infringement upon one of their most valued patents. A Texan cannot properly be represented save with a revolver on each hip and a bowie-knife in his teeth. Now, if only the bowie-knife is left, obviously Dick, the terror of the Rio Grande, becomes a purely mediæval figure instead of fearless graduate of the Rough Riders; and the number of sheriffs he slays at one fell blow must obviously be reduced from twelve to one or two. Still, aside from this aspect of the matter, there is much that commends itself to us in this novel Texas law. If there is an industry which we should like to see a Government monopoly, it is the manufacture and sale of firearms. They ought to be made the costliest kind of luxury, and, if the Texas departure can bring this about in any degree, the experiment might well be tried elsewhere.

Prof. Gustave Lanson of the Sorbonne holds that discipline in the French universities and colleges is very bad, yet that the proper way of dealing with the evil presents a "bitter and irritating question." The most serious thing is that professors as well as students show signs of insubordination. Professor Lanson declares that those in authority seem helpless to deal with the rebellious faculties, which are imitating obstreperous students in petty revolts. The old scholastic discipline, he continues, was conformed to the discipline of the political world. It spoke in the imperative. Respect was written in the rules, even if not imprinted on the heart. But now even this formal observance of rules is neglected; and the professors, by exploiting their grievances in the press, try to intimidate the educational administration. They form cliques and conspiracies. Professor Lanson is reluctant to discuss this grave trouble, foreseeing that it will play into the hand of the reactionaries, especially the clerical party. But the truth must be told, and, like a young man, the new republic must learn to correct its faults. The conflict complained of is analogous to that which occasionally takes place in our own university faculties, where a small group of professors set up a factious opposition to the general policies of the institution. As Professor Lanson remarks: "Some men like to win, if only that by winning they may make it disagreeable for others."

The dinner given to President Butler by the authorities of the University of Paris emphasizes once more the valuable part played by our educational leaders in the work of promoting international amity. While Hague Conferences meet to thresh their modicum of result out of vast crops of verbiage, good feeling between nation and nation thrives in the favorable atmosphere of academic halls, gymnastic associations, and singing societies. The Anglo-French *entente*, for instance, is being carefully fostered by various coöperative educational schemes, including an exchange of teachers, holiday trips of teachers and pupils across the channel, and the training of English and French schoolboys to the familiar use of the language employed by the friendly and allied nation just over the way. In the same manner it has been suggested that English schoolboys be taught the Japanese national hymn, and made to memorize choice bits from the literature of Nippon. We know, of course, that this blissful state cannot long continue; that the law of tooth and claw rules the world of thought and education as it does that of trade; that, in the course of time, as the universities of Germany and Great Britain continue to pour out more Ph.D.'s and M.A.'s than the home market can consume, a desperate struggle will ensue for the control of foreign spheres of influence, and that the decision of the Sultan of Morocco or the Shah of Persia to model their high schools on the French *lycée*, rather than the German *Realschule*, will bring about the same complications that now follow the awarding of a harbor-dredging contract to one nation rather than another. All this we know, yet we cannot help drawing satisfaction from the present peaceful state of affairs.

At The Hague the American contention in favor of the inviolability of private property at sea in time of war has been handsomely upheld. Under Mr. Choate's effective leadership, a vote was finally had upon the main question, and twenty delegates were for the new law of war, to only eleven against. This vote is not, of course, binding, but it represents a genuine moral victory, and shows what can be done by vigorous argument and forcing squirmers to come

to the scratch. The distinction made by M. Martens that the eleven delegates represented a larger population than the twenty, seems very ill taken. The equality of the nations in the Hague Conference is at the root of its being. Great Britain, standing with Russia and France in opposition to the humane proposal, is in a very unenviable position. Her offer to limit her naval programme, if other nations would, bore the construction that she was satisfied of her supremacy on those terms; and now her unwillingness to make private property at sea immune, causes her attitude to appear decidedly ungenerous.

The readiness with which both the Premier and the leader of the Opposition joined in shelving, in the House of Commons, the motion to inquire into the connection between contributions to English party funds and the bestowal of honors by the Crown, is striking proof that such an investigation would be decidedly disagreeable to both sides. For a long time past there have been plain intimations that certain knighthoods and decorations were bestowed, much as ambassadorships are awarded in this country, in return for cash favors received. Sometimes, too, loyal newspaper proprietors who have stood by the party have found their way upward in the social scale with amazing ease. The strict limitation of candidates' expenses and the rigid oversight of individual contests in order to prevent bribery and corruption have, of late, it has frequently been averred, made it more and more important for the central committees of Liberals and Tories to raise large funds for educational campaigns. Since diplomatic offices cannot be promised, baronetcies have doubtless seemed very convenient—as if made for the purpose. It would be wholly wrong to infer, however, that any great proportion of honors have been awarded in this way. Merit and talent and worthy public service are still recognized. William Cremer, for instance, has thoroughly earned his new title of Sir by his invaluable services on behalf of peace.

Troubles of the Church in France have not lessened the activity of writers on theology. In the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*, M. Wilbois gives an account of "Catholic Thought in France at the Opening of the Twentieth Century." During the last ten years a large number of reviews have been founded dealing with questions of Biblical criticism, Christian philosophy, apologetics, and ecclesiastical polity. There has, furthermore, been remarkable industry in the collection and editing of older literary monuments and sources of history. The wave of modern thought which has moved the laity makes it necessary for the clergy to equip themselves. M. Wilbois reports that young men of high class are now being trained for the priesthood in the French seminaries and universities. At the former, they devote themselves to the classics; at the latter, to the sciences. Such a modern element may, however, at length have a disquieting effect upon conservative churchmen. Already, the Abbé Loisy, by his work, "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," has taken virtually the position once occupied by Newman in his "Development of Christian Doctrine." He will doubtless find himself and his fellow-liberals exposed to a cross-fire from the orthodox on one side, and the scientific on the other.

The large number of "Back to Something" movements may be increased by a vigorous "Back to Europe" agitation. Italy is greatly concerned with the problem of regaining part of the enormous population that she loses annually by emigration, or at least that fraction whose return would add to the prosperity of their native land. Now it is reported that the Swedish Government is making investigations among its former subjects in this country, with a view to securing their partial repatriation. According to the 1900 census, there were in the Continental United States 1,084,000 residents of Swedish origin, of whom just half a million were native-born. From that class King Oscar could scarcely hope to draw colonists for old Sweden. On the other hand, if a considerable fraction of the remaining 584,000 Swedish-Americans should prove responsive enough to the call of the native soil to seek still newer fortunes under old conditions, Sweden might find compensation for the loss of the Norwegian partnership, not so much in the actual number of emigrants returned, as in the new spirit of enterprise which they could not but bring with them across the ocean. The very fact that the Swedish Government should think it possible to persuade such emigrants to return, argues a general determination to bring backward Sweden sharply in line with the march of democratic progress. She is now working out the problem of universal suffrage, but other improvements must be made before the country can hope even to check her present annual emigration of some 25,000—a very large figure for a population of 5,000,000.

Korea, to-day, stands in so far the better position that responsibility for what henceforth takes place in the Hermit Kingdom can be definitely fixed. If Japan has chosen to make her authority direct and apparent, instead of indirect and masked, she has also pledged herself to take such action as will remove the ugly rumors brought forth by the first two years of her rule. That the Japanese have ridden rough-shod over the Korean people—whatever fictions were maintained with regard to the machinery of government; that Korean peasants have been robbed of their lands by Japanese immigrants and military officials, and have been denied justice in the courts; that the appropriations for public works have been largely expended in improving the ports and settlements where the Japanese predominate—would seem to be well-established by a large body of testimony. A nation proud of its extraordinary military achievements secures the master-hand over a people notoriously submissive. Ambition, covetousness, and mere brutality, as exemplified in the mass of Japanese coolie immigrants into Korea, apparently come into full play; and though Japan retained direct control of her subjects in Korea, it was her excuse that the resistance of the Korean people and officials made her task hard, and brought on most of the evils complained of. This excuse has now been removed. Japan has a free hand in the execution of necessary reforms, and she should exert herself to do away with the impression that it is her policy in Korea to suck the country as dry as possible in the least time. International agreements may have made her immune against official interference on the part of the Powers, but she must be aware that failure in Korea—and oppression leading to discontent is a form of failure—would stand seriously in the way of whatever wide ambitions she may be cherishing.

Hungary, without a racial conflict on her hands, is like an Irishman without a quarrel, a yellow extra without Pelasgian headlines, or a cardinal virtue without a Presidential endorsement. The relations between Budapest and Vienna are still in an extremely unsettled condition, but Minister of Commerce Kossuth must needs go and stir Croatia to fury by submitting a bill requiring all employees on the state railways to make use of the Magyar language throughout the dominions of the Crown. In Croatia, this is held to be a direct violation of the compact of 1868, which made the Croatian language the official medium of communication, even for the local representatives of the central Government. The Hungarian Government meets the accusation with a double evasion. In the first place, it argues that the railway administration is not a "joint" interest in the sense contemplated by the agreement of 1868, and, second, that railway employees are not, strictly speaking, functionaries of the state. Croats and Magyar Independents stood together two years ago, when the Liberals were ousted from power. Now Croatia is experiencing the bitter sting of ingratitude.

IS BRYAN INEVITABLE?

"The boldest act of cowardice ever heard of." Such was the characterization of one of the Duke of Wellington's announcements of Government policy. It might with double force be applied to Mr. Bryan's repudiation, on Saturday, of his own pet issue of Government ownership of railroads. Put forward by him inconsiderately a year ago; clung to obstinately for a time, in the face of protests by influential men of his party; latterly, qualified and minimized; Mr. Bryan has now discovered that it is unpopular and is injuring his chances as a candidate for the Presidency, therefore he coolly declares that "there is no desire anywhere to make Government ownership an issue in 1908." Self-stultification could hardly be more complete.

Moreover, Mr. Bryan may attempt to run away from his issue, but it will not abandon him. "Where thou goest, I will go." In a word, he cannot free himself from whatever discredit attaches to him for having rashly raised a controversy on a subject which he had not studied, and from the political discussion of which he is now anxious to retreat. The thing is impossible. Suppose him the Democratic nominee, and the issue would be thrust in his face from every stump in the land. His party would have to bear the odium; just as it suffered in 1900 from the odium of his egregious blunder about silver in 1896. That cause, too, he has now dropped. But what does he imagine the country thinks of a statesman who obligingly discards one conviction after another, as if they were so many worn-out gloves? There is a difference between political opportunism and mere demagogue's shiftiness. If Mr. Bryan's aim was to demonstrate to his party and to the country that he is a flighty man, unstable in all his ways, with an enormous capacity for stirring up agitation but with the smallest faculty for using it to the good of the commonwealth, he could not have gone to work more successfuly than by emitting this last uncertain sound on his trumpet. It signals retreat, and reveals the commander in a state of confusion and panic. What can be expected of the troops?

The Republicans may well exclaim: "The Lord hath delivered this Philistine into our hands." For Mr. Bryan lays down a plan of campaign which is absolutely hopeless. He is stoutly for railway regulation, with the admission on his lips, all the time, that regulation is bound to fail. He is for determining "the real value" of the railways—an abstraction as deep as any conception of the mediæval Schoolmen—and for preventing over-charges and over-capitalization alike; but he states in the same breath that this is merely by way of experiment, to prove that he is right, that regulation is certain to break down, and that we shall have to come to his "ultimate" solution of Government ownership. Fancy an election contested on such lines! Bryan will appeal to the voters to put him in power to do—what? Why, something which he admits is wholly impracticable and barren, which will do them not a particle of good, leaving them, in fact, worse off than before! Nothing like that has ever been known in our political history. We have had fictitious issues, and candidates running on false pretences; but we have never yet had a man standing for the Presidency who frankly announced that the thing he promised to do he could not do, and that it would neither benefit nor satisfy the country if he could! When Mr. Bryan talks thus of his "ultimate" solution, it ought to follow that his party should think of him only as an ultimate candidate—ultimate in the sense that he could be only the last desperate resort.

As a matter of fact, it is plain that the Democratic party is doing a great deal of thinking about the desirability of taking next year some candidate other than Mr. Bryan. He has been generally and tacitly regarded as inevitable, but is he? Very likely, he is in substantial control, to-day, of the party machinery. He could force his own nomination, we presume, if he so willed it. But can he afford to do this? If he were to dominate the National Convention only after a bitter contest, and in the face of powerful and implacable opposition, what would the nomination be worth to him? Even he cannot wish to be known as the perpetual candidate, doomed to perpetual defeat.

Aside from all questions of principle, the test of mere "availability" is one which it is daily becoming harder for Mr. Bryan to endure. Twice beaten, the second time worse than the first; a candidate whose leadership infallibly means further disruption of his party, with a diminished chance of drawing votes from Republicans; a politician cursed with a talent for running off on the wrong scent, and barking up the wrong tree; one who almost advertises that his opinions can be altered while you wait—what party in its political senses would think, ordinarily, of nominating such a man? His candidacy, though so widely thought to be fated, has nowhere aroused enthusiasm. Democrats have merely said, in a dispirited way, "Well, I suppose that we have got to take him." If the idea were now to spread that they have not got to take him, the inevitable candidate would soon appear to be the impossible candidate.

EXPANDING THE "UNWRITTEN LAW."

Acquittals by reason of the "unwritten law" have grown surprisingly numerous. At the present rate, it bids fair to become an established part of our system of jurisprudence. Learned professors of law will soon be issuing "selected cases," as they have in the matter of torts, contracts, and what not, and we shall presently have text-books showing just when a murderer can look for acquittal, and what precise form of appeal to the unwritten statute stands the best chance of success with a jury. Such books should be properly entitled "The Right to Private Vengeance," and they will have many interesting and delicate points to elucidate, if we may judge by some of the more recent cases which lie before us.

We must note the fact that the right to slay under the "unwritten law" has now been extended to women as well as to men. At least, this is a fair deduction from the acquittal of Mrs. Mary E. Bowie in La Plata, Maryland, last week for the killing of Hubert Posey for a wrong done to Mrs. Bowie's daughter. The offence here consisted in the failure to marry the injured woman. Mrs. Bowie and her son demanded that the ceremony be immediately performed, a license having been secured. Posey refused, and Mrs. Bowie made good her alternative that "he would die right here." The killing was therefore premeditated, and no attempt was made to deny it. Yet the jury unanimously found that Mrs. Bowie and her son possessed in this instance the right to execute. A contrasting case is that of Mrs. Birdsong in Mississippi, who killed her physician after making the gravest possible accusation of personal and professional misconduct. The doctor was given no chance to clear his reputation before being put to death, and the courts, even to the highest in the State, were unfeeling enough to condemn Mrs. Birdsong to life imprisonment. Not unexpectedly, this aroused considerable feeling in Mississippi. In many an editorial, now reinforced by the Bowie verdict, an appeal for women's rights appeared. It was urged that the right to slay under the unwritten law should know no discrimination of sex. Gov. Vardaman holds this opinion, and will therefore shortly release Mrs. Birdsong from jail.

And the unwritten law now applies to negroes as well as to white men. That is, of course, consistent and good law, even if uncodified. The right of the injured person to slay, once granted, should not be abridged by age or sex or color or previous condition of servitude. This negro case occurred in Columbia, S. C.; the offence was admitted, and the jury was white. The judge was a narrow-minded person who solemnly informed the jury that there was only one law in South Carolina, and that was the written law. The jury unanimously undeceived the judge. This makes all the more remarkable the action of a jury

at Gaffney, S. C., which convicted W. H. Mills of killing his wife's paramour. The counsel for the husband—his "beautiful" wife sat by him and encouraged him throughout the trial—made, we learn, "an admirable plea to the sympathy of the jury," but the stony-hearted twelve found Mills guilty of murder, with a recommendation to mercy. Obviously, if there had been available such case-books as we suggest, this inconsistency could not have occurred.

Next we note the reappearance of the "unwritten law" in Belgium—not, as some of our contemporaries would have it, the very first instance known in Europe. In all of its aspects, this drama might have been enacted anywhere in the United States. Like the Bowie case, the unforgivable sin of the "deceased" was his refusal to marry. As in the recent Loving case in Virginia, the evidence did not show that the injured person was wholly fitted to teach in a Sunday-school. Indeed, the letters of the shamefully treated young woman in the Belgian case, introduced as evidence, suggested the writings of Fielding and Smollett, rather than Jane Austen. But the jury refused to let that weigh with it. Indeed, this case may be said to open up quite an opportunity for the learned defenders of the law we note here and there in the press. Just how moral need the victim be to give her next of male or female kin the right to kill? Or how immoral must she be before she crosses the line which would transfer from her relatives to the courts of the land the right to take cognizance of a wrong done to her?

The question whether the accused should or should not have the right to clear his character before death is, we regret to observe, agitating the whole Virginia press since the Loving acquittal. If you once admit that the private executioner can make a mistake, or err in his judgment as to what the sentence shall be, and how it shall be carried out, you undermine the very foundations of this sacred law. As it were, you commit contempt of court by insinuating that it can be led astray, and every editor so offending ought really to be jailed on bread and water. The lack of power so to punish is, perhaps, behind the suggestion that the "unwritten law" should now be written on the statute books, on the ground that, after all, it but bespeaks public approval of the supremacy of primordial feelings and instincts. This is gravely debated by the Lynchburg, Va., *News*, which finally concludes, however, that the law should be left unwritten. There remains this single drawback to Virginia's enacting the "healthy, wholesome public sentiment of the people into law":

> Let it be known that under given circumstances her laws will by implication give to man the right to kill, and the time would not be long in coming when the condition would serve as excuse and blind and shelter of defence, behind which the wilful murderer would attempt to hide, and often succeed in the essay. A "trumped-up" pretext, collusion, conspiracy, and what not, would be the means by which many a guilty wretch could escape his just deserts.

This, we submit, is mere pettifogging, and shows that the advocates of the unwritten law have still much expounding to do besides expanding their pet statute to its logical conclusions.

THE SOLACE OF IDEAS.

At the unveiling of a tablet at Oxford, the other day, in commemoration of Cecil Rhodes, Lord Rosebery spoke out of his personal knowledge of that remarkable man. He dwelt, in particular, upon the deep comfort which Rhodes long took in brooding over and perfecting the plans for his great Oxford endowment. He once said to Lord Rosebery: "When I find myself in uncongenial company, or when people are playing their games, or when I am alone in a railway carriage, I shut my eyes and think of my great idea. I turn it over in my mind and try to get a new light on it; it is the pleasantest companion that I have." And at times when Rhodes was attacked, too, when he was called a money-grubber and a disgrace to the English name—we will not inquire here with what truth—he would say: "All this does not worry me in the least. I have my will here, and when they abuse me, I think of it, and I know they will read it after I am gone, and will do me justice when I am dead."

Such companionship and comfort of high ideas must rank as one of the purest joys of life. They furnish a pleasure which is, in many ways, more common and more intense to-day than ever before. With large accumulations of wealth become so numerous, large plans of philanthropy are cherished by more people. The fore-reaching satisfactions of a wise founder must be very great. If a man of phlegm like Cecil Rhodes could find such solace in them, what must not be the anticipatory delights of more sensitive and demonstrative benefactors? There is occasionally a comic side to the experience. Some curmudgeon of a miser will chuckle to himself as he thinks of the reversal of public opinion about him which will take place when it is found that his life-long stinginess was but a means to a splendid burst of posthumous generosity. Unexpected charities or endowments on a large scale sometimes seem especially planned to dazzle, or to bid for the addition of surprise to applause. The Rogers bequest to the Metropolitan was on this order. Such unlooked-for gifts to the public lend piquancy to speculation about the motives and purposes of the most unpromising of rich men. An ingenious friend of ours is in the habit of asking newspaper men where the press would find a leg to stand on if it should appear that Harriman had left his millions to found a Home for Decayed Journalists!

This may be thought fantastic. It should be noted, however, that the attractiveness of a long-meditated plan, or conception, does not depend, in the mind of its possessor, upon its being sane or feasible. A whimsical thought may be as good a companion as a solid idea. Hobby-riders are not at all particular about the animal they bestride. He may be really knock-kneed and broken-winded, but if they think him sound and shapely, that suffices for them. The happiness lies in the hobby, irrespective of its nature.

And here we may see the mistake we often make in pitying crack-brained inventors, men with physical or social panaceas, fanatics, neglected geniuses, regenerators of the world. We think their lot unhappy. So it often is, outwardly, but in their hearts they are the happiest men alive. They know that they are right, and everybody else wrong, and what source of uplifting joy can be surer than that knowledge? Some experimenter in perpetual motion, some dabbler in alchemy, will bring you his prospectus, his company formed, with a few shares yet obtainable at a high figure, and you fear that you have broken his heart, or, perhaps, shattered his faith, when you incredulously turn him away empty-handed. On the contrary, you have confirmed and strengthened him. He will go out, saying to himself, "Fools! Fools!" When a man can say that heartily—when he has attained such a pitch of certitude about his pet idea—a felicity is in his keeping which no unbeliever can ever know or ever take away.

Going back to ideas which are philanthropic and feasible, it must be admitted that their execution sometimes dims the joy of contemplation. So many vexing circumstances, so many misunderstandings, so many unwelcome criticisms may present themselves when it is attempted to change the dream into reality. But this is the peril of every artist—and the embodier of a beneficent conception may be thought of as an artist in his way. Haydon said that he was never satisfied with his work until he had forgotten what he set out to do. Benevolent ideas frequently seem warped from their original intention, by the process of taking form in brick and mortar and charters and administrators. Some have argued from this that it is better, as Rhodes did, to leave the carrying out of a great foundation to one's executors; thus to have the long solace of the idea without the worry of executing it. But there is a pleasure, too, in overcoming difficulties; and plaudits in

living ears sound grateful; so that there is reason enough for the growing custom of philanthropists to be their own executors.

LITERARY TENDENCIES.

A criticism of "Intellectual and Literary Italy at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century," by Albert Reggio, gives a rather discouraging account of Italian literature. The author thinks that "regionalism" and "hybridism" have had a bad effect upon Italian writers. By regionalism he means, of course, a provincialism which has led many to disregard the national traditions and to follow narrow and unimportant paths. Yet even Livy was charged with "Patavinity." Reggio seems, however, to have had in mind especially literature considered as an end in itself. Of this, no country is now producing a great deal.

He appears also to have overlooked the highly significant signs of the intellectual awakening in what is sometimes called "the third Italy." For, while no poet of high rank, with the exception of Carducci, has arisen in the new kingdom, and while neither D'Annunzio nor Fogazzaro shows striking originality, Italy is witnessing a marked ferment of ideas. Her universities have accomplished a great deal in philosophy, science, and law, by admirable work in lecture-room and laboratory. It is true that, with the passing away of the Pope's temporal power, and with the realization of Italian unity, many hoped for a great literary revival as an accompaniment of national self-consciousness. No such revival took place. Possibly, therefore, disappointment at not getting what was expected, blinds us to the value of what we did get.

However that may be, the "regionalism" of which M. Reggio complains has been one of the characteristics most admired in modern authors. Under the name of local color, or "faithful studies of out-of-the-way life," hosts of writers are in pursuit of it. It would be hard to name any American man of letters—excluding, of course, writers on history and science—who does not owe much of his reputation to regionalism. Nothing could be more regional than the works of Cooper and Longfellow. Thoreau was drenched in provincialism. It has been said of Hawthorne that he saw Europe with the eyes of a New England Puritan; and he displays his regionalism even when face to face with ancient Rome. Of the Italian variety of this tendency, M. Reggio remarks that most authors "in the most regionalistic country in the world" are led "fatally to get rid of all personality." Nietzsche's genius he describes as universal, D'Annunzio's as regional. "There is universality in the one, and consequently subjective genius; in the other there is only objectivity, consequently mechanism, and, thanks to the perfection of this, elegance, amplitude, harmony, plasticity."

Hybridism is the other defect observed by M. Reggio in contemporary Italian writings. It is caused by imitation of foreign models. Up to the present time, Italian literature has been too attentive to alien voices, too subservient and irresolute in the presence of exotic influences. German materialism and socialism, the logic of Hegel and the positivism of Comte, realism and symbolism, the French and the English drama, have all been hospitably received; but the result has been a suppression of originality. The Italian critics have frightened the poets into silence; the Italian editors prefer the French *feuilleton* to the *novelle* of native authors.

But if hybridism of this sort is a defect, it is one found in the literature of nearly every country. As in the days when Latin was the language of the learned, so now, when learning is polyglot, every European literature tends to be denationalized. A book that attracts notice in any one land is speedily translated into several languages. Hence no people remains outside the current, and no nation can construct a literature exclusively its own. As it was in the case of early English poetry, so it must always be. Traces of hybridism are in the works of all the immortals. There is more of Boccaccio in Chaucer than of Spenser in Milton. Shakespeare impressed his influence upon the German quite as much as upon the English drama. Especially should it be remembered that, while it is easy to trace the causes of decadence in a national literature, it is impossible at any given time to explain why no literary star of the first magnitude appears above the horizon. It would seem, then, that Reggio's mild pessimism is not wholly justified. Italy, with her distinguished place in contemporary science, is apparently doing her share in the lighter and more purely artistic forms of literary activity.

NURTURING THE RACE.

The work that is now being done by Mr. John Galsworthy, a comparatively new figure in British fiction, has been characterized as continuing the Dickensian tradition. Recent contributions by this writer to the London *Nation* show that the comparison with the author of "Little Dorrit" and "Oliver Twist" is an apt one. Like Dickens, he is most concerned with the life of London's poor and very poor, and, like Dickens, he is not afraid to be sentimental, vehement, and didactic. "Demos," a remarkable dialogue between a drunken, wife-beating London day-laborer and an undescribed interlocutor, is fully as effective a piece of special pleading as the exordium to the death scene of Little Jo in "Bleak House." "Old Age" is more photographic, more restrained, yet equally powerful as a portrayal of what terrors the simple word "future" may hold for those who have no leisure to look ahead. Both little fiction-essays—the French *enquête* would really describe them best—are reflective of the uncommon zeal with which Englishmen have lately begun to discuss at least the vast problem of poverty in its relations to race propagation and the national future. Mr. Galsworthy is distinctly the collaborator of Francis Galton, Karl Pearson, and Sidney Webb.

A sharp distinction, however, can be drawn between the aim that animates the work of the professional sociologists and the spirit we find in the literary artist's sketches. To the former the chief concern in this peril of the "degeneration" of England's urban inhabitants is broadly political and broadly biological. If the class of the unemployed continues to increase, if drunkenness and malnutrition remain unchecked, if no restraints are imposed on the employment of children and of mothers—what will become of the splendid English stock, and what will become of the British Empire? If the poorer classes continue to exhibit an appallingly high birth rate, while the comfortable and well-to-do persist in regulating propagation in accordance with the fluctuations of the income tax—what is to prevent England from speedily following in the footsteps of Rome? In "Demos" and "Old Age," on the other hand, we find anxiety and pity for the evil which is of the day, and the implied obligation on the part of society to cling to the rule formulated by the old man of Königsberg and to treat the Poplar seamstress or the West Ham coal-heaver as something of an end in themselves, to the exclusion of even such sonorous ideals as "race-cultivation" and "national supremacy."

If we are to take just the cold-blooded evolutionary or political standpoint, with regard to this entire question of proletarian race-swarming *versus* aristocratic race-suicide, it is not impossible to maintain that the evil of the situation has been unduly magnified. When we deplore the fact that the "best" elements should consciously restrict their own growth, while the "worst" elements multiply even as the sands of the sea, are we not really putting the cart before the horse? In arguing that improvident parenthood is responsible for poverty, we are only stating that the "worst" are the "worst" because of their multiplicity, and that the "best" hold their high place because of their carefully restricted numbers. Under present economic conditions, if by some miracle the birth-rate in London's East End should suddenly be cut in three and the birth-rate at the West End be trebled, it would only mean, in the course of time, a shifting of the slum district from Whitechapel to Grosvenor Square.

Still from the same cold-blooded point of view, it may be argued that an enormous amount of human wastage is not necessarily inimical to the progress of the race; at least, we have grown accustomed to nature's expensive method of perfection-building, and the English student of evolution should regard with equanimity the development of an industrial slave population as the base on which British culture may rise to the heights of Greek civilization. As for national rivalry, here, too, it remains to be proved that a highly developed class-conscious oligarchy, backed by a submissive populace placated by various democratic fictions, could not hold its own against a better-fed nation led by inferior intelligence. Somehow Rome managed to struggle on for five or six hundred years after its inhabitants had become a mob of foreign public beggars. Add to this the important consideration that a parallel process is at work all over the world, and that, if Britain's undesirables grow fast, so do those of her possible competitors.

So we come back to what we have called—perhaps with too much emphasis—the Galsworthian point of view. As a matter of fact, it is unfair to draw a sharp distinction between humanitarians and scientific sociologists. Mr. Sidney Webb is not a notorious grinder of the faces of the poor, and possibly, with full knowledge of his British public's distaste for the abstract, in charity, as well as in everything else, he has been fooling it cleverly by telling England that, if it doesn't watch out, Germany will get it. His remedial suggestions certainly show no absence of a desire to cope with present needs on an extensive scale. Our point is directed only against the danger of over-emphasizing the scientific aspect of the problem. To lessen the present burden of human suffering is still quite as adequate a formula as any that has been set up, but it has become unfashionable. To speak of "eugenics" and the "endowment of motherhood" is strictly up to date; but, if you mention the hackneyed word "philanthropy," G. B. S. comes out and hits you with his shillelah.

THE STRUGGLE FOR—AN EXCUSE.

The assumption that the feverish haste of modern life is due to a forced "struggle for existence" is wholly unwarranted, so far as its general application is concerned. It is true that present-day organization has made it less easy than of old for the man of moderate means to conduct certain lines of business on an independent and fairly remunerative basis. It is not true, however, that the type of man who could do this in the past cannot find some form of equally profitable effort to-day. Doubtless, the college professor now receives but meagre pay in proportion to his services, but he has no hankering for a return of the time, not yet remote, when college presidents were serving for smaller salaries than the lower ranks of instructors in respectable institutions now get. The public in general sympathized with the women teachers of this city in their attempt to secure the same pay as men for equal work; but many of the petitioners are now paid higher salaries than the average male city superintendent commanded at a period within the memory of men not yet superannuated.

It is not the struggle for *existence* which is hurrying the human procession on at a pace beyond the limit of healthful endurance, but for existence upon some predetermined level, equal to or above that of others who are steadily held before the mind's eye as a standard of comparison. Smith starts with a competence, but ends in bankruptcy as a result, not of the fierce struggle for existence, but of the effort to maintain a seaside summer cottage and an automobile, as does his neighbor, Mr. Jones. His father went to Ohio penniless in the thirties, took up a farm, and died twenty-five years ago a wealthy man, not because the struggle was easier then, but because he shod his own work horses, mended his own boots, ate and wore the products of his own fields, and solaced his ear with the hum of the loom and not the piano. Had he endeavored to satisfy the more varied and expensive tastes now prevalent, disaster would have been the inevitable outcome.

Our colleges and universities are filled with the idea that short-cuts to degrees must be devised, so that the graduate may plunge earlier into the desperate struggle. Formerly there was time for a four years' cultural course, with full professional studies to follow. Now, we are told, this is impossible. Either by telescoping or by shortening, a year or two must be saved, if the boy is to have any chance. Any chance for what? So far as business success is concerned, it is a simple fact that college graduates who have brains and energy are working their way into lucrative employment with more ease to-day than at any previous period in the nation's history. If in certain lines where other qualities than shrewdness and push are important the comparison is possibly less favorable, it is imaginable that the difficulty lies in too brief a period of preparation for the demands of the age, rather than too extended. The theory of an Osler may do for the exceptional man of genius, but when it comes to the average, the world is suffering more from the rawness of men under forty who have never been sufficiently trained for the work they are trying to do, than from the incipient senility of really well-disciplined men between forty and sixty.

It is useless to attempt to convince the participants in the struggle that its ends are in general not worth so severe an effort. The *aurea mediocritas* is just the one thing of gold for which the gold-seeker can find no use in his business. Men who are not themselves carried beyond the point of reason, however, should not lend their weight to the fallacy that the present age, in addition to its accumulation of very real evils, is especially characterized by increasing difficulty in the struggle for *existence*. From the highest to the lowest, such a conception is radically at variance with the plain facts.

The dispute turns very largely upon the distinction made by Socrates. In the well-known dialogue where he was picturing the ideal simplicity of life, some one broke in with the objection that boughs to lie upon and the home-made loaf would not satisfy all. "Ah, I see," remarked Socrates, "it is not life that you are discussing, but luxurious life." No doubt, if men are to pitch their expectations by an ever increasing standard of luxury, its attainment will be increasingly difficult. That, however, is no more true to-day than it was in the time of Socrates.

THE OXFORD PAGEANT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, July 4.

The Oxford pageant, enacted yesterday afternoon for the last time, has for several months past occupied the minds of Town and Gown alike. How modern a thing is this union of hearts in an enterprise requiring coöperation between the university and the city is brought home to us by one of the chief episodes enacted—the fatal town and gown riot of St. Scholastica's Day, 1354. How real has been the coöperation of all estates of men in this pageant could be seen at any time during these last six weeks and more by a glance at the thoroughfares of this ancient university seat.

Inured from of old to the scarlet silks and brocades which diversify doctors processions at the Encænia and at certain of the weekly university sermons, the streets of Oxford have lent themselves with a good grace during the last month and a half to the motley of throngs more brilliantly variegated than those of any carnival, whether Venetian, Roman, or Parisian. Angles in skins have jostled Puritan Ironsides in leather and feathers at the four corners of Carfax. Helmeted Normans, armed to the teeth, have flashed down Holywell and smoked briarwood pipes while clangorously bestriding bicycles down Long Wall Street. All the country roads leading into Oxford have been choked with thronging cavaliers on gallant chargers, with streaming locks and fluttering cloaks of red or green, purple or blue, making haste to their rendezvous with the martyred Charles on the playground of Magdalen College School. Queens, pages, squires, and court ladies of many generations have swarmed over Magdalen Bridge; Mercian nuns, archbishops, earls, cardinals, friars, black and white, have become a drug in the market; and the motley crowd of the

fair, into the midst of which arrived George III. to the accompaniment of Handel's Water music—the closing muster of the pageant—has more than once quite crowded to the wall in Oxford streets the few miserable beings still wearing the too sober livery of to-day.

A distinguished archæologist, bent on the Ashmolean Museum and all unconscious of the local pageant, alighted here yesterday from Berlin. He was thunderstruck by the first thing he saw on leaving the station—a full-fledged courtier of Henry the VIII. dashing along on a motor bicycle with a cigarette in his mouth, and not a soul heeding him. Truly, a haven for the archæologist, this Oxford, where the man in the street is prepared for any apparition from the past that may present itself.

The pageant, then, made the gallantry of mediæval costume, the court dress of Elizabeth, and the finery of the Stuart levees and progresses a common matter in Oxford. All classes were familiar with it all, because all kinds of people took part. This gave to the actual scenes—parades, court functions, processions, progresses, and the like, all of them bringing in crowds of people—a charm of variety and reality difficult to find in similar scenes as commonly set on the stage. Mr. Lascelles, the indefatigable master of the pageant, overcame many difficulties, but did not have to contend with the hopelessly monotonous vulgarity of stage supernumeraries. In his skilfully marshalled groups and scenes all were stars, and there were no supernumeraries. Speaking generally, the purely mechanical conventions of the contemporary stage were more honored in the breach than in the observance. The grotesquery of the ordinary make-up for the footlights had to be mitigated for performers whose background was natural foliage and the open sky, and whose illumination was daylight pure and simple. Open-air performance favors, on the whole, a certain spontaneity and a return from conventionality to naturalness. Stage management did, however, most emphatically come into successful play in timing the various scenes. Although the whole representation lasted from four to seven, the time was well filled and there were no waits. This was constantly attended to, along with the grouping of colors and masses, by the master of the pageant, whose megaphone, audible among the *figurants* and *figurantes* of the meadow, could not be heard by the audience. He was on the roof of the grand stand wherein they were seated.

One of the much discussed dramatic unities, and one only, imposed itself on the sixteen events or parts of the whole representation. Each and all had to take place on the meadow overlooked by Magdalen tower, and surrounded by arms of the Cherwell. Here is the playing ground of Magdalen College School, where was bred J. R. Green, whose "History of the English People" is in some sort a protest against the undue importance commonly attached by historians to kings, courts, ceremonials, and battles. It is a striking and not wholly encouraging commentary on Green's ideas to find, in looking through the events chosen to illustrate Oxford history, that kings and courts and battles occupy the stage so constantly that very little space can be allotted to specifically University events, even in what is primarily a review of the history of a University town. Primeval and mediæval Oxford were represented by six events, Oxford since the Renaissance by nine. Of all these numbers, six only dealt with specifically academic events. The first of these, in which Mr. Bridges dramatizes the arrival at Oxford of Theobaldus Stampensis, is so obviously undramatic, that it might advantageously have been dispensed with. Next comes Mr. Oman's farcical episode of Roger Bacon, and the brazen head, an amplification of a well-known Elizabethan extravaganza. This travesty of mediæval learning has at least the merit of furnishing the occasion for Mr. Tovey's remarkable skit on Richard Strauss. Mr. Tovey's title is "Also sprach die reine Vernunft," and the musical extravaganza well assorts with the oracles of Friar Bacon, but neither the music nor the fun so much as hints that Friar Bacon played a great part in the progress of learning at Oxford.

The third academic scene is the riot on St. Scholastica's day—dramatized most effectively in Mr. Godley's dialogue. Fighting and carnage always command attention irrespective of the intellectual attainments of the heads that are broken. The scene between Wolsey and Henry VIII. brings in the foundation of Cardinal College episodically; the real dramatic interest concerns first Catharine, Henry VIII., and Anne Bullen, and then the delightful allegory performed for their diversion. The same is true of Sir Thomas Bodley's foundation, most skilfully wrought into the fifth academic episode, where Miss Wordsworth inimitably introduces King Jamie and Lord Bacon animadverting upon the dramatic improprieties and exuberance of poor Shakespeare, who just manages to keep his temper until these great people pass off the scene, and certainly monopolizes the dramatic interest. The attraction of the sixth academic episode, James II.'s expulsion of the fellows of Magdalen, certainly centred in politics.

Thus the only one of these six episodes which ought to be most interesting, since it contains nothing of courts, of battles, or of royal ceremonial, has turned out to be the only one that proved unsuitably dull for the pageant. This certainly shows that the Consultative Committee were wise in running counter to J. R. Green's general view. Fascinating in its results as worked out by the historian, Green's notion of neglecting the pomps and victories of history, the finery of courts and the carnage of battlefields, plainly has no scope in the plan of a pageant. But the committee would have failed had they been content to make plain at Oxford that purely academic facts and interests cannot be made interesting in dramatic representation. They were therefore most happily inspired when they accepted from Professor Raleigh their wonderful Interlude—"The Masque of the Mediæval Curriculum." This most uniquely fascinating poem made of the Oxford Pageant, a new departure of interest alike to the historian of literature and of the stage.

It is an open secret that this imaginative projection of the mediæval spirit into a series of wonderful tableaux, with accompanying poetical exegesis, is largely, indeed so far as the poetry goes chiefly, the work of Mr. Markoe, lately of Harvard University, and now of Magdalen College, Oxford. Prof. Walter Raleigh has insisted upon this fact, although the general conception of the masque owes so much to Raleigh himself that it figured in connection with his name.

Indeed, the exquisite literary charm of this masque was but one of the many graces that adorned it. Such were its beauties of detail that only a general impression can be given. Pleasure and her train vie with Divinity hedged around by the liberal arts of the Trivium and Quadrivium, for the allegiance of the wise student and the foolish one. The difficulty of the choice was shared by every onlooker. On the whole, Pleasure floated around us practically irresistible, although the wise student's choice of Divinity and her austere attendants was just momentarily conceivable, but not when we were confronted by "Bacchus and his lustful throng, mingling their ribald jests with drunken song." This merry tableaux won the enthusiastic admiration of all beholders.

In his Bacchanalian throng and in the Allegory performed before Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine—where bees and ants swarm from the Castle of Industry, whence issues the slayer of the dragon Ignorance—the small fry of Oxford figured with such effect as to justify the common saying that young children always take on their best looks in the otherwise much maligned Oxford climate. Among the scenes unaccompanied with dialogue, a very striking one was the Coronation of Harold Harefoot (1036), where was introduced, with thrilling beauty of effect, the actual plainsong known to have been sung on the occasion. The funeral of Amy Robsart was equally effective, and more minutely correct, because so much more detailed information is available, and because Lord Dillon's knowledge was exhaustive. Here Mr. Donald Tovey's polyphonic movement for four trombones came in to show how much music can achieve if a composer frankly subdues his hand to that in which it is called on to work. This masterpiece of pageant accompaniment is likely to figure on concert programmes in the future.

The sombre funereal note was taken up in a later scene by the weirdly melancholy Pavane—one of Lully's—played for the ladies whose graceful evolutions were the entertainment offered by Laud to his king just arrived. Costumes, grouping, and landscape all melted into one delightful harmony in the three Stuart scenes. Oxford always belongs to Charles the First, and Charles the First to Oxford—a fact to which our own Longfellow was most keenly alive. On the present occasion Charles would have been the more at ease because of the "make-up" of his host, the Vice-Chancellor Laud. Among many happy hits this reincarnation of Laud, which was the well-known Bodleian portrait to absolute perfection, ranks foremost. The King himself would have been deceived, but would hardly have understood if it had afterwards been explained that the impersonator of Laud was Mr. Clark Tandy of Exeter College. So far he would have followed; but what would he have thought when he heard it added that Mr. Tandy was a Rhodes scholar from Kentucky? The putative emotions of the martyred King may perhaps some day be recorded by Samuel Clemens, Esq., Hon. Litt.D., Oxford, who twice attended the pageant with

increasing enthusiasm and was twice the recipient of an ovation from the spectators, all of whom evidently shared Lord Curzon's admiration for our inimitable compatriot.

LOUIS DYER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There has just been published the first volume (covering A to E) of a new bibliographical work with the rather imposing title: "The Bibliographer's Manual of American History. Containing an account of all State, Territory, Town and County Histories Relating to the United States of North America." It is compiled by Dr. Thomas Lindsey Bradford, and edited and published by Stan. V. Henkels, the Philadelphia auctioneer, through whose hands pass annually so many rare and important books.

To criticise a work of this sort is easy, but to prepare any extended bibliography and have it free from errors or omissions is impossible. The transcripts of titles of most of the books are full, and collations are generally given. The modern bibliographer demands fuller collations than are given in the older works, and Dr. Bradford in many cases has furnished these. In this respect, however, the work is very uneven. For example, the collation of Alsop's "Character of the Province of Maryland," 1666, one of the rarest of books, is given as "10 p. l., pp. 118. Portrait and Map," while the 1902 reprint of the book has a page-by-page collation filling fourteen lines. It is a pity also that more of the notes are not original. With a few exceptions they are quoted, and this largely from Rich, Field, Stevens, Thomson, and Sabin, whose notes, though admirable at the time, are now in many cases antiquated. The auction sale records are in some cases very full, but are set "solid," and the arrangement is haphazard. In some cases sale records of many years ago only are given. Only one record (Brinley, 1880, $56) is given for Bonoeil's book on Silkworms in Virginia, "His Majestie's Gracious Letter," etc., 1622, but there are two important recent records, McKee, 1902, $260, and Lefferts, 1902, £67. Only one record of sale is given for John Eliot's "Tears of Repentance," 1653, that of $100 paid for Rice's copy in March, 1870. This same copy has since been resold twice (in the Menzies and Griswold sales), and other copies were sold in the Brinley, Barlow, Ives, Deane, and other sales. No record of sale is given for Eliot's "Brief Narrative," 1671, though several copies have been sold at auction. Other similar omissions of this sort might be pointed out. On the other hand, records of sales of moderately-priced books which do not find a place in "Book-Prices Current" are entered in many cases. For the average collector, bookseller, or librarian it is sometimes just as important to find that a book is worth only twenty-five cents, as to find that it is worth as many dollars.

Omissions are likely to be discovered by use. Local items are, in the nature of the case, often difficult to trace. Sir William Alexander's "Map and Description of New England," 1630, is included, but the earlier issue of the same book with a different title "An Encouragement to Colonies," 1624, is omitted. The title of the first edition of Breton's "Briefe and True Relation," 1602, is given, but the collation is that of the second edition of the same year. The first edition, interesting as being the first printed account of any voyage of Englishmen to the shores of New England, contains twelve leaves only, signatures A., B., and C., each four leaves. The second edition has twenty-four leaves, with a different title containing the words: "With divers instructions of special moment newly added"; in this second impression, Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations," 1727, as well as Shea's reprint of it made in 1866, are included, but the only other edition mentioned had simply the entry "The Same, London: 1747." As a matter of fact, the London edition is not by any means the same as that of 1727, but includes much additional matter. Sabin describes also editions of 1750 (some copies without date) and 1755, the latter in two volumes.

Of the many editions of the "Navigator," ascribed to Zadok Cramer, the earliest described is the fifth edition, 1806, and nothing has been added to Sabin's and Thomson's account except a few more recent sale records. The third edition, printed by John Scull in Pittsburgh, in 1802, has the title: "The Ohio and Mississippi Navigator Comprising an Ample Account of those Beautiful Rivers, from the Head of the Former to the Mouth of the Latter." No copies of the first or second editions seem to be traceable.

An exhaustive index by titles and an index by States are promised at the conclusion of the work, and will form the fifth volume. This index will make the information in the work accessible to the local collector and librarian, and render it practically indispensable to the collector of local histories.

Correspondence.

THE POSITION OF PROFESSOR HARNACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A note in the *Nation* of July 11 very properly calls attention to the recent noteworthy productions of Professor Harnack in the field of New Testament criticism. The mention of "conservative results," however, and of the "historical credibility of the book" (*i. e.*, the Acts of the Apostles), may prove misleading to some as to the actual position of the Berlin savant in regard to the trustworthiness of the writings ascribed to Luke. It is true that Harnack, in "Lukas der Arzt" (Leipzig: 1906), and in more recent articles, argues strenuously for the Lukan authorship of the entire book of Acts, as well as of the third Gospel, and thus antagonizes many critics who have held that the later chapters of the Acts, especially the "we-sections," were from another hand than the earlier chapters, and that the tradition ascribing both history and Gospel to the physician Luke, the companion of Paul, is untenable. It is true also that he pleads for a larger measure of credence for the Lukan writings in general than have been recently accorded them, *e. g.*, by Clemen, Jülicher, and Weizsächer. But, on the other hand, no careful reader of Harnack could make him sponsor for what are commonly known as the traditional opinions concerning these portions of the New Testament, nor will any one who desires to place confidence in Luke as an historian find much to his liking in Harnack's pages. While praising the smoothness and graphic picturesqueness of Luke's style, Harnack asserts that Luke proceeds in chapter after chapter with great carelessness as to facts, and that he frequently is entirely misleading. This holds good, Harnack maintains, for the Gospel as well as for the Acts, and for the second part of the Acts as well as for the first (p. 80). He asserts that Luke's picture of the primitive Church in Jerusalem leaves much to be desired in point of clearness and credibility (p. 88). Paul's attitude toward the decree of the Apostolic council can not have been that recorded in Acts 15, and subsequent chapters (p. 91). Luke has exaggerated the friendliness of the Roman Government toward the new religion, and treated Pilate with more than justifiable leniency (p. 96). Moreover, the conception of the Christian salvation which obtains in both Gospels and Acts is, according to Harnack, extremely deficient: Luke seems to conceive Jesus as a supernatural medicine-man and exorcist, and to regard miracle healing as the proper function and real test of the new faith (p. 100). Further, this physician-author is described as a "Christian Science" practitioner (the English phrase is used), and compensating characteristics are sought for his magic, his colossal credulity, his theological superficiality, and his genuinely Greek fondness for fabulating (p. 116).

It is true that Harnack discovers compensating merits in Luke in abundance, and that he describes with enthusiasm his worth as an historian. The above extracts give a very one-sided notion of the portrayal of Luke in "Lukas der Arzt." They are nevertheless necessary to a fair judgment on Harnack's position as a New Testament critic, and they indicate with sufficient force how far his recent publications are from supporting the traditional position, as that is commonly understood. When the views of the Berlin professor are taken as a whole, it is probable that few would care to claim them as "conservative results."

The misunderstanding is due, doubtless, to Harnack's peculiar use of the word "tradition" in some of his clear, ringing sentences. He has a fondness for "tradition" in the sense of ecclesiastical and patristic reminiscences of persons and places, authors and sites, connected with early Church history, together with a remarkable genius for seeming to prove the correctness of many of these early opinions. With him a "return to tradition" means a return to the very early opinion that the author of the Acts was the physician Luke, and that the fourth Gospel was written by a man by the name of John in Ephesus, but he does not mean by it a return to the unquestioned opinion of 200 years ago, that the Acts contains a reliable portrayal of the personality of Paul, or that the Gospel of John is of equal value as an historical document with the Gospel of Mark.

Mistaken conclusions of this sort are the less excusable since the same blunder was made ten years ago, and corrected. Referring to that error, and in anticipation,

it should seem, of such misapprehensions as might arise from the note in the *Nation*, Harnack wrote in the preface to the work on Luke under discussion:

Ich sah mich plötzlich zum Zeugen dafür gemacht, dass wir uns in der *Sachkritik* in einer rückläufigen Bewegung befänden. Für dieses Missverständniss bin ich nicht verantwortlich, ja ich habe mich in jener Vorrede im voraus gegen dasselbe geschützt; es hat aber nichts geholfen. So sei denn jetzt ausdrücklich ausgesprochen, dass in der *Sachkritik* viele überlieferte Positionen m. E. immer unhaltbarer erscheinen und überraschenden Erkentnissen Platz machen müssen.

JOHN M. THOMAS.

East Orange, N. J., July 19.

DEFACING PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ever since the newspapers noticed the action of the House of Commons prohibiting the defacing of scenery by advertisements, I have been wondering how the fundamental law of private property in England makes such an enactment possible.

Your editorial in the *Nation* of June 20 leads me to ask if you can suggest how we can as a nation, State, or city, "imitate" England in prohibiting the defacements on property owned by private individuals. We have, in this State, a law which protects State property from defacement, but diligent search has failed to show me a constitutional and lawful way to stop advertisements on private property. We have a city ordinance forbidding painting advertisements on the walls of buildings, but attorneys for property owners easily showed our city attorney that such an ordinance was unconstitutional. One of the glories of Colorado is her scenery, and you will win her gratitude if you can point out a method of saving it from advertising vandals.

A year ago or so, there was a warm exchange of compliments between the editor (I think) of the New York *Times* and the editor of the Hartford *Courant* over an enormous disfiguring whiskey advertisement, which from the wall of an adjoining building glared a welcome to all passengers alighting at the Hartford depot, but the *non possumus* of the Hartford authorities seemed well based in the constitutional provisions of the State.

Practically, the question is: Can police power be extended to æsthetics, and if so, how, and how far?

Much as I personally detest the advertisement on bill boards on empty lots or on the walls of private buildings, I see no way to forbid it without opening the door to saying how one shall shape and color one's house, or cut one's hair.

The Supreme Court of the United States went, so it seems to me, unduly far recently in supporting a Wyoming law declaring a certain thing to be a nuisance. What is a nuisance is not a matter for legislative enactment, but for determination of a court; and public health, morals, and safety, and not æstheticism, must remain the touchstone.

Pardon the length of this letter. The matter is of growing importance. I have had the misfortune to be retained in successful opposition to the enforcement of æsthetic laws, but I am keenly desirous of "finding a way" for reasonable and safe restraint of vandals.

CHAS. W. HAINES.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 1.

THE PRESIDENTS OF WILLIAMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The election of Professor Garfield to the presidency of Williams College does not involve so great a departure from precedent as your interesting note of July 11 suggests.

The first three presidents were regular clergymen. The fourth, the venerated Mark Hopkins, though he became a great preacher, never studied for the ministry, but took a full course in medicine before accepting the professorship of moral philosophy in the college, and was licensed to preach while occupying that chair, three years before his election as president.

His successor, President Chadbourne (1872-81), was in no sense a clergyman, but always a student and teacher of natural history. He also became a frequent and vigorous college preacher, but had no theological education, and was never ordained. I still have his letter, written during my student days, in which he says, with reference to a proposed sketch of his life: "Please remember that while I am a D.D., I am *not* a Reverend."

President Carter (1881-1901) was a teacher of languages—French and Latin at Williams; German at Yale—and had no clerical relations of any sort when chosen to the presidency. He gave the baccalaureate sermon regularly during his incumbency, and may have been ordained after his election, though I have no certain knowledge on this point.

It is true, as you say, that both Dr. Chadbourne and Dr. Carter taught semi-theological subjects—natural theology, theism, etc.—and no doubt these subjects were deemed especially appropriate for the president, especially since they would not occupy his entire time. But the truth appears to be that Williams was one of the early colleges to elect non-clerical presidents, and that the requisites for the office have always been, as now, scholarship, administrative ability, and definite Christian character and ideals, without reference to technical ministerial standing. C. S. H.

Chicago, July 13.

[In spite of the facts which our correspondent cites, we feel that the election of Professor Garfield will be generally, and justly, regarded as a break in clerical tradition. We by no means intended to convey the impression that all former presidents of Williams had been pastors of churches.—ED. NATION.]

WARNING AGAINST AN IMPOSTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of the *Nation* should be warned against the advances of an impostor, who pretends to be an expert in classical archæology, and is travelling from city to city endeavoring to procure assistance under various pretexts. In some places he represents himself as Prof. August Mau, and shows a copy of "Pompeii: Its Life and Art" as his work; elsewhere, meeting those who know Professor Mau personally, he gives the name of Alexander Mau, and claims to be a nephew of the Pompeiian archæologist. He is described as about five feet and six or seven inches in height, and as wearing a moustache, with a small goatee; he is intelligent and well dressed, and speaks with a strong German accent.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

University of Michigan, July 15.

Notes.

We have seen no more interesting announcement than that the Dictionary of National Biography is to be reissued in cheaper form. The present 66 volumes are to be made up into 22. The type will remain the same, but the paper, we presume, will be thinner. The publication will probably begin next year.

In the autumn the Macmillan Company will begin the publication of an English translation of Alexandre Dumas's Memoirs. The whole work, in six volumes, is full of interesting pictures and anecdotes of French literary life.

The same house will soon issue a volume of sermons by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, author of "The New Theology."

Baedeker's "Southern France, Including Corsica," appears in a fifth edition. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will bring out early in the autumn a new volume of essays by Stopford A. Brooke, entitled "Studies of Poetry." Another book of the same class to be published by Putnams is R. A. Willmott's "Pleasures of Literature."

Alfred Nutt is preparing a uniform edition of the best of W. E. Henley's writings.

Edward Thomas, who is writing a life of Richard Jefferies, requests that papers or letters bearing on the subject may be sent to him at Berryfield Cottage, Ashford, Petersfield, Eng.

Though "Arctic Number" is the sub-title of the *National Geographic Magazine* for July, the opening article is the recent address of Secretary Taft, at St. Louis, on our efforts to aid the peoples of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. This is followed by an account of a cruise last summer in the Arctic by Max Fleischman, in which an attempt to reach the east shore of Greenland failed on account of the ice. There is also given the substance of Commander Peary's address to the National Geographic Society describing his latest explorations, together with a record of his previous services taken from Major-Gen. Greely's "Handbook of Arctic Discoveries." A brief sketch of Spitzbergen, now known as "No Man's Land," Norway and Sweden being unable to agree as to its possession, contains the suggestion that some power should assume authority over the archipelago, for the game—reindeer, polar bears, ptarmigan, geese, ducks, and other birds, formerly so plentiful—is being wantonly exterminated. A party of tourists last summer killed more than one hundred reindeer, leaving the carcasses where they fell, and taking with them only a few of the finest heads and antlers. The picture feature of the number consists of reproduc-

tions of photographs illustrating a list of Arctic expeditions commanded by Americans, beginning with that of Lieut. De Haven in search of Franklin.

The most significant of the contents of the *Geographical Journal* for July is Geo. G. Chisholm's inquiry as to the influence of geographical conditions on rail and water transport. It is full of suggestive facts and statistics in regard to transportation on the inland waterways of Germany, England, and America, with several sketch-maps and designs. Of equal value was the discussion on the subject by leading members of the society, the general trend of which was against government built or aided canals in England. Among the important facts brought out were the substantial diminution of waterway transport in the United States, and that England was behind other nations in the matter of cheap carriage. As an illustration of this the chief engineer of the Manchester Ship Canal, H. Hunter, said that in 1904 some crates of pottery, intended for London, were sent by mistake from Tunstall to New York and from thence to London, at a cost of 15s. per ton. The railway carriage direct was 25s. per ton, "so that it may be said that the cheapest route from Tunstall to London is via New York." An interesting communication from Dr. Stein gives the main results of his expedition in Central Asia up to last February. Among his finds in the ruins are more than 1,300 Tibetan records on wood and paper, many of them as early as the first centuries of our era, as well as fine frescoes and paintings "remarkable for clever adaptation of classical forms to Indian subjects and ideas." A very interesting excavation was that of a house of a "local official, who, besides leaving files of papers, *i. e.*, tablets, scattered on the floor of his office room, had taken care to hide a small archive, undoubtedly documents of value, below one of its walls. From the way in which the place of deposit was contrived and marked, it appears probable that the house was abandoned in some emergency. All the deeds, etc., found here still retain their original wooden covers and string fastenings, in perfect condition. Among the dozens of intact clay seals which attest these documents, impressions from Græco-Roman intaglios prevail," testifying to the early cultural interchange between the classical West and the Far East.

It is a remarkable evidence of the abiding influence of Prof. Albert Socin of Leipzig, the most famous pupil and the successor of the still more famous H. L. Fleischer, that now, fully eight years after the departure of Socin, his pupils and friends have established, under the auspices of the Saxon Royal Society, an Albert Socin Stiftung, which stipendium will furnish every three years the sum of eighteen hundred marks to some young graduate of the theological or philosophical faculty to go to the Orient and there engage in linguistic, literary, and ethnological research in the Arabic speaking lands, especially in Syria and Palestine.

A comely and useful book is "Cobden as a Citizen," by William E. A. Axon (A. Wessels Co.). The author found his provocation in the discovery of a copy of Cobden's long-lost pamphlet, "Incorporate your Borough." Though 5,000 copies of it were printed in 1838, not a single surviving one had rewarded the search of collectors and delvers in the local lore of Manchester. Among some family papers, a specimen finally turned up, and its reprinting has given Mr. Axon occasion for writing a chapter in Manchester municipal history. The obsolete fashion in which that city was ruled before the charter was at last granted, is faithfully and amusingly set forth, and Cobden's part in the struggle for reform is entertainingly told. A long and presumably exhaustive Cobden bibliography, together with the reproduction of an early painting of the great reformer and a view of his last residence in Manchester, rounds out a little volume which all admirers and students of Cobden will desire to possess.

T. E. Kebbel is a veteran English journalist, and his "Lord Beaconsfield, and other Tory Memories," (New York: Mitchell Kennerley), is rather thin-spun "copy." With none of the statesmen and noblemen whom he here touches upon did he pretend to have any especial intimacy. He met them socially, at intervals, and brought, or sought from them, the news and opinions about which it was his duty as a party newspaper man to write. In reality, we learn more of Mr. Kebbel, his prejudices and convictions, his services and experiences, than we do of the men whom he undertakes to portray. The author stands revealed as the truest-blue Tory that ever lived, lamenting even the reforms of 1832, and with the blunted sense of humor which goes with that character. Some of the samples he offers of aristocratic wit are rather terrifying. His "Tory Ladies," in particular, appal one by their brilliancy. There was the "amusing" Lady Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Rutland. "'Here's a gentleman,' said the Duke, 'who says he remembers you at Belvoir.' 'Oh, does he!' was the reply." There are many pages of this sort of overwhelming repartee. Still, the book has a good deal of lightly entertaining political and personal gossip, which might while away an idle hour.

"In the Days of Goldsmith" (A. S. Barnes & Co.), by Tudor Jenks, is a compilation from the longer biographies of the poet. It is carelessly written, as though Mr. Jenks thought that the proprieties of grammar would be thrown away on the young and the little-read, whom he addresses. "In the year 1763," he writes on p. 158, "occurred an event that may not have interested literary London, but one that was to affect many great interests in the future, was the invention of the spinning-jenny." Among the "historical events of 1762" he places the death of George IV., and writes "Tunbury Wells" for Tunbridge Wells. As an example of his vague manner, we may quote his description of Goldsmith's birthplace, Pallas, in Ireland. He omits the name of the county, and is content with the statement that "speaking generally, it may be said that this locality is about the middle of the country." Altogether the volume is a good example of hasty book-making.

A volume of sermons by the late Phillips Brooks, translated into German by R. Bolt, is meeting with favorable reception. The discourses are admired for their depth and wealth of thought, their beautiful form, chosen but never sought, and for their union of logical clearness with warmth of feeling. The different conditions as to church attendance which prevail in Germany, as well as the different conceptions of preaching, are seen in the fact that these sermons are pronounced "too high" for the German church-going public. The German pastor still preaches to the *Bauer*, and has no very high regard for his auditor's intellectual capacity. The frankness and boldness of Brooks, and his evident desire to bring before his congregation his intellectual best, strike the German readers of his sermons with no little astonishment. The sermon on the "Light of the World," well known to American readers, seems to attract special attention. Professor Peabody writes a commendatory introduction for the volume, which bears the striking title, "Ein Ruf in die Höhe" (Berlin: Martin Warneck).

The Rev. Samuel Gardiner Ayres, librarian of the Drew Theological Seminary, has prepared a bibliography of more than 5,000 titles in English on the Life of Christ and various topics connected with the teaching and work of Jesus ("Jesus Christ Our Lord," A. C. Armstrong & Son). The volumes are classified under such headings as the Preëxistence of Christ, Christ in the Old Testament, Christ Incarnate, His Birth, The Virgin Birth, etc. A complete subject index, as well as an index of authors, enables the reader to find all the material on a given sub-topic, as well as the complete works of a given author on the general subject. Brief annotations indicate the character and standpoint of a large number of the volumes mentioned. As far as it goes, this bibliography is valuable, but, of course, for the modern student the limitation to works in English, save the few that have been translated, seriously affects its usefulness.

The third volume of the "Original Narratives of Early American History," which deals with Spanish exploration in the Southern United States from 1528 to 1543, is the second volume of the series in order of chronology. It contains three narratives selected from the many scores of similar relations. The first, by Alva Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, of a journey from Florida to the Gulf of California, and the third, by Pedro de Castañeda of Coronado's expedition, are edited by Frederick W. Hodge of the Bureau of American Ethnology. The second, by the Gentleman of Elvas, of De Soto's expedition through the Gulf States to the Mississippi, is edited by Theodore Hayes Lewis, the archæologist. Accompanying the narratives are two maps—a contemporary drawing of the area of De Soto's wanderings, and a chart of Coronado's movements, especially drawn for this volume under Mr. Hodge's supervision—and a facsimile of the title page of Cabeza de Vaca's "Relacion." By reason of his familiarity with the aboriginal archæology of the Southwest, Mr. Hodge is admirably fitted to cope with the difficult problems raised in Cabeza de Vaca's narrative, and after George Parker Winship, whose translation has been used here, is the leading expert on Coronado's expedition, having written an important monograph on the subject in 1899. Mr. Lewis, whose life has been largely devoted to archæological investigations in the Northwestern and Southern States, is no less an authority, and has already given

time and attention to the route followed by De Soto and his companions. It is somewhat to be regretted that neither Mr. Hodge nor Mr. Lewis has thought best to attempt maps of the routes taken by Cabeza de Vaca, and De Soto, for the reader would find his interest in the volume considerably increased by knowing somewhat exactly the possible or probable course of their wanderings. Nevertheless, the volume is of great interest in itself, and furnishes the best possible introduction to a further study of the large and intricate problem of Spanish explorations in America. (Scribners.)

Blätter für Volksbibliotheken und Lesehallen (Leipzig: Harrassowitz) quite frequently contains articles of interest to others than librarians. Even the papers concerned with professional topics deal less with technical details than with questions of management and are mostly of a descriptive and historical nature, such as C. Lansberg's article on the possibility of joining savings banks and public libraries, or J. Hanauer's "Experiences and Propositions for Music Libraries." But in addition to such papers nearly every number offers a sketch of some more or less well-known author, considered as "Volksschriftsteller," that is, as an author whose writings commend him to that class of hard-working men and women who still retain an interest in the best in literature, a class more numerous in Germany than perhaps in any other country. The double number for May and June of this year thus offers a short memorial sketch of the late Adolf Stern, by the editor, Prof. E. Liesegang in Wiesbaden. Stern was, as is well known, chiefly a critic and literary historian whose "Deutsche Nationalliteratur von Goethes Tod bis zur Gegenwart" is one of the best, if not the best, guide to modern German literature. In his "Studien zur Literatur der Gegenwart" Stern presents quite an array of critical and biographical essays about nineteenth-century authors, both German and foreign; among the non-German we find such names as Turgenieff, Maupassant and Ibsen, Strindberg, V. Rydberg, and Snoilsky, with whom he was connected by close ties of friendship.

More than one class of students will be interested in P. M. C. Kermode's "Manx Crosses" (Bemrose & Sons, London), being a description of the inscribed and sculptured monuments of the Isle of Man from about the end of the fifth to the beginning of the thirteenth century. Among the earlier pieces, which number seventy in all, there are four with inscriptions in Ogam of the Munster type, three with inscriptions in Latin in debased Roman capitals or Hiberno-Saxon minuscules, and one with Anglian runes. Of the later Scandinavian pieces, twenty-seven are inscribed with Scandinavian runes, and nearly all are adorned with designs developed from Celtic models. The work as a whole is divided into four sections: (1) An introduction on the distribution of the stones, with plans and views of the ancient Keeils, or chapels, where some of the earlier ones have been found; (2) an account of the art of the monuments, with a summary of the patterns and designs, figures, etc., of the Celtic and Scandinavian slabs; (3) the inscriptions, figured on a uniform scale, with translations, alphabets, etc.; (4)—and most important—full and detailed descriptions of the several stones, with figures bringing out the details of the more elaborate decoration. The present issue is limited to four hundred copies. The price (two guineas each to subscribers) will be raised after publication.

A new edition of "Nathan der Weise," by Dr. Tobias J. C. Diekhoff of the University of Michigan (American Book Company), directs attention again to an unusually well prepared *Ausgabe* of this classic. Besides a bibliographical preface, there is an introduction of sixty-six pages dealing with "Nathan as a Religious Polemic," "Nathan as a Work of Art," "The Genesis of Nathan," and the "Historical Foundation" of the story. Dr. Diekhoff takes issue with those critics who have long followed "the fashion to speak of 'Nathan' as the great plea for religious toleration," asserting that "it was not toleration about which Lessing was primarily concerned," but that he wrote against the orthodox Christianity of his time.

News reaches us of the death of Sir Spencer Walpole, known in letters chiefly for his "History of England in the Nineteenth Century."

MANAGING IRELAND.

The Irish Parliament: 1775. From an Official and Contemporary Manuscript. Edited by William Hunt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Including books already published and books in preparation there will soon be quite a library concerning British Parliamentary bosses. Charles Elphinstone Adams's "View of the Political State of Scotland," published in 1887, was the first in the series. Next came McCullagh Torrens's "History of Cabinets," a book of not much value, but at least of service for the extent to which Torrens drew on the enormous mass of electioneering letters and papers that were left by Henry Pelham Clinton, Duke of Newcastle, who was the most active Parliamentary boss and borough-master of the Georgian era. It has long been known that a life of Henry Dundas, the greatest Parliamentary manager of Scotland between the Union and the Reform act of 1832, is in preparation; and more recently there has been an announcement that at the long last an author has been forthcoming—a Canadian, by the way—who is not appalled by the work which must confront the biographer of George III., the greatest Parliamentary manager among the Kings of England from the days of the Stuarts to the Victorian era.

While students of the working of the Parliamentary system are impatiently awaiting these biographies of Dundas and George III., Dr. Hunt has come forward with another and quite unexpected contribution to the growing library of Parliamentary management, and has edited a report on the Irish Parliament which was prepared in 1775. Lord Harcourt was Viceroy at that time, with Col. John Blaquiere as his Chief Secretary; and it was one of the imperative duties of Harcourt and Blaquiere to see that the Government never failed to control a sufficient number of the members of the House of Commons to allow of its business going through Parliament with as little delay and obstruction as possible.

It had not always been the business of the Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries to undertake this disagreeable work. Prior to 1767 the English Government had let the business out on contract to Irish magnates—lay and clerical—who are known to-day in Irish Parliamentary history as undertakers. But George III. was addicted to Parliamentary management; and, not having enough of the business on hand at Westminster, he had in 1767 taken it out of the hands of the native territorial bosses—of these long recognized professionals—and committed it to the Lord Lieutenants. These new duties were never congenial to Englishmen charged with the government of Ireland; and there was not a Lord Lieutenant from the days of Townsend, who was in Dublin when the change of 1767 was made, to those of Cornwallis, who had the business in hand at the Union, that did not deplore the necessity of dealing with the Irish gentry who came to market at Dublin Castle with the House of Commons votes they had for sale. In the Irish archives for the period between 1767 and the Union, there must be many reports not unlike that which accidentally found its way into a London second-hand bookdealer's stock, and ultimately came into the possession of Dr. Hunt. This report was compiled by Blaquiere when he and Harcourt were facing a crisis in the House of Commons over a money bill—a crisis that was rendered the more acute by the pending trouble in the American Colonies. But crises in the Irish House of Commons were of frequent occurrence all through the last half of the eighteenth century. They were inevitable; for it was obviously to the advantage and profit of the grafters who hived in the Lower House, and also of the peers who were borough-masters, to create a crisis, and to make the Lord Lieutenant and his secretary realize that danger was ahead for any Government measures that were pending. A crisis meant an upward movement in the quotations at Dublin Castle for votes in the House of Commons, and a hastening to market of almost every man who directly or indirectly controlled any Parliamentary influence.

As the Blaquiere manuscript shows, it was with varied currency that the Chief Secretary went into the market. For borough-masters who controlled many votes there were peerages and promotions in the peerage, Irish Privy Councillorships, church patronage, and small Government jobs to be handed on to their heelers in the constituencies. For members in the House of Commons who owed allegiance to no borough-master—men who had bought borough seats outright—there were in some cases Irish peerages; but most of these men were paid in offices or pensions, or in money bonuses; while for the less fortunate men—the impecunious lawyers who owed their seats to borough-masters who had first claim to the Government rewards—there were offices of less value, and now and again a pension or a gift of money. With only two or three exceptions—notably Macartney, Blaquiere, and Castlereagh—every secretary to the Lord Lieutenant from 1767 to the Union was an Englishman. During this period it was not deemed expedient in Downing Street to trust an Irishman with the delicate duties which House of Commons management threw on the Chief

Secretary; and the first question that a new Chief Secretary asked on taking possession of his desk at Dublin Castle was, "What have I to go to market with?" which meant how much money was there at his disposal for bribery; how many pensions could be distributed among the dependent and needy Parliamentarians; and how many peerages or promotions in the peerage George III. would sanction to buy the House of Commons support of the rapacious Irish territorial magnates—the men who had accumulated riches and honors out of their close connection with the wretched hybrid institution which was known until 1800 as the Irish Parliament.

Two vignettes from Blaquiere's gallery of portraits of these Irish statesmen will serve to indicate the commerce that went on in the Chief Secretary's room in Dublin Castle. They are those of Maurice and Robert Fitzgerald. Maurice was boss of the Borough of Dingle. All Irish boroughs were represented by two members. One of the seats for Dingle, Maurice Fitzgerald bestowed on himself. The other was kept in the family and went to Robert Fitzgerald, cousin of Maurice. But although Maurice was the borough-master, it is plain from Blaquiere's sketch of the Fitzgeralds that it was Robert who got nearest at the shaking of the plum tree.

Fitzgerald, Maurice. B. DINGLE ICOUCH. Made a Surveyor General by Lord Townshend—reduced upon reuniting the Boards—received a Pension, in lieu of £300—has two seats in Parliament—weak, entirely under the Government of his wife—Lord Harcourt has given to his Recommendation one tidewaiter.

Fitzgerald, Robert. B. DINGLE ICOUCH. Brought into Parliament by his Cousin Maurice—Judge of the Admiralty, £400—Commissioner of Appeals, £300—Comptroller of Dingle with an additional salary of £400—Lord Townshend gave him a living of £500 for one Nephew—£200 to another—Ensigncy to a third—and he recommended an additional Sallary to him as Commissioner of Appeals for £300—Lord Harcourt has given him a hearth money Collection for One Friend and accommodated him with a Move for another—gave him a Seat at the Linen Board—He speaks very seldom in the House, when he does but very moderately—his chief Merit is that he attends when he is desired—He now wants additional Emolument either by additional Salary to the Offices he now holds or by new creation, whether by Place or Pension it mattereth not—Lord Harcourt has given to his Recommendation 3 tidewaiters—2 Gaugers and One Hearth Money Collection.

All Blaquiere's sketches of the Irish Parliamentarians are in this matter-of-fact style. He was merely making a catalogue for submission to Harcourt of the men who could be bought, and of those who were out of the market. Most of them were in the market; and the chief purpose of the schedule was to enable Harcourt and his Chief Secretary to foot up the cost of the contest in the House of Commons which was confronting them, and to ascertain whether they had at command a sufficient number of offices—military, civil, and clerical—and a large enough stock of available money, to admit of their going into the contest with a full hope of success. Dr. Hunt gives an adequate sketch of the Irish Parliament in the eighteenth century as an introduction to the Blaquiere manuscript; but had the manuscript been put forward quite alone it would have told its own sordid story, and more graphically than any monograph on the Irish Parliament that now exists it would have exemplified the character of the institution that disappeared at the Union of 1800.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wingless Victory. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Co.

It is no reproach to Miss Willcocks's powerful uovel to say that in atmosphere, in some of its characters, and in a good deal of its details it is strongly reminiscent of Thomas Hardy's "Jude." The locale of the two stories is almost the same, though there is more of the sea in South Devon than in Hardy's Wessex, and much less of the moorland. But moorland there is in this story, too. and the dun light in which Hardy's people move, and the brooding law, emanating from plain and granite rock, that rules their destinies. There is no desire to carry the comparison too far; the present novel is not the merciless study of necessity that "Jude" is; it is not so honest a book, partly on account of its less capable artistry and a greater adherence to the restrictions which Anglo-Saxon standards impose on the imagination. On the other hand, in putting "The Wingless Victory" by the side of "Jude the Obscure," if only for a moment, it is our intention to suggest something of the merit of a story that rises high above the level of common day fiction. We add that it is a book which invites a second reading with a still further examination of, and lingering over, certain choice passages.

The theme is old enough—the interplay of law with nature insufficiently tamed, or crushed, as we choose to look upon it. The woman who wants to live out her life is generally and unfortunately an unpleasant personage in fiction. Possibly it is because of her creator's usual tendency to make her an agitator instead of a rebel, to lay greater stress on her shattering of conventions than on her realization of self. Wilmot Borlace, in the present book, clearly escapes the fate of being portrayed as an anarchist, when she is only a passionate woman, half artist, half peasant. For her, and to a somewhat less degree for her husband, it may be said that they ring true, however artificial may be the device of bringing her high emotionalism into contact and contrast with a temperament compounded of materialistic skepticism and immense practical kindliness.

In detail there may be much to cavil at. The emotional pitch, for instance, is struck too high at the very beginning, and, kept at its high range throughout the volume, tends to become exhausting. Too much rhetoric and too much scene painting, on the whole, mar the method of a book which can show page after page of splendid writing. The sea, the cliffs, and the moorlands intrude to excess upon the human actors. On this point we may turn to Hardy's "Jude" or Gustav Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl" for instances of how that desirable quality called atmosphere may be attained without too obvious labor. Their Wessex or Frisian moorland encompasses its native-born with subtle, though omnipotent, forces. In Miss Willcocks's elaborate descriptions we discern a certain scraping of stage scenery being shifted. In the same way there is unnecessary harping on such indefinable elements as "race-processes" and "electric forces of the ages," unnecessary reductions of action and feeling to terms of biology and prehistoric anthropology. When man meets woman, passion is engendered. This was known even to the Pre-Darwinians.

The Old Country, A Romance. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a serious piece of writing, and a serious piece of reading. Its note is literally the high fantastic. After the average story, with chapters as emptv as noisy, it soothes, its very heaviness giving an unwarranted satisfaction of exercise to muscles not often called upon in reading fiction. True, it opens as a chilly love-story hovering between sociology and politics. But it soon appears that this is but the prologue, too much prolonged perhaps. While we patiently and forebodingly await the usual conversions and developments, the steeds are brought to the door, and lo! with the hero, casting commonplace behind, we ride into the fourteenth century. Backwards or forwards, that is the question. The answer—that the centuries before us and behind us are sisters, daughters of Time and heirs to treasure, share and share alike. There is almost no antiquarian revival of costuming or of manners and customs. It is in a spiritual sense that the past is revisited and wedded to the future. The scruples of souls, the hunger of humanity for life everlasting, the imperishable love of kindred, above all the obliteration of time where human relations are involved, are the themes gathered into unity in the eyes of the beholder, the young sociologist of our own day. It is true that there is historic clothing of universal truths. We see the dawnings of Protestantism in England. We sit by the wood fire with heroes returned from Poitiers, and hear true recitals of their adventures. But after all it is less the history of the Church than the ebb and flow of toleration that engages the reader's mind. Less the fighting at Poitiers than the very human traits, the modern nobilities and inconsistencies of the princes and soldiers who fought.

It is essentially a romance of England, and could have been inspired by no less tender a patriotism than that which drew from Henley "England, My England," or from Kipling "Puck of Pook's Hill." The end far more than atones for the stiffness of the beginning.

Disinherited. By Stella M. Düring. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The author who keeps even one eye on the probabilities has a hard task. Miss Düring, in following her fancy through the phases of the remarkable career of Avice Carlyon, must have felt a reckless exhilaration akin to that of the young woman who didn't care! All the birds of the air were welcome to sit on her bonnet. It is a story of the unrelieved guile of a woman pitted against the immovable integrity of a man. His title and estates are threatened, and his own true love's mother will not let her daughter marry him. Many are the means used by novelists to keep young Englishmen out of their lawful inheritance. Miss Düring's way, though founded in commonplace, reaches finally a dizzy height of sheer fancifulness. The ultra crudities of

the opening, where Avice makes her entrance into society, so little prepare the reader for any display of ingenuity that the later absurdities prove a rather welcome relief. A tangle grows which seems impenetrable, but aided by the friendly and frequent services of the undertaker, the chivalrous hero comes to his own. We cannot mourn the departing friends, for this is a case where all that ends ends well.

SOME BOOKS ON JAPAN.

Kakemono; Japanese Sketches. By A. Herbage Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Japan. By David Murray. Supplementary Chapters by Baron Kentaro Kanego. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Makers of Japan. By J. Morris. McClurg.

Dictionnaire d'histoire et de géographie du Japon. By E. Papinot. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

Japan in Days of Yore. By Walter Dening. Tokio: Methodist Publishing House.

Japan as It Was and Is. By Richard Hildreth & Ernest W. Clement. McClurg.

Le Japon; histoire et civilisation. By Mis de la Mazelière. Paris: Librairie Plon.

The first in our list is a series of slight sketches, more ambitious than successful, and scarcely deserving the name "Kakemono," which seems to indicate artistic touch and insight.

The second is a new edition of a well-known book with additional chapters by Baron Kaneko, and these, like most writings of Japanese for a foreign constituency, add little to our information.

"Makers of Japan" is a journalistic account of prominent statesmen, convenient for newspaper reference, and for all those who do not seek more than the current notions about distinguished men.

Papinot's "Dictionnaire" is a reference book which covers a wide territory, and shows signs of great industry, though it retains much "information," which is the commonplace of men who have not kept themselves abreast of the results of scientific inquiry.

Mr. Dening's book is a collection of tales from old Japan, not as representative as Mitford's nor translated in such charming fashion, but still containing enlightening specimens of the ancient days. The stories represent much the same state of society as our tales of feudalism, with something less of tenderness and high ideals and devotion to women.

The two remaining volumes are of different character. They represent respectively the best European knowledge of Japan in 1855 and in 1906. Both use the highest authorities and are trustworthy throughout. The author of the first, Richard Hildreth, thus describes his method: "My interest . . . in this secluded country has produced this book, into which I have put the cream, skimmed, or, as I might say, the juices laboriously expressed from a good many volumes, the greater part not very accessible nor very inviting to the general reader." He lets "the reader see Japan with the successive eyes of those who have visited it, and he concludes "that with all that is said of the seclusion of Japan, there are few countries of the East which we have the means of knowing better or so well." The book bears out this statement, for, after fifty years of intercourse, the impression is of the accuracy and breadth of the information conveyed. Had our diplomatists and merchants and missionaries studied Hildreth many costly errors would have been avoided.

He begins, it is true, with Marco Polo, who merely relates what he had been told—a traveller's tale, with its story of the Emperor's palace, its roof plated with gold "in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead"! But Hildreth puts this in merely as a curiosity, and goes at once to the Portuguese accounts from the sixteenth century. His great authority, however, is Kaempfer, and a better or more trustworthy one could not have been found. Kaempfer was a German physician, who, after serving in Persia as secretary of an embassy sent by the King of Prussia, obtained the place of chief surgeon to the Dutch East India fleet, since he had formed "a firm resolution to spend some years longer in seeing other Eastern courts, countries, and nations." After a time he obtained the position of physician to the Dutch Factory in Japan and reached Nagasaki in 1690. His opportunities for study seemed limited, indeed, but his medical skill, scientific attainments, consummate tact, and bribes opened all doors to him. Twice he made the long journey overland to Yeddo, visiting the Court of the Shogun, his trained eyes, ears, and mind perceiving things as they were. His judgment of the people may still be quoted with approval: "Naturally the Japanese were, their pride of warlike humor being set aside, as civil, as polite, and curious a nation as any in the world; naturally inclined to commerce and familiarity with foreigners, and desirous to excess to be informed of their histories, arts, and sciences."

Besides Kaempfer, there are the accounts, much abbreviated, of Thurberg, Titsing, Golowin, and others, who add comparatively little to Kaempfer's story. From them Hildreth arrived at a clear judgment as to many matters long after still debated. Sir Harry Parkes, for example, was credited with discovering that the Shogun was not an Emperor, but Hildreth already uses Cromwell's term "lord-general" in describing him. He knew also the trustworthiness of the Japanese chronicles, though they are still used as authoritative in the French Dictionary of Japan, named in our list. He also distinguished the Japanese as a race from the Chinese, and knew the complete unlikeness of their languages. The editors of this new edition have changed Hildreth's spelling and added notes, the chief wonder being that they have found so little to correct.

The last work upon our list is the most important. The Marquis de la Mazelière is a student of Oriental civilization who has already published volumes upon the civilization and the religions of India, with a small book upon the history of China and still another upon the history of Japan. This work on the History and Civilization of Japan is to be in five volumes—the first three cover ancient Japan, feudal Japan, and the Japan of the Tokomura régime; the remaining two volumes are to discuss modern Japan. He begins with a long interpretation discussing the civilization of Asia and its relations to what we know in Europe. For him the two continents are one and he traces the institutions of both back to Babylonia and Egypt, for from these two centres the civilization of the world has come. Turning to Japan, he reviews its physical features, the races which have formed its peoples and the general characteristics; then in more detail he discusses the development. In each division he describes the history and the religion with the art and literature and philosophy and social characteristics of the people. It is by no means a bare description, but the result of prolonged studies in comparative ethnology, taking this term in its widest sense. He brings to bear illuminating comparisons and seizes upon the all-important points in his authorities. He has laid all modern scholarship under contribution with due acknowledgment. Differ as we may from many of his conclusions and from even his principal thesis, we none the less recognize the high value of his work and shall look with interest for the remaining two volumes. To return to the comparison with "Japan as It Was and Is." The older work is a report by faithful observers of things as they saw them; the other is an attempt to penetrate the surface and, by the aid of comparative studies, to understand the philosophy of history. We need not add that only by the method of the Marquis de la Mazelière can we hope to know any people as they really are.

Dante and his Italy. By Lonsdale Ragg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Mr. Ragg's book consists of a series of essays linked together in a chain of very unequal quality and strength. The earlier chapters would concern almost any Italian of those days; the environment is there, but the great figure does not stand forth as soon as it should in a book which is not a history of Italy in Dante's time, but aims to show the conditions that shaped his character and destiny, and to keep before our mind's eye a vivid, ever changing background of living scenes wherein the presence of the man himself shall be always felt. This is precisely the historical illusion created by Gaston Paris in his life of Villon: he describes nothing that is not to the point, and the absolute relevance of every detail does not distort the environment for the sake of the single figure in whom our interest is to be concentrated. In his subsequent chapters Mr. Ragg keeps Dante more in the foreground, and these are the chapters that entitle their writer to most esteem as an artistic biographer.

Mr. Ragg has not undertaken to tell the whole story of Dante's life so far as it can be known, but only certain great moments, or particular phases that have seemed to him to need fresh investigation; his work, therefore, does not rehearse what can be easily read in Kraus, Toynbee, Gardner, and many other biographers. With a little more system, a greater tenacity in developing each of his themes, Mr. Ragg would have written a book to be often opened for reference after being once read for pleasure. For almost every page he has gone to original sources, to Salimbene, Villani, and other good recorders of the

time; he has visited most of the scenes where Dante is believed to have wandered, and he has read Dante himself, not at random, nor *per diletto* simply, but as Dante deserves to be read. He has availed himself of many works on Dante by modern scholars (among them, two Americans), and gives them credit in his notes or in his bibliography. But it is curious that he should have found nothing to his purpose in the forty-seven volumes of the *Giornale Storico*. That he cites Panthier's antiquated edition of Marco Polo instead of the classic edition by Col. Yule is to be explained, perhaps, by the fact that Italian libraries contain very few English books, even though they happen to be indispensable editions of Italian masterpieces. (Mr. Ragg obviously composed most of his volume in Italy). But why did Mr. Ragg admit among his thirty-two illustrations, mainly so valuable, that head of Frederic of Swabia "From an old print of 1600" (*sic*)? If any authentic portrait of the Emperor exists, it would belong to an epoch in which the art of making accurate likenesses was not even born, as every one must know who has studied the miniatures, sculpture, and coins of the early thirteenth century. It is a pity, too, that this book should be marred by many misprints in foreign words.

A more serious defect is an excessive fondness for the dramatic and picturesque, which leads Mr. Ragg into baseless conjectures and striking inconsistencies. On very little or no documentary evidence he makes Dante one of the Florentine ambassadors to Rome in the year of the Jubilee. "Dante was there," says Mr. Ragg, and he skilfully draws an imagined scene which he converts into authentic history with a fallacious question: "Was it not then that he acquired that fine scorn for the venal and simoniacal Curia . . . 'where all day long they make merchandise of Christ'?" Perhaps. But, having turned completely from historian to novelist, Mr. Ragg describes Dante as "pacing the corridors of the papal court like a lion in the cage." A humble footnote on page 39 upsets everything by declaring that Dante's presence there is "purely a matter of inference." In the same way, in his chapter on Frederic II., he repeats as though they were genuine history various typical legends due to the creative hatred inspired by the Emperor, and immortalized by the truthful but not always critical Salimbene. Such, for instance, is the story of his having isolated babes in the care of mute nurses in order to determine what language they would spontaneously speak. Possibly this and other like tales are characteristic, even "representative," but they should be taken with the grain of salt which flavors many a statement in Salimbene.

Again, in his chapter encroachingly entitled "Dante's Century," facts of every hue follow one another with little regard to their kinship or bearing upon any definite theme. The result is speedy oblivion for them all.

Despite these and other flaws, Mr. Ragg has written an interesting and enlightening book. The pages devoted to "The Gentler Side of Life" are charming in style and full of well-arrayed and entertaining facts. Here, as in other chapters, much that is not new is made fresh by being happily expressed. The position of woman in life and in literature, music, sports, festivities, and Dante's sense of humor are among the topics most pleasingly treated. Mr. Ragg is one of the few who have convinced themselves that there are humorous passages in Dante's works, but he hardly strengthens his thesis by quoting apocryphal, or merely traditional, anecdotes. Another excellent chapter is that in which Mr. Ragg has essayed the arduous but not impossible task of rebuilding Dante's Florence. Many landmarks, often associated with the poet, must be swept away; among them the Campanile, designed by Dante's friend Giotto, and with it the Cathedral. "Il mio bel San Giovanni" must be stripped of its zebra-like veneer of marble; furthermore, as D'Ovidio has shown so clearly in his latest volume of essays, the baptismal fount within it now is not at all like the one that Dante broke to rescue a suffocating child; we shall lose the bronze doors of Andrea Pisano and Lorenzo Ghiberti; scores of famous buildings now visible must vanish; others, known to Dante, must reappear. To a certain degree this chapter repeats what Witte (whom Mr. Ragg seems not to have read) long ago made clear in his essay on "The Topography of Florence about the year 1300," yet Mr. Ragg has not broken in an open door, and these pages are as graceful and authoritative as any in his book. Even better is the chapter on "Dante's Hosts." Here Mr. Ragg is dealing with a theme dear to his heart; no one has ever traced the exile's wanderings with greater competence and sympathy.

The British City: the Beginnings of Democracy. By Frederick C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This book is properly to be read in connection with Mr. Howe's earlier volume, "The City, the Hope of Democracy." That work, in fact, explains the point of view from which the author approaches his study of the British city as it is and as it may become. The point of view is that of a believer in the city, its destiny in the society of the future, and the tremendous importance of making the city "livable" for the poor as well as the rich. In a general way Mr. Howe is the expounder of the philosophy which Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland—to whom this book is dedicated—has done much to work out in a practical way.

Franchise grants, in his view, are at the root of all municipal evil, and the fact that in England public utilities are either operated by the cities themselves, or if placed in private hands at all, so disposed by act of Parliament, he considers the primary reason for the absence of corruption in local affairs. Although England and Scotland furnish the stock examples of successful municipal trading, Mr. Howe's own view goes even beyond that of the British public. "To the man in the street," he says, "the case for municipal ownership has been made. It is no longer a question of propriety. It is one of expediency. . . ." To the author, however, municipal ownership is a great moral, not a financial, issue. "The stakes involved are political freedom." He has little faith in the regulative politics to which the American States, notably New York and Wisconsin, seem to be committing themselves at present. "Regulation," he remarks of the British tramway franchise, "failed, as it must inevitably fail." Mr. Howe's investigation, made as an expert for the Department of Commerce and Labor, should have given him exceptional opportunity to master his facts. As set forth here, they read rather like a brief on the municipal ownership side.

It must be the general criticism that Mr. Howe's message seems entirely too good to be true. Granting all that he says of the pervasive evil which grows out of franchise grants, there remain other forms of graft in contract and office jobbing which Americans will find it hard to believe any change of civic functions could eradicate permanently. Even the upper-class tradition in politics, for which Mr. Howe has such scant respect, is usually considered at least a contributing cause to the honest and efficient administration of British public activities. There was political corruption long before there were gas or street-railway franchises, even before, as Kipling says, "they hewed the Sphinx's visage." And did not the very James Dalrymple whom Mr. Howe mentions in connection with the Glasgow trams make for Mayor Dunne of Chicago a highly pessimistic report on the possibility of repeating in the American city the successful experiment of his own municipality?

Mr. Howe never lets himself forget that he is writing for American readers, and the contrast which he draws between municipal conditions in the two countries is really the book's most valuable and illuminating feature. As the choice of sub-title, "The Beginnings of Democracy," would indicate, he regards the example of the British cities as an inspiration to our own. He finds in them a spirit that must look for parallels to the days of the Italian city republics:

> A city that keeps its hands off, that does nothing but police and clean the streets, means but little to the people. But when it adds to the traditional functions, the manifold services of transit, gas, water, electric light, libraries, parks, baths, and lectures, it awakens the love and interest of the community in itself. In the trading towns people talk city. One hears it in the clubs, the restaurants, on the street cars, everywhere. The fact that a man is a joint owner in the tram line makes him critical and appreciative of the tram. He is interested in its earnings—he follows its balance-sheets from year to year. He talks about extensions, rates of fare, and the innovations suggested by the council. He follows the doings in the town hall, and knows in an intimate way the life and traditions of his councilman. The debates of the council are far more absorbing to him than the doings of Parliament. All these things are but the reflex action of the city upon its people. It becomes the most important thing in their lives.

After so favorable a criticism it is a little surprising to read such an assertion as that "Modern Britain differs but little from France of the old régime." This is not too strong language, in Mr. Howe's view, to characterize the system of taxing rentals. The British Town Council is a rate-payer's body, and the rate-payer is not the owner, but the user of the land. To a disciple of Tom Johnson there could hardly be a more crying wrong than this, but Mr. Howe's analysis of the practical effect of these conditions is temperate in tone. While the rate-payer's steady and close in-

terest in city finances has made for honesty, the economy it has engendered has been often, he thinks, of the cheese-paring, penny-wise-and-pound-foolish kind. Schemes of comprehensive improvement are retarded, and really far-sighted officials defeated because their plans involved immediate outlay of money. Our less direct but more equitable modes of taxation, though commonly held responsible for much laxness in administration, will in the long run, Mr. Howe thinks, make possible a more intelligent development of our cities.

It remains to speak of one very serious fault—a most exasperating amount of repetition. With all his skill in digesting material, Mr. Howe seems unable to allude to a point previously made, without going back over the ground again. Points like the collapse of the tradition that politics is a profession of the "gentleman" and the universal interest and conversation on city affairs are positively rubbed in. And we might instance other unnecessary repetitions, like the description of the Lord Provost's office, the account of the City of London, and the story of Sir Samuel Chisholm's defeat for Lord Provost of Glasgow, told once on page 45 and again in detail on page 166.

This book must be considered, as we have said, as the work of an avowed enthusiast. The majority of American readers, we believe, will refuse to follow Mr. Howe to all his conclusions. But as an able and suggestive argument on one side of a debatable question, there are few persons interested in municipal questions who will not find it of value.

The Shameless Diary of an Explorer. By Robert Dunn. New York: The Outing Co. $1.50.

Wearied with the restraints of a conventional civilization two little Ohio schoolboys once agreed to go out behind the barn together and say the very wickedest word they could think of, right out loud. The net result of their revolt against an oppressive morality was an emphatic *Darn!* As a protest against conventional restraint, Mr. Dunn's "shameless" diary is of somewhat the same sort. It is professedly a daily record of the unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit of Mount McKinley, made during the summer of 1903 by a party of explorers better equipped in ambition than in certain other qualities desirable for such an undertaking. The writer is filled with the idea that explorers of to-day habitually do not attempt an honest record of their experiences. To him, on the contrary, "it is unfair to nature and the blessed weaknesses which make us human to divert by one hair's breadth in any record of the trail from facts as you saw them, emotions as you felt them at their time." If the explorer is bound to be exact about his *diptera* his *schists* and his *conifers* must he not "record as truthfully and in full how the outer waste and the ego of each companion uplifted or scarred his own?" In other words, as applied to this particular case, are not the bickerings and trivialities of five ill-assorted and (to judge by this diary) commonplace persons worth as carefully detailed statement as the objective facts of nature developed by their expedition?

Many a reader may answer the question in the affirmative and still doubt the justification of the publication of this volume, for its contributions to science are certainly neither voluminous nor notably exact. One finds but little in the body of the book, however, to fulfil the expressed and intimated prefatorial promise of a shocking "seamy side" which all other writers would have felt obliged carefully to conceal. True, some writers would have had less to say about mending drawers, and the frequent washing of dirty socks, and the apparently less frequent ablution of bodies, but are these the things which are "to realize something of that large perspective" in the revealing of life as he saw it "in the back of beyond"? So far as substance is concerned, the one really shameless thing in this diary is the account of the constant brutality toward the horses of the expedition, culminating in abandoning them to starve to the point where the wolves would pull them down and tear them to pieces instead of ending their sufferings mercifully by shooting them, when it became impossible to take them further. If Mr. Dunn's account comes anywhere near the truth, which he so loudly professes, none of the party apparently possessed even a modicum of "horse-sense" in dealing with horses, and within the pale of civilization they would each and all have been subject to heavy fine and imprisonment.

The party to which Mr. Dunn belonged scaled but a little over ten thousand feet of the twenty thousand which their goal required. *Mutatis mutandis* this is proportionally perhaps a fair measure of Mr. Dunn's success as a diarist of the expedition. As with many a predecessor, the result of his self-conscious determination to avoid the posing of which he imagines all others guilty has been his perhaps unconscious transformation into the worst sort of *poseur* himself. Genuine sincerity, frankness, and originality are not usually self-heralded. None the less, the volume contains here and there a bit of effective description, proving that the author really had the power to see beyond the dirty socks and mildewed blankets on the drying line, when he sat down to write up the day's events. He should have done so oftener and let us take the unpleasant details for granted part of the time.

The Problem of Faith and Freedom in the Last Two Centuries. By John Oman. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2.75.

Luther began his most significant writing, "On the Freedom of a Christian Man," with the paradox:

> A Christian is a free lord of all things, and subject to no one.
> A Christian is a ministering servant of all things, and subject to every one.

For two centuries the minds of religious leaders have labored at this antithesis, exalting first one side of the proposition and then the other, and it may be doubted if in the general consciousness the problem of authority, or of the relation of faith and freedom, is yet made clear. It is the long process of the working out of this antithesis by the leaders of Protestant Christianity that Professor Oman traces in his Kerr Lectures, with the design of showing that faith and freedom are not mutually exclusive, but rather that true faith is impossible without freedom, and that genuine freedom is the surest guarantee of real faith.

It will be seen at once that the lecturer has fixed upon a subject of great interest and importance, both to the speculative thinker and to the common man. The difficulty of maintaining devout and restful faith in the face of the largest liberty has perplexed the masters of thought and of governments no less than it has troubled humble and pious spirits, and the task of asserting the right of the individual to a soul in the face of the widest extension of law and mechanical force has daunted many, leading some to the panic of a return to absolute external authority, and inclining others to total resignation of spiritual belief. From one point of view or another master minds of the past two centuries have occupied themselves with these problems, and the determination of Professor Oman to pass the great debate under review showed insight of the first order.

His selection of material for study and discussion indicates no less discernment. From Pascal to Ritsohl those treatises are chosen for examination which exhibit most clearly the various possible attitudes toward the high question, and if the student learn nothing of freedom, he will at least find himself introduced to the really great religious treatises of the last two centuries.

As an analyst and critic Professor Oman exhibits marked ability. His faculty for arriving at the salient features of an essay, for penetrating to its spirit, for supplying in fair and generous appreciation what the author left to be understood, and further, for gathering the results of his observation into concise and picturesque phrase, distinguishes him as a keen student and a profitable writer. Whether the subject be Pascal or Butler, with whom he is in spiritual accord, or Hobbes or Newman, with whom he disagrees, the characterization is equally apt and forcible.

Judged by this essay, Professor Oman is a man of deep religious sense and feeling. One could scarcely describe Pascal with such sympathy who has not felt with that saint the smallness of man in the vastness of the universe, and the extraordinary contrast of our human nature, "touching the clod with one hand and the eternal laws of truth and righteousness with the other." It is this clear vision of the absolute distinctions of life as the ground of all religion which has done much to give this essay its value.

Unfortunately the lengthy historical review in these lectures somewhat dwarfs the direct discussion of the problem. The journey is so long, and the prospect by the way is often so interesting, that one is apt to forget whither he is travelling. To one who will keep the main theme resolutely in mind, however, and note the gradual but sure establishment of the new basis for faith, which appeared for an instant above the horizon in the days of Luther, but is only in our time rising to full view, the discussion will prove of no small suggestiveness. Suggestions of compromise, the spirit with the flesh and spiritual idealism with very material powers of the world, are heard often and in many quarters in these times, and it is like reason after panic to hear a plea for "a Church which has nothing left by which to impose her creed but truth, or her obedience but love,"

and to hear the assertion that our peril "does not lie in larger freedom, but in the mixture of incompatible methods of freedom and constraint."

Erinnerungen aus Amerika. Von A. Baumgartner. Zurich: Orell Fussli.

Professor Baumgartner visited the United States in 1905 for the purpose of lecturing at Chautauqua on Switzerland, its history, language, organization, and educational arrangements. He disclaims any right to speak of America as a whole, and confines his comment to what he himself saw and heard; the appearance, speech, houses, customs, and manner of life, as compared with those of Continental Europe. Besides Chautauqua, he visited the Swiss colony of New Glarus in Wisconsin, Niagara Falls, Boston, and some friends and relatives in the Middle States. With a large experience of educational institutions in Europe, he describes the summer school at Chautauqua as something quite unique in its organization, range of subjects for study, and in the class of persons who attended. At Chautauqua he met, talked with, and heard a speech from President Roosevelt, by the charm of whose manner to himself and the public he was capitvated.

Two chapters are given to a description and analysis of English and German as spoken in the United States. English he found but little changed from the mother tongue, and yet from new words, new uses of old words, retention of words almost obsolete in England, and slight differences of intonation, an educated American was always distinguishable from an Englishman. German is undergoing a gradual change, and giving way to English, except among a few groups who live apart, and do not read English, as, for example, the Swiss colony of New Glarus, where Swiss-German is still spoken by the original settlers. Many examples of "Pennsylvania Dutch" are given, *e. g.*, "Das bietet alles," that beats all; "Die billygoat ist über die Fenz gedshompt und hat den Käbbidsch gedamidscht."

There are chapters on the negro, the Indian, laborers, their houses, wages, and cost of living; on American schools, teachers, and pupils. America, says the author, is the paradise of servant girls, and he confirms his own observation by relating a conversation with a Swiss whom he had known as a servant in Switzerland, and who had been a servant in America, and was now a happily married woman ruling over her own household. Absence of intoxicating drinks at meals and the general sobriety of the people were a pleasing contrast with European habits. Coming from the most democratic country in the Old World, Professor Baumgartner found the general atmosphere in the United States still more democratic. Recognition of social equality breeds self-respect and respect for others. The professor is evidently an optimist; everything pleased him, and he apologizes for this, saying that as a guest of friendly hosts, and travelling for pleasure, he did not come in contact with poverty, misery, or the darker side of American life. The book contains forty-nine illustrations, among which are plans and elevations of typical villas, workmen's and farmers' houses.

The book would not have been unduly enlarged if the author had added, as an appendix, his lectures, given in English at Chautauqua, or such a selection as would have afforded his American readers some interesting information about the older sister republic in Europe.

Science.

The Control of a Scourge; or *How Cancer is Curable.* By Charles P. Childe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

This book, by an English surgeon, is written with the hope of arousing intelligent laymen to coöperate with medical men in restricting the damage done by a disease which is universally dreaded and, alas! as universally neglected. The problem is really a very serious social problem; for the disease is insidious, knows no social limitations, depends upon no environment, and takes its victims in just those maturer years when death is most regrettable and often means an irreparable loss to others. As many readers know, there is just now a very active and careful investigation of the nature and cause of cancer. Several large cancer research funds have been established, and both here and abroad many capable men are at work in numerous laboratories especially equipped for this purpose. As yet the results are meagre and uncertain, and much time may elapse before anything definite or helpful is attained. In the meantime the loss is appalling, regardless of the suffering and misery involved. In England the cancer death rate is about one in 1,200 of the population, and in a certain large American city there were recently thirteen such deaths in a total of 603 for one week, taken at random, and showing a very similar annual rate.

Mr. Childe seeks to present certain facts regarding cancer in such simple form that they may be widely understood at the top and then be made known yet more widely lower down by energetic individual teaching on the part of charity workers, district visitors, nurses, midwives, and others. He insists that some form of irritation, in certain cases clearly avoidable, is a direct or indirect cause, and that the initial process is in no sense a general disease of the body, but a strictly local process, spreading with a variable rapidity. As to the question of heredity he is skeptical, in very good company; and heredity even if convincingly demonstrated would in no wise weaken his argument. That argument is that an early excision of the still localized process is known to have cured so considerable a proportion of carefully studied cases that the conclusion is justified that early recognition of the trouble and its prompt removal at a time when it is still possible to do this thoroughly would result in such an increase of cures that the disease would become comparatively harmless. We may add that a very similar statement has recently been made by an eminent American surgeon of wide experience, who also notes that such early, timely operations have proved to be exceptionally safe.

As to most forms of cancer these views are shared by the best medical men, and deserve to be widely known. In this matter physicians might perhaps do more than they have done, but they can do only a small part of what needs to be done. In a large number of cases the premonitory symptoms are neglected, and the patient comes to the physician when it is already too late. The difficulties to be overcome are great. A curious dread of an operation (aggravated oftentimes by the perhaps unnecessary expense), the wide-spread fallacy that every cancer is necessarily fatal, and the optimistic confidence in the quackery of the various "sciences" and "isms" all combine to lessen the chances of the patient. Mr. Childe urges, and rightly, that none of the so-called "cures" (x-rays, violet leaves, the much lauded trypsin, and many more) are anything more than uncertain palliatives.

"Bird Notes Afield," by Charles Keeler (Paul Elder & Co.), is true to its sub-title, "Essays on the Birds of the Pacific Coast with a Field Check List." Eastern readers cannot fail to be filled with envy when they read of the wonderful diversity of country to be found in California—shore, temperate valleys, scorching deserts, and snow-capped mountains. No wonder Mr. Keeler's first sentence is, "We who know California think it the most glorious of lands." An interesting comparison of Western with Eastern birds is followed by a review of the various groups—from grebes to sparrows; after which come a dozen essays relating in more detail to certain places or seasons, with a pleasant running commentary on the bird-life. Perhaps the first and the last of these essays are of the greatest interest and literary charm—"Patrolling the Beach" and "In a Mission Patio." In the former we are taken along the San Francisco shore, while a storm still roars and thunders around us:

> Here and there amid the kelp, or sometimes along the open beach at the line of high tide, lie the bodies of birds which have been overcome by the elements. I fancy I can hear their wild cries in the night, almost lost in the tumult of the gale, as the great white ghosts of waves leap up and drag them under. Even the albatross has not been spared, for here he lies, his plumage wet and bedraggled, and his immense pinions half buried in the sand—the king of sea birds, the master of the air! See his huge, brown back, his breast of gray, mottled with brown, his feet of livid gray, and his large tube-nosed beak of a pinkish flesh-color, tipped with blue. A day ago his broad wings were swinging him down into the cold, quivering hollows, between the towering wave crests, and he was revelling in the tumult of the storm. To-day he is but a clod for the life-saving patrolman to kick as he passes along the beach.

The sixteen photographic illustrations are excellent, and taken all in all this is the best popular work which has appeared on the birds of the Pacific Coast region—interesting both to the Californian and to the bird-lover of other, less favored lands.

In "Forest Friends" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) John Madden recounts his own adventures as a boy in the forests and along the shores of Lake Michigan. His father was one of the early pioneers who pushed on to that region when it was still an almost unbroken wilderness, and the wild life—from pumas, bears, and deer to wrens and suckers—furnishes the theme of the book. The chapters are pleasantly written, and will appeal to the less fortunate boys of these later deforested times, who must look for their wildcats and bears in a museum. The writer keeps well within the bounds of

fact, except when, in his enthusiasm, he imagines deer leaping to a height of "ten or twelve feet" and "making broad jumps fifteen or twenty feet in length"! All the material, except the story of the birth and growth of the young fawn, seems to consist of actual reminiscences; and although no new facts are added to our store of knowledge, it is a relief to read a book treating of just ordinary creatures with ordinary habits.

Angelo Heilprin, geologist, geographer, and explorer, died in this city on July 17. Born at Sátoralja-Ujhely, Hungary, in 1853, he was brought to this country by his parents when he was three years old. His first literary work was to assist his father, Michael, in the revision of the "American Cyclopædia," but his strong bent for science determined his career. After completing his studies in this country he went to Europe and entered upon courses in biology and palæontology. In 1877 he was honored in London by the presentation of the Forbes medal. Later he sought Paris, Geneva, and Florence; and finally he spent much time in the Imperial Geological Institute of Vienna. In 1879 he returned to this country, and a year later was chosen professor of invertebrate palæontology at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. He soon became professor of geology also, and in 1883 he was appointed curator of the Academy. In 1892 he resigned his curatorship, but his time and energy were fully occupied with his duties as president of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, as an active member of the national body, and as professor of geology in the Wagner Free Institute (1885-1890). In recent years he had also given courses at Yale. He was vice-president of the American Alpine Club, and in 1892 he led the Peary relief expedition to polar regions. When Martinique was destroyed, Professor Heilprin, together with scientists from all parts of the world, hurried to the scene. On May 29, 1902, having decided that the mountain had cooled sufficiently to permit investigations, he started from Fort de France. The next day he spent in studying the newly formed craters; and on May 31 he attempted the hazardous feat of climbing to the top of the crater. The volcano was active when he began his ascent, and several times he was thrown down by shocks or struck by bits of half-melted stone. Gaining the edge of the crater, he sat and took notes, while the huge pit bubbled and steamed. He remained two hours, in the course of which time there were three eruptions. One of them covered him from head to foot with hot mud. His published observations as to the frequency and character of the eruptions, the formation of new craters, and his statement that the mountain had suffered no diminution in height, were important contributions to knowledge of the subject. Among his writings are: "Contributions to the Tertiary Geology and Palæontology of the United States," 1884; "Town Geology"; "The Lesson of the Philadelphia Rocks," 1885; "Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals," 1887; "Explorations on the West Coast of Florida and in the Okeechobee Wilderness," 1887; "The Geological Evidence of Evolution," 1887; "The Animal Life of Our Seashore," 1888; "The Bermuda Islands," 1889; "Principles of Geology," 1890; "The Arctic Problem and Narrative of the Peary Relief Expedition," 1893; "The Earth and Its Story," 1896; "Alaska and the Klondike," 1899; "Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique," 1903; "Tower of Pelée," 1905. Professor Heilprin was one of the most valued contributors to the *Nation*. He reviewed many books in his specialties, and he also wrote leading editorials, as well as short notes, on scientific subjects. His premature death deprives American science of one of its lights, and robs the large circle of his friends of a most attractive personality.

The death is announced of Charles Trépied, director of the Algiers Observatory.

Drama and Music.

Henrik Ibsen als Dichter und Denker. Von Anathon Aall. Halle a. S.: Max Niemeyer.

Dr. Aall approaches his task better equipped than many writers who have recently essayed an interpretation of Ibsen. To begin with, he is a Norwegian, and has long studied the northern giant. He is a docent in philosophy at the University of Halle, and should be trained in thinking out the abstract thoughts of peculiar poets. Moreover, he met Ibsen but a couple of years ago, and compared notes with the dramatist on his life and work. Most of the book was prepared in Norway in the winter of 1904, and a part has been added since Ibsen's death. There are metrical, as well as prose translations, by the author, and a bibliography of fifty-two titles, in which America is represented by the commentary of the lamented Boyesen. Throughout the chapters there is the impress of Dr. Aall's belief that "great men are to mankind not only teachers and educators, but in many ways a source of the greatest joy which life offers."

That which will attract the reader at once is the reference to Dr. Aall's visit to Ibsen. The earnest personality of the poet was apparent, and it was evident that he had mastered himself fully in the resolution to live his ideals. He was asked if he did not regard psychology as a means of dramatic representation rather than as an end, and he assented, declaring that his observation of the human soul served not only to develop that which is purely psychological, but consisted in throwing light on ethical problems. Dr. Aall believes that much of Ibsen's creations have passed over the heads of the average reader, and it was suggested to Ibsen that there may be in his works considerable that will be fully effective in the distant future when he shall be better understood. "At these words the old poet raised himself out of the chair to which his illness had bound him. It appeared as if he himself wished to begin to wander in the future, as if his tired tongue forgot its weakness; and he called out spiritedly: *Ja, wenn wir das nur glauben könnten!* (Yes, if we only could believe *that!*)"

Taking up the thread of Ibsen's life, Dr. Aall points out the effect of Norwegian environment on the dramatist's nature—the lofty, rugged landscape pushing his ideals to the extreme, while accentuating the spirit of loneliness and urging his heart more and more to communion with itself. Like Nietzsche, Ibsen was fond of the gloomy and horrible, as shown in the poetry of his youth, and he drew much dramatic material from the seamy side of Norwegian life. Not all that he wrote, however, is Norwegian in sentiment: "The Lady from the Sea" will not pass muster, nor will "The Banquet at Solhaug." Ibsen was an *Ostländer*, to use his own term, and as such did not know the sea or the typical Norwegian coast. "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" are genuinely national, and almost equally so are the characters of Loevborg, Allmers, Rosmer, Borkman, and Professor Rubek. Nora, too, partakes of the popular readiness of a fishing and hunting folk to expect the miraculous, but notwithstanding such characters as Hjördis, Mutter Aase, Hedwig, and Svanhild, Ibsen is generally less successful in portraying Norwegian women. Ellida is a product of phantasy, and Hedda Gabler is also an exotic. If one should wish to find her native country, he would be justified in directing his attention rather to certain aristocratic circles in England or America. It is not characteristic of the Norwegian woman, for example, to revolt against Nature and motherly duty, and she takes to the staff or the ski rather than to the revolver. She also does not have the bad habit of burning manuscripts—on the contrary, she prepares them herself! The new woman is known in Norway, but her ambition to shine in the world is tempered by her home-feeling, and perhaps that is why Dr. Aall finds it remarkable that Ibsen's women lead the dialogue:

> Every leading rôle falls to the women. The men come to know, through severe reproaches, how much wrong, especially toward the women, they have on their conscience. The men are repelled, humbled, and, above all, instructed.

The fact of the matter is that Ibsen is a dramatic theorist, and a passionate one at that, and has less interest in material things than in ideas and expressions of the will, to which facts give incentive. Ibsen's characters, therefore, are not merely un-Norwegian, they are not such as one will find anywhere in real life. There are no such amorous people, with ideas about love and marriage, as in "Love's Comedy," and no such farmer's youngster as Peer Gynt, who can philosophize in so many dialects. Nor is there any maiden like Lona Hessel who would journey back from America to the Old World simply to reclaim a lover of her youth. What is most remarkable with Ibsen's characters is that they do not love, they breathe simply their mutual idealistic affection. In Ibsen's development of the dialogue, his characters do not express themselves freely, they answer for him. In his own words, his poetry was the bride of his thought; but where was the bride of his feeling? There are passable scenes of love between father and son and between mother and son, and even between father and daughter; but nowhere in all of Ibsen's plays is there a single instance of love between mother and daughter! Ibsen is also awkward in bringing two women together in friendly relation—due, probably, to the circumstances of his own life and his separation from woman's influence—and since he did not believe in friendship (holding that one liking his fellowman should leave things undone rather

than be always doing, that friendly bonds operate against liberty, and that many professing friendships are false), he is usually unsuccessful in suggesting it. The one exception is the case of Sigurd and Gunnar in "The Northern Campaign." It is no mere accident that Björnson, Kiellaud, Lie, and Ibsen so often treat of social, social-ethical, and political questions, for Norwegiau geography, topography, and history have all contributed to these ends. When Ibsen went to Germany and Italy he experienced that tremendous change which comes over a man's life when the free atmosphere of a great civilized state works on his mind. There Schopenhauer and Hegel interested him, but it is doubtful if he made any special study of them, as is often asserted.

Ibsen's relation to his contemporaries is discussed, and Dr. Aall finds it difficult to fix the exact influence of Ibsen and Björnson on each other. Like a real German *Erforscher*, however, he maintains the likelihood that the work of the one stimulated the other, as in Björnson's "Between the Battles" (1858) on Ibsen's "Pretenders" (1863), and in Ibsen's "League of Youth" (1869) on Björnson's "Bankruptcy" (1875). Brandes stirred up Ibsen to nobler things and renewed effort, and Ibsen early found in Brandes all that the Dane afterward became, comparing his "Hovedströmninger" to the newly discovered California goldfields.

Looking more closely at Ibsen's work, and separating him as far as possible from external forces, Dr. Aall finds in Ibsen three native characteristics: a certain aversion or indifference to the purely physical side of human existence; an earnest disposition bordering on solemnity; and great strength of character, coupled with intellectual energy. His poetical works have the same compass as human life: in the beginning an energetic discharge of thought and will, and at the end sober thoughts on breaking off from human activity. Dividing his works into four groups—historical-romantic, national, problem plays, and *Frauendramen* in the narrow sense of the term—Dr. Aall doubts the accuracy of Ibsen's statement that they form an organic whole, and believes that the poet first fancied there was such a relation after he had written a number of dramas on more or less independent and separate lines. Ibsen's *Weltanschauung* depends on his knowledge of men, and among his characters Dr. Aall finds five types: the strong, the weak, the bad subordinates, the sympathetic spectator of life's drama, and the invalids, "people who in life suffer from a fundamental injury" (*Grundschaden*). Ibsen uses masks; but these have holes, and suddenly we perceive that we have looked into Ibsen's own face. Ibsen veered greatly from his attitude of half-reverence toward religion in youth, and eventually gave nothing positive—neither the laying bare of the real weaknesses of religious beliefs and their stumbling professors, nor a noble standard worthy of men's admiration and following. Sometimes he even fell into astonishing error, as when, in the warning of Maximos, he exclaims: "In your own name you must come, Julius! Did Jesus of Nazareth come as the envoy of another? Did he not say that he was the one who sent himself?" Finally, Dr. Aall discusses Ibsen's ethics, takes up the objections urged against him that he is a misanthrope, a disdainer of marriage, and an anarchist, and concludes:

Ibsen never placed his pen at the service of any kind of positive agitation. Society never had in him an advocate of a particular party platform. He belonged as a faithful adherent to neither the majority nor the minority of a movement. In his attacks, he avoided directing himself straight at the object. No particular institution, no particular conception of the labor problem, no theory of free love can consistently claim him as its own, and maintain: He is our man!

The promised appearance in a Broadway theatre next season, in an English play, of the favorite Yiddish actor, David Kessler, long an idol of the East Side, will be a dramatic event of more than common interest. For many years he has excited enthusiasm on the East Side by his impersonations in the plays of Jacob Gordin, Ibsen, Gorky, and Sudermann, among many others, and fervent tributes have been paid to his versatility, his wide emotional range, his tragic intensity, his humor, his pathos, and the veracity of his human types. Beyond question, he is an able and experienced actor, but it remains to be proved whether or not, in his long service in the Yiddish theatre, he has acquired faults—tricks of manner and expression—of which he will not find it easy to rid himself upon the English stage. Mannerisms of this sort were obvious defects in the early English performances of Madame Kalich.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who is in London, says that it is not her intention to abandon the variety stage altogether. She proposes to give half her time to comedy, half to the songs in which she has made her name. In October she will appear at the Paris Variétés, in what she calls a very merry comedy. Mr. Arthur Symons has written a piece for her, and Edward Knoblauch has made an adaptation of one of Lindau's plays.

Madame Hanakon, a Japanese actress, will be seen here, in conjunction with Arnold Daly, in the Berkeley Lyceum next winter. This lady is said to have made something of a sensation by her performances in Paris.

James K. Hackett has secured the American rights of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," but the expenses of production are said to be so heavy that it is by no means certain that the piece will be seen here after all.

It is reported that Olga Nethersole will produce, next season, a dramatic version of the opera "Ariane," the words of which were written by Catulle Mendès.

Paderewski has long been the most expensive of pianists, but he has once more raised his prices. At his last London concert every ticket cost a guinea. Every seat was taken, and the net profit for the two hours of playing was $5,000. That is twice as much as Caruso gets for singing in a four-hour opera. It is pleasant to note that Paderewski has added Liszt's superb sonata (which Pachmann considers the greatest of all sonatas) to his repertory, and it is to be hoped he will play it next season on his American tour also. His interpretation will doubtless prove a revelation and make many converts here, as it did in London.

Among the artists whom Mr. Wolfsohn has engaged for the next American season are Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who will appear at 150 concerts throughout the country; Josef Hofmann, who has just given twenty concerts in Russia, where he is the idol of the public; Fritz Kreisler, who is now the greatest of living violinists; the eminent baritone, Campanari; Louise Homer, and Alois Burgstaller.

Among the famous artists who will tour this country next season under Mr. Loudon Charlton are Sembrich and Gadski, both of whom will sing at concerts as well as in the Metropolitan Opera House, and Leonora de Cisneros. Harold Bauer also returns under his direction; so does Rudolph Ganz. Among the Americans on his list may be mentioned Clara Clemens (daughter of Mark Twain), Marie Nichols, the Boston violinist, and David Bispham.

Art.

The History of Painting, from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century. By Richard Muther; authorized English edition, translated from the German, and edited with annotations by George Kriehn. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Dr. Muther's elaborate "History of Modern Painting," or, as it should have been translated, History of Painting in the Nineteenth Century, is already well known to readers of English. We now have this briefer "History of Painting," which begins at the beginning, as far as modern art is concerned, and leaves off where the larger work began. The book, in its English dress, is not free from minor errors, faults of translatiou or of proofreading, perhaps, but they are not of sufficient importance to need pointing out. Its graver faults, if faults they be, are due to Dr. Muther's method. They are what seem to us the faults of broad philosophical generalization based on erroneous or insufficient premises—the faults of a man who would take a large view of things without allowing himself to be hampered by inconvenient or tedious facts, who would, in a word, evolve his camel from his inner consciousness. Of course, we do not mean to accuse Dr. Muther of ignorance of art-history—indubitably he has a store of learning—but he seems to us too ready to conceive a theory and to bend his facts to fit it, to be brilliant rather than accurate, fanciful rather than sound.

The author's method is "to explain from the psychology . . . of each period its dominant style and to interpret the works of art as human documents." Every work of art is, to him, the outcome of the state of soul of an epoch, a part of a great world movement, and individual differences of temperament and character in the artists apparently count for very little. The works were what they were inevitably, and because the time was thus and so; and it would almost seem from his account that the artists might have been shuffled about in time and place a little and have produced each other's works accordingly. Not that place counts for much. One of his peculiarities is to drive all the schools

abreast through the centuries, skipping from Flanders to Italy and back again to Germany in a way somewhat confusing to an unagile mind, in the belief that the characteristics of a time were essentially the same on either side the Alps. At one time art was everywhere realistic, at another mystic, at a third grave and dignified, because of the spirit of the age and with no apparent allowance for racial character, or for slowness of communication.

The religious art of Perugino and of Botticelli, we are told, was part of a wave of puritanism that passed over the world, a herald of the Reformation, which found its dominant figure in Savonarola; and there is great ingenuity shown in the way in which the sadness of Botticelli's Venuses and Floras is made out to be essentially religious—the spirit of Savonarola speaking before his advent. One would imagine that a pagan sadness were inconceivable, or that an artist might not draw Venus and Madonna alike, sad faced, because that was the only way he could draw a face; because that particular expression appealed to his personal feeling for beauty as no other could.

After the epoch of Savonarola comes a reaction in the direction of sensuality, of which Leonardo is the great initiator, to be followed by the art of the majestic and the titanic. Then comes Raphael, the *profiteur* according to Muther, and then the decadence. Each of these, we are to believe, was a distinct period, for "all great epochs are pervaded by one artistic tendency, which permeates uniformly all expressions of life. As the men build, move about and clothe themselves, so also do they paint." And therefore the men of one-half of a century have an entirely different idea of beauty from those of the other half. Now see how it works out. The "sensual" school (sensuous would seem a fitter translation) is traced, in several chapters, through the followers of Leonardo, including Giorgione, to Correggio, who, fittingly enough, is characterized as marking the "acme of the age of triumphant sensuality." Then we reach Titian, and finally Michelaugelo, and only after that do we come to Raphael and the end of the Renaissance, the beginning of formalism. And what have dates to say to all this? They inform us that Correggio was much the youngest of the four painters just named, having been born in 1494, that he was only fifteen years old when the first half of Michelangelo's ceiling of the Sistine was shown in 1509, and that he outlived Raphael fourteen years. Michelangelo and Titian, it is true, lived so long that they may, in a sense, be considered artists of a later time than Correggio; but even Titian had produced the greater part of the work by which he is most certainly immortal, including the Pesaro Madonna and the lost Peter Martyr, before Correggio died in 1534; and Michelangelo had definitely said what he had to say as a painter when the scaffolding was finally removed from the Sistine ceiling in 1512, Correggio being but eighteen years of age at the time. What has become of the successive epochs and the "one artistic tendency" which permeates each?

In reality there were in the high Renaissance, as there had been earlier and as there have been since, several artistic tendencies coexisting at the same time. Above all, there were personalities, individuals of one or another temper, with one or another way of looking at nature and art, melancholy or joyous, sensuous or spiritual, energetic or placid. Michelangelo, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Correggio, were born within nineteen years of each other, and were in the strictest sense contemporaries, though Michelangelo was the oldest and the most intimately connected by training and manner with the art of the preceding generation, as Correggio was the youngest and the nearest to the decadence in his style. Locality had far more effect on them than date, the difference between a Florentine and a Venetian environment and education certainly counting for more than the difference of two years in age between Michelangelo and Titian. But their differences were fundamentally differences of temperament. Their age tinged them; it might encourage or thwart them; but it could not radically alter them. By no conceivable change of circumstances or dates could Michelangelo have produced the work of Correggio or Correggio the work of Michelangelo. Either of them might, perhaps, have been prevented from producing any work at all, but if his work was to be produced it must have been much what it was in essential character, however inferior in mastery.

Even Dr. Muther finds it impossible to account for Rembrandt as an exponent of the time-spirit. Never was a man so frankly at odds with his environment, so evidently personal in his point of view. His age could not understand him and let him die a pauper; and his immediate successors, when they remembered him at all, treated him with scorn. A great poet in an age of prose, a romantic individualist living among rank materialists, he is, of all the great masters, the one least explicable by *a priori* reasoning. Not the sombre Rembrandt—not even the delicate Vermeer or the gentlemanly Ter Borch—is the representative man of seventeenth century Holland. Stolid, bourgeois Bartholomaius Van der Helst, and tidy, painstaking Gerard Dou were the painters their countrymen and contemporaries delighted to honor.

In the case of Rembrandt, then, Dr. Muther abandons his "psychology of a period" to replace it by the psychology of an individual. He endeavors to account for Rembrandt's works by the events of his life and their probable effects upon his moods, building up a series of minute correspondences which it is difficult to believe in. He will have it that Rembrandt was always his own hero, even when he deals with the life of Christ. He is Samson Destroying the Temple of the Philistines when he scorns the bourgeois taste of those about him, and the sale of his effects suggested the Christ Exposed to the People. As in the generalizations about the Renaissance, dates are not allowed to stand in the way. The "joy of a student coming from the constraint of the paternal roof into a strange city" is made to account for "sheets of coarse sensuality," the worst of which date from 1640, the year before his wife's death; and his marriage, in 1634, "gave occasion for the picture Samson's Wedding," which was painted four years later. Still, it is possible that Rembraudt was thinking of his own wedding when he painted Samson's. But did the bankruptcy of 1656 and the sale of 1657 cast their shadow before, that he etched the Christ Exposed to the People in 1655? Of course the truth is that the mingled strains of Rembrandt's nature come to the surface here or there with no ascertainable cause, and that every kind of subject that he treated appears indifferently at every period of his life. His coarseness was as much a part of him as his sentiment, his picturesque realism as his penetrating and sympathetic imagination. It is only in the most general view that one can trace the development of his mind, finding him, in his earlier time, more content with mere picturesqueness, while his later work is more imbued with imaginative power.

Two more specific instances may be given of the way in which Dr. Mutber's readiness to theorize blinds him to plain facts. They are descriptions of particular pictures and, in each case, he has seen what he expected to see, not what is actually there. The first is of a picture by Piero de Cosimo, at Chantilly, which he calls "his uncanny Cleopatra, the nude woman with the Oriental shawl, about whose necklace a greenish-yellow snake is curled," and of which he says:

> One feels that a man in whose soul a chord has snapped painted this picture; so shrill is the dissonance between the tropical, exuberant character of Cleopatra and the desolate hungry landscape with the withered trees presented as a background; so devilish is the contrast between this pale profile and black masses of cloud which gather behind it.

Now, apart from the fact that the dead trees were favorite objects with Piero, who introduced them into his most joyously pagan scenes, and can therefore have no special significance here, the picture represents no Cleopatra, but is a posthumous portrait of Simonetta Vespucci, painted for the Vespucci family, delicate, spirituelle, almost ethereal, with high shaven forehead and meagre undeveloped breast, a consumptive who died young. But Dr. Muther wanted to show that "the lifeblood of Piero's art had been sapped by Savonarola," and he invented a picture to show it.

In the other passage our author is contrasting the "rude bacchic sensualism" of Rubens, whom, by the way, he profoundly misunderstands, with the "elegiac sadness" of Van Dyck, as shown in their respective versions of the story of Susanna:

> In Rubens's version a corpulent woman sits before us—a blue-eyed, fair-skinned Fleming; sparkling red and gleaming white are the prevailing notes of the color-scheme. Van Dyck painted a lithe, black-haired Italian whose dark southern beauty gleams like gold from a deep brown landscape. While with Rubens a gigantic athlete springs over the wall to overpower the woman; in Van Dyck's picture both gentlemen are careful to preserve good form. One tenderly strokes her arm, while the other looks ardently into her eye and vows his love by Cupid.

It is very deftly done, and the "gigantic athlete" is an especially telling touch. But he is not in the picture. It is a well-known composition—there is a school copy of it in the Metropolitan Museum—and the Elder who is climbing the wall is a grotesque piece of senility with a waggling beard—a "lean and slippered pantaloon."

But the final objection to all this psychological criticism is not that the psychology is sometimes doubtful or that the facts are sometimes wrong; it is that it is all so detached from the actual and

the material, so oblivious of painting as a craft with material limitations and particular processes. You would imagine that pictures were painted with mind only, not with brushes and pigments. It is all well enough to dissect the soul of an epoch, but how about its means and methods of expression? The technical knowledge and the technical methods of any age are at least as necessary to understand as its way of looking at life, and have, perhaps, a greater influence on its artistic product. The technical ideal of a given artist determines not only his way of saying things, but what he shall attempt to say. To write a history of painting that shall ignore even such gross things as grounds and vehicles—to discuss Rembrandt without reference to light and shade, and Hals without speaking of handling—this is to build in the air. The house lacks underpinning.

Finance.

The Seventh Financial and Economic Annual of Japan, issued by the Department of Finance, and printed at the Government Printing Office in Tokio, is a large pamphlet (pp. 195) with an appendix of thirty pages on the financial affairs of Korea, now a Japanese protectorate. Preliminary statistical matter, ingeniously constructed in comparative form and with colored diagrams, a map showing all the railways built or in process of construction in Japan and Korea, and the very full descriptive part of the work form, altogether, a valuable cyclopedia of contemporaneous Dai Nippon. The budget for 1907-8 is presented in detail with comment and explanation. The forty pages treating of revenue, expenditure, taxes, and various debts and loans, are followed by a chapter on agriculture, industry, and commerce, which shows the tremendous development of natural products, along with the growth of manufactures, industries and commercial and monetary associations. Part III. deals with foreign trade. The chapter on banking and the money market reveals the facilities for borrowing and lending in Formosa and the northern islands, as well as in old Japan proper. Part V., on communications, gives the detail of railways, telephones, posts, steam traffic and navigation. The last chapter treats of Formosa and Saghalien, the former island being now entirely traversed by a trunk line with branches. In Saghalien, what is set down in this annual as promised, is now, according to a recent number of the Japan *Mail*. fulfilment, a short railway and a long telegraph being already in operation. The historical account of the financial system of Japan is interesting to those who remember the diversities and confusion of feudalism. Finance and economy in the (Chinese) province of Kwan Tung is also dealt with in outline. In Korea, where finance has hitherto been a slough of despond and the "budget," beginning in 1905, one in name only, there has been building up, rather than reorganization. The alleged official Korean figures are here given, and advance made in bringing the currency into a state of stability and uniformity is shown in tables. Hitherto it has been necessary, when one went on a long journey in Korea, to have one or two of the strongest horses to carry the strings of perforated iron and copper cash. Gradually the new coinage struck at Osaka is driving out the old cast iron tokens, which were avoirdupois and merchandise rather than money. The new mintage is in gold, silver, nickel, and bronze, and this, with bank notes, the amount of reserve against the notes issued being duly stated, gives promise of rapid reform. It is only recently that the Koreans have had any conception of regular banking business; but now, in addition to three city banks organized by natives, and four by Japanese, there were in February, 1907, ten agricultural and industrial banks— a number recently increased to thirteen. Business is further stimulated by promissory notes and note associations under proper regulations. Thus the documentary expedients for facilitating business, known in Japan for at least four centuries, are becoming common in the peninsula. Korea's economic resources are based on agriculture, the principal product being grain. The population of Korea is not very large in proportion to the arable area, and when land be-

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THE MOODY CORPORATION, Publishers, 35 Nassau Street, New York

London: Frederic C. Mathieson & Sons, 16 Copthall Avenue, E. C.

comes unproductive, new fertile lands are easily found. Thus in spite of unprogressive and wasteful methods, there is usually plenty of food. With large mineral wealth and the marine products from the three sides of the country, it seems as if nothing were needed but right spirit and management. Of the exports in 1906, more than one-half consisted of gold, mined chiefly by Americans. Of the imports, one-fourth were in railway material. In 1904, the war year, railway equipment made one-half. The Japanese railway from Fusan to Wiju traverses the entire peniusula from southeast to northwest.

The growth of schools of commerce has created a demand for a class of works of which S. E. Sparling's "Introduction to Business Organization" (the Macmillan Company) is a representative. The author of such a volume must perforce undertake a good deal of pioneer work, and Mr. Sparling has set himself a decidedly difficult task. After a brief introduction, the material part of which treats briefly of partnerships and corporations, he discusses what he calls the "principles of organization" in extractive industries, in manufactures, and in distributive industries. A considerable amount of information, much of which is not available elsewhere, is here brought together; and to the studeut there is given a general view of the field of industry highly desirable for him to have. The only proof of the pudding is the eatiug, and the only test of a pioneer book in a new field is that of actual class-room use. But it would seem that Mr. Sparling has performed his difficult task with reasonable success, and has produced a volume that will go far toward meeting a genuine want of students of commerce.

Until very recently American Socialists have been permitted to hurl their denunciations at the capitalistic system of industry and to dream of their coöperative commonwealth without encountering much systematic criticism. This, doubtless, was due to the fact that to the average orthodox economist the game did not yet seem worth the candle; but our Socialist friends seemed to take it as proof positive that their arguments admitted of no answer. Professor Le Rossignol of the University of Denver has at last taken up the cudgels for economic truth; and in his "Orthodox Socialism" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) undertakes a general criticism of Karl Marx and his tribe. He passes in review the labor theory of value, the "iron law of wages," the class struggle, the materialistic interpretation of history, and the predicted bankruptcy of capitalism; and finds the Marxian philosophy weak at all its cardinal points. Writing for the general public and not primarily for the student, he has confined himself to the more general aspects of his subject, and within these limits has acquitted himself with credit. We agree with him in thinking that it is time for the ecouomist to challenge the propaganda of the Socialists, and can recommend his book to any who are looking for rational criticism of their schemes.

F. W. Blackmar's "Economics" (originally published by Crane & Co., in 1900) has been brought out in new dress, but without material changes in substance, by the Macmillan Company. It aims to "cover the entire field" in some 500 small pages, with the result that it is greatly condensed and cannot devote sufficient space to the elucidation of the most important and difficult problems of the science. Four short pages are insufficient to present for any reader, particularly a beginner, the theory of international values; and it would be better to omit the tariff question altogether than to try to dispose of it in three pages. Not a few typographical errors are to be found in the book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aked, Charles F. The Courage of the Coward. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Bisset, Peter. The Book of Water Gardening. A. T. De La Mare Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.
Brisco, Norris A. The Economic Policy of Robert Walpole. Columbia University Press.
Casson, Herbert N. The Romance of Steel. The Story of a Thousand Millionaires. A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.50 net.
Chesson, Nora. Father Felix's Chronicles. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.
Coghill, Stanly. Hathor. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 75 cents net.
Danson, John Towne. Economic and Statistical Studies. A. Wessels Co. $6 net.
Dodge, Walter Phelps. The Real Sir Richard Burton. A. Wessels Company. $1.80 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907.

The Week.

Massachusetts Democrats have seen the great opportunity of their party. Their slogan is to be tariff reform, no matter to what idiocy the national "leaders" may commit themselves. In this the Bay State men show only ordinary political acumen. The Quincys, Hamlins, Gastons, and Whitneys are insistent that this ought to be the only issue in next year's national campaign. They see their State seething with unrest, out-and-out Republicans clamoring in vain for action by their own party, and are rightly convinced that this is the sole issue upon which the Democrats could expect to win over many votes. People are everywhere becoming alarmed at the increased cost of living. Protection statisticians may show to their heart's content that the net average rise is small, but it is big enough to make itself felt by every salaried man in every branch of trade or business. The Republican party never has revised the tariff, save upwards. It is not likely to do so, while the protected manufacturers from whom it has extracted so many of its campaign funds have it by the throat. Here is the American Protective Tariff League, long an annex to the party, declaring the reciprocity agreement with Germany contrary to the statute law, and that higher unwritten law—the policy of protection. It and its friends may well think they can dictate to the party; they have done it many times before.

One fact has undoubtedly had much to do with the endorsement of Taft by the Republican Committee of Ohio. That State sees a chance to elect a President once more, and hence the tremendous pressure put upon every hesitating committeeman. Ohio is weary of the prominence of New York in Presidential politics. She longs for another favorite son in the race. Accordingly, if the Taft managers can make it appear that their man has good prospects, the clamor for "one more President from Ohio" will be such as few politicians can resist. This is the strong force making against Foraker and Dick. They have, to be sure, many members of the machine bound to them by patronage, but the promise of still richer patronage, to say nothing of the greater glory of the State, is on the other side. Taft may not be the pride of Ohio, but Ohio pride is his best weapon in the fight for the State delegation.

North Carolina is not going to secede again. Senator Overman declares that, while the people of his State are "highly incensed," they understand that the legal questions at issue must be settled by the highest court in the land, "in whose decision our people will cheerfully acquiesce." Congressmen Page and Gudger give similar assurances, though they really were unnecessary. It is also made clear that the angry talk about impeaching Judge Pritchard was mostly a product of the dull and silly season in the offices of Washington correspondents. That Federal judge proceeded in the exercise of a discretion which is undoubtedly his, under the Constitution and laws of the Union. He may have been mistaken. That will appear on appeal. But that there should exist such recourse as a United States writ of injunction against the confiscation of property by State action, no man with a full complement of wits will deny. Only in that way can what may prove irreparable injury be prevented, and the equal protection of the laws assured to all. It is a railway corporation which, this time, avails itself of the remedy. Next time, it may be a widow whose property it is proposed to take from her without due process of law. The full merits of the North Carolina case will be passed upon by the Supreme Court. Pending its decision, all good citizens will be orderly and submit to the law. North Carolina has enough sensible inhabitants to outweigh her crazy politicians and to make it certain that she will so submit. Even Gov. Glenn has now assented to the compromise arranged between the parties to the suit, which is to be pressed to a speedy determination.

So much is heard about the large sums spent by the white people of the South for the education of the negro, that a recently published analysis of South Carolina's outlay has exceptional interest. For the year ending June 30, 1906, there were enrolled 147,053 white pupils in 2,674 schools, with 3,633 teachers. The average session was 24.35 weeks. The salaries of the white teachers averaged $253. The whole cost of educating the white children was $1,538,565.13, including the cost of the five State colleges maintained or aided. The enrolled negro children numbered 171,022, or 24,000 more than the whites, but the total appropriation for them was $259,932.86, or only one-sixth of the sum appropriated for the whites. Now, of the total school taxes for the year, $278,477.16 was paid in by negroes, so that, so far from any whites contributing to the education of the blacks, $18,544.30 of the latter's money went to the education of the white children! Not unnaturally, this seems somewhat unfair, particularly as the average salary of the negro teacher for the 14.9 weeks of the session is only *ninety-five dollars!* If this same ratio holds for the other States, or anything approaching it, those public men in the South who have so long urged that school money be divided among the races according to the taxes paid, will have to do some more figuring.

Senator Foraker found it easy to reply to Senator Tillman's untruthful assertion that the North fastened the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution on the country because its "passion and sectional hatred" had "gone far beyond the bounds of reason, decency, and righteousness," and that its real motive was to assure social equality to the negro. Tillman knows better, but relies on the fallibility of the human memory. As a matter of fact, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were born of actual conditions in the South; they were necessitated by deliberate legislative attempts to reënslave the negro. The average Southerner who maintains that the South alone should deal with the negro, and that it can be trusted to do the right thing by him, either conveniently forgets this chapter in Southern history or is honestly ignorant of it. But the facts are available. Carl Schurz, for instance, when still a major-general, in his tour through the South in 1866, perceived what was happening, and his report to the Government is most enlightening reading just at this time, when such men as Gov. Vardaman are declaring for the repeal of the amendments.

In the final report of the Civic Federation's Committee on Public Ownership, published on Monday, it is stated, a trifle solemnly, "We are unable to recommend municipal ownership as a political panacea." This will, with many, damn the report. If they can have no device to save them from being careful and watchful, from having continually to experiment to discover what is good, from varying plans and methods with varying conditions, and from doing the full duty of a vigilant citizen—why, they will none of it. There prevails an immense demand for political nostrums, and if this able committee spent so much time and money only to report that they have been able to find none, their work will be severely mauled by reformers impatient of facts and of human nature. Real students of the problems involved, however, will be inclined to think that the very caution of the members of the committee, and even their disagreements

among themselves, prove the serious and painstaking nature of their inquiry. If they had brought out any kind of panacea with a great flourish, sober people would have distrusted them. That they confess to the same difficulties as other investigators, and admit that different men look at the same facts in different ways, is at least an evidence of their sincerity.

There appears to be a concerted and rather amusing attempt to manufacture prosperity by newspaper interview. It seems to be thought that if a lot of nonentities, or interested speculators, only shout loud enough that prosperity is bound to continue and be greater than ever, somehow crops will improve, money will be made more abundant, business men and bankers will cease to be cautious, investors will flock to Wall Street, and "melons" will be cut and lambs sheared as before. Some of the means adopted are surely comic. J. Ferguson Jones of Terre Haute arrives at Bad Nauheim in his automobile, and takes occasion to say that, in his judgment, and he knows it to be good, American prosperity is going speedily to mount to new and dizzy heights. This is at once cabled, and printed with great display, as a convincing "bull" point. Monday's stock market unfeelingly slumped right in the face of whole broadsides of such views of unknown financiers. It may recover, but, if it does, we have a notion that it will not be because T. Washington Andrews of Fargo declares in Cairo that he thinks it ought.

Shan F. Bullock complains that literary criticism is becoming namby-pamby. "Considerateness" is the prevailing fashion in it. One English journal, noted for its trenchant reviews of books, was rebuked for its harshness the other day by a brother editor, who innocently observed that the publishers would soon cease sending volumes for notice, if nicer things were not said about them. Critics must be "considerate." This is a variant of the old phrase to the effect that they must be "constructive." Honestly interpreted, that meant that the author must be coddled, not told of his faults; and that the public must be fed on sugar-plums, not warned of impure or indigestible food. Considerateness, as Mr. Bullock remarks, is a most excellent thing. We ought all to be as kind as we can. But there are higher virtues, sterner obligations. One of them is to be sincere. And if a critic feels that he is set for the defence of the truth, and has a literary standard to maintain, instead of merely making himself a bait for advertisements, he will often discover that the truest kindness is to be severe. The older and more savage criticism may have sometimes been unfair, but at any rate it was never insipid or dull. This cannot be said of the new style of "considerate" criticism. It may create new geniuses every week, out of the most unpromising material, and may note the appearance of twenty masterpieces in a single publishing season, but it certainly does cloy one. It makes many of us look back, with Mr. Bullock, "longingly" to the old "ramping days of Henley," the "roaring Nineties," when "the artists of the rapier and the bludgeon had their way."

For young men without means who are educating themselves, there are now many ways of self support. At the University of Chicago, for example, where there is an employment bureau, the students last year earned, without interrupting their college courses, more than $66,000. One of them had a salary of $3,000! As there are women at the university, we find among the occupations mentioned as a means of profit "watching babies." For many years, of course, students have worked during the summer in various occupations; but now the automobile affords a paying and little irksome employment. Students with good habits, good manners, and a fair knowledge of machinery might easily be able to make enough in their vacations to pay their expenses for the year. We hear of some who are doing so. If the work of the chauffeur were to be taken up more frequently by college students, it would be good for them, and might even be better for the owners of machines.

The great objection to attempting renewed comment on so worn-out a topic as monkey-dinners is that, after a while, the guests of honor, like the central figure at Friday's Newport affair, must come to feel the irksomeness of excessive publicity. We may take it for granted that among leading chimpanzee families the reading of journals is not a neglected accomplishment, and, notwithstanding all the delights of new experiences, Consul I. must be sensitive to what may be said in the best Primate circles about indiscriminate elbow-rubbing with society which cannot deny its *parvenu* character, in view of its inability to point to more than a hundred thousand years of descent. Prejudice is hard to conquer, and when anthropoid dowagers shake their heads over the performances of the sad dog of a *déclassé*, it wil' do Consul I. little good to argue, *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*, to maintain that, after all, no wide gulf separates species from species. Are not their thoughts largely my thoughts? he might assert; their actions my actions, and their views of life very much my own? Then why set up empty barriers of pride, or, if *homo sapiens* sometimes becomes merely *homo soupiens*, why be over-critical?

British proposals at the Hague Conference have notoriously been unsatisfactory to the enlightened sentiment of England. Severe condemnation has been expressed by some of the best newspapers, particularly of the refusal of the British delegates to agree to immunity of private property at sea in time of war. As if nettled by this criticism, Lord Reay suggested last Friday the entire abolition of contraband of war. The proposal could hardly have been sincere. It was not accepted as such by the other delegates, some of whom pointed out that it went ill with the British clinging to the doctrine of prizes and stringent blockade. If there is no contraband, how can prizes be made of neutral ships? Also, how can they be shut out of a belligerent's ports on the ground that they are "helping the enemy"? The whole debate but illustrated the unhappy fact that the official representatives of Great Britain at the Hague Congress have not been abreast with the most humane sentiment of even their own country.

Colonial Preference still keeps up its old reputation for providing humorous incidents. In the debate on it the other day in the Commons, a Liberal member referred to Mr. Chamberlain's plan of getting the Colonies to agree not to found industries which might seriously compete with those of England. Thereupon Austen Chamberlain started up to deny that such a passage could be found in any of his father's speeches on Colonial Preference. A newspaper report was at once produced, however, in which Mr. Chamberlain's very words were: "They [the Colonies] will arrange for tariffs in the future in order not to start industries in competition with those which are already in existence in the mother-country." Then Son Austen made an ingenuous explanation. His father had found that the sentence quoted had "given rise to a misapprehension," and therefore it "was omitted from the published copy of the speeches." Turning to the said published copy, we discover the original language changed so as to read: "They will give us, in the first place—I believe they will reserve to us—*much*, at any rate, of the trade which we already enjoy." The little less, and what worlds away! Mr. Chamberlain exclaimed loftily, on one occasion, "What I have said, I have said." It does not follow, apparently, that what he has said, he has printed.

A visiting American lawyer in London passes severe censure on English law courts and jurists. "The judges

were too advanced in age and were apparently not men of the world. They seemed insufficiently experienced in every-day life and every-day business. They simply sit in judgment and lay down the law just as it was administered hundreds of years ago. A judge elected to the bench in America is invariably a man of the world, with wide human knowledge, a man of modern life. Altogether, British legal machinery impressed one as insufficiently up to date." It is obvious that these criticisms are well founded. English judges are still under the impression that a prisoner brought up for trial should be either condemned or acquitted, instead of being allowed to die of the gout in jail while awaiting his fifth trial. The judges across the water are hundreds of years behind in their attitude towards triumphant science, for it is on record that they will actually interrupt an expert in the witness-chair even while he is engaged in making an ass of himself. With an utter lack of worldliness, English judges do not take a leading part in gigantic clambakes, beefsteak dinners, or potato races for fat men. And, worse than all, they are not up even on the rudiments of the Law of the Previous Fist, sometimes known as the unwritten law.

A certain straining of the Franco-Russian alliance is making itself felt in the press of both countries. The *Novoye Vremya* of St. Petersburg has been bitter in denouncing the attitude of the French governing classes towards Russia's internal problems, and has seized upon the recent mutiny of a regiment in the Midi as a text for arguing that the morale of the French army is such as to render it of doubtful value to an ally in time of need. Moderate French opinion admits that the policy of the Radical cabinets which have been in power since the outbreak of the Russian revolutionary movement has been indiscreet to the point of irritation. It was not for the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg to offer advice to the Government on the matter of dealing with internal problems, and, on the other hand, last year's revelations of the part played by the Russian military attaché at Paris in the campaign against a revision of the Dreyfus case was not likely to further close relations between allies whose knowledge of each other's military arrangements should be more intimate than they actually are. Still, the Paris *Temps* insists that there is as much reason as ever for the maintenance of the dual alliance, and characterizes the situation as something of a quarrel between domestic partners, in which either disputant is carried away into saying the bitterest possible thing about the other. "We have lent you the money to keep things going," cry the French. "Because you were out for a high rate of interest, and your own good," retorts the *Novoye Vremya*. Whereat the *Temps* asks calmly, "What harm if both things are true?"

What has become of the French nobility and what are its pursuits, are questions much discussed in the Parisian press, apropos of Paul Bourget's "Emigré." Under the Republic, few of the aristocracy join the army or navy. They are generally much richer than before the Revolution. Many have married into commercial families, and many have themselves entered active business. One marquis of distinguished lineage is a champagne agent at Epernay; another nobleman sells fish. There are titled manufacturers of cider, automobiles, and pumps. One blue-blooded baron is a distiller. If the aristocracy were only numerous enough, we might soon see all trades associated with the names of the peers of France; while the only gentlemen of leisure would be those who are now *commerçants*. A general strike headed by a duke, with a marquis bearing the red flag of the Internationale, would furnish a thoroughly modern spectacle.

The proposal to erect a statue of Zola in Paris on the Boulevard Haussmann has given rise to an acrimonious dispute. In particular, M. Escudier, a municipal councillor, has protested vigorously. The opposition is partly political, manifested by the anti-Dreyfusards; and partly moral, directed against Zola's naturalism. The *Figaro* prints a curious article approving the councillor's protest. It argues that, just as living persons may not fight in the streets, so effigies of the dead, which might incite to riot, should not be placed on a boulevard. It would have them isolated in a park, academic hall, or museum. Yet this would simply transfer the disturbance from one place to another. Of course, the French are peculiarly sensitive in the matter of public monuments. Would that we in New York had been so! But we should hope that the passions of the Dreyfus time might soon subside to the point where a statue of Zola, inscribed with his famous words, "J'accuse," would excite no anger in any rational breast.

With the speedy annexation of the Congo by Belgium no longer open to doubt, the conflict between King Leopold and his opponents centres about the character of the new colonial law that is now under discussion. The question involved is whether, under the new régime, the Congo, though Belgian, shall continue to be administered by the King in all matters legislative and executive, or whether the African domain shall be placed under parliamentary authority. The actual government bill assigns the power to the King, whose acts must be countersigned by a member of the Cabinet. A complete report on every phase of the colonial administration must be laid every year before the Belgian Chamber, which may then call into question the procedure of the Congo administration. At all other times, the Chamber cannot occupy itself with debates or interpellations on the colonies without the consent of the Colonial Minister, who is to be named by the King in the same manner as the rest of the Cabinet. A Colonial Council of four members, nominated by the King, is to assist the sovereign in such matters as he may submit to its consideration. A separate colonial budget is to be maintained. It is the composition of the Colonial Council that constitutes the debated point. The Opposition demands a council of fifteen, of whom only the head shall be named by the King, four by the Chamber, four by the Senate, and the rest by various high governmental and judicial bodies. Without such guarantees, it is argued that annexation would only result in saddling the country with the odium of a régime which will, so far as personnel and aims are concerned, remain what it is at present.

Japan has finally assumed direct control in Korea. Such an outcome has long been inevitable; and it has been only a question whether the Mikado's Government would succeed in treading the usual road from a "friendly agreement" to virtual sovereignty with the least amount of irritation to the Korean people and a minimum of foreign criticism. Neither of these the Japanese have avoided, but on the other hand they seem to have traversed the present crisis without serious opposition in Korea or abroad. It remains to be seen whether her complete grasp on the Government machinery of the "protected" empire will enable Japan to steer a smoother course than heretofore. There is no need for the expenditure of excessive pity over the misfortunes that have befallen the imperial house of Korea. In the Orient, especially, people have been content since time immemorial to see the appearance and the reality of power vested in different hands. To the Korean people sympathy will be due when it is apparent that foreign rule has not raised them above the wretched condition to which centuries of the worst kind of domestic misrule have brought them. The very obstinacy with which they have resisted the Japanese advance, themselves without an efficient leader, or an army, or any other resource but the hope of possible foreign interference, would show that there is good material among them which an efficient government might mould into something like a real nation, as Great Britain has done with the Egyptian fellaheen.

HAYWOOD'S ACQUITTAL.

Few expected that the jury at Boisé would find Haywood guilty. Apparently, the most that the prosecution hoped for, at the end, was a disagreement. The verdict of acquittal, we do not doubt, was conscientiously given. The trial had been eminently fair. Every legal latitude had been given by the presiding judge to both sides. But proof of conspiracy is notoriously hard to make in court. And there was not forthcoming that full corroboration of Orchard's extraordinary confession which was necessary in order to give it due moral and legal weight with the jury. Judge Wood's instructions on that point are said to have inclined the jury to acquit. But they were sound law. The testimony of an accomplice peculiarly requires to be corroborated. And as no one ever charged that Haywood was even present at the murder of Gov. Steunenberg, and as the indictment against him was merely for conspiring to murder, it is not strange that the jury felt itself unable to condemn him to death on the evidence. We believe that the verdict will be generally accepted as one that, legally, ought to have been rendered.

This is not saying that Haywood should not have been arraigned, or that his long trial has been nothing but a failure. Moral results are often more valuable than legal findings; and the indirect moral consequences of this Haywood case are of enormous public importance. We can no longer charge him with personal guilt. A jury of his peers has found him innocent, in the eye of the law. But there is no doubt whatever that he belonged to a guilty, a murderous organization. The demonstration made of the methods of the Western Federation of Miners is one that stands, irrespective of the fate of the particular officer of it on trial. This story has been burned into the imagination and memory of the whole country —we may say, of the world. The fact that a labor union had for years made of itself a sort of terrorizing Mafia in five States, using guns and dynamite for argument, and murder for persuasion, has now been established up to the hilt. The Haywood acquittal has been called a "triumph for labor." Perhaps; but it is certain that the evidence brought out in the Haywood trial has affixed the blackest stigma to one branch of organized labor. To say Western Federation of Miners is to-day very much like saying the Camorra, or the Black Hundred.

In fairness, we would not deny that the lawlessness of the miners has been met by the lawlessness of the mine-owners. Brutality always breeds true to type. Murder provokes murder. Not till the whole story comes to be told, shall we know what a veritable reign of terror afflicted the mining regions for many years. Force was met with force. The "bull pen" was the rival of midnight assassination. Capital was as unscrupulous and as law-defying as labor. Brigands on one side were faced by bandits on the other. Due process of law was as much unknown in the mountains of Idaho and Colorado as in the mountains of Thessaly. It was a terrible period of ferocity, open assault, and secret murder, through which that section of the country has had to pass. The annals of Irish cruelty or Turkish fiendishness could scarcely exceed the misery and horror of those days of the reign in the mining States of tooth and claw.

Happily, we may now believe that a better day is dawning. Violence is both glutted and ashamed. The Federation of Miners has had its exposure and its warning. Scheming and ruthless mine-owners have been recalled to their senses. This great, orderly trial at Boisé must have a powerful effect in impressing upon men's minds the real bulwarks of justice, with the true safeguards of property. The law, impartially administered, is a better weapon for the maintenance of the right and the giving to every man his due, than bludgeon or pistol or knife can ever be. That is the great lesson; and it has been bitten into the minds of those who most needed it.

To complete the salutary work, the prosecution of the other indicted men should be pushed at once. It may not be possible to convict all or any of them, but the duty of the State is clear. They should each speedily have their day in court. If the prosecuting attorneys have further evidence against them, or against the Federation of Miners, they should produce it. And, then, in due time, the State should proceed to the condign punishment of Harry Orchard. It has been stated repeatedly in the trial that no promise of immunity was made to him. Senator Borah declared that Idaho would mete out justice to this self-confessed murderer. Orchard himself has testified that he fully expected to pay the penalty of his crimes. If ever there were a candidate for exemplary punishment, he is the man. Unless he is an arrant perjurer as well as criminal monster, he will plead guilty and save the State the expense of a trial. In this, and all ways still open to them, the authorities of Idaho should see to it that justice be done with a high resolve to take away the State's long reproach.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MINNESOTA?

This is extraordinary news which comes from the iron-ore region of Minnesota, where the big strike of the miners is in progress. The citizens have actually dared to assert themselves! In the town of Ely, they went so far, and were so recklessly willing to be called un-American, that they held a mass-meeting, denounced the strike, condemned the violence of the labor leaders, and guaranteed protection to every man who wanted to go to work. And it is even stated that "all classes" joined in these treasonable proceedings. To crown their unheard-of audacity, the "business men" of Ely next undertook to curb the activity of one Lundstrom, an "organizer" for the Western Federation of Miners. They let him know that they regarded him as a seditious person; and presently he was escorted to the train by "a jeering crowd," and sent away. From several neighboring mining towns, the dispatches tell of similar unprecedented action. Citizens are coming forward to be sworn in as deputy sheriffs in order to put down a mob of organized labor. At Hibbing—queer name, but queerer doings—the Governor of the State met the strike leader and told him that troops would be sent at the first sign of disorder.

Who can fail to rub his eyes as he reads? These revolutionary Minnesotans are upsetting some of our most firmly established social and political principles. They positively believe in work! And with an effrontery which we had fondly hoped that no good Americans would ever again display, they arraign the miners' union for breaking its contract. Yet the very children in our schools know that it is now well settled that only employers are bound by a contract. These authorities in Minnesota—mayors and sheriffs and the Governor—must be an ignorant set. And that they are absolutely crazy, politically, any public man, from Oyster Bay to San Francisco, could tell them. Why, there are as many as 10,000 strikers. Most of them have votes. That ought to be decisive. And as for running a labor leader out of town, did these rash citizens of Minnesota once stop to consider that the man might soon be invited to a luncheon at the White House? They did not know but that he might be filled with statesmanlike ideas, changes in the laws or the Constitution, which would enable us all to live without working. Yet this embryo Gompers or Mitchell had to leave amidst general jeers!

This is plainly all wrong. Something must be the matter with Minnesota. Any one accustomed to the usual American practice cannot but suspect that some strange foreign whimsey has got possession of these people. We turn to the census, and we find that nearly one-third of the population of Minnesota is foreign-born—505,000 out of 1,750,000. That surely means something. It is certain that no such vindication of manhood, and resentment of dictation and outrage by labor unions, could occur in a State where the native stock was almost pure—in North Carolina, for ex

ample, with only 4,492 foreign-born citizens. We have always feared that the great influx of Scandinavians into Minnesota boded no good, and now we see what it is leading to. If this goes on, our proud American tradition of knuckling down to organized labor, though it constitutes less than 2 per cent. of all labor, will soon be shattered. A further proof of the fact that Minnesota is wholly irregular, and really out of touch with the true American movement, is that she has, though normally Republican by a large majority, twice elected a Democratic Governor. People foolish enough to do that are capable of treating a violent labor union with disrespect. Moreover, they have absurd notions about the American tariff. They want it reduced. Gov. Johnson has been so wild as to say that tariff-revision is the chief issue in all the Northwest. Minnesota inflicted a crushing defeat upon one Representative, Mr. McCleary, who had the right idea about the sacredness and perpetuity of the Dingley tariff. This alone shows that the State is erratic and un-American; and prepares us to believe the worst about her rude trampling on the right of organized labor to intimidate and kill at pleasure.

In any case, something ought to be done. Minnesota's sister States cannot sit indifferently by and see her set up such startling innovations. Poison in the extremities affects the brain; and we may depend upon it that this bad example, far away though it be, will unhappily influence communities nearer the centre, unless steps be taken to counteract it. Why, if this Minnesota doctrine spreads, rioting and idleness may become unpopular elsewhere! If emphatic disapproval is not somehow visited upon the inhabitants of Ely and Hibbing, of Bovey and Taconte, a movement may start from those towns to insist upon workingmen being honest and earning their wages. Against such a threatening calamity, some vigorous measures ought plainly to be taken. There are various recourses. A Commission might be sent to darkest Minnesota. At the very least a Government agent should be dispatched—preferably Reynolds. As a last resort, a Presidential letter might be written; yet, grave as we feel the emergency to be, we do not believe it has reached an extremity calling for that desperate and little-used remedy. But, in some way or other, Minnesota ought to be given to understand that she is on the wrong track. For Americans to declare that their souls are their own; that they will not allow a great industry to be ruined by agitators; that the laws must be obeyed even by union organizers; that any man who desires to work will be protected by the whole power of the State—this will never do! Minnesota must somehow be led to see the error of her ways.

THE "MONARCHICAL INSTINCT."

Albert Vandal, whose studies of the rise of Napoleon have conquered a name for him among historians, returns to his subject in a close analysis of the man as he was at thirty, First Consul of France. He has utilized the unpublished "Eclaircissements" of Cambacérès, who described in great detail the daily routine and the intellectual and political methods of the young general setting out deliberately to make himself master of France. Bonaparte's strongest passion, next to love of power and thirst for glory, was to reorganize the nation. Of a temper fundamentally despotic, he believed that he could reconstitute the state and cause it to return to the tradition of the only stable society which he knew anything about—a centralized and kingly government. M. Vandal acutely observes: "Napoleon had a republican imagination, but the monarchical instinct."

Those two elements have been mixed in many rulers, before and since. They have been active in varied political movements. An ardent desire for liberty and equality and free opportunity on the one hand, and a strong sense of order on the other, an impatient determination to regulate everything and to control everybody—these two principles seem often to struggle for mastery in men and nations. Attempts have been made to reconcile them, to cause them to work together harmoniously. This was the idea of the founders of Massachusetts, if we may credit the motto of their State. They sought *placidam quietem*, but they wished it to be *sub libertate*. In general, however, public policy lurches to one extreme or the other. We will have an era of intense individualism, but it is followed by a period of excessive collectivism. It is upon the latter that nearly the whole world seems now to have entered.

To the inherent nature of it no man should be blind. It allies itself with what M. Vandal calls the monarchical instinct. The royal conception of government is that of a felt presence in the daily life of every citizen, directing his activities, controlling his business, regulating his income, his expenditures, his manner of life; prescribing the limitations of his personal enterprise, taking from him the education of his children, telling him what he shall buy, what he shall eat and drink and wear, inspecting and certifying all that is his. This monarchical ideal has been clearly defined by writers on government from Aristotle down. It postulates a government agent standing at the side of every citizen to see to it that he behaves. In its restricting tendency, it is the direct opposite of the republican dream of unfettered expansion for all men.

There is no excuse for making any mistake about the classification of the political ideas which are now in the ascendant. The mania for regulating everything does not spring from a democratic root. It goes with the notion of minute control from above which is characteristically monarchical. The "manners of liberty," to use the phrase of Lemaître, know nothing of this impulse to constrict and hamper private initiative. Nor do they of the feeling that there must be no friction in the social and political world; that all must run smoothly; that the striving and experiments, and even the mistakes, of men acting freely under a free government are evils to be suppressed. We are not now saying that the ends aimed at by the universal regulators are not good. It may be that we all ought to be cut after one pattern, and that State-activity ought to be indefinitely multiplied. Only, we ought to leave ourselves in no doubt whence all this comes and whither it will go if unchecked.

If curious people were to look about the world to-day in search of men in high authority who have, with Napoleon, a republican imagination but the instinct of a monarch, examples would not be wanting. It is quite possible to be avid of popularity; to be a master of self-advertising; to play upon the hopes and fears, the credulity and the vanity, of millions; to set immense forces at work in the masses; and then to call one's self a democrat because one can make use of democratic forms and win the applause of the multitude. Still, facts remain facts, and logic is logic. To make the ruler's own will the standard, not only of law, but of right and wrong; to pose as the Little Father of the people; to hold a "bed of justice," like Louis XIV., and settle all disputes and apportion praise and blame, punishment and reward, out of abundant and infallible wisdom—all that is to conform to the kingly model, and to act on the monarchical instinct, whether one be called President or not.

Hope lies, however, in getting rid of the personal equation in all these matters. Outstanding personalities, with demonic energy, often disturb a normal political development. If it is ever to be possible to reconcile liberty absolutely with order, to cause the republican imagination to blend perfectly with the monarchical instinct, the process must come about through the large and free expression of the people's will. No dictator, conscious or unavowed, can do it successfully. That would mean that an individual's temporary whim could be made permanent law. But one can easily conceive of an alert and sensitive public opinion, working steadily through its representatives towards the enactment of laws which would continually express the best moral and humane sentiment of the day, and to which all would gladly submit because they had not been im-

posed from above, but worked out from below in the fair debates and the deliberate choices of a free people.

AFTER KOREA—CHINA?

It is hard to believe that so discreet an official as the foreign minister of so diplomatic a nation as the Japanese should have really made use of the uncalled-for and almost brutal threats against the Chinese Government, with which a Seul dispatch credits him. In the absence, however, of testimony to the contrary, Viscount Hayashi is on record as declaring that "the fate of Korea may be regarded by China as a lesson; it should be a warning to that country to put her house in order, ere some strong nation, whichever one might be moved so to do, imitates events in Seul. China's despotism, which is the worst form of government, must yet reach a crisis, as, when the present ruling mind is gone, the state will fall a prey to intrigues." Hard words like these ring especially unkind when we think of the zeal with which China is now engaged in the very task of putting her house in order.

Though the Empire is incapable, so far, of self-defence, it has made fair progress towards the creation of a standing army, and at the present day can count on some 100,000 well-drilled troops under the efficient control of Yuan-shih-Kai, viceroy of Chi-li. The old education has been abandoned in favor of modern learning, and the establishment of new schools is actively carried on. A strong upheaval of national feeling is making itself manifest in the popular demand, to which the Government has lent a willing ear, for the retention of railway and mining concessions in Chinese hands. This new national spirit finds expression in the columns of a rapidly growing native press, which, edited for the most part by young students from Japan, is never weary of proclaiming the Empire's self-sufficiency. Finally, there is the great anti-opium crusade, which is intended to strike at one of the roots of the country's misfortunes by freeing her ultimately from the curse of an enervated and corrupt mandarinate and a lethargic population.

Upon the basis of such signs of a China not only awakened but rejuvenated and Europeanized, most of the authorities agree in predicting wondrous things to come within a wondrously short time, each emphasizing that particular force now at work which seems to promise most for the future. Thus Mr. Putnam-Weale, who has written a large number of stout and well-informed volumes on the Far East, puts his trust mainly in the new army. Within twenty years he expects China to possess a modern standing force from half a million to three-quarters of a million strong, and equipped with arms and ammunition from the great Government factories at Han-kow. Others base their predictions on the new nationalism as especially revealed in an enlightened policy towards the construction of railways. To Noël Péri, writing in the *Revue de Paris*, the most significant fact is the progress made in the new education. There are now, he states, some 15,000 Chinese youths pursuing their studies in foreign lands, of whom 13,000 are at the Japanese universities, high schools, and technological institutions. As the average period of sojourn abroad is about two years, this means that some six or seven thousand students leave and return to China annually. The fact that about half of the travelling scholars are maintained at the expense of the central or the provincial authorities is cited as conclusive evidence of the sincerity of the Government in its attitude towards the new learning. In other words, like the anti-opium edict, and unlike most Imperial enactments in China, the comprehensive school regulations, issued in January, 1904, minutely reconstructing the educational system of the Empire, have not become a dead letter. On the contrary, their influence has stimulated private benevolence for educational purposes to an extraordinary degree. Almost everybody is warm with enthusiasm. "With the exception of a few Manchus, every one in China is a reformer," and native scholars are proclaiming that China is no longer old, that she is the youngest of the nations, "young, strong, and beautiful."

Let it be said at once that all these predictions of China repeating the example of Japan within as short a time, appear, after the first flush of enthusiasm, altogether too optimistic. It does not follow that, because the Viceroy of Chi-li has succeeded in creating an efficient army of 100,000 men, the same rate of progress will be maintained by other men than Yuan-shih-Kai and elsewhere than in Chi-li. It will take more than two decades to transform the ideals of a nation that has been bred for thousands of years in the domestic and non-aggressive virtues. It will take decades before the Chinese learn to build and manage their own railways. And it will take very many years before education has spread among the lower strata of the nation. Schools have been rapidly built in Chi-li, but the school attendance in the province is still less than 100,000 for a population of 20,000,000. New brooms are sweeping, and there are clouds of dust in the air, but the house that is to be put into order is so vast that only credulous hope can see it assuming within a generation the spick and span order of its neighbor across the way. We need only consider Russia's painful struggles towards complete occidentalism to realize how slowly the change must come in China.

What renders progress all the more difficult is the absence of a strong central government. The historic Chinese governmental policy has consisted in maintaining an equilibrium among the various provinces, with the least arrogation of power to the Government at Peking. In all Oriental empires the instinct for local self-government has been strong, and there is no great difference between the eighteen provinces and the loosely articulated satrapies of ancient Persia. To expect from the dynasty at Peking complete responsibility, such as modern states in their dealings assume to vest in their own sovereigns, is manifestly unfair; and to threaten Peking, as Viscount Hayashi has done, in the face of its late good behavior, is unjust. No one nation, of course, can step in and assume the mastery of the Empire, because the task is too big. The play of international politics will keep China intact for a long time to come, while she works out her destiny, not through her army, which will always be inferior to Europe's armed forces, but through her schools. The Powers should be content to let the Celestial Empire pursue a peaceful development.

A FEDERATED SOUTH AFRICA.

From the moment when peace was signed with the Boers at Vereeniging in 1902, the union of Africa south of the Limpopo and Orange Rivers under one autonomous government might have been taken for granted. It was only a question of time. The British trend towards colonial federation, which had manifested itself in North America and Australia under the sole influence of internal causes, could not but run with greater force in South Africa, where was to be found the additional powerful stimulus of neighboring foreign territories and, consequently, foreign rivalry. The problem of federation could not, of course, enter the field of practical discussion so long as uncertainty existed about the conditions that would result from the establishment of self-government in the subjugated Boer republics. Now that events in the Transvaal have established clearly that the former subjects of Presidents Kruger and Steyn have made up their minds to recognize the accomplished fact in South Africa, the way has been made plain to intercolonial union. The ideal cherished by Cecil Rhodes is warmly advocated by Premier Louis Botha.

At the request of the Cape Colony Government, Lord Selborne, High Commissioner for South Africa, has recently published a memorandum which is an uncompromising plea for colonial federation. Lord Selborne sums up the situation by declaring that, whereas the people of the various South African colonies are as completely self-governing "as any free people in the world," the

people of South Africa, integrally considered, enjoy no rights of self-government, for the very striking reason that they have "no South African Government with which to govern." The High Commissioner, who at present is charged with correlating and harmonizing the four different policies of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal, is responsible only to the British Colonial Secretary, and ultimately to the Imperial Parliament. He is not an independent authority; and taking, as he does, his orders from England, it is inevitable that the interests of South Africa should suffer either through lack of knowledge or possible lack of sympathy on the part of the home Government. Lord Selborne may here be thinking of the Chinese labor question and of the attitude of the British Cabinet towards anti-Asiatic, that is, anti-Indian legislation.

When we come down to details, we find conditions very similar to those which preceded Australian, Canadian, and even American unity. The colonies are quarrelling among themselves over their railway and customs arrangements, and are pursuing no settled policy in the all-important matter of legislation for the natives and the recruitment of native labor for the Transvaal mines. It is the Rand that constitutes the most potent unifying force in South Africa, since about it centre also the railway and the native labor questions; and it is an admitted fact that the prosperity of South Africa is very largely bound up with that of the Transvaal mines. Hence the bitter protests in Cape Colony and Natal against the railway policy of the Transvaal Government, which has greatly favored the foreign port of Lourenzo Marquez, on Portuguese Delagoa Bay, over the Cape harbors and Durban. On the other hand, the Transvaal has really been compelled to grant large concessions to Delagoa Bay in return for permission to gather native laborers for the mines in Portuguese territory, whither it has been driven by the vexatious regulations of its fellow-British colonies. In the matter of tariffs, though some sort of customs union is now in force, the arrangement is characterized as "a mere temporary compromise of local interests not based on any intelligible policy." Finally, the necessity of formulating a uniform policy that shall define the position of the white population of nearly 1,100,000, in face of almost four times as many natives, is extremely pressing. It was a factor which the American, Canadian, and Australian commonwealths did not at first have seriously to consider.

General Imperial considerations would naturally incline the British Government to favor the federation movement. From the Liberal point of view, it is only giving to the Afrikanders their just rights of self-government. To this the Tory might add, as the London *Times* argues, that the formation of another British Commonwealth must tend to further the cause of Imperial reconstruction, for which, it sadly admits the time is not yet ripe, as the last Imperial Conference showed. But there are also special reasons applicable to South Africa. With Germany taking up her colonial burdens in a spirit of renewed determination, with great changes impending in the Congo, it is eminently desirable that the people of British South Africa should allow no advantage to possible rivals by pursuing dissentient policies.

A second advantage would be the closer reconciliation between Briton and Boer, which common participation in the upbuilding of a new commonwealth would undoubtedly bring about. A federal union could not favor one race above the other. The balance between the two is so evenly adjusted as to make the permanent preponderance of either impossible. In Cape Colony, for instance, the English Progressives are in power by a slender majority, but, on the other hand, the Boer majority in the Transvaal, closely analyzed, is not very strong. English Natal would counterbalance Dutch Orange River Colony. In other words, there is no reason why South African unity should not prove as effective a peacemaker between English and Dutch as Canadian unity has been between English and French.

The only feature to which the British Government may look forward with uneasiness is the complications that will result from a vigorous anti-Asiatic policy, such as a young South African federal Government is very likely to assume. As things are, the Imperial Government is hard put to it in exacting from her African colonies some measure of kind treatment for her Indian wards. It has been compelled recently to give its consent to a stringent Transvaal Colored Registration bill, aimed against Hindu immigrants. Natal is historically hostile to Asiatics. With Australia unceasingly active in baiting the Japanese, and Canada growing plainly hostile to them, Britain must look forward to a rather difficult time in keeping her mischievous young commonwealths from annoying her colored subjects and allies.

GROWING FLIPPANCY OF THE AGED.

There was lately printed for private circulation the "Letters with Biographical Notes" of the first Sir James Stephen. He was the father of the better-known Leslie and Fitz James Stephen. An intimate friend of Macaulay, Carlyle, Hallam, Thirlwall, and other early Victorian writers, Stephen left many original and piquant notes concerning them. His phrase about Macaulay's conversation, but echoing the comment of many, was, "Tom talked like a cataract." Sir James, in fact, was often disappointed in the celebrities he met. 'Authors and preachers,' he once jotted down, 'ought to be locked up like the Grand Lama." But we have been particularly struck by his remark about a certain breakfast, at which many of his most famous friends were present. At it, he said, the conversation was not enjoyable, because it was "too careless, thoughtless and light for men mostly above fifty."

Such a complaint would scarcely be conceivable nowadays. Years have long since ceased to bring the philosophic mind, in the sense of making those who carry them talk like a philosopher. Serious conversation is, rather, the mark of the young. One reason why crabbed age and youth cannot live together is that youth, of a certain sort, is apt to be depressingly solemn, while for true vivacity, jollity, and general devil-may-care, you have to go to men with whitening hair, or no hair at all. One of the characteristics of our age is that people refuse to grow old, whether gracefully or in any other way. There are no more old ladies, as was pointed out by a writer in the *Atlantic's* "Contributors' Club," not long ago. In their room, we have dashing grandmothers whom their delighted granddaughters vote to be "regular bricks." And if you ask who it is, at club or social gathering, that sets the table in a roar with his quips and wiles, ten to one you will find that it is some jolly, rubicund gentleman of sixty-five, or so, with a gray beard, who ought, according to the standards of a hundred years ago, to be looking out dismally on the world, and thinking dolefully of his own latter end.

Age is, after all, largely a matter of definition. Everything depends upon the conventions which rule at the moment. Men are as old as they are taught to think they are. It has been shown, we believe, that Shakespeare's "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," was about forty-six years of age. At that time of life, men are now winning golf-tournaments and making centuries at cricket. On the other hand, there have always been men who defied the flight of years, even in those pre-Osler days when it was supposed that fifty meant gravity and dulness. Dr. Johnson was one of these indomitable old men. When he put his head out of the window, at the sound of the roisterers below, at two o'clock in the morning, and said, "Are you there, boys?" after which he went out to finish the night with them, he was, if we remember aright, sixty-two.

Our growing numbers of sprightly old men, who "jest with all ease," in a way that Sir James Stephen would have thought most unfitting, and maintain a

smiling, if wrinkled, front to the world, are probably due, in part, to what we may call the general retardation of life in our time. Men get out of the colleges and into the professions later than they used to do; they are farther on in years before they get on their feet in business; they marry later; hence it is not strange that they retire later. Slower in arriving on the scene, they naturally desire to linger there. If Gladstone, like Pitt, had been Prime Minister of England at twenty-four, he probably would not have insisted upon being so at eighty-five. "Youth will be served." But so will age, when you make it wait a long while.

What is changing most radically, however, is the tradition, not about years merely, but about puffed-up solemnity and an oracular pose at any age. If our youthful old men are often highly jocose and given to "light" conversation, it is partly because the world in general has come to laugh at the portentous man, whatever his years may be. Truth may be conveyed, and the lessons of experience enforced, by a man *quamquam ridentem*. This discovery has greatly eased off social manners. It is no longer necessary for a venerable Sir Oracle to call upon the company to mark his words while he shows them just in what ways the world is going to the devil. Whatever wisdom he has to impart, we have now learned, can be better insinuated by humor than hammered in by formal logic. The light touch, the playful wit, we have really found to be effective instruments of persuasion. Our best writers and speakers seek after them, and it is not strange if the aged like to arm themselves therewith. Let us not call our light-hearted old men flippant; rather, let us admire their debonair spirit, and confess that they add much to the world's enjoyment by facing its ills and blessings alike with a merry face. A joyful countenance, in old age as well as youth, doeth good like medicine; and we must not forget that with it may go as deep a philosophy of life, as true an appreciation of the mysteries of this unintelligible world, as could possibly be cherished underneath a sour and forbidding exterior.

BOOKS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PARIS, July 18.

Of the making of books on the French Revolution there is no end, nor is there likely to be, until every least scrap of paper of the time has been duly scrutinized and printed. The result is not confusion, as the enemies of documentary history might suppose. All these private letters, court records, account books, diaries, and even the memories noted down or caught orally in later years, open windows on the inmost thoughts and feelings of men during the great upheaval. Taine, in one of his letters just published, insists on this "psychology" of French Revolutionists as the only key to the history which they made and are still making.

"Lendemains révolutionnaires," by Eugène Welvert, follows up the fate of the "regicides"—those members of the Convention who, for varying reasons, took it on themselves to vote the death of the King. All English readers know the pages in which Macaulay sought to fasten one of them—Barère—to a gibbet, from which no future historian could take him down. This latest writer is scarcely more tender, noting that, until his death in 1841, Barère spoke of the Terror "as of the simplest and most innocent thing in the world." Many of the regicides themselves perished under the guillotine. When Napoleon came to restore order, 369 were still living; more than a hundred of these withdrew into private life. This is a slight, but material addition to Taine's otherwise accurate statistics of the great number who took service under the Emperor, obeying all their life that same feeling of fear which had made them vote the death of the King. Most of those who survived went into exile when the Bourbons returned and seventy-two died there; after the next revolution, in 1830, there were forty-four still left to return to their country. The astounding vitality of these men of the Revolution went along with extraordinary longevity; sixty of the regicides died past eighty, and twelve past ninety. From new unpublished documents M. Welvert has traced in detail the existence of the more interesting among them. An example is the father of Philarète Chasles, who already appeared in his son's Memoirs as dying in 1826 in the utmost obscurity—"at odds with wife and children, with brothers and cousins, with heaven and earth." The judgment on Carnot is, perhaps, final—"without calculation or intrigue, the dupe and victim of the impression, I would almost say of the emotion, of the moment. He was a soldier and, in his patriotic zeal, thought—doubtless in good faith—that he had political abilities." The emotion of the moment was in too many cases nothing but fear—a part of the epidemic *Grande Peur*—which was recognized by one of its victims, André Chenier, in his wonderful pages on "the altars of Fear." It is only now that impartial minds are beginning to see into this secret of actions so human, yet so unnatural to men of ordinary civilized emotions.

The memoirs of that most illustrious tight-rope dancer, Madame Saqui (1786-1866), begin with a vivid episode of this blood-stained period. The little girl, who started on her career at the age of five, was a witness of the vile massacre of Marie Antoinette's friend, the Princess de Lamballe, whom she forever after remembered to have heard crying to her executioners—"Tigers, kill me!" The slow, cruel lubricity of this inhuman deed, and the real character of the "patriots" involved in it, have been finally worked out from the records of the time by Dr. Cabanès in his "Névrose révolutionnaire"; they explain both the great Fear and the consequent Terror, with a criminology surer than Carlyle's Puritanism or Taine's psychology. Madame Saqui grew up to happier days and became in turn "*première funambule* of His Majesty the Emperor and King (Napoleon)" and "*première aerobate* of His Majesty the King (Louis XVIII.)." She still danced under Louis Philippe and appeared for the last time, at the age of seventy-seven, for the Third Napoleon.

The new number in the series, edited by G. Lenotre—Mémoires et Souvenirs sur la Révolution et l'Empire—concerns the imprisonment and exile of the daughter of Louis XVI. She has been somewhat neglected in history as during life, perhaps by comparison with the tragedy of her brother's fate. The present book goes from the actual prison of the Temple to her virtual prison in Vienna, where she was the pawn of anti-Revolutionary politics, unable to find a common basis of action. Another volume reminiscent of the Bourbons is the life of the Countess, Louise d'Esparbès, by the Vicomte de Reiset. Her liaison for a lifetime with the future Charles X. left him after her death turned to the narrowest piety, and was in a way responsible for the Ordonnances that brought on the Revolution of 1830 and made the restored Bourbons forever impossibie.

A once famous *cause célèbre* of this royal line is presented in all its details to the detective ability of modern readers in the new volume of the Enigmas of History—"Philippe Egalité et Monsieur Chiappini, histoire d'une substitution"—by Maurice Vitrac of the Bibliothèque Nationale, editor of the series. The issue involved Louis Philippe vitally; and Maria Stella persevered to her death in saying, especially to English friends, that she was the true child, while the other was only a substitute for inheritance sake; if not, whose child was she?

A. Aulard, the professor subventioned by the Paris municipality, at the Sorbonne, apparently with the aim of permanently confuting Taine, just as Queen Elizabeth is credited with founding a chair at Oxford for the permanent confutation of Bellarmine, gives the second volume of "Les Orateurs de la Révolution—la Législative et la Convention." The professor has also written a preface for the popular pamphlet, "La Révolution française et ses détracteurs d'aujourd'hui," by Léopold Lacour; this has a certain importance, as it belongs to the effort made to stem the tide of French thought turning away from the Revolution, to the dismay of its disciples who still govern the country.

"Souvenirs de ma vie militaire (1792-1822)," by Commandant Vivien, is a soldier's account of thirty years of his career, beginning with the final triumph of the Revolution and the uprising of France against all Europe and prolonged through the entire Empire down to the Restoration in its apparently successful years. Kellermann, a soldier of equal career, always said: "The infantry of the King's army made the Revolution."

A real find in history in the making is the "Cahier rouge"—pages which have always been missing from the valuable diaries of Benjamin Constant. They have been edited by a member of the family and give one of his journeys in England. This impecunious Swiss Protestant, educated in Germany and Scotland, became the chief theorist of "Liberalism" in France during and after the Revolution. Here we can see his ideas under formation and can already distinguish the variations which have led so far asunder the conceptions

of liberty in democratic England and America and in republican France. To this day it is Benjamin Constant and not Tocqueville who defines liberty for the most moderate French republicans.

"L'Avènement de Bonaparte," by Albert Vandal of the French Academy, comes to an end with the second volume on the Consular Republic. Even those who stick closest to their Revolutionary guns and regret still the coming of Napoleon unite to praise the conscientious labor and impartiality of this historian. He has now completed this one period, wherein order arose from political chaos. S. D.

Correspondence.

VERROCCHIO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nothing to me improbable inheres in the theory that Verrochio owes a great deal to his most famous pupil; but to hint, as Mr. F. J. Mather, jr., does in the Nation of July 4, that Verrocchio owes more to Leonardo than Leonardo to Verrocchio, seems to me a critical extravagance which will tend to a very dangerous heresy, indeed—the theory, a not uncommon one, that Verrocchio is in some way an inferior artist. Your correspondent's statement of the general historical probabilities for the view of Verrocchio's pictorial activity as that of *entrepreneur* and designer, rather than executant, is so admirable that I wonder at what seems like an inadvertence in the larger issue of the fundamental relation between master and pupil. For nothing seems more significant in this relationship than the contribution of the master. Think Leonardo away as artist, and we lose, indeed, some of the most dramatic and ecstatic moments of Renaissance, or any, art. Think Verrocchio away, and we lose a member of the actual body of art, and leave it mutilated and incomplete. At the risk of more than heresy, of æsthetic blasphemy, indeed, and, lover of Leonardo as I am, I must say that Verrocchio is indispensable, and Leonardo, comparatively, is not; that Verrocchio, in the higher sense of the term, is the more classical and typical artist of the two.

It is not a question of personal *charisma*, but of æsthetic logic. It is a glorious thing to possess the phenomenal and exceptional essays of a universal genius in an art, but it is, in my opinion, for art and its constant and steady growth and use more important to possess perfect types of the normally active human capacity for beauty. Of such capacities Verrocchio is one of the best possible exemplars. Never reaching the extreme heights or depths of human experience, he moves serenely and potently in the mid-world of our common life, and limns for us its truth and poetry with no prophetic exaltation, indeed, but with unfailing virtue and sympathy. It is not a culminative and absolute art, but a cumulative essay. We do, or can, feel its general tonic inspiration, most of us; we accept its concrete imagery of actual conditions, and in the end, I think, we find it preëminently trustworthy and satisfactory.

Verrocchio in his sculpture, in his drawings, in the Baptism, and, as seen through his only gifted pupils, Leonardo and (seemingly) Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, in pictorial design generally is typically *integer—artis—scelerisque purus*. His thought may be a little archaic, a little cut and dried; but it is real thought, it is thoroughly and seriously premeditated; it is true design, and, given the artistic premises, the stylistic syllogism is of the utmost force and cogency. In craft, where pupils do not intervene, one feels the certainty, the wisdom, the masculine robustness, the rightness of everything rather than sheer beauty. But Verrocchio's truth is never literal or microscopic, and it possesses the sober beauty of its organic and constitutional being. Always a realist, no epic imagination, no lyric rhapsody, is possible to the artist, but only the dramatic interpretation of a concrete world—to the invisible he is blind. Yet it was precisely this grasp of the near and tangible, this visual sanity, which was needed to make the dreams of Leonardo objective, and to direct the volatile Umbrian imagination in Perugino and Raphael (through Fiorenzo, who is the chief stylistic link between Florentine and central Umbrian art*) to a rational means of expression. Pollajuolo was too extreme and too narrow a realist to serve for this practical synthesis, this workable unification of ideals, and the historical importance of Verrocchio is correspondingly clear. As to his influence upon Leonardo, which is the question at present under consideration, I may say that the Adoration of the Kings demonstrates this very concretely. I may be allowed to say how, in explicit terms.

Except for the landscape drawing of 1473 (not 1478, as in your correspondent's letter), and perhaps the little Annunciation of the Louvre, we have nothing of Leonardo's which exhibits an independent initiative before 1478, the date of a signed drawing and of some other drawings which are probably of about that time. And as the Annunciation of the Louvre is rather an academic working out to compositional perfection of its Uffizi prototype than a fresh invention or an inspired or especially important product of Leonardo's imagination—in my opinion at least—the Adoration of the Kings of about 1481 may be taken to be the first great extant monumental example of the wizard of the Renaissance. And it is certainly one of the masterpieces. Leonardo's ambition is here wholly artistic.

Now, an analysis of the Adoration exhibits every compositional element to be traditional, in the Domenico Veneziano-Baldovinetti-Verrocchio inheritance. The arboreal middle distance with which Leonardo begins—significantly as landscape painter—the execution in detail of his colossal picture, the thing which determines the tonal rhythm of the piece, is traditional. The near horizon of the foreground, bounding the chief figurative group, is traditional. It is simply a modification and naturalization of the conventional architectural screen or parapet of the Early Renaissance. The centralization of the action and the definitely simple construction of the main features of the composition on symmetrical lines—all this is not only traditional, but essentially conventional, and less modern than the scheme of Signorelli's Pan, which is of an earlier date. And in formal arrangement every other motive in Leonardo's design—the architecture and the episodes of the background and the distant landscape—is not new, but old. The amazing sense of modernity, the magnificent effect of life and freedom which make us instinctively hail the Adoration of the Kings as a fresh creation, a gift of art from Heaven itself, and to class it at once as one of the supreme if unachieved masterpieces, are not due to any formal revolution in art, but rather to the vivification of a traditional art body with the personal emotion of a free mind. Leonardo modifies a well-worn form to express a new thought—essentially here in my opinion a thought of the elemental and intangible envelope of atmosphere and the space suggestion as symbolic of his human theme. With Giotto and Masaccio he is especially a poet of the pictorial setting—the landscape—and it is in this that his work constitutes a new type and style. If we remove Leonardo's figurative foreground, his whole "historical" theme, from this work, the work still exists almost intact as to its significance and its visible body. Try the experiment and see.

The traditional character of this work is, in fact, its chief note as compared to Signorelli in the Pan, or to Giorgione in the Concert Champêtre. That Leonardo owes his objective robustness to Verrochio's influence, and that the severe training of his youth in accepted types of composition and design was necessary for his development, seem to me not only indisputable, but matters of æsthetic fact upon which we cannot too strongly insist. Whistler's dictum of the accidental character of art and the loose eclecticisms prevalent in modern art generally, which arise from such a quarter-truth, need such great historic instances for their refutation.

I think that the limitations of his pictorial ideal must have been recognized by Verrocchio, and that when Leonardo pointed out the holder and better way, nothing was more natural than that Verrocchio's catholic judgment should be the first to applaud and encourage his gifted pupil. At the time, however, say about 1473, when the Baptism must have been composed, Verrocchio was nearly forty years old. He had put his heart and soul into the noble design of the Baptism. It was and is, however, manifestly, considered as a whole, the art of a born sculptor, but of an indifferent painter. If, as the story goes, Verrocchio had eye enough to see that Leonardo's share of the background and execution was of a type of art into which his own magnificent but too definitely articulated and elaborated plastic forms did not fit, it is easy to understand that he never cared to paint more. If he was piqued, as Vasari says, it would be only human. That he was man enough to be unresentful, is proved by Leonardo's living with his master for

*It is impossible, with the picture at Fenway Court, the Madonna at Berlin of 1481, and a fragment at Nantes in mind, not to believe that Fiorenzo must have actually worked in Verrocchio's atelier. Perugino is clearly a pupil of Fiorenzo, and it seems possible to me that Vasari confused the two masters, both of Perugia, for want of information as to the earlier one. The attribution of this type of work to Fiorenzo is based upon tradition. It is obviously intermediate between Verrocchio and Perugino, and by some master to whom Perugino owes very important elements of his style—as his early draughtsmanship and his type of landscape. The important fragment at Nantes is published in the *Rassegna d'Arte*, by F. M. Perkins.

some years after the latest date which it is possible to give to the Baptism.

Everything seems to favor the theory that, although Verrocchio accepted commissions for painting and competed for public works in the art, he actually executed in color little or nothing of importance. He was paid for the Pistoia altarpiece; but it is admittedly painted by Di Credi, in large part. In my opinion the execution of the picture in color is entirely Di Credi's. And I know not of a square inch of *painting* which is accepted by a consensus of criticism as Verrocchio's.

And yet, through the influence of his designs alone, and the existence of the Baptism and of certain universally accepted, although unauthenticated, drawings, and by the vision of his sculpture, I venture to think that no other personality in Italian art than Verrocchio's is more definitely present to us as we name his name. If we, some of us, give his reputed paintings to Leonardo—eliminating secondary artists like Botticini and Di Credi—it does not rob, but rather crowns Verrocchio's personality. If we also think of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo in the beautiful picture at Fenway Court, as an Umbrian scholar or at least learner, who transmits the solid science of Florence to Perugia, and thus contributes to the education of the Urbinate, the honor of Verrocchio might even be confined to these his followers and yet be of the highest. If the master learned from the chief scholar, as I believe that he did, it is but one rare honor more. But he taught that scholar first, and taught him the foundation of all art, which is truth. It is not one of the least merits of Maud Cruttwell's book on Verrocchio that she reads Verrocchio's title clear as a teacher, and this issue is more important than any disputed authorship.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Richmond, Mass., July 9.

THE IRISH COUNCILS BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your note in the *Nation* of June 27 on the "delightful inconsequence" of the Irish Nationalists in deciding "to break off relations with the English Liberals" shows a misapprehension of the facts. There is no "new policy." The Irish party remain, as before, independent of both the great English parties. In the interest of Irish Catholics in England they opposed the Liberal Education bill of last session, and during the debates on that their relations with the Liberals were just as much broken as now. After that profuse promises and intimations were made to them of financial, administrative, and educational reform to be carried out this session. Many promises impair confidence, and, as the session passed, it became evident that these would result in no action. A Prime Minister is not omnipotent, and personally there can be no doubt of the honesty of Campbell-Bannerman, but it is well known that five of the eighteen members of the British Cabinet refused to agree to such extensions of the Irish Council bill as would have made it possible for the Nationalists to accept it.

Campbell-Bannerman had to choose between parting with these five members, and so breaking up his Government, or offering a measure which had a semblance of carrying out Liberal promises, but which was almost certain to be rejected. His Government has a mandate to carry out certain British reforms, and cannot be expected to destroy itself for the sake of Ireland.

Owing to the conservative element in the Cabinet, and the archaic and dilatory procedure of Parliament, this Government, with an enormous majority, is unable to pass even British measures, is proving itself so powerless that not only Irish but many Radicals and Labor members are despairing of its competency to effect universally demanded reforms.

The rejected Irish Council bill has been generally misrepresented by the English press. There was to be a council with a sufficient number of members nominated by the British Government to turn the scale against the elected members. If this was not enough to secure anti-popular administration, the lord-lieutenant could annul any proposal of the council.

The function of the council was to pay away four out of the eleven millions sterling of Irish raised revenue; not to spend them, for the allocation of these four millions was practically settled by the existing laws, and very little discretion was vested in the council as to the expenditure. There was no room for economy, but much need for a larger expenditure on the services to which these four millions were allocated. The council had no control over those services in which economy is needed and is possible, the police, the judiciary, the civil service generally.

In view of the additional expenditure which the council would have to undertake, and in face of the report of the Financial Relations Commission (accepted as correct by the Liberal Government) that Ireland is overtaxed by not less than three millions sterling a year, the bill proposed to allocate £600,000 to the new council for certain definite purposes.

Such a council would soon have become discredited with the people, for its restricted powers would have made it impotent for administrative reform. It would have been difficult to get capable men to accept membership of such an emasculated body. It would not have relieved the British Parliament of the time now spent on Irish questions, or attempted legislation, and it would not have set Irish members of Parliament free from the necessity of attendance at Westminster.

The revenue raised in Ireland is between eleven and twelve millions sterling, and owing to the circumstances of the country this taxation, mainly indirect, falls more heavily on the poorer classes in Ireland than in England. The Irish pay, but the British Parliament decides how the revenue is to be spent.

Does it not appear reasonable, as often proposed by Irishmen, that, after a fixed contribution to any Imperial services that are beneficial to Ireland, the balance of revenue should be spent and administered by Irishmen as the Irish people think best, instead of being, as generally admitted, misspent by persons ignorant and careless of the wants and wishes of Ireland.

The Irish revenue having been raked into the British exchequer, most Englishmen think that all Irish expenditure voted by Parliament is a spending of British money on a discontented and ungrateful people. What the Irish party have consistently asked for is that Ireland alone should determine how the Irish revenue should be spent. The rejected Council bill gave no such power, and was condemned beforehand in Campbell-Bannerman's own words. "I defy," he said, "the wit of man to give Irishmen any control, any effective voice, any management of their own affairs, unless there is an executive responsible to a body in which the elective element shall have a decisive voice."

AN IRISHMAN.

Dublin, July 8.

[The concluding citation from Campbell-Bannerman gives point to our original comment. Is it not "inconsequent" for a Home Rule party to break off relations with a Prime Minister who expresses such deep agreement with it, in order to work for Mr. Balfour, who has said that under no circumstances would he consider the possibility of Home Rule for Ireland? On the composition of the proposed Irish Council, we merely remark that Mr. Birrell's bill provided for 24 nominated members, but 82 elected members.—ED. NATION.]

SEPARATE CARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The career of the *Nation* has been marked, in the main, by fairness towards the Southern people in discussing the race problems, which, for more than forty years, have vexed the souls of the wisest and the best all over the Union. To the Northern man, that question is, largely, one of abstract right, but the Southerner is confronted daily with it practically, and in the concrete, in every imaginable shape. Now, in the *Nation* of July 11, in an editorial on a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission upholding the "Jim Crow" car law, you say: "As men of intelligence, they [the interstate commerce commissioners] know perfectly well that nowhere in the South are the 'Jim Crow' accommodations equal to those given to the whites, either in cleanliness or sufficiency."

The writer cannot speak from personal knowledge of other Southern States, but, as a citizen of Texas for thirty-five years, he can confidently assert that you are in error as to Texas, and, upon information and belief, as to the South generally. The "Separate Coach" law was enacted in Texas in 1891, and provides that the "separate coaches shall be equal in all points of comfort and convenience." (R. S. of Texas, Art. 4,509.)

It is not uncommon for a white passenger, not observing the sign on the car "For Negroes," to take a seat in the coach set apart for them, there being nothing to indicate the difference between the coaches for the two races in the conveniences or the comforts of the car, and to retain the seat until the conductor or porter reminds him of his mistaken location. The writer, whose profession as a lawyer requires more or less travelling, has several times made that mistake, and has never observed any difference between the coaches for the two races, in point of comfort and convenience. If any rail-

way company should discriminate, it cannot be doubted that the Texas Railroad Commission in the case of an intrastate traveller, and the Interstate Commerce Commission in the case of an interstate traveller, would promptly correct the wrong. The writer has never heard of any complaint by negroes, in Texas, that their coaches were not equal to those for the white race, "in all points of comfort and convenience." Non-compliance with the Texas law makes a railroad company liable to a penalty, in a suit by the State, of not less than $100, nor more than $1,000, "for each and every such failure." (R. S. of Tex., Art. 4512.) No one who knows the Railroad Commission of Texas, and the Texas people, will doubt either that the commission would be prompt to vindicate any violation of this law by the railways, or that juries would speedily return so many verdicts against the offending roads that disregard of the law would be extravagant folly.

The writer has not examined the laws of other Southern States, and, not being an editor, does not know them ex-officio, but it was asserted by Senator after Senator from sundry Southern States, during the last session of Congress, that like laws prevailed in their States, and that the coaches for each race were alike in point of comfort and convenience. If anywhere there is inequality in these respects, good men everywhere will rejoice to see the evil corrected, for it is not less the law than it is a principle of natural right, that for the same charge equal accommodations should be furnished to all.

Passing from your proposition that "nowhere in the South are the 'Jim Crow' accommodations equal to those given to the whites," may I add a word on the general subject of "separate coaches" for the white and black races? The origin of the separate coach laws in the various Southern States is believed to be substantially alike in them all. From the close of the civil war until 1890 in Louisiana, until 1891 in Texas, and until within the past seven or eight years in Virginia, the white and colored people were carried in the same coaches. It was found, from this experience of many years, that the commingling of these two races was the frequent occasion of breaches of the peace, and not seldom of murder. The fault was sometimes with one race and sometimes with the other. As a police measure, in order to preserve the public peace, the various Southern States believed that reason and the experience of many years demonstrated it to be the exercise of a discriminating and sound judgment to separate the races on railway cars. Hence the separate coach laws. The writer believes there are few people who, remembering the results of commingling the races, do not applaud these laws.

As to whether the separate coach law is an outrage upon the colored people, the writer is content to close this communication with a quotation from the opinion of Justice Brown, delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Plessy vs. Ferguson, 163 U. S., page 551, upholding the validity of the Separate Coach law of Louisiana, enacted in 1890:

> We consider the underlying fallacy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of any thing found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it. The argument necessarily assumes that if, as has been more than once the case, and is not unlikely to be so again, the colored race should become the dominant power in the State Legislature, and should enact a law in precisely similar terms, it would thereby relegate the white race to an inferior position. We imagine that the white race, at least, would not acquiesce in this assumption. The argument also assumes that social prejudices may be overcome by legislation, and that equal rights cannot be secured to the negro except by an enforced commingling of the two races. We cannot accept this proposition. If the two races are to meet upon terms of social equality, it must be the result of natural affinities, a mutual appreciation of each other's merits and a voluntary consent of individuals.

F. D. Minor.

Beaumont, Tex., July 22.

[We are glad to have so favorable a report from Texas, but know no reason to modify our statements as to "Jim Crow" accommodations elsewhere.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

The life of "William Thomas Arnold," by Mrs. Humphry Ward and C. E. Montague, reviewed in the *Nation* July 18, is now added to the regular importations of Harper & Bros.

Sir George Trevelyan has completed the third part of his history of "The American Revolution," and it will be issued early in the autumn by Longmans, Green & Co.

John Murray has in press a verse translation of "Virgil's Messianic Eclogue," with essays by Joseph B. Mayor, Warde Fowler, and R. S. Conway.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon have ready a book on "The Salon," by Miss Helen Clergue, which is said to give an intimate picture of Mme. Du Deffand, Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. d'Épinay, and Julie de Lespinasse. The same house is about to issue the second volume of Prior's Works in the Cambridge English Classics.

Paul Elder & Co. announce a new series, the Abbey Classics, each volume of which will contain a famous poem. The first group will be Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," and Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." Another series of Western Classics will be devoted to "gems from the literature of the Pacific Coast."

To their Handy Volume Classics Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have added "Best American Tales," edited by Trent and Henneman; Thoreau's "Cape Cod"; "Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi"; "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius"; Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"; and Browne's "Religio Medici." The series now includes 183 volumes.

Prof. Max Th. W. F. Förster has taken the editorship of the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch," in place of Professor Keller, resigned.

At his death J. K. Huysmans left the completed manuscripts of three volumes dealing with three of the old churches of Paris. They will be published this autumn.

In the "Jahrbuch der Bücherpreise," bearbeitet von C. Beck (Leipzig: Harrassowitz), continental Europe has at last found a counterpart of the English and American "Book Prices Current." The first volume, for the year 1906, covers not more than thirty-two auctions, chiefly in Germany and Paris, with a few from Holland, with altogether 3,901 titles. The arrangement is alphabetical; as a rule, no book has been included that did not fetch ten marks; lots of miscellaneous contents have been omitted. The most important article is Luther, with 863 titles, carefully edited with references to the Weimar edition of his works, as well as to standard bibliographies. The next largest article is Goethe, with 100 titles. Further, Erasmus, forty-two titles; Melanchthon, thirty-nine titles; Lessing and Schiller, thirty titles each. There are a few Americana, six of the Usselinx books, three by Las Casas, etc.

James Duff Brown's "Manual of Practical Bibliography" (London: Routledge) fills a real gap. Since Horne's "Introduction to the Study of Bibliography" (1814) no authoritative treatise on the subject has appeared in English, and few in other languages. Mr. Brown treats with authority, as well as with common sense, such topics as Title Pages and Colophons; Place of Publication; Dates and Chronograms; Pagination, Signatures, Sizes, Collation, etc. The chapter on Compilation of Bibliographies and Catalogues as also the Rules and Examples for Book Description and for the Compilation of Bibliographies are especially a valuable discussion of the principles that underlie the scientific description of books. The introduction is written with force and conviction, although it would have carried conviction better if it had not been disfigured by the many and at times savage onslaughts on those who represent other points of view than his own. In a new edition, the list of names of cities might well give place for amplification of the glossary of terms, a most useful and much needed feature of the work. The chapter on Guides and Aids to Books and their Description is suggestive enough to the beginner, though too many foreign bibliographies are conspicuous for their omission. The most serious defect in this chapter is the inclusion of a list of twenty-eight "Special Bibliographies" on twenty-two different subjects, neither the subjects nor the bibliographies being particularly significant even as examples.

The Biblia Pauperum, the famous manuscript mentioned by Lessing, but which had since been lost track of, has again been found in the Ducal Library in Wolfenbüttel, of which Lessing, in his day, was in charge. During the entire nineteenth century no trace of this manuscript could be found. This is explained by the German papers by the fact that it was bound in one volume with a manuscript of the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis." The manuscript contains 38 pages and the same number of groups, among the latter four not found anywhere else. It is finely illustrated, especially with pictures from the Old Testament. It was rediscovered by Dr. J. Lutz of Illzach.

We note the completion of two works to which, during the course of their publica-

tion, we have from time to time called attention. The first is the supplement and index to the "Dictionnaire international des écrivains du monde latin," by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis. The original work exceeded by some 500 pages the limit the editor had calculated, and this supplement contains nearly 200 pages more. Prof. de Gubernatis announces his intention of publishing an "Annuario del Mondo Latino," to serve as a yearly supplement to this Dictionary, and to provide a sort of "Who's Who?" for the literary *Monde Latin*—a world which, by the way, he construes very liberally (Rome: Published by the Author, 11 Via S. Martino). The second work is the twelfth (introductory) volume of the "Atti del Congresso Internazionale di Scienze Storiche," held at Rome in April, 1903. The "Atti" contain many papers of importance in many fields, besides that of history proper. The compilation of these voluminous proceedings has been in charge of Comm. Giacomo Gorrini, general secretary of the congress, and now director of the Archivio di Stato, at Rome.

There is no getting away from the fascination of a tale of exploration. The story may be wretchedly told; the writer may fail utterly to put into words what he has felt and seen; yet the reader, endowed with imagination, must catch between the imperfect words vivid glimpses of the wilderness, of nameless rivers whose sparkling waters are far removed from every touch of civilization, of lakes that have never yet been placed upon the map, waterfalls, and forests, and mountain peaks, all clothed in that atmosphere of romance that belongs to the unknown. When a story bearing this inherent charm is also well told, it is worthy of more than passing mention. Dillon Wallace's "Long Labrador Trail" (Outing Publishing Co.), a sequel to his "Lure of the Labrador Wild," is unquestionably such a narrative. In it he describes his expedition through the heart of the Labrador peninsula, from Hamilton Inlet to Ungava Bay, from Northwest River Post of the Hudson's Bay Company to Fort Chimo, and back again. The outward journey was by canoe to Lake Michikamau, thence down the practically unexplored George River to Ungava; the return journey by dogs led around the bleak, rugged Labrador coast. One gets from this narrative perhaps a clearer picture than has ever before been available of the characteristics of one of the least-known quarters of the Continent. The journey was an eventful one, not without danger, and demanding a good deal of pluck energy, and resourcefulness. It is just a little to be regretted that the narrative should be marred by an occasional note of —well, melodrama. Mr. Wallace takes himself and his achievement a trifle too seriously. When one remembers that explorations of at least equal difficulty and importance are carried through year after year by the officers of the Canadian Geological Survey, without the most remote suggestion of a flourish of trumpets, one finds the grandiloquence of Mr. Wallace's Introduction rather trying. Putting aside, however, this one slight blemish, the narrative is both interesting and valuable. A number of excellent photographic and other illustrations lend it an additional charm.

Possibly the best commendation which could be given for Joseph H. Adams's "Outdoor Book for Boys" (Harpers) lies in the fact that two little boys of the reviewer's family seized upon it and successfully constructed a Chinese kite according to its directions, before it had been in the house six hours. The volume seems to be eminently adapted to turning into profitable channels the considerable amount of playtime which a growing boy needs for his best development, but cannot well afford absolutely to throw away, so far as training for the future is concerned. The boy who gets interested in making his own sleds, toboggans, wigwams, pergolas, etc., is a much easier problem than the one who knows no source of supply but the shop. Many of Mr. Adams's suggestions are such as may be carried out with only the simplest tools, which every household needs whether it has boys or not, and with comparatively cheap materials. The first division of the book deals with the making of such things as children may enjoy within the bounds of a city home. In the next division, coasters, skees, snowshoes, kites, fishing-tackle, water-wheels, and other paraphernalia of field sports are considered. Boating is taken up in the next division, and finally life in the woods, including camping, trapping, the building of tree-huts, etc. In every case full and easily intelligible directions are given by which the boy may construct almost every part of his outfit for himself. We have seen no book of the kind so thoroughly practical and so well adapted to its aims as this.

The little "Glossaire des Classiques français du dix-septième siècle" (Paris, Hatchette), by M. Edmond Huguet of the University of Caen, deserves high praise. It contains in a single volume the chief words which have become archaic, and those more numerous and more treacherous ones, the meanings of which have been modified in the course of time. The definitions are based on Furetière, Richelet, and the first edition of the Dictionary of the Academy, and the author has sifted the chief modern glossaries of special writers, such as Godefroy's Corneille, Livet's Molière, and the Grands Ecrivains series. Each word is accompanied by numerous examples drawn from the texts. The book contains a great deal of information which can elsewhere be found only in more expensive and less handy volumes, and should be in the possession of all teachers and serious students of seventeenth-century French.

Mrs. Colquhoun Grant has chosen as subject of her "Queen and Cardinal" (E. P. Dutton) the mystery clinging to the relations of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin. The problem of their reputed marriage, which even this work does not solve, is framed in a series of chapters dealing with the social life of the first half of the seventeenth century. The romance of Buckingham's love, the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, the marriage of Marie de Gonzague to the King of Poland, the intrigues of the Fronde, the schemes of Mazarin to increase his power through his nieces, the attachment of Louis XIV. for Marie Mancini are among the incidents chosen. The period, as Dumas and Alfred de Vigny have shown, affords rich material for the novelist, and many of the fair intriguers of the day, like Madame de Longueville, or like Madame de Chevreuse wandering about France disguised as a cavalier, seem to have stepped from the pages of fiction. Mrs. Grant has a knack of picturesque description, and of selection from contemporary writers of memoirs such as Madame de Motteville. Her volume should be attractive to those who, while interested in the bypaths of history, wish their study made easy.

We all know that growing section of the reading public whose attitude towards books is much like that of the Parisian diner-out listening to the suggestions of the maître d'hôtel. "Queen Hortense and her Friends," by Miss I. A. Taylor (Scribners), is one of a class which our literary maîtres d'hôtel are at the present moment placing on the menu with great regularity, and it is meant for those numerous readers whose mental energy is insufficient to take them straight to such delightful works of a past generation as the Memoirs of Méneval or of Madame de Rémusat. The author has been to these and a few other similar sources, culled the best anecdotes, put them into English, and, adding some well-chosen illustrations for sauce, served up a dish which is not bad of its kind. But although Miss Taylor affects the pose of the historian, let not the unwary be taken in; she clearly has done little else than get together enough picturesque material for her purpose; and she is not always even aware of the real authorship of the Memoirs from which she gives excerpts. Translation from the French betrays the author into unpleasant Gallicisms, but the book is readable, though not in the least authoritative.

Carl Trübner, of Strassburg, who recently died at the age of sixty-two, was not only a publisher of international fame, but also a scholar and a savant. He was born in Heidelberg, but received a good deal of his training in London in the book concern of his uncle, Nicolaus Trübner. His publications were almost all scientific, in recognition of which fact the Strassburg faculty gave him the degree of Ph.D., *honoris causa*. Probably best known in the academic circles of the world of all his publications is the international university annual "Minerva."

The death is announced of Dr. Cäsar Barazetti, professor of Roman law at the Roman Catholic University of Freiburg, in Switzerland. He has a number of legal works to his credit, including studies of the Code Napoléon.

The Rev. William Gunion Rutherford, LL.D., formerly headmaster of Westminster School, has just died in his fifty-fifth year. He was known, outside of his work in the school, as the author of a number of books on Greek philology, among them being "The New Phrynichus," "Thucydides, Book IV.," the first recension of Herondas, and his "Scholia Aristophanica" in three volumes. As headmaster he at first aroused some ill-will by his radical attitude toward certain of the cherished traditions of Westminster, but in the end he won the entire respect of the pupils.

MAKERS OF CANADA.

Lord Dorchester. By A. G. Bradley. Toronto: Morang & Co.

Wilmot and Tilley. By James Hanney. Morang & Co.

There is no further reason for bringing

these two volumes together than that they both come within the Makers of Canada series. Lord Dorchester belongs to the era of Wolfe and the American Revolution. Wilmot and Tilley were sons of New Brunswick, who flourished in or after the middle years of the last century. As historical figures, moreover, the three men are of disproportionate stature. Dorchester, apart from his share in the Quebec Act and the Constitutional Act, was the soldier who repelled the invasion of 1775. By virtue of service in both peace and war he is distinctly the most striking actor in Canadian affairs from the Cession to 1837. L. A. Wilmot and Sir Leonard Tilley, while endowed with excellent parts, were of provincial rather than national importance. Tilley, it is true, became minister of finance in the Federal Government, and Wilmot made a deep impression upon his American hearers at the Portland Railway Convention of 1850. But, speaking broadly, they were denied the field for the exercise of their talents that Dorchester possessed.

There is one serious disadvantage under which Mr. Bradley labors, and any future biographer of Carleton will be hampered in the same way. Lady Dorchester destroyed all her husband's correspondence, and for this reason we are thrown back on his official acts, together with the state papers which grew out of them. It is a great pity that circumstances should thus have denied us the means of approaching Carleton in private life, for from his justice, his humanity, and his breadth of outlook he is almost certain to have left in his letters a worthy record of the inner life which official correspondence can never disclose. Few can rise from the study of his public career without being moved by admiration for the *mens æqua in arduis* which shone through all his deeds. That we should know so little of his private tastes and aspirations must ever remain a source of deep regret.

Guy Carleton was born in County Down and belonged to one of those Anglo-Irish families who have given Ulster its fame for energy and resourcefulness. His whole life prior to 1766, when he arrived in Quebec to take charge of Canada, Mr. Bradley is able to dismiss in four pages. He had entered the army in 1742 at the age of eighteen, distinguished himself under Wolfe during the siege of Quebec, and in 1762 had been prominent at the siege of Havana under Albemarle. With a training purely military, he had arrived on the banks of the St. Lawrence at the age of forty-two, to administer a region in which political problems were many and acute. With one of these his name will continue to be more closely associated than it is with any feat of arms save the defence of Quebec against Arnold and Montgomery.

We refer here to the question of race as affecting legislation. Carleton found more than 60,000 French Canadians in collision with three or four hundred English settlers, who had entered Canada in the train of Wolfe's victorious army. The newcomers despised the French for their ignorance, superstition, and backwardness. But, if we may believe Gen. Murray, the first English Governor of Canada, the French Canadians were far more desirable citizens than their critics. It was in Carleton's time, however, that the British Government took the grave step of deciding in favor of the conquered French as against the handful of Englishmen whom trade had brought from the American colonies to Montreal.

An intelligent outsider like Siegfried finds the *nœud vital* of Canadian politics in the race question. Undoubtedly, the era of Carleton was a critical moment in that the British Government was forced to decide whether the French Canadians should be Anglicized by the abrogation of their ancient laws, or whether an attempt should be made to keep them loyal through generous treatment. At present, when the filling-up of the Northwest bids fair to depress the political influence of Quebec, the English Canadian often laments that a clean sweep was not made of French institutions, and the French language during the first generation after the Cession. But, apart from the inferior character of the English then living in Canada, and the harshness of abrogating usages which were dear to a vast majority of peaceable citizens, Carleton could see no reason why the future should exact from him an act that to the present must seem cruel. In other words, he cannot be accused of having shut his eyes to consequences for the sake of adopting a purely opportunist policy.

Events have shown that in one important regard Carleton argued from false data. Like all good administrators he was inclined to lay stress upon what seemed reasonable, upon what might be called good business. Here one capital consideration was ever in his mind. Canada, he thought, would never be occupied in any real sense by the English. The fur trade might bring a few of them to the cities, but they would never seize upon the open country or be more than a fragment of the population. The passage which best sums up his views on the subject occurs in the letter of November, 1767, to Lord Shelburne. European emigrants, he says, "will never prefer the long inhospitable winter of Canada to the more cheerful climate and more fruitful soil of his Majesty's southern provinces." As for the English at present in Canada, they have drifted in mainly through accident, and have not the qualities required of permanent settlers. More important still is the following sentence:

> But while this severe climate and the poverty of the country discourage all but the natives, its healthfulness is such that these multiply daily, so that barring a catastrophe shocking to think of, this country to the end of time must be peopled by the Canadian race, who already have taken such firm root that any new stock transplanted will be totally and imperceptibly hid among them, except in the towns of Quebec and Montreal.

These words, it will be noticed, were written sixteen years before the Loyalists began their emigration into the Wilderness, and the political movement which led to their exodus could not well have been foreseen in 1767. At the same time Carleton was far from having the prophetic sense which enabled Talon, Frontenac, and La Salle to realize what might be the fortunes of the Laurentian valley in conjunction with the vast western region to which it led. Had he known the West at first hand, his diagnosis of the situation might have been quite different, but in estimating the merit and faults of his policy it must be grasped as a cardinal fact that for Carleton in 1767 Canada was a land which extended from Tadousac to Lake St. Louis.

We lay chief stress upon Carleton's attitude towards the question of race and institutions, because he was mainly instrumental in shaping conditions which affect the daily life of Canada at this moment. As a soldier, he is most conspicuous for his defence of Quebec against American attack, but potentially he was a greater general than can be gathered from any survey of what he actually accomplished. Save for Lord George Germain and Sir John Burgoyne, he might have taken a leading part in the Revolutionary War at a juncture when the British cause had not yet been lost through the lack of qualities which Carleton possessed. His humanity in the conduct of warfare is recorded in the journals of the men who followed Arnold, and also by those who came in contact with him during the closing months of the Revolutionary War, when he had been sent to replace Clinton.

As Carleton's biographer, Mr. Bradley starts out with a good general knowledge of Canadian history. In the structure of his book he has been careful to avoid small issues for the sake of discussing at large the problems which were presented to the British during their first occupation of Canada. There is still ample room for many a monograph on topics which Mr. Bradley touches but lightly; for example, the causes and circumstances of the friction between Carleton and Burgoyne. When twenty or thirty studies, each of them as long as Mr. Bradley's whole book, have been written on the period which is covered by Carleton's residence in Canada, a somewhat fuller and surer biography can be produced. But in the meantime Mr. Bradley's life of this eminent man will do good service, and one can say with confidence that it is much better than all save a very few of the volumes in the series to which it belongs.

In Mr. Hannay's sketch of Wilmot one is first given a sad account of public life in New Brunswick, as it was before the people of that province battled for responsible government: "The two Odells, father and son, held the office of provincial secretary for sixty years. . . . One of the greatest offices in the province—that of the surveyor-general, was held by one person for thirty years, and this individual was in no sense responsible to any authority in New Brunswick, except the Governor. Those in power at that day were very fond of expatiating on the glories of the British Constitution, and the privileges that people enjoyed under it. But nothing less like the British Constitution can be imagined than the system which then prevailed in the British North American Colonies. As late as 1845 Sir William Colebrooke, just one week after the death of Mr. Odell, appointed his son-in-law, Alfred Reade, who was a native of England and a stranger to the province, to the vacant office of provincial secretary."

Against the régime of privilege and favoritism L. A. Wilmot protested with much vigor, and from being the most eloquent speaker in New Brunswick he had no trouble in holding up to ridicule an indefensible system. One cannot pretend that he was a

good lawyer or a deep thinker. Wherever he went he carried with him the temper of the advocate, indeed the temper of the *nisi prius* pleader. "He always took a great interest," says Mr. Hannay, "in questions relating to the Bible, and frequently lectured on topics connected with it. He vehemently opposed the teachings of Darwin and others who followed the same line of inquiry, and he stoutly maintained that wherever the Bible and science were in conflict, science was in the wrong. He seems to have been, from first to last, an unquestioning believer in the doctrines of the Christian religion, and he viewed with great disfavor any one who ventured to question any part of its creed." Though discursive in both thought and speech, Wilmot was a man of unusual oratorical gifts. Considering the undoubted priority which he enjoyed for many years in the Legislature of New Brunswick, he has an unquestioned right to appear in the present series. Less celebrated than Mackenzie and Papineau, he wrought, *mutatis mutandis*, the same sort of work which they wrought in Upper and Lower Canada. Sir Leonard Tilley owes his place in Canadian public life to his fight against the opponents of Confederation in New Brunswick. At the beginning of 1865 the province was almost solidly opposed to union. By the summer of 1866 it had made a complete *volte-face*, thanks, in the main, to Tilley's efforts. This, at least, was his most shining achievement.

Mr. Hannay's volume is really a sketch of public life in New Brunswick as it centres for almost fifty years around two outstanding leaders. The subject has not quite the same interest which belongs to the larger, more spirited episodes in the history of this continent, but that is not Mr. Hannay's fault. Dealing with somewhat commonplace material, he has at least brought to it fairness of spirit and fulness of knowledge.

CURRENT FICTION.

Father Felix's Chronicles. By Nora Chesson. New York: A. Wessels Co.

If "Father Felix's Chronicles" suggest Maurice Hewlett, it is by no means in the way of imitation, conscious or involuntary. Merely, like Mr. Hewlett, the author gives a sense of being steeped in her period (the reign of Henry the Fourth), of being possessed by it. This is no question of scholarship or industry. Learning abounds and traces of patient and happy labor, but these are incidental. The point is that this lady has a vision, a shuddering realization of the Middle Ages flashing with beauty of costume, illumined by piety, dark with unspeakable cruelty and fanaticism. She has absorbed tradition, custom, and legend till her pictures are as minute as the bordering of a patiently wrought missal. They almost convey the sense of physical contact with some huge old volume, the commentless chronicle of a monk's long life. Her story glides under way with admirable skill—a scene, a character touched, retouched, a phrase knowingly repeated, until Alice and Edith and Hawise stand free and separate, clear of their elaborate background. She manages her Benedictine Father so deftly as to avoid all those distressing devices by which narrative in the first person is usually made plausible. If here and there she calls upon the reader for agile wits to span the meaning of an elision, the momentary gap only adds to the atmosphere of mystery with which her story is beset.

The procession of characters press upon one another as in an overcrowded tapestry, yet as the eyes grow accustomed to the dim light and unused figures, you come to distinguish certain recurrent forms, slim pages, Saxon ladies and Norman—they appear in clear tragic sequence—men at arms, the Jew boy who served the leper, the hunchback maid of honor bound to the whipping post, the dungeon with Siward's sleeping talk of the scaffold! The whole is so encrusted with wealth of character and event that you hurry on with unflagging zest, even if a trifle confused at times by the mere abundance; yet the impression left is deep and in true perspective. You feel a time of terror, of doubt as to the next day's chances, of each town and castle isolated, like a faintly flickering torch, in a circle of countryside dark with war and conspiracy. The climax itself is full of almost unbearable pain, so delicately managed, however, that after reading with positive physical reluctance, you are bound to confess that the effect has been produced by entirely legitimate means. Your imagination has been played upon, Oedipus has not been mutilated before your eyes.

And while a steady crescendo of pain dominates, it is nowhere confounded with ugliness. The book is pervaded by a wholesome beauty, a sense of all the things that go to make up the thrilling England of romance. The very language is so contrived as to ring with a sonority which gives charm even to long pages merely enumerating flowers, costumes, or devices of men at arms.

Moreover, throughout the rich and gloomy fabric of her story, the author weaves fragments of verse, many of which bear the imprint of unusual talent. Some of these have sufficient character even to stand the test of transplanting from their natural setting. Some are meditative, some fresh with a vernal impulse almost in the spirit of Chaucer, but, perhaps, the most charming in its directness and simplicity is the snatch of ballad young Owen Glendower sings, when King Richard's conspirators are brewing mischief at Havering:

> The burden of dead ladies
> (Dead long ago),
> Swart Egypt and White Helen
> Who brought Troy low,
> The damoysel Sir Gwydion
> Made from a flower,
> And little maiden Barbara
> High on her tower.
>
> The burden of old battles
> And broken swords:
> And the burden of drowned cities
> —Ys and her lords:
> The burden of the east wind
> That will not rest:
> The burden of dead ladies
> Goes mournfullest.

Although prefaces are not supposed to wield a powerful influence, baleful or the reverse, upon the majority of novel readers, it may well be that the Introduction to this remarkable story will create antagonism. It consists of a husband's impassioned appeal for recognition of his dead wife's genius and a description of her work in the most fantastic and morbid strain of contemporary English mysticism. Only its obvious and touching sincerity saves this sovereignly unpleasing Preface from being at once tasteless and ridiculous. Shocking it is, and calculated to inspire distrust in the genius it so eagerly proclaims. Nevertheless, in spite of this serious handicap, the book itself shows ability of so rare an order as to point an instructive difference between a real creation and the flimsy stuff passing current as historical fiction.

The Scarlet Car. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If, as the publishers assure us, there is such a thing as summer reading, Mr. Davis certainly deserves a place in the van of the summer writers. His tales have just the combination of romance, humor, smartness, and nonchalance to fit the sauntering, hammocking mood which holds under the dog-star. It is true that what seemed—was it twenty years ago?—to some of his young contemporaries a new genius in fiction, has turned out to be but a moderate talent. One hesitates to assert that his current work is not as good as the Van Bibber tales. The truth probably is that he continues to address himself to that deciduous audience of youth from which each in his turn must take the fatal drop. So to the cold eye of middle age it seems that in "The Scarlet Car" Mr. Davis simply "has his whack" at the fashionable motor-yarn of the moment. The tourney and the battles long ago, the boating and the racing and the hunting, that have sufficed sporting fiction for generations, are put aside for the nonce by this fad of the car and the speed limit. Let us recall the brief hour of the bicycle and of golf, and bide our time. Mr. Davis spares us the lingo, or at least does not focus our attention upon it for its own sake; the scarlet car is a friend, an enemy, sometimes even a vehicle, but never the hero of the story. The hero is one of those genial, healthy, wealthy, and rather useless youths destined to win the lady by sheer perseverance, plus opportunity. His relation to her is given the desired tang by the fact that she is engaged to be married to another man. The other man is conveniently a fool and a coward, as well as a person of ambition and capacity for work. The function of the car is obvious: to become, by this or by that, the means of their isolation from an unnecessary world, and, finally, to waft them to the desired haven. The amusing incidents which happen by the way are appropriate to the undisguisedly farcical nature of the whole affair.

A Stumbling Block. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

This novel belongs to that class turned out in quantity every year, to which no possible objection should be made, if—merely this—if any one can discover the smallest reason for reading them. Its central theme is unimpeachable, the vampiring of a genius by his neurasthenic wife. The Englisb is also unimpeachable, or as nearly so as English can be which entirely lacks the indefinable gift of style, the rhythm, the condensation making the difference between intelligent narrative and the tongue of a real story-teller. In the matter of treatment Mr. Forman's touch is uncertain,

not to say immature. Of course his hero knows how to order a dinner even so as to command respect in a New York waiter. Since Van Bibber set the pace, all leading young gentlemen in fiction have mastered that delicate accomplishment. The situation between David and his wife, however, calls for a different type of realism. The means by which this situation is brought about are frankly novelesque and artificial.

Old Robert Henley stands in such dread of seeing David's "genius" (an attribute never quite proven) hampered by entanglement (an honorable engagement), with a singularly beautiful and praiseworthy young lady, that he sends him away for several years, to tread the safe path of youth with a full purse, foot-loose in Europe! On coming home to America, David is kept from Rosemary by pretexts too feeble even plausibly to hoodwink a genius. The neurasthenic lady makes a dead set at him, and from the moment they leave the altar, proceeds to sap his vitality. Of course the unhappy pair drift back to David's native village, where Rosemary has waited for him. The reunion of these two perfectly virtuous lovers is managed with complete decorum and the aid of one of those convenient medical episodes less frequent in life than in fiction.

The Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. By J. A. R. Marriott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

Mr. Marriott is right in saying that Falkland has not received justice at the hands of Macaulay, Gardiner, and Carlyle —how, indeed, should such a man find appreciation in those quarters?—but in forming his estimate of the position held by Falkland to-day he gives scarcely sufficient weight to the viscount's admirers. Few Englishmen have been more fortunate in praise. In the seventeenth century—the age of noble encomiums above all others—he had the friendship and glowing admiration of Ben Jonson and Clarendon; Matthew Arnold has devoted to him an essay of whole-hearted laudation; his portrait furnishes the most interesting chapter to one of the wisest of books on the century, Tulloch's "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy"; and now, we may add, he has been lucky in his present biographer.

Mr. Marriott writes from a full knowledge of his particular subject and of its background, which is more than can be said of most of the popular biographies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The two chapters on the Problem of the Age, Political and Ecclesiastical, are necessarily succinct and elementary in tone, but they say just the right thing to introduce the hero of the tale upon the stage. Just a touch, perhaps, is lacking to the section that deals with Falkland's life at Great Tew, his "little university." The facts are well presented, the characters clearly drawn, but the transmuting skill is not present that would make literature of one of the richest themes in English history. Clarendon's account of that beautiful interlude in Falkland's life is well known, and has, of course, been quoted by Mr. Marriott:

> Truly his whole conversation was one continued *convivium philosophicum*, or *convivium theologicum*, enlivened and refreshed with all the facetiousness of wit, and good humor, and pleasantness of discourse, which made the gravity of the argument itself (whatever it was) very delectable. His house, where he usually resided (Tew, or Burford in Oxfordshire), being within ten or twelve miles of the university, looked like the university itself, by the company that was always to be found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and, indeed, all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who found their lodgings there, as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming and going, nor who were in the house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise, there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint, to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society.

Happy academe, where so much of the wiser and more tolerant thought of the age was brewed in discourse, and actually, like Falkland's own tractates and Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants," written out for the press. The tragedy of Falkland's life is that one whose motto was "Where it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change," should have been cast in an age of sudden revolutions and violent animosities. But if a moderate, he was not an indifferent. In the Short Parliament and in the first years of the Long Parliament he played a brave and influential part. He was with those who dragged down Strafford; he voted for the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords; but when in place of the rule of "Thorough" which he had helped to destroy, Parliament took up the equally despotic system of "Root and Branch," Falkland tried to stem the rising fanaticism, and, failing in this, withdrew to the King's party and died bravely, if not rashly, at Newbury. It does not seem to us that even the slight tone of apology, or at least defence, adopted by Mr. Marriott is needed. In all that band of bigots there was no one who acted from beginning to end more consistently with his own principles than this man who chose the hard and dangerous middle path. How should he have been at home with the Puritans—he who held "that Truth in likelyhood is where her author God was, in the *still voice*, and not in the *loud wind*"? How should he have found comfort in the councils of the King's army—he who "when there was any overture or hope of peace, would be more erect and vigorous, and exceeding solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace;* and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart'"? We are readier than is Mr. Marriott to accept Whitelocke's gossiping report that Falkland, in the extremity of his grief and seeing the inevitable *débâcle* ahead, did practically throw away his life in the brunt of battle.

He cried peace, when there was no peace. Indeed, he cannot in any full sense of the word be called "great"; always, as a writer, a speaker, a man of action, he shows something of the enthusiastic amateur in his efforts. Mr. Marriott, we think, rather errs in forcing the note of his efficiency, for his true praise lies otherwhere. At the time of his early death he might have seemed to have lived and striven in vain. But as the years pass and the strident voices of the contention are no longer heard, the principles for which he suffered come to their own. Somehow, time has a strange trick of justifying the failures of the wise above the achievements of those who fight strenuously for a half-truth. The present was for Laud and Strafford, for Pym and Cromwell, but the future was for Falkland and the little band who saw the truth in its larger and more permanent aspects. The future is always with the moderates.

The Romantic Revolt. By Chas. E. Vaughan. (Periods of European Literature, edited by Professor Saintsbury.) New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

It is only in a limited and qualified sense that Professor Vaughan's book can be spoken of as comparative history—indeed, it is something of a liberty to speak of it as a study of romanticism at all. It contains, to be sure, frequent references to "romantic ideals"; but it makes no very serious effort to define them. Neither in the author's narrative nor in his commentary do they come out, as it were, self-consciously. Nor does the volume explain much more satisfactorily the internal development of romanticism, the modifications suffered by the idea itself. How the romanticism of Herder, for example, ever came to be that of Tieck and the Schlegels, is as much of a problem at the end of the discussion as at the beginning, while the relation of French romanticism to German and English, or, in other words, the "comparative" problem, is hardly touched.

The fact is that the distinction between classic and romantic, useful as it is in a general classification and broad survey of literary tendencies and dispositions, is apt to break down when applied in detail. Like the division of humanity into good and bad, it furnishes a convenient form of thought, but fails to define any particular individual. Even the single schools, self-styled, of France and Germany—to say nothing of that of England, which stands singularly aloof from the others—have so little in common that the name becomes in such cases a more or less specialized or technical designation without general significance. In short, in this instance, as in all matters involving human genius, the essential thing is difference, not resemblance; it is the variation that counts. "Ethan Brand" is to be found in Hawthorne's notebook, pretty nearly all of it except Ethan Brand himself, and the whole Shakespearean drama, no doubt, is to be found everywhere—save what is Shakespeare's. What makes so much of our "comparative" literature of small account, is the failure to perceive this fact, and the insistence upon all kinds of transfers as though they were of the utmost importance. With what show of reason, for instance, are Lessing, Burke, and Goethe to be included in the same category with Hugo, Arnim, and Novalis? Surely the answer to such a question, even if it

were possible, would be of no great relevancy.

Such an answer, at all events, the author has not succeeded in finding. And in default of it he has been obliged to use the term romantic merely as a convenient label for a certain chronological period, and to give it so broad an extension as to deprive it of any definite content in particular. In this sense romanticism is nothing more alarming than a purely instinctive reaction or revolt against neo-classicism—or better, pseudo-classicism—against the second-hand and the artificial. Even a return to an original classicism, such as that of the Greeks, seems to constitute for Professor Vaughan a phase of romanticism. At least, Goethe's "Iphigenie" looms as large on his horizon as "Götz." In this way the volume resolves itself into a series of sketches of the literatures of Europe from the death of Voltaire and Rousseau to that of Schiller. Its province, therefore, is comparatively limited; it deals with a period of transition or preparation rather than one of fulfilment. And it may be that something of its unsatisfactoriness is due to the fact that the movement which it undertakes to trace had not yet defined itself clearly.

As it is, however, the volume differs little from any other sketch of the sort—with the exception of these recurrent references to romanticism already mentioned. There is the usual inclination to discuss the succession of books rather than the sequence of ideas. There are the stock estimates of criticism, the *dicta* and things generally agreed upon, though relieved now and then by a happy *aperçu*, *e. g.*, the judgment of "Wilhelm Meister," and the analysis of Burke. On the whole the German division is the most interesting. In the case of English, Professor Vaughan has labored in vain against the lack of clear ideas and conscious tendency which makes the subject obdurate to such treatment as the method proposes. But even in German he shows comparatively little sense for the significance of the movement which the Schlegels originally headed. He discerns in a general way its influence on modern literary thought; he perceives severally its individual features—its impatience of tradition, its disdain of the painfully acquired lessons of human experience, its cult of ugliness, its incurable levity and perversity. But the extent and bearing of all these matters as a whole seem to escape him; he fails to see or at least to make clear that if there is one thing certain, it is that these men and their successors have imposed upon criticism an incubus of which it is apparently powerless to rid itself for yet many a long day.

Essays Critical and Political. By J. H. Balfour Browne. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

These essays with few exceptions appeared in the *Westminster Review* between 1876 and 1886. Half of them are about political matters, such as the "African Slave-trade," "English Supremacy," "England in Egypt," which have changed since the papers were written. The opinions expressed could at most have an historical interest. It is a pity that the others, dealing with literary questions, were not published without this "dead-wood."

The unsparing frankness of the essays on "George Eliot as a Novelist" and on "Theophrastus Such," published in the *Westminster* in 1878 and 1879, is rather surprising, all things considered:

> George Eliot now makes fun as if she were a little old and tired of it. We think these passages [in "Middlemarch"] contrast but poorly with those in her earlier works, while in "Daniel Deronda" there is a plentiful lack of humor of any kind. We confess that our liking for that sad and futile novel, "Middlemarch," is greater than for the so-called "hopeful" "Daniel Deronda." Here we cannot find those indications of preëminence which were not wanting in its predecessors.

On "Theophrastus Such" the critic is very severe. He finds it "burlesquing," "sneering," "without any high purpose," and often "unintelligible."

These plain-spoken verdicts, which have been generally confirmed, give more weight to his eager enthusiasm for the earlier works; and altogether it would not be easy to name a keener and sounder estimate of the novelist.

There is an admirable study also of Charlotte Brontë, in which the superiority of her sister Emily's genius is recognized:

> In Emily's rather than in Charlotte's work we find the true creative faculty. . . . Charlotte has continued for us existences which were, and which cannot die; Emily has created people who never were, but who are now immortal.

And the essays on Landor, Dickens, Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli all show an insight and are written with a force quite out of the common.

Science.

Infant Mortality. A Social Problem. By George Newman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.50 net.

The questions raised by Dr. Newman are not novel, but his facts, as well as much of his discussion of them, deserve thoughtful consideration. They touch upon what seems to some the most valuable and vital part of settlement work; and, while much that he has to say is already familiar to many, there are others who will be glad to have this account of the subject. The statistical introduction deals chiefly with the returns for England and Wales, and by several diagrams illustrates the distribution of infant mortality, according to counties.

The figures are depressing. The general death rate in these countries is steadily falling, coming down from 22.2 to 18.2 in succeeding decades, from 1851 to 1900, and reaching 16.0 for the quinquennial period 1901-05. The birth rate is also falling, dropping from 34.1 to 28.4 for the same periods; in 1905, it was 27.2. This, taken by itself, might seem no unmixed evil, but it acquires a very different significance when we learn that there is no diminution in the infant mortality rate, by which is meant the number of deaths of children in the first twelve months of life, as compared with a thousand births for the same time. This rate for 1901-05 was 138; for the five decades, 1851-1900, it ranged between 154 and 142, and showed little tendency to change. A simple recalculation of some of the tables brings out the more impressive fact that the deaths of infants form nearly 24 per cent. of all the deaths in England and Wales, and that this percentage seems on the whole to be really increasing; it was just under 23 in 1851-70; it somewhat exceeded 24 in 1891-1900, and was just under 24 for 1901-05; but this percentage is the same as in 1871-80. The rate is much higher in certain other countries, and nearly everywhere shows no definite tendency to diminish; but there are a few exceptions, as Australia, Netherlands, Switzerland (145), Denmark (133), Iceland (104), Sweden (99), Norway (94), New Zealand (82). There is, however, some uncertainty as to the comparability of such statistics.

In round numbers, then, 1,000,000 children are born each year in England, and 500,000 persons die, and of these at least 120,000 are children in their first year; and of these again, nearly half die in the first three months. This trimestral proportion appears to be increasing, even now, and the percentage of such deaths was nearly seven higher in 1904 than sixty years ago. Such figures are yet more striking when we recall that in the last fifty years the decline in the death rate has been most marked for the years between 5 and 25 (about 50 per cent.), and for those under five has been 14-15 per cent.

The causes of this state of affairs are discussed by Dr. Newman at some length on the basis of English statistics and conditions; and he is able to draw many illustrations from his experience as medical officer of the borough of Finsbury. He recognizes more clearly than some writers on this subject have done that the problem is very complex, dealing with many variables, not to say unknown quantities. When the infant mortality rate is examined more fully, it is found to be higher, as a rule, in towns, and because of a steady increase in prematurity, pneumonia, and epidemic diarrhœa as causes of death, it does not decline. In 1801 about one-sixth of the population lived in towns of over 20,000; in 1904 nearly six-tenths lived in such towns. Urban life may mean improved sanitation and other advantages, but it may also bring many evils in its train; and the figures show that infant mortality is higher in the towns. Such figures call for careful interpretation. Urban life is not uniform, and there are usually enormous sanitary inequalities whose localities and limits are not sharply defined. All this comes out clearly in the comparison of statistics for London in general, and for Finsbury in particular, too extended for quotation. In towns also the general mortality is higher; and this is interpreted to mean that excessive infant mortality cannot be altogether due to improper care and poor feeding.

Much may be expected from improvement of the dwelling and from more thorough sanitation of the town—questions, it may be added, no less urgent in many American communities than abroad—but, after all, "infant mortality is a social problem concerning maternity." Nearly a third of the deaths of infants is due to immaturity; in some districts the proportion is even larger. Here the occupation of the mother, her poor physique (in-

which we must include the effect of certain toxic substances, as lead, mercury, alcohol, etc.), and poor nutrition, play a considerable rôle. Besides prenatal harm, the occupation of the mother acts disastrously in depriving the child of care that is all-important, even if it be not altogether intelligent. The various protective agencies available are fully discussed.

For the child the most potent preventive measure is perhaps that of proper food. The book demonstrates anew that unsuitable or spoilt food is the source of much danger to the infant, and that the substitutes for the natural food of the first year require not merely sound judgment in selection, but also vigilant care in the giving. Dr. Newman adds an interesting account of his own effort to supply Finsbury infants with suitable modified milk, and also some account of what has been done elsewhere abroad. That he manifests little familiarity with the work done in this country in no way detracts from his presentation of the subject. He believes also that other agencies must be employed, and sees in the medical inspector and in women, acting as visitors and advisers, the most valuable aids for the enlightenment and training of mothers. The school training of girls with regard to sanitary matters as well as the selection of nutritious food and its proper preparation he also holds to be helpful for this generation, and yet more for the next.

Despite the mass of figures, the book, handsomely printed and pleasant to handle, seems remarkably free from misprints. The table on page 3, evidently, should refer to infant mortality rates according to births, and not according to population; and on page 12 there is a slight confusion as to percentages.

The New Library of Medicine, under the editorship of Dr. C. W. Saleeby, now appearing in England, is to contain a score of volumes treating a variety of general questions in a manner to interest medical men and "intelligent laymen." Several of these books have also appeared with an American title-page, but without a clear indication that they belong to a series. The latest is "The Hygiene of Mind" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by T. S. Clouston, long known as a student of mental disease, a book that parents and others will find helpful in its suggestiveness rather than in definite directions or explicit advice. There are entertaining chapters on the different periods of life, on marriage, with an incidental word in behalf of divorce, and on decadence. It is interesting to note, amid the diverting disagreements in the discussion of the transmission of acquired characters, the insistence of the author that in the field of psychiatry the facts seem to indicate that the sins of one generation reappear very definitely in the next, and later yet. Possibly a more refined analysis may show that all this depends on malnutrition and environment, varied concomitants of inheritance, rather than the mere substance of inheritance; but, at present, he regards heredity as a causal agent in disordered and undeveloped minds "in a greater degree than in any other disease." The remedy is to be sought in nutrition and careful upbringing, including a special effort not to "overstimulate, or over-educate, or over-press the mind."

Dr. Karl Grassmauer of Munich publishes in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of that city, under the title of "Modernes deutsches Kurpfuschertum," surprising data showing that Germany, with possibly the sole exception of England, has been the most easy-going of modern States in allowing medical men without a medical schooling to practise the art of healing. German laws demand for practice only two things, namely, that a man does not advertise himself as "Arzt," and, secondly, that he does not travel around in the hunt for patients. As a result the author declares that while there are in the Fatherland some thirty thousand physicians with university preparation and degrees, there are from twelve to fifteen thousand "wild" physicians, who have practically no medical training at all. The increase in the ranks of these non-academic practitioners has been remarkable. Between 1874 and 1903 their number in Saxony grew from 323 to 1,001, an increase of 209 per cent., while the population increased only 61 per cent. Exactly the same relative increase is reported for this period from Berlin. Recent statistics show that 16.6 per cent. of these non-academic doctors have been fined for malpractice, and in Berlin even 30 per cent. A vigorous propaganda is being inaugurated by the medical and the legal professions to stay this growing national evil. The discussion here mentioned appears in Nos. 113 and 114 of the Supplement.

The plenary meeting of the International Association of Sciences, in convention recently in Vienna, decided to publish complete editions of the works of Leibniz. The task of preparing and issuing this edition has been assigned to the two Paris societies and that of Berlin. The bulk of the preparatory work has in fact already been done by these bodies.

The annual report for 1906 of Dr. C. G. Seligmann, pathologist of the London Zoo, has just been published. Among the monkeys, thirty-four deaths from tuberculosis are recorded, as against fifty-three in the preceding year. In our own New York Zoological Park only three monkeys in the collection died from this dread disease during 1906. In the London Gardens no fewer than eighty-six birds, or 30 per cent. of the total number of deaths recorded, succumbed to tuberculosis, the infection taking place by the swallowing of contaminated particles of soil picked up with the food. A remarkable fact was noted in the extremely flabby condition of the heart in many storks, ostriches, cassowaries, and rheas, death in a number of cases being due to cardiac failure. Lack of sufficient exercise doubtless accounts for this unusual state of affairs.

Prof. Heinrich Kreutz, editor of the *Astronomische Nachrichten* since 1897, died July 13, in his fifty-third year.

Drama and Music.

C. H. Brookfield is writing a play of which the hero is to be Queen Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Essex.

Nothing new has come from the pen of H. V. Esmond, of late, but it is said that he has no less than three plays ready for production, all of which will be seen in London this year. One of them is called "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the principal female character will be assumed by Maxine Elliott. The scene is laid in the heart of the New Forest and the story is one of an out-of-door life, free from the artificial conventions of modern town society.

It is said that Hall Caine has already received nearly $500,000 in royalties from "The Christian."

Among the authors of the various short pieces which Arnold Daly promises to produce in the Berkeley Theatre of this city are Mark Twain, Charles F. Nirdlinger, W. W. Jacobs, Gladys Unger, Cosmo Gordon Lennox, and George Bernard Shaw. Apparently, Mr. Arnold means to make his appeal to a limited class of playgoers, realizing that his theatre has small accommodation for the general public. It is agreeable to be assured that his performances are to be modelled upon those of the Théâtre Antoine. This can only mean that there will be some first-class acting, though nothing is said about the players who are to provide it.

Reports come from Rome of the great success of a powerful and imaginative play called "The Wanderer," by Signor Moviceli. The hero is a dreamer of lofty ideals to which he hopes to convert the world. Leaving his family in the charge of his brother, he sets out on a pilgrimage. For twenty years he labors in vain, and then returns home to find himself estranged from his family. Soon he quarrels with his brother, who has political ambitions, and finally decides to resume his pilgrimage, realizing the fact that for him home no longer exists. The contrasting characters of the two brothers are said to be drawn with great skill, and the piece is described as being full of dramatic situation.

Vocal Faults and Their Remedies. By W. H. Breare. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

It is refreshing to come across a book on the vocal art free from the usual silly lamentations about the "lost art of *bel canto*." In the preface to Mr. Breare's volume it is maintained that whereas in the olden days listeners expected to be astonished by vocal agility, we are no longer satisfied with mere beauty of vocal tone and ornamental devices. We demand appropriateness of tone-color and dramatic consistency, and, above all, perfect speech in song. "It is a different and really a higher phase of the old *bel canto;* for it is more intellectual, exacts wider knowledge, and is more sincere. It requires more thought than the cult of the Rossinian school, and much deeper study."

This preface, to be sure, was not penned by the author of the volume, but by an English journalist, F. Gilbert Webb. Mr. Breare, however, undoubtedly endorses his sentiments. Without going so far as Mr. Webb, who calls this "the most complete guide to singing in English yet published," one may concede that it contains much that is valuable and well expressed. The author is an American who migrated to England

and there became a teacher of singing and a critic. His book contains, he says, the results of personal experiences during a career of nearly half a century. The plan of it is commendable. In addition to a series of chapters on the Breath Problem, Tongue Troubles, Mouth Positions, Tone Colors, etc., he devotes brief sections to special instances of vocal faults, such as bad high notes, voice cracking, uneven tone, too open tone, cat quality, voice jarring, imperfect rhythm, lifeless tone, foghorn qualities, wheezy tone, a throaty consonant sepulchral tone, etc., following up the statement of each case with brief directions for overcoming the defects described. The troubles of singers are rendered the more acute by reason of the fact that they cannot really hear the true sound of their own voices, but need some one to coach and correct them. In the author's opinion, this is true not only of students but of experienced singers, including some of the greatest, who are apt in course of time to underdo or overdo. "It is because a singer cannot perfectly judge his own voice and effects that he must be periodically 're-tuned' in order to correct faults which have really grown out of virtues, through exaggeration."

The primary cause of this trouble is, in the author's opinion, neglect of technique in quest of more "soul"; yet on another page he informs us that he seldom employs scales or exercises—a point on which other vocal experts are likely to differ with him. The cultivating of the lighter quality of voice (the tenor voice by a baritone, the soprano by the contralto) which he commends, is best done by scale practice, by beginning high and carrying down into the voice the head quality which should exist even in the deepest chest tones. If the singer has this perfect head quality there will be no difficulty in any words—no "troublesome words," such as the author discusses in one of his sections. One may question the wisdom of Mr. Breare's advice to the teacher to abstain as much as possible from mentioning the breath, and to teach the art of breathing unconsciously. The singer cannot get the diaphragm pressure unconsciously. But we agree with him that "the less a singer thinks of his tongue, the better." Perhaps the author insists too much on the position of the lips. Jean de Reszke maintains that the lips should be pliant but practically unchanged. To insist on changes makes the pupil too self-conscious. Much good advice is condensed in the summary. Among his maxims are two which teach truths that ought to be self-evident, but which very few vocalists heed: "Before you sing a note, ascertain the meaning of the words you are to sing." "You must enjoy good health to sing well, therefore take plenty of fresh air and walking exercise." Ill health, indeed, shows itself in the voice as promptly as in the face, and therefore comes properly under the head of "vocal faults."

What is called "a great musical movement" is going on in England. At a recent meeting in London, of the Association of Musical Competition Festivals, the fact was brought out that in about sixty districts in all parts of the kingdom musical competition festivals are held, and that their number is steadily increasing. There are drawbacks to the modern festivals—an occasional pot-hunting spirit and too much regard for winning medals and prizes—but the good far outweighs the bad.

When Gilbert and Sullivan parted company all lovers had cause to regret it deeply. The reason why they separated has not heretofore been known officially; but we know it now. W. S. Gilbert has recently written to the Dublin *Evening Herald* to correct various errors regarding himself contained in an article in that journal. He denied that he had prosecuted an organ-grinder for annoyance, and then applied for permission to appear as his counsel. He denied that he had ever spoken rudely to a member of his company. As for his collaborator, "the 'separation' was not between 'Gilbert and Sullivan,' but between myself and Mr. D'Oyly Carte. It arose from a question whether a sum of £1,500 for refurnishing the front of the Savoy Theatre was properly included in the preliminary expenses of the production of 'The Gondoliers.' I had no quarrel with Sir A. Sullivan, though a coolness existed between us for a time, in consequence of his declining to interfere in the difference between Mr. Carte and myself. This coolness lasted a very short time, and was quickly done away with by mutual expressions."

A report came from Bayreuth that Cosima Wagner does not feel well enough to continue any longer as the head of the festivals, and that her place will be taken by Siegfried Wagner. It is a simple fact that Cosima Wagner never was the proper person to preside over these festivals. Certainly Wagner himself never thought of her in that position. In a letter addressed to Angelo Neumann (manager of the Travelling Wagner Theatre, of which Seidl was the conductor), printed in his recently published "Reminiscences," Wagner says: "With 'Parsifal' my whole Bayreuth creation stands and falls. As a matter of course, that creation will pass away—it will come to an end when I die; for I do not know and cannot imagine who could perpetuate it according to my intentions." With the words *ist und bleibt mir unbekannt und unerkenntlich* (I do not know and cannot imagine) he deliberately emphasized the fact that he never had his wife in mind for this post—nor his son; and it must be remembered that these words were written less than a year before he died.

The other day there was at Padua a congress, presided over by the Patriarch of Venice, whose object was to obtain reform in sacred music. It was decided to promote the foundation of Scholae Cantorum, in which children should be instructed in sacred music, and to institute associations of musicians in various districts to form a sort of watch-committees to guard the music of the local churches. Next year there is to be at Rome a national congress, the object of which is to establish rules for deciding what is and what is not proper church music. The difficulty with such congresses is that their decisions are not compulsory in their own country, much less in other countries. At the Padua congress Verdi's Manzoni Requiem was sung as an example of real church music; but at Westminister Abbey, in London, this same work is considered too operatic, apparently, for liturgical use.

Art.

Houses and Gardens. By M. H. Baillie Scott. Quarto, pp. xvi, 247; 17 colored plates, 207 illustrations. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $12 net.

The charm of simplicity and straightforwardness in much of the domestic architecture of Great Britain has been noticed not only by travellers from America, but also by American architects at home. Quiet, unostentatious houses in suburban towns and country villages, half-timbered, slated or tiled, with prim little hedged gardens in front, full of quaint beauty, have been multiplied in recent years along British lanes and streets by architects of whom we hear, perhaps, but little, but who are doing a fine work in raising the general standard of taste in their special field. One of these architects, Mr. Baillie Scott of London, has given us, in this handsome volume, an entertaining series of short essays, more or less closely related, on the art of house-design as he conceives it. His "Houses and Gardens" will, on this side of the ocean, chiefly interest the architect and decorator rather than the general reader and house-owner. House architecture depends so closely upon national and local conditions, material and social, and reflects so directly the habits of life and manners and customs of a community, that treatises upon it written in and for one country are of little value to the people of another except in so far as they deal with fundamental principles. The American who reads Mr. Scott's book feels strongly the British character and color of the forty brief chapters; but it is this that really gives them their chief interest. Between their lines one reads conditions and ideals, so different from our own that they inevitably hold the attention by that very difference. Not everything, however, is different: again and again one's sympathy goes out to the English architect or house builder in his struggles, feelingly narrated in these essays, with unscrupulous contractors, bills of extras, smoky chimneys, and garden problems. These things have a familiar sound to the American.

Mr. Scott's book is a plea—straightforward, earnest, naïf at times—for deliverance from the dead monotony of philistine traditions in house building. He discusses the general problem in his first chapter, characterizing building in modern times as "not so much an art as a disease," and his criticisms and comments are generally sound. Perhaps our American public has advanced beyond the need of hearing reiterated some of the elementary ideas which Mr. Scott seeks to inculcate, though of that there may well be doubts. The succeeding chapters discuss the hall, dining-room, and other parts of the house; "the Soul of the house," furnishing, decoration, mottoes, color, pictures, and so on; the garden, ways and means; and finally, in succession, various types of houses, some of them—"terrace-houses," for example—quite unfamiliar on this side of the Atlantic. These discussions, extremely brief and dogmatic, at times tending to provoke dissent rather than to carry conviction, are evidently meant as expositions of the author's personal ideas, rather than as treatises from

the abstract point of view. The most interesting feature is naturally the illustrations. Certainly many of the interiors, charming as they appear in the drawings, would be but poorly suited to American habits and tastes; and much of the rather affected simplicity would seem to be of the expensive kind beyond the reach of the slender purses for which it professes to be designed. It is amusing to note, in the text accompanying plans for "a house in America," the remark that "American characteristics will be recognized in the ample cupboard space provided in the bedrooms": there are actually four closets in the five bedrooms! The exteriors are more uniformly satisfactory; and although quite as emphatically English, and quite as unsuited for this country, they are almost invariably charming by their dignity of line, restful treatment, and picturesque massing.

There is, on the whole, so much of good suggestion, of good taste, and of common sense in the book, that one easily overlooks minor deficiencies.

The July number of the *Burlington Magazine* has, on the whole, an unwontedly modern air about it, though there is a sprinkling of articles and plates dealing with older art. "The Case for Modern Painting" is continued, with a plate after a picture by Ambrose McEvoy, who seems to be doing in England, less well, what Tarbell is doing in this country—reviving, that is, the immortal traditions of the Dutch masters—while other relatively modern subjects are the photogravure frontispiece, after Corot's Evening on the Lake, and the picture in the Louvre called The Cottage, heretofore attributed to Constable, but now given to a little known painter, F. W. Watts, who is supposed to be the real author of many spurious Constables. A fairly successful color-plate after a portrait by Bartolommeo Veneto and half-tones after Chardin and Sir Nathaniel Bacon are among the more interesting illustrations. Dr. Rudolph F. Burckhardt indentifies one Hans Wydyz the elder as the author of certain sixteenth century carvings in boxwood of extraordinarily varied style and degree of merit; C. J. Holmes discusses the question "Where did Michelangelo Learn to Paint?" inclining to the belief that it was at Bologna and from a Ferrarese master; and Cyril Davenport endeavors to explain the real origin and meaning of "The Book Cyphers of Henri II." Articles on Roman campanili, Oriental ceramics and other subjects, together with the usual book reviews, help to make up an uncommonly interesting number. There is no section, this month, on art in America.

Carlo Gamba, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for July, treats the work of the late Florentine eclectic Raffaello Carli, considerably extending the list of his works. Carli's best known painting is the highly Filippinesque Madonna, at Santo Spirito, Florence. Since he passed successively under the influence of Filippino, Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, and Ghirlandaio, and his craftsmanship is of excellent quality, most of his paintings still go under these shining names. Accordingly Count Gamba's illustrated article will be useful to collectors of the prudent sort. One may note in the same number an account of the rearrangement of the Archæological Museum at Milan, and a discussion of a Visitation, a fragment of an altarpiece by Antonino Guiffré, in the Church of the Addolorata, Taormina. This obscure artist makes the third "Antonello da Messina," and the author, Enrico Brunelli, assures us that there were still others. Evidently this famous signature, even if genuine and of the fifteenth century, need not indicate the great Antonello.

The most important publication of 1907 for early Christian art is probably the reproduction of the illuminations of the Rossano codex, discovered in this little Calabrian town of Southern Italy and originally published by Gebhardt and Harnack. The outline illustrations which they gave were, however, quite useless for stylistic criticism, and the later plates of Haseloff were poor. Since the codex was fanatically guarded by its ignorant possessors there had never been a really adequate chance to study and reproduce this greatest work of the early Eastern illuminators, until the codex was sent last year to the exhibition of Byzantine art at Grottaferrata. The present edition, by Antonio Munoz (Rome: Danesi), is the first application of the chromophototype process to the reproduction of miniatures. The plates are of the exact size of the originals and absolutely photo-mechanical. The Greek text is that of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark written in letters of silver (and gold) on 188 sheets of purple parchment—the rarest and costliest of the ancient modes of writing. The illuminations make of this the earliest illustrated Gospel text. There are seventeen principal scenes besides many single figures. The text and the art alike point to Egypt and probably to Alexandria as the place of production; the date is the sixth century. The sketchy and often somewhat crude realism of the scenes is as far removed from the Latin art of the West as from the Hellenic purism of Justinian's Byzantine school. The editor has also reproduced the fragmentary purple Sinope codex in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. It will be interesting to institute a careful comparison with the treatment of the same and similar Gospel scenes by the authors of the Roman Byzantine frescoes recently discovered and belonging to the same and the following century.

The same author, Munoz, publishes a volume on the recent exhibition of Byzantine art at Grottaferrata in 1905-06 ("L'Art byzantin à l'exposition de Grottaferrata," Rome: Danesi). This was the first adequate collection of really Byzantine objects ever gathered in the West, and it was quite fitting that it should be held in the Basilian monastery of Grottaferrata, which has upheld the Greek banner at the gates of Rome ever since its foundation by St. Nilus in about 1,000. The exhibition was also timely, because in Rome itself the discovery of the frescoes at S. Maria Antiqua and S. Saba had raised again with increased violence the discussion as to the part played by Byzantine art in Rome during the early middle ages. At the exhibition at Grottaferrata many hidden treasures were seen practically for the first time. Of course, the treasures of the Christian Museum at the Vatican were known to specialists, but the pieces sent from the monasteries of Nonantula, Monte Cassino, Rossano, from the private collections of Sterbini, Stroganoff, and Nelidoff, from Castell' Arquato, Gaeta, Cosenza, were practically unknown. Ivories, the small steatite reliefs peculiar to Byzantine art, wood sculpture of the most minute character, of later style, paintings on small panels, now generally thought to be much less early than was supposed, some few bronzes (especially the superb candelabra from S. Giorgio, Venice), the sacred vestments, illuminated manuscripts, and portable mosaic pictures, showed the manysidedness of Byzantine technique and a historic sequence of about one thousand years. The most complete series is that of the manuscripts, several of the most important and earliest being those of Monte Cassino and Grottaferrata itself. To one who visited the exhibition, the book of Munoz fails—not by any fault of its author—to convey one of the most interesting impressions, that given by the full-size facsimiles in color, of details of the early mosaics of Ravenna and Rome, which portray vividly the strength and realism of the mosaicists who produced the masterpieces of S. Maria Maggiore, of the Ravenna Baptistery and mausoleum of Galla Placidia, a realism that did not outlast the fifth century.

A book could be at once so good and so bad as Teodor de Wyeza's "Les Maîtres Italiens d'autrefois: écoles du nord" (Paris: Perrin et Cie.) only on the theory that the author had collected his journalism somewhat heedlessly. It abounds in the vaguest appreciations. Fra Angelico is a poet, and so, save the mark, is the pedestrian, Sano di Pietro. Fra Bartolommeo is a poet, and so is Giotto, whose quality, moreover, is "musical." Botticelli was an aimless experimentalist and a feeble technician until too late Savonarola awakened the dormant religious painter in him. Botticelli pleases because he has hit upon the British type of girlish beauty. This was due possibly to "some casual meeting with a model." In any case, his figures have "the same elongated features, the same large, sensual, and melancholy eyes, which attract us in the English painters from Gainsborough to Rossetti." Here we have M. de Wyeza at his worst. In the essays on Verrocchio (wisely skeptical as to recent reconstructions of his *œuvre*), on Mantegna, and on Tiepolo appear notable qualities of taste and historical insight. Throughout the interest is personal. Inferential crises are alleged to explain changes in an artist's manner. Gaudenzio Ferrari is sent beyond the Alps, Mantegna is dated by a new mistress. All this is suggestive and at times plausible, but it savors strongly of the capricious. The worst defect of the book is the very slight part the eye has had in its production. The author emotionalizes apparently before he has really seen. In all it is an ingenious work of ultra-literary type, and may safely be recommended to jaded readers of art criticism—if only as an irritant. For a beginner it would be not only useless but misleading.

From Charles Barmore of this city we have received two capital portraits of Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain, etched on copper plate by Otto J. Schneider. The Lincoln (12x16, edition limited to 250 artist proofs) is from the photograph taken in

1864 by Gardner Bros., certainly one of the best of the portraits. The Mark Twain (16x22, edition limited to 250 artist proofs) was drawn from life with the assistance of Gessford's photograph. Both portraits may be recommended for framing. Mr. Barmore publishes a number of such etchings, chiefly of men famous in the law.

The death is announced of Just Becquet, the French sculptor, a pupil of Rude. A number of Becquet's statues have prominent places in Paris.

Finance.

CHANGING STANDARDS OF RAILWAY MAINTENANCE.

Whatever may be the notion of State and Federal authorities as to the basis of "value" in railway securities, there is but one basis, so far as the security markets are concerned, and that basis is income-producing capacity. The price of a security may be regarded as a resultant of three forces or factors—first, the rate of interest or dividend; second, the general rate of interest, and third, a more or less indefinite factor which, in the case of bonds, might be termed, as Carl Snyder in his book "American Railways as Investments" (Moody Corporation) terms it, the "factor of safety," and in the case of stocks the "equity." In other words, the price of a bond—the number of cents on the dollar of face value bid for it on the market—depends mainly on the rate of interest borne by it, the relation that this rate bears to the prevailing rate of interest, and the degree of security for its punctual payment. And the price of a stock depends mainly upon the dividend it pays, the relation of the dividend to the prevailing rates of interest, and the amount of potential dividend that the stock represents in the surplus earning capacity over the dividends paid.

Hence, the general scope of all processes of analysis designed to disclose the value of railway securities is principally confined to the question of earning capacity in relation to capitalization. For when a railway's true earning capacity is known the value of its securities is also known—the value, that is to say, regarded without reference to temporary speculative considerations. Mr. Snyder's book above referred to is the most recent publication on the subject of railway values; it is designed to put in the hands of the investor all the facts that he needs to determine more or less definitely the value of the stocks and bonds of American railways, and to furnish him with the fundamental rules for interpreting those facts. Barring a tendency towards perhaps unduly dogmatic statements and unduly definite conclusions—and no more than a tendency is to be imputed—the book seems likely to fulfil the purpose of its author. It is clear as to principles and, so far as a cursory test of the facts may disclose, accurate in its figures.

The chief interest of the book from the point of view of the economic student is its evidence of the extent to which standards are changing in railway practice, and, consequently of the extent to which these changes must be considered if railway values are to be accurately measured. The process of measurement consists simply of testing the "net earnings" as officially reported for "concealed equities" or the reverse. A railway in the United States is compelled by the Interstate Commerce Law to keep its accounts and make its reports in a form prescribed by the Commission. This form divides operating expenses into five general classes, three of which include all expenses of operation other than "maintenance," the remaining two including "maintenance of way" and "maintenance of equipment." In railway accounts the only possible place where "equities" can be "concealed" is in "maintenance," and consequently the test of net earnings is a test of "maintenance" charges.

Until within four or five years—during which the cost of labor and material used in railway work has increased and the general type of equipment changed—certain rough standards of maintenance charges per mile of road, per locomotive, and per car were in use among analysts seeking to determine "concealed equities" or the reverse in railway accounts. It was reckoned in a general way that a single-track road in the West, for example, with a freight density of, say, 600,000 ton-miles per mile of road per annum, could be sufficiently maintained for $900 or $1,000 "maintenance of way" per mile per annum, a locomotive for $1,000 to $1,500 per annum, a passenger car for $500 per annum, and a freight car for $50 per annum. If the maintenance accounts contained more than these allowances there were "concealed equities"; if less, the net earnings were overstated.

Mr. Snyder points out very opportunely that it is no longer safe to use these standards. He has (p. 66) a suggestive note on "Concealed Earnings," which runs as follows:

> The practice, therefore, of finding large concealed earnings through a comparison of maintenance charges, in 1906-7, with the scale of some six or seven years previous, is wholly misleading, and investors will exercise a healthy distrust of any such showings. It was the concurrent opinion of two operating officials, as expressed to the writer, that there were, save in rare instances, no concealed earnings in the maintenance accounts of 1906-7.

This fact—and it is surely a fact—may be commended to the notice of all who study railway figures for light upon values of securities. It is obviously impossible as yet to measure definitely the effect of changed costs and changed conditions upon these standards of maintenance, but it is probably safe to say that Mr. Snyder's estimate of a 50 per cent. increase is conservative. Some observers would be inclined to use an even higher basis than this. One analyst, of some experience, places equipment maintenance standards at present as high as $2,500 per locomotive, $1,000 per passenger car, and $80 per freight car as the smallest allowance that is safe for keeping numbers and capacity of equipment intact and in good order.

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Baedecker, Karl. Switzerland. Scribners. $2.40 net.
Baker, Ernest A. History in Fiction. 2 Vols. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Balzac, Honoré de. Le Colonel Chabert. Clarendon Press.
Benham, W. Hamilton. Trade and Trade Centres. De Vinne Press.
Benson, Edward White. God's Board. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Bottome, Phyllis. The Imperfect Gift. Dutton. $1.50.
Burn, John Henry. Churchman's Treasury of Song. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Burrows, Ronald M. The Discoveries in Crete. Dutton. $2 net.
Carpenter, Frank O. Foods and Their Uses. Scribners.
Castro, Don Guillem de. Las Mocedades del Cid. Lemcke & Buechner.
Clarke, Sir George Sydenham. Fortification: Its Past Achievements, Recent Development and Future Progress. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Dante. La Vita Nova. Lemcke & Buechner.
Dunning, William Archibald. Reconstruction, Political and Economic. Harpers. $2 net.
Early, R. H. By-Ways of Virginia History. Richmond: Everett Waddey Company. $1.50 net.
Fyfe, H. C. Submarine Warfare. Dutton. $3 net.
Forman, Justus Miles. A Stumbling Block. Harpers. $1.50.
Frank, Henry. The Kingdom of Love. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.
Gorse, F. A School Algebra. Putnams.
Guthrie, E. G., Epler, P. H., Thorp, W. B. Personality of Christ. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Hamilton, Samuel. Intermediate Arithmetic. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Hamilton, Samuel. Primary Arithmetic. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Hamilton, Samuel. School Arithmetic for Grammar Grades. American Book Co. 45 cents.
Halsham, John. Lonewood Corner. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Herrick, Glen W. Laboratory Exercises in General Zoölogy. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Lawrence, C. E. Pilgrimage. Dutton. $1.50.
Lindsay, A. R. B. Gloria Christi: An Outline Study of Missions and Social Progress. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Meyers, Kleines. Konversations-Lexikon. Vol. I. Lemcke & Buechner.
Neeff, Gotthold August. The Strife of Life. Ellenville, N. Y.: American Authors' Agency.
O'Hara, John Myers. Poems of Sappho. Chicago.
Oxford English Dictionary. (Vol. VI.) Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Payne, Henry Clay. A Life. W. W. Wight. Milwaukee: Burdick & Allen.
Political Science Association Proceedings, 1906. Vol. III. Lancaster, Pa.: Wickersham Press.
Prévost, L'Abbé. Manon Lescault. Lemcke & Buechner.
Russell, John W. A Sequel to Elementary Geometry. Clarendon Press.
Sampson & Holland's Written and Oral Composition. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Sewell, A. J. Dog's Medical Dictionary. Dutton. $2 net.
Shirley, John B. School and Festival Songs. American Book Co. 25 cents.
Sonnenschein, Edward A. T. Macci Plavti Mostellaria. Henry Frowde.
Stewart, George B. A Study of the Life of Jesus. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 40 cents net.
Villon, François. Œuvres. Lemcke & Buechner.
Watson, W. Petrie. The Future of Japan. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Weddigen, Dr. Otto. Krieg und Katastrophen. Lemcke & Buechner.

The First Volume of a New Series of Biographies of Leading Americans
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907.

The Week.

When Senator Bacon declares that tariff revision should be made the leading Democratic issue in next year's campaign, we are not surprised. But when ex-United States Treasurer Ellis H. Roberts, who for years had dwelt within the sanctuary, calmly suggests that Congress proceed at once to enact a flat reduction of 13 per cent. in revenue income, customs as well as internal taxation, it is time to sound the alarm. Mr. Roberts, in the *North American Review*, lays it down that a Treasury surplus of nearly ninety million dollars for the fiscal year just past, with the probability of an increase to one hundred and twenty millions in 1908, is an anomaly and a wrong, especially in times like the present, when the nation's industries feel the scarcity of money keenly. If the Government were as kind to its own citizens as it has shown itself generous to the Chinese, in remitting its share of the Boxer indemnity, it would not tax out of the American people, for the purpose of doing nothing at all with it, a sum one and a third as large as Italy's expenditure on her standing army. Therefore, urges Mr. Roberts, stop mulcting—that is the ugly word he uses—the country at once, cut a slice out of the national income until you are ready to revise your fiscal system thoroughly. Innocent Mr. Roberts, who thinks revision by a Republican Congress necessarily synonymous with revising *down!*

Mr. Bryan is plainly nettled at the reception which his retreat on the issue of Government ownership has met with from the Democratic press. He has angry things to say in the *Commoner* of "these editors." Why cannot they quietly accept his ratting, and have an harmonious campaign under his leadership? At any rate, he says, he is not going to allow them any longer to "dodge the issue of regulation." Thereupon he puts to them some ferocious questions. Are they for a "physical valuation" of the railroads? Are they, or are they not, against over-capitalization? Do they, or do they not, favor the reduction of rates? Well, if "these editors" have a grain of logic, they will tell Mr. Bryan that none of his questions goes to the main point. Whether they believe in regulation or not, they can see the absurdity of favoring a candidate who says that he does not believe in it, is certain that it will prove an abject failure, yet wishes to be elected on that issue! This is the terrible inconsistency of Mr. Bryan's position. He may not see it, but everybody else sees it; and it is this which, more than anything else just now, is causing such widespread doubt concerning the expediency of nominating him again. He himself plainly perceives this. Consequently he has allowed one of his Ohio followers to announce that Mr. Bryan "will not decline the nomination if tendered to him." But matters have now gone far beyond that. The nomination will have to be fought for—there will be no silver-platter business. It is the knowledge of this which makes Mr. Bryan so anxious and so waspish.

Who so perverse as the little brown Filipino? Here he is, after nine years of beneficent American rule, voting for the party of immediate independence, and doing it in the quietest and most orderly manner possible. Thirty-one Nationalists to nineteen of the other three parties—this is the result of the first election for the Assembly, so far as reported. The Progresistas, or Americanistas, elected only ten of their candidates. And this after hearing all of Mr. Taft's oratory, and after experiencing his friendly and democratic ways. The most obvious proof of unfitness for self-government is this refusal of the Filipinos to love us and to acknowledge our merits as a race of supermen. Do they see their industry crippled, their farmers barely recovering from years of war, pestilence, and starvation, and the loss of all their animals, yet have they not witnessed the stern, Puritan fortitude with which Congress has denied all appeals of Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft to let down the tariff bars? How can they have any doubt that life under the Stars and Stripes is vastly better than any attempt they could make to govern themselves?

The Navy Department is now satisfied that the accident on the Georgia was caused by a "flareback"—that is, by burning particles from a previous charge blowing back through the gun upon the new charge about to be loaded. Curiously enough, the Navy Department regards this as a "welcome conclusion," on the ground that "flarebacks can be dealt with safely by additional precautions." To the mere layman this finding would seem to be reason for the Navy Department's putting on sackcloth and ashes and apologizing to the country. Flarebacks were responsible for the disaster on the Missouri, if not that on another ship; and after the former the Department bureaucrats solemnly assured the public that a device had been found which would prevent any recurrence of such discreditable disasters—discreditable because they do not occur in other navies. Now that valuable lives have again been sacrificed, the Department has appointed a board of officers to see what can be done to safeguard the turrets and prevent even more serious disasters because of the dropping of sparks after an accident from the turret into the magazines—a calamity narrowly avoided on the Georgia. Obviously, such an inquiry should have been instituted after the first disaster of this kind. But afterthought is the mark of the bureaucrat. It will make the public uneasy, too, to learn that the Navy Department has scrupulously concealed the fact that a gun of the Colorado blew its muzzle off two months ago.

The two comments most frequently heard in financial circles regarding the Steel Corporation's last statement of quarterly earnings are that the remarkable showing does not indicate even a moderate reaction in trade, and that the present common stock dividend is more than assured. The company's $45,503,705 net earnings for the quarter ending June 30 were in excess of any three-months' earnings in its history, running more than $5,000,000 beyond the corresponding quarter in 1906. After paying fixed charges and the 7 per cent. preferred stock dividend, and setting aside a substantial sum for depreciation, there was left from the quarter's earnings $24,538,000, or nearly 5 per cent. on the $508,000,000 common stock. It received, however, in dividends for the quarter, $2,541,000, or one-half of one per cent. Now, many, especially among investors in the common stock, are sure to ask impatiently why their dividends have not been made larger.

The answer may be obtained in the Steel Corporation's six years of history. Two lessons were learned during the "money squeeze" of 1903. That year proved unmistakably, for one thing, that earnings of a single month or quarter are an inadequate guide, even to the immediate future. The net earnings in June, 1903, exceeded by $772,000 those of the same month in 1902, and stood second on the entire list of the company's monthly earnings; yet the October net fell 40 per cent. below 1902. In November and December, less than half as much was earned as the year before, and in the first quarter of 1904, even the 7 per cent. preferred dividend was not earned by $1,857,000. A still sharper lesson in prudence was the serious embarrassment caused by the company's entry into the money market of 1903 as a heavy borrower. Of the $50,000,000 5 per cent. bonds offered by it at par, not a

dollar was taken by the shareholders, and the loan was saved from complete failure only because of a costly underwriting syndicate, which reluctantly paid up its guarantee for $20,000,000 of them. We do not recall these facts for the purpose of arguing that the present steel trade situation is identical with that of midsummer, 1903. There are important and reassuring points of difference. But the highly uncertain money market of the day is at least one point of close resemblance. Had the policy pursued in 1901 and 1902, of figuring closely on working capital in order to maintain high dividends, been pursued in 1906, the company would have stood to-day in a very awkward dilemma. It is confronted with no such embarrassment, and has as yet been in no respect entangled in this year's money market—a result for which the shareholders have to thank the management's more recent policy of low dividends on the common stock, and large cash appropriations each quarter to the general surplus.

Gov. Johnson of Minnesota appears to have acted, in the presence of the great strike in the iron-mining regions, as should a firm Executive set for the maintenance of law and order. His proclamation on Friday was a clear warning to the strikers that they must keep the peace. They have the right to assemble peaceably, and in this the Governor proposes to protect them; but they must avoid marching in large bodies near the mines, and renounce every form of physical intimidation and force. It seems to be admitted that Gov. Johnson's correct attitude has done much to make the strikers waver. Certainly, they have refrained, thus far, from violence. They appear to be aware that they have to deal with a Governor who possesses a backbone, and is not "afeared." But the whole adjustment looks suspiciously like a treaty between coordinate powers in the State. The unions stated what they would agree to do, the representative of the Governor laid down his terms, and a bargain was struck. If organized labor had its way, every State government would exist only on sufferance.

The use of the writ of injunction to prevent the erection of a $1,500,000 public electric light plant in Milwaukee will doubtless make that unpopular instrument, if possible, still more unpopular among a certain element. The proceedings are unusual in that it is not the injured private lighting company which stands in the way of the project, but the business men's associations of the city. To the Socialists, who are uncommonly strong in Milwaukee, the lighting plant was to be a monument to a great idea. Principle, not expediency, dictated its establishment. The business men of the city, however, are supported by the Comptroller in their contention that Milwaukee cannot possibly afford to build a lighting plant just now. If the money is raised for that purpose, there will be none for other improvements, and the city must go without sorely needed bridges, viaducts, and schools. The investment of so large a sum, even in an institution most useful in purpose, would be like the purchase of a grand piano by a family in need of clothes and food. It is the old conflict between a half-sentimental project and the realities of public finance and taxation. Milwaukee has a perfect right to skimp herself on any line of expense she chooses, and spend where she will, but we doubt if she has yet found a way of carrying out the Tittlebat Titmouse policy of "giving everybody everything without costing anybody anything."

The centralizing tendency of the age may possibly work a radical alteration in the methods of the Baptist denomination. Historically, each local congregation of Baptist believers has had the absolute right to settle all its affairs for itself. The various Baptist Associations are merely voluntary organizations of Baptist individuals, and always disclaim any power of any kind over any Baptist church. Baptist unity, it has been held, must be a spiritual unity, depending upon the acceptance of a few fundamental principles which have been assumed by Baptists to be plainly taught in the New Testament. But this is a day notably impatient of any theory which stands in the way of men who want to "do things," and so all over the country individual Baptists have been crying that the denomination must create some means of putting itself as a whole into positive and officially determined action. During the recent Baptist "anniversaries" this feeling found such outspoken expression as to lead to the provisional formation of a "Northern Baptist Convention." An appeal has since been made to a great many Baptist local "associations" to approve of that movement. Just what the scope of the organization is to be is as yet vague. Many of its promoters deny that it means any danger to the traditional independence of the local Baptist church; but if the Baptists go on to form a really representative body and endow it with power to act in the name of the denomination as a whole, no observer will fail to recognize a departure from historic Baptist usage. That the change, if completed, will give the denomination new efficiency, can hardly be denied. There is another side to the question, however. While denominations with machinery for unified action have been torn with heresy trials, the Baptists have escaped this experience, partly from the lack of any tribunal for dealing with a "heretic," except the local church to which he belonged. This has sometimes been awkward; but in real injury to the church it could not be equal to the trial for heresy of some such Baptist as the late President Harper, for instance, which would have been possible, if not highly probable, had the machinery for it existed.

Egyptologists, whom we would naturally accept as muckrakers almost by definition, have just exposed Rameses II. He was not a great king at all, it would appear, but, moved by "colossal vanity, and not content with the adulation of his own people, he arranged that posterity should take him at his own valuation. To this end he conceived the notion of causing his name to be inscribed on every temple, statue, and monument that he imagined would stand the test of time. Some of the antiquities on which his name appears must have existed quite one thousand years before he was born." All that can be said is that if Rameses II. was not a great king, he undoubtedly was a wise one. Not all of us have the power to hitch our wagon to a star, but what is to prevent a ruler from attaining immortality by chiselling his name into some primal virtue or undying truth that has existed long before he approves it and adopts it? The Seven Wise Men of Greece must have been aware that a truism would last longer than even one of Rameses's monuments. We can all follow their example by identifying ourselves with some such simple statement as, "There are in this world good men and bad men, heroes and cowards"; or "It is better that the race should survive than that it should perish"; or "The strong are not always the victors, nor the weak the defeated." Such maxims live forever.

Why should the vulgar rich be criticised for making a display of their wealth in extravagant living and ostentatious charity? It is no doubt true, as Mrs. Stokes said in her speech at Chautauqua, that envy and hatred are engendered by the frequent parade of luxury on the part of tawdry millionaires. Yet what would she have? If one is not flinging money about, how shall people know that he is rich? To give anonymously, would be ridiculous. Charity without *réclame* is an obsolete notion—as old as the New Testament. Besides, even the empty-headed rich must do something. Many of them have no other occupation than that of wasting their incomes in what Mrs. Stokes calls "idle and luxurious living." Invention has no greater triumphs than the various methods which have been devised of getting rid of one's surplus. One Pittsburgh connoisseur hit upon the

Oriental idea of investing his sooty millions in unset precious stones. These he carried about in his trouser pockets. Naturally, he could not resist the temptation of strewing them on the table of chance acquaintances. It would be uncharitable and cruel to deprive such rich men of the only pleasures which their limited minds are capable of conceiving. Mrs. Stokes would not take away from a child in the slums the piece of colored glass which its mates envy. On the same principle, she ought to leave ignorant plutocrats in undisturbed enjoyment of their monkey-dinners and their gold-plated bridle-chains.

Mr. Choate's speech at the Hague Congress last Thursday looks to saving the one valuable result which we may yet hope to get from that gathering. No agreement to respect the property of neutrals at sea, in time of war, will be reached. No plan of reducing armaments, it is now pretty plain, will be assented to. It is still possible, however, to unite in establishing a great and permanent court of arbitration. This was the burden of Mr. Choate's plea. In the spirit of Secretary Root's address at the Peace Conference in this city, he spoke of the importance of a dignified tribunal, composed of jurists of international weight, always ready to pass judicially upon any dispute between nations. There has already been a practical agreement to erect a prize court, made up of fifteen judges. This might easily be combined with a court of arbitration. Then we should have a representative and impartial body before which all international controversies could be laid—we may say, would surely be laid, for in a short time civilized opinion would tolerate no other course. Mr. Choate has apparently won over the support of the French and German delegates. The British cannot long lag behind. Hence there seems good prospect of obtaining one tangible outcome of all the war-talk at a peace conference.

An agreement between Great Britain and Russia would now seem to be a fact. While it is too early to attempt an estimate of the changes in international politics that must follow upon such an arrangement, it may be assumed that the peace of Europe will profit thereby. Germany cannot look upon this latest *entente* as another link in the chain supposedly forged by Great Britain to bind her, for the reason that an understanding between Russia and Great Britain cannot conceivably be more than an understanding. It would be extraordinary if Russia should so quickly forget the pain and humiliation of the war with Japan, for which she is not at all wrong in holding England partly responsible. An ally of Great Britain, therefore, she could scarcely become. Russia has merely come to recognize the results of defeat, and, faced by a tremendous internal crisis, has wisely decided to free herself, as much as possible, from foreign distractions. On the other hand, in view of the exceedingly vexatious condition of affairs in India, Great Britain should not be averse to arriving at some arrangement removing the ever-feared danger of an invasion across the northeastern frontier. After all, to call in Japanese troops to aid her against Russia in India would be a very desperate step. Allied to France, friendly to Great Britain, and in intimate relations with the German sovereign, Russia would be in a position to act as general intermediary, to the enhancement of her own somewhat fallen fortunes.

Every summer, when the Imperial yachts Polar Star and Standart, with the prisoner of Peterhof and Tsarköe Selo on board, breast the waves of the Baltic till the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, bearing another distinguished personage, heaves into sight, European diplomats fall into great commotion. What is William II. now going to have his imperial cousin Nicholas do to his Russian subjects and to China, Japan, India, Persia, Morocco, and the Social Democrats? For it has become a tradition that these annual meetings on the Baltic are a sort of educational summer school, in which a weak-kneed autocrat sits at the feet of a strong-willed War Lord and departs instructed, strengthened, and refreshed. Does the Czar, as he pledges his guest in French champagne, entreat his fellow-monarch's aid and comfort? And does the Emperor, as he sits sipping German beer on board the Hohenzollern, lean over the table and pour hints on how to govern and remain alive into his visitor's ear? We doubt it. A cablegram declares that "the Czar is said to have visibly improved in appearance and spirits after his interview with the Kaiser." That might very well be, but there is no need of supposing that so marvellously sudden an improvement in the patient's condition—it would make the fortune of any patent medicine—was brought about by William II.'s solving all the Czar's problems for him while he waited. After all, the Kaiser has enough responsibilities of his own without being saddled with his neighbor's misdeeds. Moreover, there are, between Berlin and St. Petersburg, channels of diplomatic intercourse, a telegraph service, and even, it is said, a system of wireless communication. So why should the German monarch, in attempting to put his Imperial comrade up to mischief, do it after the approved fashion of comic-opera villains, in the full glare of the footlights?

There is an ignorance of the ways of the world that is actually pathetic in the public statements made by the Korean representatives now in this country. It is the same state of mind that characterizes the leaders of the patriotic party at Seul. Such facts as military conquest and such phrases as *de facto* and *force majeure* have no meaning to them. "If the civilized nations knew how the treaty of last November was obtained," said Prince Tjyong Yi, "they would not recognize it. It was obtained without the consent of the Emperor or the people." That is as though the French were to demand the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, which were surrendered only because the Germans were at Metz, Sedan, and Paris; or the Filipinos should complain that they really did not want to be sold to the United States. The former Emperor constantly showed this almost childish capacity for overlooking the accomplished fact in his dealings with the Japanese, signing treaties one moment and forgetting in the next that the hand which held his nose to the grindstone once could do it again and again. Yet this very quality, if general among the people, may make Japan's task in Korea a difficult one.

The recrudescence of violence in Morocco may supply France with the long-awaited excuse for radical action, but it is as yet premature to speak of the Algeciras Convention as a failure. As a matter of fact, Casablanca is one of the eight coast towns for which the Algeciras agreement established a foreign-officered police force of some two thousand men. This force has not yet been organized, although the Swiss inspector-general, who is in supreme command, was reported to have arrived in Morocco months ago. At Casablanca it was provided that the commanding officers should be French and Spanish, a circumstance which may make it easy for France to take drastic measures without incurring German accusations of working for her sole interests. On the other hand, the occupation of another Moroccan town, after the example of Ujda, would arouse German mistrust. Ujda was seized as punishment for the murder of Dr. Mauchamp, at Marakesh, where the French authority could not make itself felt. But with Casablanca, where, as has been said, France holds a legal position, the case is different. Go ahead and preserve order, the nations might say to France. However, the difficulty of policing without a police force will probably result in international pressure being brought upon the Sultan, to hasten its organization. Italy and Spain, whose subjects were among those slain at Casablanca, will strengthen the hand of France, and a sudden turn in the Kaid McLean situation may set in motion an army, representative of all European powers, bound for Fez.

THE TAFT CANDIDACY.

The vote of the Ohio Republican Committee, last week, 15 to 6, undoubtedly puts Secretary Taft's Presidential candidacy in a forward and promising position. It is all very fine for Senator Foraker to declare that the action signifies nothing, is not technically "binding" on Ohio Republicans, and amounts to no more than the opinion of any chance gathering of twenty-one men. He knows better. Everybody knows better. When a candidate, opposed by the machine, is strong enough to wrest an endorsement from the creatures of the machine, it bespeaks a powerful sentiment in his favor. That is the true interpretation of the course of the State Committee. All unprejudiced observers will so take it. In spite of the protests and desperate efforts of the two United States Senators, their own underlings broke away from them and went for Taft. To deny that this is significant is to deny that the rising of the tide means a wetting for those who do not flee before it.

Out of pique and as a matter of form, Senator Foraker may keep up the fight on Taft. Of course, if he could divide the State delegation to the National Convention next year in the same proportion as he did the State Committee on Tuesday, the Taft candidacy would be hampered. If Foraker could muster 14 out of 46 delegates, he might be able to allege that Taft had not his own State behind him. But there is every likelihood that all opposition will soon be brushed away. On that day was the bursting of the dam, and the flood will now sweep on. It is not so much an irresistible enthusiasm for Taft that is at work in Ohio, as the growing hope that the State may be able to name another President. State pride is artfully played upon by the Taft managers; and if Ohio once becomes fired with the thought of recovering her old prestige in national politics, any man who gets in the way will be taking his life in his hands. One notorious "Ohio idee" is to stand together for the glory of the State. So there is little doubt that the Taft boom will sweep victoriously throughout the Buckeye State, and compel even the obdurate Foraker to make terms or be crushed.

The Ohio Republicans invite their fellows in "other States" to "coöperate" in securing the nomination of Mr. Taft. His qualifications are certainly worth serious consideration. No fair man can deny that he is of Presidential stature. He has uncommon ability, and an enormous power of sustained industry. His legal training has been supplemented by a wide range of practical experience in public affairs. In personal qualities, too, he has much to attract. He has a good deal of the blunt downrightness and courage of Grover Cleveland, with an added charm of good nature and affability. Commanding the respect of the serious, he is able to win also the liking of the generality. He is a hard worker, but also a good "mixer."

With such personal and political advantages, Mr. Taft suffers from one great handicap. We mean his patronizing by President Roosevelt. This is described as really a help to his candidacy. In some trifling respects it may be so; but in its total effect it is a misfortune for the Secretary. It makes him appear to exist by grace of another man. It is a sort of "Theodore Roosevelt presents." Taft is made to appear but the shadow of the President. Roosevelt points to him condescendingly as the candidate who will carry out "my policies." Taft has been treated as one especially set for the defence of the President, having neither voice nor mind of his own. This does him great injustice. He is not a man to brook dictation from any quarter. If elected President, he would indubitably be his own master. But a different impression has got abroad. It grows partly out of Mr. Taft's official position. This is an irksome and delicate one for a Presidential candidate. Loyalty to his chief tends to close his mouth. Having to take assignments to duty, he appears also to be taking political orders. And, as we say, the net result is that this burly man figures too much before the people as a weak dependent upon another. Nothing is more important for the successful urging of Mr. Taft's candidacy than that he should take steps to impress upon the country his independent merits, to show that he is not a mere echo of Roosevelt. To do this freely and effectively, it may be necessary for him to leave the Cabinet.

The Secretary is to make speeches soon, in Ohio and other States. The people will listen to him with sharpened attention. They will watch eagerly for evidence that he thinks and acts for himself. It is no secret that Mr. Roosevelt wants Taft to go to Ohio to "pitch into Foraker," especially to defend the President against the latter's charge of gross injustice in the matter of the colored troops. If the Secretary is wise, he will continue to refuse to do anything of the kind. Should he, on the contrary, see fit to say that a review of all the evidence has convinced him that innocent soldiers were wronged, it would do much to prove that his courage and love of justice are genuine. Of course, he could not do that and remain Secretary of War. But if he has to make a break with Roosevelt sooner or later, he could not find a better occasion.

In any case, Mr. Taft cannot well refuse to take up the challenge of both Senator Foraker and Mr. Bryan, that he define his position on the reform of the tariff. Here he already stands committed. His speech in Maine last year, announcing himself a believer in immediate tariff revision, was as bold in its way as his denunciation of Boss Cox in Ohio, or his plain speaking to the Southern Republicans, who are so for revenue only. Yet it may fairly be asked that he now clearly say whether he means to catch up the banner of tariff revision which President Roosevelt at first raised, and then threw away. As the open leader of the tariff-reform wing of his party, Mr. Taft would strongly appeal for the support of Independent Democrats. And if, while he is revising, he revises somewhat his views about the Philippines, and admits the existence in the islands of a powerful national sentiment, with which we are bound to put ourselves in harmony, and concede the Filipinos independence as soon as possible, he would be both strategically and morally in a strong position.

THE STANDARD'S TROUBLES.

"Gentlemen," said Matthew Arnold, when he appeared before the Income Tax Commissioners who had assessed his profits from literature at $5,000 a year—"gentlemen, you see before you what you have often heard of, an unpopular author." It is a plea *ad misericordiam* which the Standard Oil Company might well make. Fined $29,000,000 on Saturday, on Monday it is buffeted by another Government report, showing once more that it is an oppressive monopoly, forcing the people to pay exorbitant prices for a necessary of life. One good newspaper friend of the Standard hastened to allege that it could not pay a fine of $29,000,000 and "continue to do business." The unfeeling Commissioner of Corporations thereupon produces figures to prove that it has made net earnings of "at least $790,000,000" in the past twenty-four years, "and possibly much more." Quite a comfortable margin for incidental fines! Yet fines and adverse reports are not really so significant as the general rejoicing with which all such attacks upon the Standard are received. "Gentlemen, you see before you a highly unpopular Trust."

This fact, of course, makes it both easy and popular to attack the Standard. To take a kick at it has, for years, been the safe courage of insincere politicians. And now that a more serious legal pursuit of the Oil Trust is attempted, it is but fair to recognize the fact that judges and executives may be unconsciously swayed by the popular applause which they know will follow their efforts. If Judge Landis had not been fully aware that his decision of Saturday would at once reverberate around the world, carrying his name with it, and that grateful plaudits would arise from his countrymen, it is quite possible that he would have clipped a little the wings of his extra-judicial rhetoric. But such are the inevitable penalties of the unpopu-

larity which the Standard Oil Company has richly merited. It would be a thousand pities, however, if the fact that the Standard is now a dog at which any one may throw a stone with impunity, should lead to the slightest warping of legal process against it. A too severe decision set aside on appeal only leaves us worse off than before.

We cannot presume to say whether the Standard will win in the higher courts, but certain remarks about the decision of Judge Landis are obvious. The proceedings against the Standard were brought under the Elkins Act of 1903. Roosevelt's 1905 hook for the snout of leviathan was not used. This can but strengthen the position of such lawyers as Senator Foraker and Representative McCall. They contended from the first that the Elkins law was fully adequate to reach all cases of railway rebating, or the securing of unlawful rates by favored corporations, and that the Roosevelt measure was both confused and superfluous. Foraker has several times asserted that not a single prosecution had been brought under the act which the President moved heaven and earth to secure. The Ohio Senator has declared that the Elkins law is the only one that has "teeth." He may now point to the $29,000,000 fine as evidence that he was right.

Granting that the verdict of the jury against the Standard was well and truly found; that no vitiating error was committed in the trial of the case, there cannot be two minds, it seems to us, about the justice of applying the maximum penalty known to the law. The amount of the fine is tremendous, but it is inflicted upon a tremendous offender. It is no exaggeration to say, as Secretary Garfield is reported as saying on Monday, that the Standard has for years conducted itself as if it were above the law. It has snapped its fingers at the punishments laid down in the statutes. They were for the little fellows. The law would think twice before damning a corporation with such untold millions at command. Now, to have men of that kind of arrogance brought up with a round turn, is undoubtedly a good thing. It makes for social justice, and so for social content. It helps people to believe that the law is, after all, equal. Sensible men will believe that it is, in intent at least, even if Judge Landis should be reversed for error; though, of course, his reversal now would embitter many against the courts.

As for the report of the Commissioner of Corporations, it contains a mass of statistics which require much study. Hasty inferences from the figures should be avoided. Even the Standard Oil Company is entitled to its day in the newspapers, and on the stump, as well as in court. It seems somewhat unfair, for example, to point to the increase in the price of oil since 1900 as a sufficient proof of the exactions of a monopoly. The price of all commodities has notoriously advanced during that period. Oil prices should be taken with the rest. Much stronger is the case for the large and heightened "margin" between the cost of crude oil and refined, as detailed by the Commissioner. If he is correct in his figures, the excessive profit due to monopoly is clearly established.

THE GEORGIA DISFRANCHISEMENT

Close upon the heels of its drastic prohibition law, the Legislature of Georgia has passed an equally drastic disfranchisement bill, aimed at the negroes. The one is meant to be a measure of general social uplift, benefiting alike the untutored negro and the "poor white"; the other is to close the door of political hope in the faces of one million of its citizens upon whom Georgia largely depends for its labor, and therefore its prosperity and progress. In a republic based on political equality, the negroes of Georgia are henceforth to be ruled without a voice in their government, taxed without representation, and deprived of the most precious weapon for the preservation of political rights—the ballot.

Now, if Georgia had been for years past the scene of serious racial strife; if there had been frequent bloodshed over elections and constant public irritation over race conflicts at the ballot-box; or if certain communities were groaning under black misrule, there would perhaps be some excuse for this new law. As a matter of fact, the white man has for years had everything his own way in Georgia; no negro candidates have been in the field, and no white candidate has felt compelled to cater to the negro vote. The Republican party, to which the negroes have naturally belonged, has been at a low ebb; and therefore the inner ring of the Democratic party has had things entirely its own way. And yet the negro has been the convenient, or the only, issue. Let him be as law-abiding as you please; let him show you evidences of that extraordinary rise of his race within forty years—which so good a Southerner as Henry Watterson has described as one of the wonders of our times, or of any times—and he still cannot save himself from being the football of the politicians. He has submitted to disfranchisement in the hope that this would take him out of politics—but always in vain. Unless the railway issue is to relieve him for a while, he must continue to be the subject of such a Senatorial campaign as has just occurred in Mississippi, or of the recent gubernatorial contest in Georgia. He is the demagogue's most valuable asset, whether that demagogue be a man of culture and family, like Hoke Smith, or a boor of the Davis and Vardaman type.

Nevertheless, the negro has pushed his way upward undismayed, and some recent figures show that, whatever excuse the members of the Georgia Legislature have for disfranchising him, it cannot be one which bears upon his industrial progress. For instance, in 1866 the Georgia negroes owned but 10,000 acres of land; by 1876 they held 457,635 acres, and ten years later 802,939. In 1896 they had passed the million mark, and in 1906 they paid taxes on 1,400,000 acres that they owned outright, and on which they were assessed $7,000,200. Their stock had increased in value in the same forty years from $12,000 to $5,200,000; their city property had gone up from $70,000 to $5,850,000, while the value of their church and school property, from being $100,000, has now become $5,200,000. The assessed value of their property, exclusive of schools and churches, has grown since slavery from $450,000 to $23,216,468. This is the wealth they have created for themselves since they started out in rags and wholly illiterate, in 1865. What else they have contributed to the wealth of Georgia by the labor of their hands probably no man could estimate.

But now their reward for all this is a law which declares that they shall never have a voice in saying how the wealth they have created shall be administered or controlled by the State, which they support with their taxes. This law is patterned after those of other Southern States. Theoretically, any colored man who can read or write, or is intelligent enough to understand the use of the ballot, or who pays taxes on $500 or more, can register and vote. But to the election officers is given the discretion of deciding whether the applicant for registration has a "proper conception of his duty to his State or his nation." There is also the test of expounding a clause of the Federal or State Constitution, which has enabled low and worthless white registration officers to disfranchise many men greatly their superiors in knowledge, manners, and morals. Such hypocritical subterfuges are merely resorted to in order to preserve the fiction of Constitutionality. It would have been at least honest if a bill offered by a Mr. Payton had been adopted. That provided briefly for the disfranchisement of every person with one-eighth negro blood in his veins. But the result would have been practically the same.

Nothing startling will, of course, follow the adoption of this law. The negroes have not yet learned the value of unions, of organizations, of lawful agitation. The words general strike, or boycott, or the other terms that describe the ways inferior races, serfs, and oppressed peoples have found of making their masters uneasy in wrong, mean but little to them as yet. How will it

be fifty or a hundred years hence? None of these Georgia legislators, we venture to say, has thought of that; few can see beyond their noses, and still fewer know how to measure economic changes which occur right before their eyes. But that is when the test of the law will come. He who thinks that the negro will submit forever, unknowing of his strength, reckons without a knowledge of human nature. Only total enslavement, with the destroying of every colored school child's text-book that tells of 1776, could promise permanent subjection.

DISCONTENT IN GERMANY.

A pamphlet recently published in Berlin bears the significant title, "From the Land of the Discontented." The author, Herr Nissen-Meyer, is a retired lieutenant-colonel of the German army, who for three years commanded a detachment detailed for duty in China. Having returned from this foreign service, he has written a pessimistic, although not wholly unpatriotic, criticism of his native country and its people. He sees signs of deterioration in society, in the army, and the body politic. But he observes: "Only he who knows his faults can correct them." Two things, however, have impressed him favorably: one is the order which prevails in public life, and the other, the terse military way in which officials of all kinds impart information. Often politeness is wanting, but this is a matter of minor importance. He laments chiefly the number of restless and discontented persons whom he has met in all stations of life, but particularly among the working people. The Germans are neat, clean, and thrifty, but the party of the Extreme Left, the Social Democrats, is larger than in any other country of the world, being five times as great as in England and nearly twice as great as in France.

Col. Nissen-Meyer does not attribute this discontent to economic conditions. In Germany he finds a strong and bitter feeling of class against class—jealousy which no one takes the trouble to conceal. Even the well-to-do are dissatisfied, and a large number of them have cast in their lot with the Social Democracy. "How many are there," asks the author, "who think as these do, but are unwilling to express their opinions openly? Many things prove that the number of malcontents is by no means insignificant." For the depression of feeling is manifested not only in the demeanor and conversation of the people, but in the sinister tone of the press. The condition will probably become worse as time goes on, and Col. Nissen-Meyer fears that in contemporary Germany there are elements resembling those which wrought the disintegration of the old régime in France.

The causes of the evils which he has observed, he finds partly in the character of the German people, and partly in the system under which they live. For one who boasts that his point of view is cosmopolitan and impartial, he here shows himself strangely ignorant of the transplanted German the world over. For he traces the source of these defects to the mixture of German with foreign blood, and to the contact of Germans with alien races. This conclusion has been reached apparently in order to justify the author's bitter dislike of the German colonial system. The colonies have been badly administered, and are hated at home; so that Germans prefer to put themselves under a foreign flag when they emigrate. Yet the effects of foreign influence upon Germans, he declares to be bad; they become ostentatious and are given to strong drink. This is rather surprising information to Americans. Their observation is certainly different. Here is an example of the way in which this officer reasons:

> In Kioto I entered a Japanese inn with a friend. There were several rooms, in the last of which were seated several Europeans speaking English, as could be inferred from their loud conversation. So little was their behavior like that of Englishmen that I made a wager that they were of another nationality. Upon investigation it appeared that of the three, one was a Dane, while the others were born in the Rhine country.

Col. Nissen-Meyer speaks in high praise of the military establishment of his country, which he thinks is the one truly democratic institution to be found there. Yet he is distressed at the toadyism, the favoritism, and the bad manners which detract from its excellence. Too many promotions are made from among those in the Guards, while in the provincial posts there are all kinds of petty evils. For example: "Who does not know the Superman with nasal voice, the sabre-rattling Don Juan of the small garrison?" And here, most of all, we should be inclined to disagree with him. Elements of democracy the army has, but it is none the less the stronghold of the aristocracy. How can the army be considered democratic when few, however meritorious, can obtain an officer's commission in it?

It is unnecessary to follow this author as he expatiates upon what he considers the causes of national discontent. Such an exhibition of bitterness towards the institutions of the Empire would hardly deserve notice, were not this book one of many which prove, better than its arguments, that there is a deep-seated unrest throughout the German nation. It is, moreover, extraordinary to find this sentiment expressed in so exaggerated a manner by one who has held a commission in the army. Yet it may be that fact which blinds him to the truth that the national depression is so largely due to the burden of the great military establishment. The pamphlet cannot be accepted implicitly; yet it is a sign of the times, not to be ignored.

THE NEW PAPAL SYLLABUS.

Those who have read of the excitement caused in 1864 by the Syllabus of modern errors issued by Pius IX., must wonder a little at the indifference with which the similar "Decree of the Holy and Universal Inquisition," just put forth by Pius X., has been generally received. It has not been even thought worthy of cabling, except in bare summary. The full text, in French translation, was given in the Ultramontane organ, the Paris *Univers*. Pius IX. uttered his warning against "the audacities of modern thought." Pius X. directs himself particularly to the aberrations of exegetes of the Bible. His formidable list comprises no less than sixty-five "grave errors," some of which, it is said, are to be found, "deplorable" as it may seem, even in Catholic writers. Looking at the Pope's imposing array, one is inevitably reminded of Browning's

> Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
> One sure, if another fails.

No reader of the new Syllabus can fail to be struck by the way in which its guns are pointed astern. The Pope is aiming at conclusions of historical inquiry and Biblical higher criticism which are a very old story to Protestant theologians. All these questions about the admixture of human error in the Scriptures, the composite nature of some of the books of the Bible, the doubtful authenticity of others—in particular, the nature and date of the Gospel of John—have been fought over for years. Wide-awake theologians have, in fact, become rather weary of them, and have passed on to topics more alive. But here is the Holy See, through the Inquisition, thundering away at them as if Ewald and Wellhausen and Weizsäcker and Harnack had never lived, and Cheyne and Driver and Toy and Briggs had not yet written. The inference is pretty clear that Catholic faculties have not been able to steel themselves entirely against these investigations. Indeed, the Syllabus expressly states that the "errors" which it condemns are "more and more widely spreading among the faithful." It is to warn them in time, and to protect them against the unhappy consequences of an "alleged progress in doctrine," that the Holy Father, "on the advice of the very eminent and most reverend Cardinals,'" has judged it fitting to publish his list of proscribed errors.

Merely to give a few samples, No. XI. declares it a grievous error to hold that "inspiration does not extend to every book of the Bible, in a way to guar-

antee each in every part from all error." Error No. XV. is to maintain that "the Gospels were continually enlarged and corrected until they were definitely adopted in the Canon"; and, XVI., that "the narratives of St. John are not, properly speaking, history, but a mystical contemplation." Even "pragmatism" gets a blow in No. XXVI., where we learn that it is an error to believe that "dogmas are to be accepted solely for their practical effect on conduct, and not as a rule of faith." The very minutiæ of criticism are included, as in No. XXX., where it is laid down that the Biblical phrase, "Son of God," cannot be explained as meaning the Messiah. So it goes on through error No. LVII., "the Church is opposed to progress in the natural sciences," down to the final error of all, that "Catholicism cannot adjust itself to true science without becoming a Christianity without dogmas."

It is easy to see that the new Syllabus is directed against dangers already existing within the Church, not, as in the case of the Syllabus of Pius IX., against those pressing upon it from the outer world. That is one reason why the present document has fallen rather flat. It is not a denunciation of political doctrines; no fresh arraignment of Socialism; no repeated condemnation of "Americanism," in the Church. Such topics always create a stir, when Rome speaks about them. But since it is nice questions of Biblical exegesis merely, and the fine points of the higher criticism, the world will take but a languid interest even in an utterance by the Supreme Pontiff. The query has already been raised whether he now speaks *ex cathedra;* whether he lays down matters of doctrine which all good Catholics are hereafter bound to accept. A writer in the Paris *Figaro*, M. de Narfon, who is well known to have close relations with influential Catholic prelates, declares that the Papal infallibility is by no means involved, since Pius X. is simply pointing out errors, not defining doctrines. One can understand, however, the mild amazement of this Catholic writer, when he speaks of so remarkable an attempt, by mere decree of the Holy Office, to "solve most of the great controversies which exegetes and theologians have debated for years past."

It is, of course, the spirit of free inquiry in historical questions that affect former opinions about the Bible, which the Syllabus really condemns. It speaks frowningly of "historical arguments," and reproves those who set up any special claim for the "scientific exegesis" of the Old and New Testaments. Some complacent Protestants may plume themselves on this new proof, as they will call it, of Papal blindness and intolerance. But are they so sure that their own withers are unwrung? Archbishop Whately was keen enough to perceive that what we call Catholic tendencies are really grounded in human nature, and that Protestants share them in their own fashion. We are all exposed to the peril of wishing to suppress those who do not agree with us. Protestant churches do not face problems in all respects the same as the Catholic Church, but their method of meeting them has not been essentially different. They, too, have been known to be timid, short-sighted, and uncharitable in these very matters of Biblical criticism. Certainly, those Protestant denominations that cast out Robertson Smith and Professor Toy and Professor Briggs, ought not to be the first ones to throw a stone at the new Papal Syllabus.

SAINT-GAUDENS.

Saint-Gaudens's death brings no fuller recognition than had been shown in his lifetime of the fact that he was as fine an example of the pure artistic genius as America has yet produced. Medals have been given him at art exhibitions as in a class by himself; and they but expressed the opinion of the judicious. Curious analysts of the flower of genius have speculated on what he owed to his mixed French and Irish descent. Much, undoubtedly; but he owed more to the capacity for taking infinite pains.

The work of Saint-Gaudens marks in the history of American sculpture the definite breaking away from the spirit of classic imitation which till his time had dominated it. The revolt in Europe of such men as Barye, Rude, and Dubois, from the pseudo-classic ideals for which Canova and Thorwaldsen had stood, spread through Saint-Gaudens to America. He wholly departed from such of his predecessors as Greenough, Hiram Powers, Rinehart, and the rest of their school. But the break in the case of Saint-Gaudens was a gentle one; though definite and uncompromising, it was a revolt without violence. No American sculptor can be said to be more American than he. Whatever the effect of his foreign parentage, it gave him, with a special sensitiveness, a wholly sympathetic openness to the appeal and patriotism of the country that was his from his earliest infancy. Yet he expressed a perfectly American spirit in forms which owed little or nothing even to the sources from which American sculpture had hitherto drawn its inspiration. He found his historical affinities not in the abstraction of classic sculpture, but in the individualizing spirit of the Renaissance.

In range, Saint-Gaudens's work is extraordinarily wide, with the limitation that it contains scarcely any study of the nude. His Diana on the tower of the Madison Square Garden was designed to be seen from a distance, from which only the outline and pose have effect, and cannot be cited as an example of what his powers in the subtler problems of the modelling of the nude might have been. Outside of this limitation, his work, both in the round and in low relief, is comprehensive. It may be divided into three groups: his portrait plaques and medallions in low relief, such as his portraits of Dr. McCosh, Robert Louis Stevenson, the children of J. H. Schiff; his figures of an ideal character, such as the caryatids for the residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Peace of God and the angels for the Smith tomb; and his monumental works in heroic portraiture, such as the Deacon Chapin and the statues of heroes of the civil war—Farragut, Lincoln, Gen. Logan, Robert Gould Shaw, and Gen. Sherman.

The technical perfection of his craftsmanship and the delicate strength and sweetness of his art are perhaps supremely illustrated in his portraits in low relief. No contemporary artist in that kind surpassed him in giving distinction and significance to the subtle refinement of modulated surface. The spirit of the Renaissance breathes in these portraits, both in the appreciation of the appropriate effects and in sympathetic characterization. They have always the charm, too, of an effect that is at once sculptural and picturesque. Of all his ideal figures, the so-called Peace of God is his masterpiece in symbolic expression. He attained in it to a mood of mysterious and tragic contemplation which places it among the greatest contemporary works of its kind. His angels for various tombs and his caryatids for the Vanderbilt residence do not approach this work in profundity; yet they have the distinction of a stately sweetness and an individual and lofty ideal of human loveliness.

Saint-Gaudens's work in heroic portraiture is in a sense his most important. In it he met and mastered technical problems on a large scale, and made it express to a degree unequalled in American art a noble and profoundly interpretative historical spirit. His Deacon Chapin is, of course, as, indeed, is his statue of Gov. Randall, an imaginary portrait. Yet his "Deacon" is at once the effigy of an individual and the symbol of a sect. It remains our greatest artistic expression of Puritanism. In his five great monuments to heroes of the Civil War, Saint-Gaudens faced the even more difficult problem of conveying through actual portraits of great men the spirit of the historical movement in which they lived and acted. With actual portraiture he faced, too, the problem of the artistic and heroic treatment of modern dress; and the masterly generalization which neither evades nor emphasizes the costume in the statue of Lincoln gives the measure of his success in this respect. The masterpiece of this group of Saint-Gaudens's

work is the equestrian statue of Sherman; and the Lincoln, though a less complicated artistic problem, can hardly be called second in simple directness and nobility of expression. These monuments of the Civil War epitomize the spirit of that struggle through single human figures dramatically, profoundly, and comprehensively, with complete freedom from anything like rhetoric or sentimentality, and with an energy of inspiration that makes it impossible to think of them with the thousands of banal statues to soldiers which take the joy of living out of our parks. The statue of Sherman is considered by a well-known artist and critic as the third greatest equestrian statue in the world. It seems extravagant to give it a rank next the Colleoni of Verrocchio and the Gattamelata of Donatello, but it is hard to think of a rival that better deserves the place.

Saint-Gaudens derived from the Renaissance, but in no imitative way. He appropriated the means and forms of the sculpture of that period because they lent themselves most completely to the expression of his special modern American spirit. He saw personalities and their historical significance from an individual point of view. He possessed nobility of imagination and perfection of technical equipment to a degree unrivalled among American sculptors. What he lacks, if one compares him with the greatest, is spontaneity. His manner, though without eccentricity—indeed, in regard to eccentricity, the leaning is the other way—impresses one as a learned, though completely individualized style, and one can detect the style at times apart from the subject. It is never quite free from self-consciousness—it adapts the subject to itself. But the style, with all its learning, is always consonant with the exalted spirit of the work. The self-consciousness is never the self-consciousness of rhetoric. No taint of affectation mars the nobility and simplicity, however evolved, of the appeal. The naturalness is thought out, but for all that it gives the most authentic, manly, and individual expression of noble themes that American sculpture possesses.

ROMAN ITALY IN THE NORTH.

II.—AOSTA.

There are few more fascinating valleys in Europe than the Val d'Aosta, the scene of the second stage in the game of strategy which Augustus was playing to bring peace to Northern Italy and to bind it to Transalpine lands, as outlined in my article in the *Nation* of May 30. Visiting this valley in midwinter for the first time, I expected to find it bleak and forbidding, leading up as it does to the very base of Mt. Blanc and Monte Rosa, but in the clear, still, and expanding atmosphere I could understand the apparent anomaly of the semi-tropical vegetation of the entire vine-clad valley, with its palms, its cacti, *fichi d'India*, rhododendrons, and so many of the same flowers that grow on the Riviera.

The Val d'Aosta stretches northwest for some sixty miles from the opening of the great Po valley at Ivrea, on either side of the river Dora Baltea. Even more than the Val di Susa above Turin does it give the impression of a long artery, often not two miles wide, leading into the very heart of the Alps. In the latter days of the Republic the valley was in the possession of the powerful and turbulent Salassi, a native tribe that commanded both of the passes bifurcating from the little amphitheatre where Aosta now stands: to the left the Little St. Bernard pass across the Graian Alps, and to the right the Great St. Bernard over the Pennine Alps. The Romans of the Republic had no use for either of these passes, and merely founded, in 100 B. C., the city of Eporedia (modern Ivrea), at the base of the mountain valley, to coerce the Salassi and prevent their raids on the great plain. That this remedy was hardly effectual, more than one punitive expedition attests. In any case it was not sufficient for Augustus, with his scheme to use the passes for his dreams of northern conquest and to communicate with the newly organized regions of Gaul above Provence. The special value of the Little St. Bernard was that it led, by the region of the Upper Isère and the Rhone, to Lyons, which Augustus made the administrative centre for all Gaul and which he aimed to develop into the greatest Roman city in the West outside of Italy. By the same pass the region of the Rhine could be reached somewhat circuitously. Soon also, in conjunction with the Brenner pass, further east, the Great St. Bernard was to be, not a source of danger to Italy, but a main artery of military communication in connection with the conquest of Rhaetia and Noricum; for it led to the region of the Phone, Lake Constance, the Aar valley, and the Rhine; and it was to serve the plans of the campaigns of Drusus.

In the Val di Susa the problem of Augustus had been simplified through the friendship for Rome of its confederated tribes. But in the Val d'Aosta, the more homogeneous and powerful Salassi were inveterate enemies; and so soon as Augustus had made the commercial route of Susa, further west, a part of the Roman network, he undertook, toward 25 B. C., their permanent subjugation. While he himself went to Spain and Gaul, he entrusted this minor but difficult affair to Terentius Varro, who resorted to a sort of Cuban *reconcentrado* policy, which enabled him to substitute a loyal population. It seems, in fact, a mistake to suppose, as even Mommsen has done, that Varro fought a pitched battle with the Salassi; rather, he left the lower end of the valley guarded, and worked his way up carefully to the summit until he reached the spot where Aosta now stands, where he established his camp. With the whole valley at his mercy and escape impossible, he organized a man-hunt. With a loss of less than two thousand killed of the Salassi, he coralled nearly 40,000 men, women, and children, took them to Eporedia and sold them all into slavery at public auction. On the site of his camp Varro then founded a Roman colony, Augusta Prætoria Salassorum; a city modelled strictly on the plan of a permanent camp, and, like Turin, built as a fortress. It was named after the Emperor and the 3,000 veterans of the Prætorian guard who were assigned to it with their families, as well as some of the native Salassi, who came in to join the colony and were spared.

Only recently an inscription found near the west gate flatly disproves Strabo's generally accepted statement that the Salassi were completely wiped out. It is a dedication to Augustus in 23 B C. of a statue (?) by "the Salassi who had joined the colony from its beginning." Local archæologists are mistaken in supposing the inscription to belong to the gate. Not only does its vertical shape disprove this, but the fact that this is a *private* dedication by a group of the inhabitants, whereas city gates cannot be dedicated except *publicly* by the whole city or the highest authorities. Therefore, before 23 B. C., the city of Aosta, with its walls, gates, and public monuments, must have been practically completed. It stands on a plateau, the upper end of which is a hemicycle outlined by the Alpine peaks, while the lower end had begun to broaden out near the modern Nûs. Immediately below it the streams Dora and Buthier meet, in front of the famous "triumphal" arch.

A few of the initiated know that Aosta is one of the best preserved Roman fortified cities in the world. It is a rectangle of the length of 2,440 feet, the normal maximum length of a Roman camp-city, according to Hyginus; its width is about 1,900 feet, which is wider than his norm (1,600 feet), but narrower than Turin. Its principal gateway, the Porta Prætoria, faces toward Rome; and in front of it, at a distance of 366 metres, stands the Colony Arch of the city. This arch is on the sacred *pomerium* line that encircled the walls at that distance, marking the *octroi* line, the boundary between country and city jurisdiction. The line was originally marked by a trench dug by the consecrating priest with his sacred plough and oxen, as soon as the ceremonies by which the centre and bounds of the new colony were determined had been concluded. No attempt has yet been made by scholars to determine the width of the sacred strip of land between walls and outer *pomerium*, within which it was forbidden to build. If I am right in placing the "triumphal" colony arches on this outer line, it will now be possible to determine this point in many cases, at Verona, for instance, at Gerasa in Syria, Thamugadi in North Africa, S. Rémy in Gaul, and Telmessos in Asia-Minor—to mention merely typical examples in different provinces of the Empire. The Aosta arch stands directly in front of the superb Augustan bridge across the Buthier. Even though the original level of the arch is some two metres below the modern road, and though it is shorn of all its upper section above the triglyphal frieze, the structure as it stands is, next to that of Orange in southern France, the most impressive of all Roman memorial arches. This is due not merely to its immense bulk, but to the perfection of its simple outlines and proportions, notwithstanding the fact that, unlike Orange, it is quite without decoration.

Besides the arch and the bridge, Aosta has the Porta Prætoria, the great stretch of encircling Augustan wall, with its towers, the ruins of the theatre, of the amphitheatre, the military granary, and the many

fragments of the Roman drains, streets, and houses. What is quite recent is the discovery of the existence of two lateral gates. Until this discovery it had been supposed that, contrary to general usage, Aosta had but two gates, at each end of the main thoroughfare, the *decumanus maximus*. One of these is the gate now standing, not far from the arch; the other, the Porta Decumana (west), still existed until 1808, when it was demolished. It opened out toward the Little St. Bernard. In the other two sides (north and south) of the rectangle at each end of the *cardo*, the main artery that intersected the *decumanus*, the two customary gates had not been traced, and this defect was explained on the supposition that when Aosta was built there was only the pass of the Little St. Bernard to consider, so that no gate was required in the north wall. Even Mommsen was misled into this fallacy, which is quite obvious as soon as we understand that what Augustus had in mind in the subjugation of the Salassi was precisely, in great part, the opening up of the Great St. Bernard in connection with his proposed conquest of Rhætia and Vindelicia.

The remains of the north and south gates have now been discovered, so that Aosta, like Turin, had four gates, but unlike Turin they varied in size, those on these minor faces having but a single archway, while the principal gates had three openings. This plan harmonized with the regular Augustan norm which gave a width of forty feet to the *decumanus* street and only 20 feet to the *cardo* street. Of the new gates, only the Porta Principalis dextera on the south side is comparatively well preserved up to a certain height. I was not able to visit its foundations, nor the little museum in the neighboring ancient tower, because the keys were, I was told, in Turin. Nobody wanted them in Aosta, it seemed, because the local inspector of antiquities had quarrelled with the Direzione in Turin, and the Aostan wortbies who had been offered the keys had all declined for fear of offending this inspector, whose influence was as strong as his temper was violent! Hence, I had to study the inscription in a cast at Turin, later on.

The Porta Prætoria is in its way as impressive as the Colony Arch, and, besides, it is unique in the perfection with which it preserves the plan of the Augustan military gateways. Like the rest of the gates and the walls, it is built, not of bricks like Turin, but of large blocks of stone. The flanking towers are not polygonal, as at Turin, but square, and project boldly beyond the walls. Both inner and outer façades of the gateway remain intact, enclosing the central court, into which, if the enemy should penetrate, he could be attacked on all sides by the garrison. It does not produce its full effect because the present street is two metres above the old level, and also because the gate has lost its upper story and its battlements, as well as most of the artistic facing with its architectural mouldings. But it still is almost oppressive in its impression of force and bulk.

Aosta was made by Augustus the capital of one of the three small military frontier provinces, just beyond the borders of Italy, into which the Emperor partitioned the Alpine range. His idea was to keep the territory under his own personal control, as military provinces, whereas Italy and other safe sections of the empire were under the civil rule of the Senate. This particular province was that of the Graian and Pennine Alps; the first province we studied (*Nation*, May 30), Susa, was that of the Cottian Alps. As Turin had corresponded to Susa, across the border, in Italy itself, so Eporedia, the modern Ivrea, corresponded to Aosta, some sixty miles distant. Eporedia was built on a hill where the river Dora swings out into the great plain, at the point where the main artery between Milan (Mediolanum), Pavia (Ticinum), and the Rhine and Danube meet the east-west trading route. Though it was not an Augustan foundation, having been established in 100 B. C., its nearness to the Salassi had prevented any great development until the time of the foundation of Aosta, about 25 B. C. Aside from remains of a theatre attributed to the Antonines, its Roman antiquities have disappeared, though there is little doubt that excavations would uncover the earliest military bulwark of the extreme north.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

On July 26, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sold a number of books and relics of the Brontë sisters, the property of Mrs. Nicholls, the widow of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, who first married Charlotte Brontë. Emily Brontë's Bible with inscription "To Emily Jane Brontë, by her affectionate Father, February 13, 1845," brought £15 15s.; three Hymn Books with autographs "C. Brontë, April 6, 1845," "E. J. Brontë," and "A. Brontë," £12 for the lot; two of Charlotte Brontë's school-books, with autographs and caricatures on covers, etc., £18 10s.; nine little volumes, six in the characteristic minute handwriting of Charlotte Brontë, the others being by her brother Patrick Branwell, £71 10s. These were specimens of the juvenile tales which the Brontë family amused themselves in writing. A similar manuscript, 49 pages in Charlotte's autograph, brought £22, and another, of 50 pages, containing poems, a portion of a diary, and "The African Queen's Lament," £45. The most interesting of the relics were Charlotte Brontë's writing desk (£25), her work box (£14 10s.), her paint box (£4 4s.).

The little volume, containing poems of the Brontë sisters, was issued in May, 1846, as "Poems by Currer, Ellis & Acton Bell," with the imprint of "Aylott & Jones." Shelley wrote to a friend about his "New Romance in Three Volumes," referring to "St. Irvyne or The Rosicrucian," which when printed made but one small volume of 236 pages. In the same way, after the volume of poems was in type, Charlotte Brontë wrote: "It appears the volume will be a thinner one than was calculated on." The book was an "author's book," and a draft for £31 10s., the amount of their estimate, was sent to the publishers before work was begun upon the printing. An error of £5 was made in the estimate, and Miss Brontë suggested that this additional amount might "be remitted when you send in your account at the end of the first six months." But they were unwilling to do this, having, perhaps, been made wise by past experience. A draft was sent a few days later. She wished "to have the work out as soon as possible," but desired that "it should be got up in a manner creditable to the publishers and agreeable to the authors." While she had faith in the printer's competency to correct errors, she thought best to have all proofs sent "because such a mistake, for instance, as *tumbling* stars, instead of *trembling*, would suffice to throw an air of absurdity over a whole poem." The publishers were instructed to have the book "done up in the style of Moxon's duodecimo edition of Wordsworth."

At first the authors decided to spend £2 in advertising, but this was afterwards increased to £12, leaving it with the publisher to select the periodicals. It had no sale; but the next year, 1847, "Jane Eyre" was published by Smith, Elder & Co., was favorably reviewed, and met with immediate success. The pile of unsold poems was thereupon transferred to the latter firm, who merely tore out the title-leaf which contained Aylott & Jones's imprint, and pasted a new one, bearing their own name, on its stub. Copies of the first issue are very rare, having sold at aution in England as high as £28, £21, and £19 5s. The only copy thus far sold at auction in this country is Mr. Dillman's, which, last March, sold for $125. Copies of the second issue, with Smith, Elder & Co.'s imprint, sell frequently at from $3 to $15.

The first edition of "Jane Eyre" is also a scarce book, especially in the original cloth covers. It was published the first week in October, it is said, and advertisements dated October, 1847, are bound at the back of the first volume. The second edition was issued in December. There was added to it a dedication to Thackeray and a preface, dated at end, December 21, 1847. The third edition has an additional "Note" dated April 13, 1848.

Correspondence.

THE ARTHURIAN ROMANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am much gratified by the good words in your review of my book, "The Arthur of the English Poets." I should not take up your time by a reply to such criticisms as I thought ill-founded, unless I believed some points of more than passing interest, be my critic's view of my book what it may.

The book, as I state in the preface, was intended chiefly for readers who might desire some knowledge of the Arthurian legends without delving too deeply into mediæval literature. Hence, it was my object to avoid, as far as possible, the discussion of scholastic conjectures, or a maze of minutiæ. I do not plead guilty to having overlooked most of the "errors" that my critic somewhat captiously calls attention to. For instance, the relation of the two versions of the "Quête du St. Graal" is stated explicitly in the pages of Gaston Paris, referred to in a foot-note. As for Mordred's incestuous birth, I have preferred in a foot-note to accept the opinion of Professor Rhys, rather than that of Gaston Paris, which my critic favors. No less an authority than Professor Thurneysen has

suggested the opinion which I have developed that Arthur belonged not to the Romanized Britons, but to an antagonistic patriot party. More than one eminent Celtic scholar holds the opinion which I have accepted about the value of "The Lay of the Great Fool," in a discussion of mediæval Grail legends. The fact that Professor Zimmer, in his review of Mr. Nutt's "Holy Grail," pointed out that this tale ("The Great Fool") first appears (*i. e.*, in literary form) in an eighteenth century Irish manuscript, next to a version of Chrétien's "Yvain" called forth from Mr. Nutt a reiteration of his original view. A foot-note of mine says distinctly that Malory did not invent the part which the Archbishop of Canterbury plays, or Guinevere's excuse to escape marriage with Mordred. And another calls attention to certain pages of Miss Weston's "Legend of Sir Lancelot du Lac," where will be found an extreme opinion of Malory's unoriginality.

More interesting to me, however, and perhaps to all your readers, is the relation of Malory to his sources. So far as Miss Weston, and apparently my critic, go in making him unoriginal, I am not yet prepared to go. Whether Malory used several French texts from which he abridged and compiled his work, or only one French text in which abridgment and compilation were virtually done for him, I think that he was not always slavishly following his "French book." For each part of his work the French text, which was his main source, may have been modified by other French, or in some instances by English texts. This might be the case in any book; certainly it seems to be so in the last book, which I believe to have been modified by the English stanzaic "Morte Arthur." True, its influence is not strong, but that it did to some extent modify Malory's phrasing I feel as sure as one can be of what has not been proved. I cannot agree, as my critic does, with the opinion of Prof. J. Douglas Bruce, expressed in his introduction to the Early English Text Society's edition of the poem, and more fully in Vol. 23 of *Anglia;* "The similarities and occasional coincidences of phraseology which one observes in comparing Malory and the Middle English metrical romance are only such as will occur where two writers are following closely the same original." Even though Prof. W. E. Mead has expressed the same opinion in his "Selections from Morte D'Arthur" (Boston, 1897), I must dissent from it. The examples which he cites of similarity in phrasing between the metrical Merlin and the prose Merlin of the fifteenth century, romances independent of each other, seem to me not so striking as the examples which he himself cites, and which Dr. Sommer had previously cited, of similarity between Malory and the stanzaic "Morte Arthur." Compare the way Malory makes Guinevere address Lancelot at parting from him:

> I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again and keep well thy realm from war and wrack,

with the poem,

> There-fore, syr lancelot du lake,
> For my loue now I the pray,
> My company thow Aye for-sake
> And to thy kingdome thow take thy way;
> And kepe thy Reme from were and wrake,

Though "war and wrack" may be a common mediæval formula, does it not mean something, even making allowance for Malory's very sensitive ear for rhythm, that kingdom and realm stand in the same relative position in his work and in the poem? Then when Malory's Arthur questions Bedivere after bidding him throw Excalibur into the water, he says:

> "What saw thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan."

In the poem we have:

> "What saw thou there?" than sayd the kynge,
> "Telle me now, yif thou can."
> "Sertes, syr," he sayd, "nothynge
> "But watres depe And wawes wanne."

And the end of the story of the passing of Arthur, as related in verse, is:

> All night he went wepynge sore;
> A-gaynste the day he fownde ther wrought
> A chapelle by-twene ij holtes hore.

Malory says that Sir Bedivere weeping and wailing "took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hore of a chapel and an hermitage." According to Professor Bruce, the French original of both Malory and the English poem was pretty close to the following passage in the Vulgate-Lancelot:

> Al matin li auint quil troua vne montaigne plaine de reces ou il auoit .j. hermitage asses loig de toutes gens. Il torne cele part son frain et pensa quil iroit veoir cel lieu por sauoir qui i repaire. Si va tant contremont le sentier quil est venus el lieu la li hermitages estoit qui estoit asses poures, si i auoit vne chapele petite et anchiene.

To me it is hardly credible that two English authors working quite independently, one in verse, the other in prose, and belonging to two different generations, should have rendered a passage much resembling this with remarkable similarity of phrase though departing so far from the supposed original.

It seems to me then that Malory, besides using the French romance which was the principal source for the last book of his "Morte D'Arthur," used to some extent at least one other work, the English poem, "Morte Arthur." If this is so, why may we not also suppose in his earlier books the slight originality of selection which I have been inclined to accord him?

HOWARD MAYNADIER.

Boston, July 8, 1907.

[In our criticisms of points in Professor Maynadier's book—of which, on the whole, we expressed a very favorable judgment—we, of course, simply took the text of the book as we found it. For instance, Professor Maynadier himself does not mention the two forms of the "Quête," whatever Gaston Paris may do. It does not seem to us that the general reader ought to be left to stumble on this in reading other books, for the reference to G. Paris relates merely to the date of the Vulgate-Quest. As regards the incestuous birth of Mordred, leaving out of question the relative merits of the two theories—the one a far-fetched explanation from Celtic mythology, the other assuming merely contamination with the widespread *vergogna* theme—surely the views of G. Paris on a question of such importance as this ought not to be passed over in silence. As to the next point, there is no way of proving anything about it, but the name being practically the only evidence, it seems to us that it ought to be given due weight. With regard to the "Lay of the Great Fool," as an independent variant of the Perceval story, if Professor Maynadier will look up Mr. Nutt's Report on "Celtic Myth and Saga," in *Folk-lore* III., 401 f., he will find that Mr. Nutt himself there gives up this theory—"for the present, at least"—and sets forth his reasons for doing so. In the next place Professor Maynadier insists on Malory's Anglicization of his sources. In his footnote he merely qualifies this by saying: "Both this excuse and the bishop of Canterbury's hostility to Mordred appear in the octosyllabic 'Morte Arthur,' but without seeming so real as Malory." These points, however—themselves taken, as will be observed, from an English poem—are only a part of the Anglicization claimed by Professor Maynadier. The comparison of Guinevere's conduct with that of Margaret of Anjou, indeed, comes in the text after the passage to which the footnote refers. The question of Malory's relations to the stanzaic "Morte Arthur" is too big a one to take up here. We merely have space to remark that when two men are paraphrasing the same original in the same language it would be little short of miraculous if their work did not show coincidences of phraseology. The coincident phrases in this case being among the commonest formulas in Middle English, we do not believe that they possess any force.—ED. NATION.]

APPRENTICESHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The National Institution of Apprenticeship of England referred to in your notes of July 18 has to do with a subject of great importance, which of late has become of widespread interest, particularly in England and the United States. The decadence of the system of apprenticeship of former times has resulted in a great dearth of skilled labor, felt in all branches of manufacturing. To meet this need this institution is perhaps one of the best of the many movements that have been started either here or in England, for the reason that it takes existing conditions and applies a remedy that will produce effects in the shortest time practicable. But, on account of the changed nature of modern manufacture, it will be too limited in its effect to produce fully the desired results. The modern plant is so costly, making fixed charges so high, that, imperatively, it must be worked to its maximum all the time. Hence the growing practice of working it both day and night, with two or three relays of workmen. It is obvious that the percentage of labor cost is less, and the fixed charges cost greater than under former conditions. This accounts mainly for the decadence of the apprenticeship system. It does not pay to allow an inefficient hand, however low his wages, to operate a costly piece of machinery. It is much better to pay wages sufficiently high to secure maximum output. Hence, the movement referred to must be limited in its effect because comparatively few apprentices can be employed. It is within the knowledge of the writer that boys above the average in brightness when under *competent instructors* will learn *very rapidly*. Perhaps the

best system as yet in vogue is that adopted by several of our large works, that of having an independent department with competent instructors exclusively devoted to training apprentices. It has been found under these conditions that for a term of four years the employment of apprentices can be made reasonably profitable. The losses of the early period are made up by the gains in the later period. Perhaps the most interesting development of this subject of late years is the action taken by some of our State authorities, notably Massachusetts. The aim is to extend the public school instruction to the industrial arts with such a thoroughness that each student who completes the course, or even partially completes it, will be far better fitted for self-support and the duties of citizenship than can possibly be the case with courses as now established. The movement referred to is far in advance of the mere manual training now so much in vogue. It is the boast of those who advocate manual training that its object is to train and cultivate the mind, that the mechanical skill acquired is simply incidental, a by-product of the mental training, whereas the new movement aims to make the mechanical training immediately effective for the material betterment of the student and State. To produce better citizens is the justification for the expenditure of public money, as proposed in the new movement in Massachusetts.

STEPHEN W. BALDWIN.

Breadloaf, Vt., July 25.

TRAINING FOR CURATORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to answer your query, "Why such schools of archæology as those of Athens and Rome should not undertake" the work of training students to become curators in our museums. At least one of these schools does do so. From my first connection with the School at Rome, some ten years ago, I have urged, both in private conversation and in my published reports, the advisability of offering training for museum positions to our students. But several of the members of the managing committee were of opinion that, since the school had been founded as a school of classical studies, nothing but what immediately related to those studies should be taught there. By degrees, however, the general curriculum of the School has become very much broader than the founders of the School at first deemed possible. It embraces those branches of archæology and the fine arts from the pre-classic through the Renaissance periods which are the necessary foundation of the knowledge requisite for any curator, and for several years past the charge of museums or of a department in one has been held up to the students as a prize quite as well worth striving for as most professorships. The numerous museums in Italy made it possible to teach art and archæology as can be done in no other country, and also made easy the discussion of arrangement and lighting, or the methods of cataloguing. Furthermore, the small but constantly growing museum belonging to the school itself gave actual practice to those students whose tastes led them to these studies, in discrimination and cataloguing.

We were told that this work could not be done, the chief reason given being that it had not been done before. However, as Leonardo says, those that appeal to authority use their memories, not their intellects; and I can say of the work, that it has gone steadily on.

The association with trained connoisseurs suggested in your article has also been for several years one of the chief opportunities offered our students, and one they have eagerly welcomed. What we need to carry out this special work as well as the other work of the School, is money. One volume of papers, of which several have to do with museum subjects, has already been issued, but two more are held up for want of funds to print them.

I trust this is a satisfactory answer to your query. What is lacking seems to me to be something different. Until a larger proportion than at present of the members of the governing boards of our museums recognize the character of the training given at the Schools of Rome and Athens and the work of the students, as compared with the better advertised work of foreigners, the graduates of our schools can have but little hope of being valued at their true worth. When that day comes, the time-wasting discussions of the æsthetic or archæological method of museum arrangement will no longer be heard, and the public will find that museums accomplish something more than the mere storing of private collections.

RICHARD NORTON,
Late Director of the School at Rome.

Ashfield, Mass., July 22.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may be of interest to your readers to know that early in 1908 a bibliography is likely to be brought out under the title "Writings on American History, 1906," which will cover books, pamphlets, and articles upon the subject having any value, on substantially the same plan as "Writings on American History, 1903," edited by Prof. A. C. McLaughlin and published in 1905 by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The series not having been continued by that institution, the present endeavor rests for pecuniary support upon a group of historical societies and interested individuals, who have guaranteed for five years a sum sufficient to produce an annual volume. It is intended that the volumes for 1907 and subsequent years shall be issued as soon as possible after the termination of the calendar year. The gap represented by productions of the years 1904 and 1905 is left to be filled later.

J. F. JAMESON.

Washington, D. C., August 2.

Notes.

A new volume of Dr. Furness's Variorum Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra," is announced for immediate publication by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have in preparation a book on "The Japanese Nation in Evolution," by Dr. William E. Griffis.

Early in September A. C. McClurg & Co. will issue a work in three volumes on "The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba," by Col. H. H. Sargent, U. S. A. It is a full strategic history of the campaign, with maps.

To the Muses' Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is to be added a volume containing the Poetical Works of George Darley, with an Introduction by Ramsay Colles.

Anatole France's "Jeanne d'Arc" is to appear early in September. He is now reading the proofs.

Prof. Joseph Bédier, of the Collège de France, will soon have ready "Les Légendes épiques," studies of the origin and formation of the *chansons de geste*.

Readers of Robert Hichens's novels who have puzzled over the name will be glad to know on authority that it is pronounced not Hyckens or Hickens, but simply Hitchens.

It is proposed to erect a memorial to Mrs. Oliphant in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. The appeal for subscriptions says that she "holds honorable rank among the writers of the Victorian era as probably the most distinguished Scotswoman of letters the country has produced. In her private life she was essentially one of the 'great ladies,' great in her example, great alike in her joys and in her sorrows." An influential committee has been formed to promote this object, among whose members are Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Meredith, J. M. Barrie, A. H. Hawkins ("Anthony Hope"), William Blackwood, and many leading publishing firms or their representatives.

Prof. Joseph Alexander Leighton of Hobart College, who has in preparation a treatise on "Personality and Reality," has issued an essay on "Jesus Christ and the Civilization of To-day" (Macmillans), in which he seeks to present the ethical teachings of the founder of Christianity in their bearing upon the problems of modern culture. His aim is to "discover the fundamental ethical needs of contemporary life, to determine by what principles of conduct the spiritual nature of man and of civilization may be best preserved and developed," and, further, to "determine the bearings of Jesus' ethical teaching on this spiritual life of to-day." To the peril of enslavement in physical causation he opposes the Galilean teaching of the freedom and worth of the individual, and over against the danger of practical materialism, with its interpretation of life as a struggle for sensuous and superficial goods, he erects the high personal idealism of the New Testament. Professor Leighton would seem to be more at home in the field of ethics than in matters of New Testament criticism. One can but wish him well in his doctrine of the freedom of the individual and victory over the forces of time, but it must be said that a more critical attitude toward early Christian tradition would have added not a little to the soundness of his results.

After searching for half a century in Arabia, East India, and elsewhere for the Biblical gold land of Ophir, modern scholarship, as represented in the archæological and historical researches of Karl Peters, had settled upon South Africa, along the Zambesi particularly, as the site of mines where Solomon and Hiram secured their precious metals. These results were based chiefly upon the discovery of old ruins and remains of old mines in these parts of

Rhodesia. Now this discovery is seemingly being shown to be a dream by Dr. David Randall MacIver, in his "Mediæval Rhodesia." He finds nothing of Semitic or Egyptian origin, but thinks all these mines must have been the product of the Middle Ages. The author maintains that in these parts there must have existed some time during the Middle Ages natives of Africa vastly superior in culture and civilization to anything found there in recent centuries. The Germans have already taken up this new line of investigation, and the *Christliche Welt* of Tübingen, No. 24 after analyzing the Egyptian and local archæological reasons for finding Ophir in South Africa, comes to the conlusion that, in view of the facts furnished by Dr. MacIver, the deliberate judgment of scholars must still continue to be an "ignoramus."

Just why it was necessary to make a book of "Indian Pictures and Problems" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is not evident. Our hands are full of such reprints already. Ian Malcolm made a visit to India and wrote about it to various English newspapers. There was no harm in that, though he might have stopped to consider how many other tourists had done the same thing better. But when it came to publishing these notes and impressions, and binding them up with a lot of photographs for sale all over India, he should have paused a long time. However, if there is nothing quotable in Mr. Malcolm's journalistic attempt to do India, there is also nothing objectionable. A child may read it and rejoice. An adult will probably think that he has read it all before.

The motto of Mrs. Mary Mead Clark's "A Corner of India" (Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society) is

> To see the savage bow in prayer
> Is my supreme delight,

and those whose nature permits them to echo this ingenuous avowal will find unqualified joy in the perusal of the author's tale of life among the war-like Nagas on the northeastern frontier of India. It is a simple story of life-long devotion to the missionary cause, ending with a hopeful, if somewhat meagre, outlook. The savages who here bow in prayer are few in number, and even the best are still ignorant, and but little removed from barbarism. Still, it is something to turn a few head-hunters from their unpleasant occupation, even if there is a canny sense of material advantage in the fervor of the newly converted. Mrs. Clark's account gains much by its lack of pretence to literary style. An unfortunate simile likens the "flames of burning villages" to "tongues of fire," but in general the reader, even if not sharing the writer's "supreme delight," is sure to be impressed by Mrs. Clark's unaffected and earnest narrative. And one fact is clearly brought out. A single missionary to savages accomplishes far more than a dozen sent to civilized lands. If only the missionaries in the heart of India could all—or most of them—be transferred to the frontier, how useful they might become!

The Outing Company offers a nicely printed little volume by Louis Rhead, on "Bait Angling for Common Fishes." One is somewhat surprised to find the brook trout included in this category. The author's justification is that it is sometimes caught by bait angling on the bottom, just as other common fishes, but the black bass might just as well have been included for the same reason. The present writer's best record for small-mouthed bass happens to have been made in just that way, in about twenty feet of water. In general it is well to find a recognized authority on trout and bass angling as willing as Mr. Rhead to recognize that there may be legitimate sport in angling for the humbler varieties of fish, and even in the use of the worm; but is it really necessary that the line of toleration should include the carp, that swinish guzzler of the spawn of really respectable fish? We imagine that few who have ever seen the devastations of carp in previously good bass waters can think of the introduction of the carp without much the same sentiment as is aroused by the thought of the importation of the gypsy moth or the English sparrow. We have never been able to recognize the amount of game quality which he finds in the striped perch, but we quite agree with him in condemning Robert B. Roosevelt's assertion that its flesh is coarse and tasteless. When skilfully fried to a crisp in fresh butter, there are few normal palates to which it will not make a successful appeal. Personal experience with the great Northern pike leads us to question the author's statement that no branch of the Esox family is given to assembling in schools. Mr. Rhead closes with a quite common accompaniment of angling literature in these days—a denial of the essential cruelty of angling. We do not think that the sport of angling itself can ever be seriously endangered by attacks on that score, but the attacks doubtless have a useful function in quickening the consciences of individual anglers.

T. Herbert Warren's "Magdalen College, Oxford" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), one of a series, is written by the president of the college in a gossiping style. It contains as much local history as the general public is likely to desire, and some interesting notes on the Customs and Worthies of Magdalen. Of its most famous custom, the May Morning singing on the Tower, President Warren remarks that the solemn character imparted to the ceremony by the use of the hymn taken from the College Grace is not older than the end of the eighteenth century. Before that it is described as "a merry concert of both Vocal and Instrumental Music, consisting of several merry Ketches, and lasting about 2 hours." Antony Wood alludes to it as an "ancient custom," and says that the object was "to acknowledge the coming in of the fruits of the year, or (as wee may say) to salute the great goddess Flora, and to attribute her all prais with dancing and music." The modern celebration makes up in grave, but not unpicturesque, formality what it has lost in meaning.

There can be no question but that the "Commentary on the Gospel of Matthew" of the International Critical Commentary Series, by Willoughby C. Allen, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, will take its place at once as the best work available in English (Charles Scribner's Sons). The book is written for "the student who desires to have some understanding of the growth and development of the Gospel literature in the first century A.D., and of the meaning which this particular Gospel had for the evangelist and his first readers." The chief merit of the commentary is its painstaking and sympathetic interpretation of the Greek text, without improving observations or wearisome cataloguing of discarded opinions. While the author has striven to preserve the distinction between the sphere of the commentator and that of the historian, questions of credibility and theological implication are not entirely avoided, his attitude being for the most part conservative. Especially praiseworthy is his scholarly analysis of the sources of the Gospel, among which he assigns chief place to the canonical Mark, finding evidence also of a source or sources common to Luke and Matthew, as well as distinctively Matthæan Logia, and independent "Palestinian traditions." These sources are indicated by initial letters in the margin of the commentary. Mr. Allen would be the last to affirm that the final word has been spoken on the problem of the literary origin of the first Gospel, and its relation to the other synoptics, but the facts on which opinions must be based find exceptionally clear statement in his Introduction, especially the grounds for holding the priority and superior historical trustworthiness of the Gospel of Mark.

Joseph Hatton, whose death has just occurred, in his sixty-sixth year, was not one of the great writers of his time, but few men were better known in the journalistic and literary worlds on both sides of the Atlantic. Born in Andover, England, he at an early age began to write for the *Derbyshire Times*, of which his father was founder and editor. Thus he was familiar with printer's ink almost from the cradle. In 1868 he had become so well known as a writer that he was intrusted with the task of editing and remodelling the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In course of time his duties called him across the Atlantic, and he made many acquaintances in the United States. Wide and varied as was his journalistic work, he found abundant time for miscellaneous writing. He was a prolific novelist, and some of his stories obtained great popularity. With the stage and its players he always kept up a close connection. He was an intimate of Henry Irving and wrote up his impressions of America. He did a similar service for J. L. Toole, who found but a cold welcome in the theatre here, although in private he was entertained with overflowing hospitality. He had a hand also in the version of "The Scariet Letter" which was played here by Richard Mansfield. "The Prince and the Pauper" was another of his pieces, as was the "Jack Sheppard" in which Weedon Grossmith made a great hit. The minor products of his pen are innumerable.

The late Francis Miles Finch, author of "The Blue and the Gray," who died in Ithaca on July 30, had very little of the author's vanity; his poems were never published in book form. Those who wish to find his "Nathan Hale," "The Blue and the Gray," his "Smoking Song," have to ransack anthologies and the song books of Cornell and Yale. He would sometimes complain of the irony of fate that attached the name of a jurist who had given all his life to the study of law to a little poem written in a moment of inspiration without any thought of literary fame.

Dr. Moritz Brosch, the historian, has just died in Vienna, at the age of seventy-eight. Among his works are "Pabst Julius II. und die Gründung des Kirchenstaates," "Bolingbroke und die Whigs und Tories seiner Zeit," "Neuere Geschichte von England," "Geschichte aus dem Leben dreier Grosswesire."

The death is announced of David Christie Murray in London, at the age of sixty. His first literary work was on the Birmingbam *Morning News*. In 1873 he went to London, and in 1879 turned to fiction. He was also a traveller and lecturer.

UNBRIDLED DEMOCRACY.

The Spirit of American Government. A Study of the Constitution: its Origin, Influence, and Relation to Democracy. By J. Allen Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The argument of this book is as follows: There was little of what is now known as democracy in the United States before or after the Revolution, and the government which was set up was designed to prevent majority rule. The spirit of the Constitution is inherently opposed to democracy, and the so-called evils of democracy are largely the natural result of those checks upon popular rule which the Constitution has imposed. A system of government involving checks and balances of power cannot be reconciled with the theory of popular government, because it denies the right of the masses to direct the policy of the state. We inherited the system from England, and the American statesmen of the formative period were no more democratic in thought than their English kinsmen. A democratic spirit, however, had been developed in America, because the immigrants were the more enterprising and dissatisfied elements of the English people, and because here there was a more even distribution of wealth than in England; but the Declaration of Independence in so far as it proclaimed the equality of man was not acceptable to a large proportion of the people, who desired independence, but did not believe in democracy. Immediately after the peace with Great Britain a tidal wave of democracy swept over the country; the legislatures of the States were generally made all-powerful and the Governors and judges put under their control. The Articles of Confederation were framed under the impulse of this movement, and failed as a scbeme of government not because the principles underlying them were false. Soon conservative thought became influential again, many who had been radicals became conservatives, and the democratic tendency gave place to a political reaction, which found expression in the Constitution. It is a capital error, therefore, to believe, as so many people do, that the Constitution is the embodiment of democratic philosophy. "The efforts of the Constitutional Convention," says Mr. Smith, "were directed to the task of devising a system of government which was just popular enough not to excite general opposition, and which at the same time gave to the people as little as possible of tbe substance of political power."

We are now trying to make an undemocratic Constitution the vehicle of democratic rule, yet it "embodies the political philosophy of the eighteenth century, not that of to-day." The Constitutional Convention sought to make a government which would possess great stability and freedom from change, thought the Articles of Confederation dangerously responsive to public opinion, and supplanted them by an elaborate system of Constitutional checks. One evidence of the undemocratic nature of the Constitution is the difficulty of amendment, in order that it migbt not yield to changes in public opinion. A small minority of the people was thus given power to prevent reform. Provisions to prevent amendment of a form of government to be effective must be lodged in some branch of government not directly responsible to the people. This branch in other governments is usually a King or an hereditary class; with us it is the Federal judiciary, a power made independent of the nation itself. This power was not explained to the people in the arguments made for the adoption of the Constitution. The proceedings of the Convention had been secret, but the people had an uneasy feeling that there had been a conspiracy against popular government. Had they really known what took place in the debates in the Convention they would have known that their fears were not without justification. The advocates of the ratification did not explain the Constitution to the people as they themselves understood it. Hamilton was the master in this deception. He favored the adoption of the Constitution because it would make the government largely independent of public opinion. He wanted the President to have an absolute veto on all State or Federal legislation. He got his veto, in effect, in the Supreme Court, and the law-making power was placed beyond the reach of popular control and put under the court, which, as it has exclusive power to interpret, has practically the power to amend or change. The exaltation of the Federal judiciary is a survival of the old mediæval doctrine that the King can do no wrong, and much the same attitude of mind which made monarchy possible is seen in our attitude towards the Supreme Court, which has been remarkably fortunate in escaping hostile criticism. Its decisions have been almost uniformly advantageous to the capital-owning class, which the unhindered progress of democracy would have affected, and it has been exalted by that class. Popular faith in the infallibility of the court has, however, been much shaken of recent years by its wavering policy in the legal tender, income tax, and insular cases. Tbe court is, in fact, a constant menace to liberty.

The undemocratic development of our political institutions has been the cause of the evils which have arisen. But the future is full of promise. The masses are coming to a consciousness of their strength; we are on the threshold of a new era when the few shall not rule tbe many.

Such is the argument of Professor Smith's book. The work has a certain importance, or, at least, significance, owing to the fact that it expresses so frankly the idea underlying a movement which is now with us and which must run its course. It is, in fact, scientific Bryanism, and draws the curtain, revealing the antagonism of latter-day democracy to the government under which we live. It will not, however, bring about or hasten the change desired by its author, for, while it is clever and well constructed, it is too radical and revolutionary to draw with it the sounder judgment of the people. Professor Smith points significantly in one of his chapters to the fact that Tom Paine, Patrick Henry, and Samuel Adams were not in the Constitutional Convention, and he should have added Thomas Jefferson to the list; but did these popular leaders ever show constructive ability? How long would a government erected by any one of them have lasted? It would have gone down in disorder and strife, and that very liberty which they loved so ardently would have been jeopardized. Undoubtedly, the human race owes a great deal to its leaders in the work of destroying, but it owes still more to its great builders-up. If the experience of mankind teaches us anything it is that direct government of an unchecked majority is tbe worst form of despotism, crushing down the free growth of the individual and even thwarting the genuine will of the people. For it must be observed that the national consciousness is not simple, but double. There is the passion, the quick-changing desires, the hasty injustice, the inconsiderate impulse to action of the people, as of the individual. There is also in each the deeper sense of what is right and proper and decorous, coming to the surface when the excitement of the moment is allayed. In the conduct of the individual, checks imposed by law and custom, by the respect for public opinion, and by the gradually formed habit of self-restraint, serve, or should serve, to place the restraining will in control of his acts. And in this governance lies the only liberty. In the people at large this same influence can be assured only by respect for the past and by the checks of law and tradition. The Constitution, in a word, serves to give the second and deeper consciousness of the people the needed control over its first impulses. What Professor Smith desires in government would correspond to the untrained, unhampered individual, the slave of impressions. He has no understanding of the true democracy, which aims at once at the liberty of the individual, as also of the masses. And this liberty consists in resting the power of government in the more abiding national consciousness.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Sinner. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by M. Prichard-Agnetti. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first member of Fogazzaro's trilogy, "The Patriot" (*Piccolo Mondo Antico*), was published in 1896, "The Sinner" (*Piccolo Mondo Moderno*) in 1901, and "The Saint" four years later. "The Sinner" is now before us in English dress. Tbe title is rather misleading, since the author has apparently intended to represent not so much the moral life of an individual as the working of forces distinctive of a period. In "The Patriot" the chief motive was really the struggle between blind faith and reason which, in every aspect of life, occupied an Italy gathering berself to throw off the Austrian yoke. In "The Sinner"

the struggle is between love and duty, under the conditions of modern Italian life. Franco and Luisa Maironi, the principal figures in "The Patriot," were comparatively simple creatures, but the conflict of their natures is perpetuated in the nature of their son.

The novelist is a firm believer in the working of heredity; he sees in the war which takes place in Piero Maironi between sensuality and asceticism the inevitably legacy of that former strife; something, too—the fruits of victory, perhaps—of the morbid condition now labelled neurasthenia. Piero Maironi has married a girl whose temperament does not harmonize with his, and who presently becomes insane. Thrown back upon his solitary life, the young husband suffers much. Eventually, in a public conveyance, he sees a beautiful woman whose face arrests him, and upon whom he himself makes a strong impression. They meet, and find themselves irresistibly drawn together. Though strong in her virginal instincts, and desirous only of his innocent love, "She hoped, hoped passionately, ready to make any sacrifice joyously, to see him less often, to deny herself the delight of caresses, the sweetness of the familiar *thou*, should he demand these things, if only she might keep his love, if only he would not leave her." As it chances, the other extreme of sacrifice is demanded of her. She knows that there is one means of binding him to her forever. She gives him unspoken promise of what his passion calls for. At the eleventh hour, news comes that the wife has recovered her reason, and wishes to see him before she dies. He hastens to her, full of remorse, to find her dying, but full of tenderness for him. He experiences a sort of conversion, and after her death disappears without trace, presumably to devote himself to the religious life.

The Artistic Temperament. By Jane Wardle. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

The reviewer who takes up this book with a sigh, expecting nothing more than a vain repetition of that sad drivel, which is now apparently marketable, about the weak-kneed gentleman with few brains and no morals, will hardly lay it down without a smile of gratitude. The gentleman who prominently inhabits these pages is sufficiently weak-kneed, but while we preserve for him that sympathy which is felt to be due to infancy, senility, and genius, we are not absolutely required to worship him in his more or less malodorous tracks. One can get a fair notion of the data which the writer has assembled, from a dialogue between the artist in question and the married woman who nearly, but not quite, becomes the victim of his philandering.

For example, the man who is engaged to her sister spends, she says, all his money on books.

"It seems a fairly moral way of speculating, doesn't it?" says the painter, busily working on his portrait.

"I don't mean useful books," she responds, deprecatingly, "that would do him any good, but novels and poetry and things like that. I am really sometimes almost afraid that it is affecting his—but I oughtn't to say that. There are two especially—one who writes detective stories and another, a man called, what is it? Shaw—Bernard Shaw, I think. Do you know the name?"

"I think I heard it somewhere. He's a humorist, isn't he?"

"I don't know. Robert lent me one of the things he'd written and it seemed to me mere nonsense. But Robert takes him quite seriously, and calls him the greatest writer that ever lived. And since he has begun to read so much, he says and does the strangest things. He said to be a good artist, you had to be an immoral man. And that—what was it?—yes—that art was a beautiful flower that was rooted in corruption."

"Did he get that out of Mr. Shaw, or the detective stories?"

"I don't know. I expect it was from one of those clippings he cuts out of the papers like he showed you. Wasn't it absurd?"

But our Mr. Cartmel assures her that "After all, you know, a country is never any good artistically till it is going to the dogs. A lot of silly people spend their time groaning because England isn't an artistic country, and trying to make everybody artistic by Act of Parliament. But it's an uncommonly good thing for England that she's not artistic. And for Art, too."

This sounds like mastery, of the satirical art, at least; and it is a credit to the author that when the clever fellow turns out to be a veritable member of the clan of the invertebrate, the pseudo-artists, she refrains from gilding him and setting him upon a pedestal. The wife and he are rescued from each other by the honest husband; our temperament is presently wedded to a character; and is audible at the fall of the curtain, in his rôle of President of the Royal Academy, uttering the following deliciously ironical remarks:

I will go further and say that the man who possesses the artistic temperament is, by that very fact, incapable of a crime against the beautiful, material or spiritual; is incapable of a mean, petty, or dishonorable action; is incapable, in a word, of any action contrary in spirit to all that we imply when we speak of a gentleman and—if I may say so without seeming to imply anything derogatory to our sister nations—of an English gentleman *par excellence*.

The Confessions of a Daddy. By Ellis Parker Butler. New York: The Century Company.

This thin volume comprises three short narratives which have already been published in the magazines. Mr. Butler's gift for treading a narrow road between the commonplace and the quaint is better exemplified in the second and third chapters than in the first, where his hand falls a bit too heavily. If, as a whole, the volume is not as overwhelming funny as his "Pigs is Pigs," it is still a delightful bit of humor.

The Popular Ballad. By Francis B. Gummere. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

The above is the initial volume of the series on The Types of English Literature, of which Prof. William Allan Neilson is the general editor. There can be no dispute as to the appropriateness of assigning the Ballad in this series to Professor Gummere. By the preface to his "Old English Ballads" and by his work on the "Origins of Poetry," he has won for himself a place among the leading living authorities on the subject of popular poetry, and he combines with his learning an unusual gift for popularization. The work before us consists of four parts, devoted respectively to the origins, the classification, the sources, and the literary value of the ballads. On the last head, it is perhaps needless to say that Professor Gummere writes *con amore*, although with a full recognition of the limitations of popular literature. Perhaps all the more for the mystery that envelops its past, the ballad has an inexpressible charm as the "voice of the people" from a far-distant time. "The great poems of the world," as our author finely says, "are far greater than the greatest ballads; but no poet has ever had the power to compete with popular tradition on its own ground. Art can create far beyond the beauty of sea shells, and on occasion can exactly reproduce them; but it cannot fashion or imitate their murmur of the sea."

The difficult task of classifying the ballads according to their various themes and of giving some account of their contents Professor Gummere has successfully accomplished. Riddles, flytings, ballads of battle and lawless love, ballads of outlawry and the rest, with all their imperishable associations of romance, are passed under review and are characterized with sympathy and critical judgment. The chapters on the burning questions of the origin and sources of the ballad, however, are those to which the student of literature will doubtless first turn in this book. The views which Professor Gummere expresses on these subjects in the present work do not differ from those he has expressed elsewhere, although they may have gained somewhat in definiteness of statement. It must be confessed, however, that there is in these chapters still too much of the *vague vapoureux* with which Cosquin reproached the Grimms in regard to their views on the origins of popular poetry, and one has to search pretty closely for some passage to correct the general impression that our author has not advanced very far, after all, beyond the impossible formula of the Romanticists: "Das Volk dichtet." The truth is that, with all his erudition and vivacity, Professor Gummere's discussion of these difficult problems is deficient in simplicity and directness. There is in his own work too much of the "leaping and lingering" which he ascribes to his primitive choral throng, and one begins to doubt whether he has himself any clear idea of the development of the ballad out of its choral origins into the more or less epic form in which we have received it. In our judgment, the fundamental cause of this erroneous impression, if erroneous it be, lies in his not grappling directly with the question—he "gambols from the matter." But take such a passage as the following (p. 84), which expresses the author's theory about as definitely as any in the volume:

But it may be said generally that the course of the popular ballad is from a mimetic choral situation, slowly detaching itself out of the festal dance and coming into the reminiscent ways of tradition in song and recital. Of that primitive choral ballad nothing is left but the traces of its course and the survival of its elements in later stages of evolution.

Have we really got out of the *vague vapoureux* in such a passage as this? For our own part, we wish that in discussing

these thorny matters Professor Gummere, like his "chronicle ballad," had "felt that grim work was cut out" for him and therefore had taken "the nearest way." One feels how much more definite are the views of the imaginary critic of this theory of ballad origins, as Professor Gummere himself states them. So, for instance, we confess ourselves in full sympathy with this critic when he asks: "Why not take the obvious way, giving the choral to the chorus and the poem to the poet?" One may grant that the gift of improvisation is "universal" among primitive peoples in the sense that everybody, more or less, takes part in choral songs, but all human experience proves that "improvisations" that can stand the test of time, as the ballads have stood it, must be the products of a few gifted minds. The process of "incremental repetition" would never suffice to make something out of nothing.

As regards the sources of the ballads, we wish that Professor Gummere had given a somewhat fuller assent to the view urged by Andrew Lang, that there may be "in many places spontaneous and independent production of similar narratives," so that similarity in the ballads of different countries need not always be set down to the account of borrowing or a common origin. To say nothing of the experiments of M. Bédier in this field, the view here expressed is so obviously in accord with ordinary experience that it surely ought to be given due weight in any investigation of ballad sources.

Notwithstanding the differences of opinion which we entertain regarding these matters of controversy, we gladly acknowledge the interest of Professor Gummere's work, and believe that it will be accepted as beginning auspiciously a series which promises great usefulness.

Capt. James Cook, R. N., F. R. S. "The Circumnavigator." By Arthur Kitson. With map and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50 net.

This is the stimulating story of a man in reviving the memory of whom Mr. Kitson has rendered a genuine service. Not by the accident of birth, nor the advantages of education, or of unusually favorable circumstances did James Cook win distinction, but because he made the best use of his opportunities. The son of a day laborer, as a lad the assistant of a village grocer and haberdasher, at eighteen a cabin boy and seaman till he was twenty-eight, in the twenty-two years he was a commander he gained the highest rank among navigators of his time, and conquered the attention of the civilized world. That this is no exaggerated statement is shown by the instructions issued in 1780 by the governments of France, Spain, and the American Colonies, then at war with Great Britain, to their naval officers. For example, the French minister declared that "it is the King's pleasure that Captain Cook shall be treated as a commander of a neutral and allied power, and that all captains of armed vessels, etc., who may meet that famous navigator, shall make him acquainted with the King's order on this behalf."

In like manner our representative in Paris, Ben. Franklin, says in his instructions that Captain Cook is to be shown every respect, and be permitted to pass unattacked on account of the benefits he had conferred on mankind through his important discoveries. Such a tribute to a man's value to the world we do not recall, and certainly it was an honor to the nations by whom it was conferred. When the news of his death reached Europe it is recorded that "the Empress of Russia expressed a most deep concern at the loss of Captain Cook. She was the more sensibly affected from her very partial regard to his merits."

There are very few personal touches in the sources from which the biography is drawn, for the man seems to have been so absorbed in his work as to lose sight of himself, but we have a glimpse of him as a boy which seems to reveal the secret of his success. During the intervals of his early voyages as a seaman in the coasting trade, he lived at the house of the man to whom he was apprenticed. "He made great friends with Mr. Walker's housekeeper, Mary Prowd, from whom he obtained the concession of a table and a light in a quiet corner, where he might read and write in peace." Almost the only other personal touch is in connection with this same woman. For when he returned from his first voyage, the old housekeeper "had been carefully instructed that a Commander in His Majesty's Navy was a very different person from one of her master's apprentices, and that he must be received with all the marks of respect due to his rank. She promised obedience, but, when the time came, she forgot her instructions, and opening wide her arms, exclaimed: 'Oh honey James! How glad I is to see thee.'"

Cook's fame rests mainly on his work as an explorer during his three voyages in both Polar regions, the northwest coast of America, and among the islands of the Pacific. Striking testimony to the accuracy of this self-taught navigator is given in the fact that many of his charts are even now the basis of those actually in use at the Admiralty, and of these there is much that has been found to require no alteration. But he ranks high among the world's benefactors through his successful contest with that scourge of the sailor of the eighteenth century, scurvy. Of its terrific ravages we may form some conception from the statement that during Cook's early days at sea it was no unusual thing for a man-of-war to find herself short-handed through its effects after a cruise of only a few weeks, and in a voyage across the Atlantic as many as 20 per cent. of the crew are known to have perished. With these experiences of his own he determined, as soon as he became commander, that it was his duty to fight the dreaded scourge in every possible way. That duty he discharged most faithfully, for in his second voyage, which lasted three years and eighteen days, he lost only four of his crew—three of the deaths being accidental and only one from disease—"a record unprecedented in the annals of English naval history." He himself attributed the health of his crew "in a great measure to the Sour Kraute, Portable Soup, and Malt," but the personal cleanliness of his men was a strong point with him. He never suffered "any to appear dirty before him," writes one of his men, "in so much that when other commanders came on board, they could not help declaring they thought *every day* Sunday on board of Capt. Cook." In 1776 the Royal Society awarded him the Copley gold medal for having provided "the means by which Britain may now, on the most distant voyages, preserve numbers of her intrepid sons, her mariners." But his care for the welfare of his fellowmen was not confined to sailors. The forlorn condition of many of the natives in the islands at which he touched, especially in the matter of food, appealed to him so powerfully that he carried in his ship live stock and supplies of garden seeds, such as peas, beans, cabbages, turnips, onions, etc., to be given them in the hopes of stocking the islands. When the Resolution left the Cape in his last voyage, writes a contemporary, "she was so stocked with animals that she resembled Noah's Ark." Although the natives were inveterate thieves, and force had often to be employed to recover the stolen property and to defend the sailors, his sincere regret at the necessity is always recorded. His death was due in a certain sense to an accident. The trouble began as usual with a theft, and Cook went on shore to quiet the disturbance, and was received with the usual marks of respect. But soon he was threatened by a man armed with a stone and an iron spike, and a heavy fire of stones was opened on the marines. Cook went to the water's edge and "turned round to call to the boat's crew to cease from firing, and pull in. This is believed to have been the cause of his death, for, while facing the natives, none but the man shot by Gibson had offered him actual violence, but when he turned to give orders to the boats he was struck on the head and stabbed in the back, falling with his face in the water." A voyager among the islands twenty years after, says that "in Owhyhee the fatal accident which befell Cook is to this day deeply and generally deplored."

Mr. Kitson's work shows great painstaking labor; he corrects several serious misstatements of previous biographers, and adds some new and interesting facts. If he errs, it is in too much detail—an error into which he is led by his enthusiasm for his hero and the belief that his readers will be interested in every minutest circumstance which Cook himself has narrated. But one soon loses interest in the number of pigs, for instance, brought by the natives of the different islands as gifts to their strange visitors. The desire for absolute accuracy is so impressed upon his book that attention may be called to one or two slight errors. The date of the letter on page 218 should be 1771, and Louisburg is not "situated on a promontory at the *northeast* of the island of Cape Breton" (p. 30).

The volume is attractively got up, with an excellent index and map, and twenty illustrations. Four of these are reproductions of paintings by "Mr. William Hodges, a painter of repute," who accompanied Cook on his second voyage, being "specially appointed by the Admiralty to take views of the principal places of interest visited by the ships." Mr. Kitson closes with a reference to the few insignificant memorials to his hero that have been erected, and rightly says "it seems strange that this great discoverer, and perhaps the greatest benefactor that the maritime services of all nations ever had, has been so neglected."

The Creed of a Layman: Apologia pro fide mea. By Frederic Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

No man is better entitled than Frederic Harrison to speak with authority on English Positivism. He witnessed its beginning, and has been *magna pars* of its history. While an undergraduate at Oxford, he accepted Comte's view of general history; in 1867 he took part in establishing in London the Positivist Social and Political Union; from 1870 to 1879 he was a supporter of Richard Congreve's Chapel Street Positivist School (afterwards called the Church of Humanity); and when Congreve broke away from the Paris society, he became a member of the English Positivist Committee formed by Pierre Laffitte, the pupil and successor of Comte, with headquarters in Newton Hall, and was president of this organization from 1880 to 1905. He was in intimate association with the Comtist leaders, French and English, and labored incessantly, by lectures and writings, to expound Comte's philosophy and religion to the English public, and to defend it against the criticisms of Ruskin, Spencer, Huxley, Mallock, and others. A full sketch of the Comtist movement in England, such as he could give, would be welcome. The present volume, however, as the title indicates, is simply a statement and defence of his own religious position—a bit of autobiography that should be interesting even to those whose theological opinions he assails so vigorously. He tells of his early training in the doctrines of the Church of England, all of which he accepted fully; his studies in the physical and biological sciences, and his consequent rejection of church dogmas and adoption of a general theism, and his final complete acceptance of Comte's views. But though he came to rest in Humanity as the only intelligible object of religious reverence and guide and support of life, he seems never to have been friendly to the ecclesiastical form of organization favored by Comte, Laffitte and Congreve. He has not refused to recognize Comte's nine "Sacraments"—he here prints addresses that he made on the day of all the dead, the presentation of infants, initiation, destination, marriage, burial, and other occasions—but he regards these ceremonies as purely practical and scientific, and is apparently averse to styling the Positivist organization a church.

The greater part of the book is made up of reprints of certain of the author's magazine articles and addresses. The most interesting of these is his notice, published in the *Westminster Review* of October, 1860, of the famous Oxford "Essays and Reviews," which that year reached a second edition. For readers of the present generation it is often difficult to understand the excitement produced in the English religious world by this volume. Most of its critical conclusions are now regarded as commonplaces, and are condoned if not adopted by the Church of England. But in 1860 its positions seemed revolutionary and destructive. If not the most important religious work published in England for two hundred years, as Mr. Benn has recently termed it, it was the first public recognition by churchmen of good standing of the new results of Biblical criticism. It seemed to many to destroy the foundations of Christian faith; it was denounced as infidel and treasonable. The highest authorities, to be sure, were not much affected by this storm of condemnation: the authors of the essays were not visited with condign punishment; on the contrary, Jowett became Master of Balliol, Temple Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, and others were honored in various ways. But the popular indignation remained great, and it was in the midst of the excitement that Harrison's review appeared. His point is that the Essays give up the church doctrine of inspiration and revelation, and practically throw over the supernatural element in the Christian creed. He insists that honest thinkers will be unable to rest in the compromises suggested by the Essayists—religion, he says, to maintain its hold on man, must be in harmony with all scientific thought. The article is clear and vigorous, and its demand for honesty and consistency is as pertinent now as it was then. Its ruthless logic has no charity for the happy inconsistencies of human thought. It is true that in the public services of the churches the imprecatory psalms are read from the pulpit, and prayer is offered for rain; but none the less preacher and people in theory adopt the gentler teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, and believe in the reign of physical law. Our author might have laid more stress than he has done on the fact that the moral accompaniments of any system of life, religious or philosophical, are determined mainly not by theories and creeds, but by the social atmosphere.

Mr. Harrison's defence of his Positivist faith does not offer any new point of view. His ethical creed is not the product of Positivism, or of any other system, but of the general influences of modern life. His empirical philosophy is held to-day by many men of different schools; it is especially emphasized, for example, by the new Pragmatist doctrine. The only point that particularly interests us in Positivism is its cult of Humanity; we wish to know what it is in this faith that secures the devotion of a man of Mr. Harrison's wide culture and general sanity of thought. Of his enthusiastic devotion there is no question. The reason for his faith is given most distinctly in his article entitled "The Creed of a Layman" and in his essay on "Pantheism and Cosmic Emotion." The constitution of his mind is religious, he demands an object of religious reverence, cannot rest in a materialistic conception of the world, and is thus shut up to a choice between theism, pantheism, and the cult of Humanity. But science, he holds, has sublimated God into an abstraction, an ideal without living content, without emotional contact with actual human life, and on philosophical pantheism, subtle and grand as it is, lies the blot that it jumbles up the moral, the immoral, the non-human, and the anti-human. There remains only Man, with his splendid endowments, standing above physical nature, offering us something to reverence, to live for, to take as a source of comfort and strength. It is, of course, an ideal Humanity that Mr. Harrison reverences, a selection of the best in human nature. Taken in the mass, men are not only ignorant and slaves of appetite, but are vastly more cruel than external nature. And, one might ask, if Humanity is to be idealized, why not the cosmos? For the rest, the love of humanity has been preached by all ethical teachers, and is professed by all who aspire to a moral life. There is no better ethical motive, and if it be a comfort and support, there is no objection to calling it a religion.

Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography (Postscriptum de ma Vie). Translated with a Study of the Last Phase of Hugo's Genius by Lorenzo O'Rourke. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.

Lorenzo O'Rourke has attempted the almost impossible task of translating a volume of Victor Hugo's "ideas" on literature, philosophy, and religion, composed of the last of his posthumous manuscripts issued at his centenary. It is not surprising that the results are mediocre. There are three phases of Hugo's literary productions—his fiction, his poetry, his criticism or pseudo-philosophy. As a novelist he is best known to English readers, as a poet he is greatest; of the originality of his thoughts and reflections the least said the better. The present volume contains disquisitions on matters such as genius and taste, the beautiful, the infinite, life and death, God, atheism, supreme contemplation. No pent-up Utica ever contracts Hugo, but it was an unkind service to "betray" him into English. He says himself in the present volume, "Idea is style; and style is idea. Try to tear out the word, it is the thought that you destroy. For thought, expression is what it needs must be, a garment of light for this spiritual body." In the hands of a somewhat unskilful translator the wordiness of Hugo becomes apparent instead of the words, the flux of hurrying rhetorical questions which do not stay for an answer, the artificial antitheses of clauses, the wearying iteration of encyclopædic illustration. Victor Hugo is a great lyric, and at times a great epic, poet. His criticism is prose poetry. Put it into literal English and simplified spelling and the result is largely sound and fury.

Mr. O'Rourke, an intense admirer of Hugo, has accompanied his translation by a sympathetic, though emotional, discussion of the author's genius. It deserves the epithet which an American undergraduate trying to lisp in French applied to Swinburne's eulogy of the same author: "Un éloge gonflé de Victor Hugo." In fact, Mr. O'Rourke puts his hero above Dante, Milton, Æschylus; the poetry is written with "a pen plucked from the wing of the dragon of the Apocalypse"; he "fashioned for himself a mighty organ whose gamut ranged from the pipes of Pan to the trumpet of the Last Judgment"; he is "the Michelangelo of modern literature, carving in the Pentelic marble of the Ideal." Apart from this rhetoric the editor gives an interesting and faithful summary of M. Mabilleau's analysis of Hugo's color vision of the world and some judicious criticism.

The translator's knowledge of French is, on the other hand, unequal to his task. He makes Hugo say that "Molière was a product of the pillar of Halles," that we should not "look for midday at two o'clock"; and simple expressions like *cuisse d'or, dame de piquc, casier* and *soupeur*, being evidently too much for him, remain in the original. The effect of the volume in its English form is of a wild medley of jerky phrases. The power of Hugo's marvellous and thrilling sweep of language is lost, and one is led to apply to the book Hugo's own phrase upon the realm of dreams and visions, or rather the one which Mr. O'Rourke has substituted, that "All this chimera is full of boomerangs!"

The Imperial Gazetteer of India. The Indian Empire. Vol. I. Descriptive. III. Economic. IV. Administrative. New Edition. Published under the authority of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. $2 net each.

It is significant of the growth of India during the past quarter of a century and its increased importance that the Imperial Gazetteer, originally published in 1881, has expanded from nine to twenty-six volumes. Of these the first four, entitled Descriptive, Historical, Economic, and Administrative, are an enlargement of the independent volume by Sir W. W. Hunter on the Indian Empire which appeared in 1893. The present work is based on the results of the Census of 1901, and, with the exception of parts of the introductory volumes, has been written by officials in India, "and every page has been submitted to the criticism of the several Administrations or Departments concerned." The mass of material from which the facts are drawn is almost inconceivable, the manuscript records of the Military Boards from 1773 to 1858 alone consisting of "739 ponderous tomes." A cursory glance even at the three volumes which have been given to the public, would convince one that on many accounts India is the most interesting of all countries. It has a greater variety of structure, climate, productions, and people than any other region of equal size. In one place an annual rainfall of 950 inches has been recorded, in another absolutely no rain fell for a year. Its flora, with nearly 17,000 flowering plants and 300 different kinds of rice in a single district, is unsurpassed in its variety, while its animal species far outnumber Europe's, and it "is the only country in the world inhabited by all the known families of living snakes." The people differ more in race, language, habits of life, and degrees of civilization than those of any other country, nor is there anywhere else anything resembling the several thousand castes into which the Indians are divided. The absolute prohibition of mixed marriages being the essential and most prominent characteristic of caste, the population consists of separate strata in which there has been little fusion for untold ages. "There is consequently no national type, and no nation in the ordinary sense of the word." This is a pregnant fact which those who advocate self-rule for India should ponder.

Sir Thomas Holdich, very appropriately, contributes the opening chapter of the first volume, descriptive of India's physical aspects. An evidence of the growth of our knowledge in this direction is his allusion to the fact that the Tsan-po in Tibet and the Brahmaputra are one and the same river, a result gained through the native Indian surveyors. The most interesting of the subjects treated in this volume is caste. Its history, so far as it can be traced, is sketched and a multitude of facts are given to show its nature, and the various theories accounting for it are discussed. The presence of low-caste children in a common school is objected to on account of the physical contamination supposed to be involved. In some provinces and among certain classes, the degraded castes are allowed to sit either in a veranda or on a lower section of the floor than the rest and to deposit their books and exercises on the floor instead of handing them to the master. The conclusion of the writer comes to this, that "the origin of caste is, from the nature of the case, an insoluble problem." An encouraging fact in the chapter on Public Health is the prolongation of the age limit, more in the women than in the men, demonstrated by the last census returns. The Economic volume is devoted to a description of the natural wealth of the country, the industries of the people, and the railway construction and irrigation works of the Government. It also contains a lucid treatment of the famine problem, which shows, among other encouraging signs, that the Maharaja of Jaipur and his family have founded a trust amounting to $1,000,000 for the relief of the needy in times of famine.

The most important of the three volumes is the fourth, on the administration of the country. It deserves the careful study of every one whose task it is to govern an inferior race. The guiding motive of the English ruler is to be found in the first chapter, in which the primary duty of the collector or district magistrate is "to be accessible to and intimately acquainted with the inhabitants." He is to spend several months of the year in camp, so that the local magnates and village elders may have a ready opportunity of discussing their affairs with him, as the assessment of their lands, the opening of a new school, some local quarrel in regard to the right of way; in fact, everything that touches their daily life. In this way he is to gain the affections of the people, "and tales of his sagacity and good deeds will be told in remote villages many years after his name has ceased to be borne on the civil list of his province." An admirable and copious index in this, as in the other volumes, makes it perfectly easy to refer to any subject on which information is desired. The Gazetteer is a monumental work, and is a fitting commemoration of the close of the first half-century of the Indian Empire.

Religion and Experience. By J. Brierley, B.A. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $1.40 net.

Popular writers on religious subjects are, as a rule, unfortunate in their use of science and philosophy. This is due doubtless to superficiality of knowledge, to the lack of an intellectual aim, and in part also to an overreaching desire to be abreast of the times—to possess and use the latest novelties. Such writers too often glean without discrimination verified results, untried hypotheses, vague speculations, and fragments of philosophical systems drawn from various sources, and use them to suit the demands of religious tradition or popular edification. The present book is a case in point. Mr. Brierley draws at will from the philosophical idealism and empiricism of the day, and does not hesitate to argue the religious and moral consequences of telepathy and radio-activity, all of which lends to his book a journalistic, and at times meretricious, character that largely destroys its value. His fundamental purpose is beyond criticism. He proposes after the manner of the day to study religion in the religious experience rather than in its organizations and formularies; and at the same time to give to his study a devotional and practical character. But he does not appear to realize what is involved in his method. Thus, arguing from the general subjectivistic principle that outer objects are what the mind of the onlooker makes them, he contends that the beginnings of Christianity can be understood only from a study of the characteristic historical state of mind which put its stamp upon them. We are led to conclude that Christianity reduces to the experiences of Christians together with some vague and inaccessible cause that is to be inferred from them. And when one has reached this point of reducing religion to inner experience, a psychological explanation will do as well as any other, if, indeed, it is not the only one left. The author is thus in the position of having virtually thrown overboard the whole structure of objective belief that alone can distinguish Christianity or any other religion from a system of mental therapeutics.

But it would be misleading as well as unjust to represent this book only in point of its method and consistency. Although the title is a legitimate and suggestive one, the whole is not a treatise so much as a collection of essays, dealing with such miscellaneous topics as Pleasure, Doctrine and Life, Fatigue, Politics and Religion, and Inner Discipline. All the essays are interesting, and often, as in the chapter entitled "The Solitaries," the style is both graphic and eloquent. The author is widely and well read, and his allusions to literature, history, and biography, though repetitious, and too suggestive of a recent reading of Oscar Wilde and Moncure Conway, are never inapt. The various subjects are well exploited, and the conclusions, while marked by an optimism that is too easy-going to bear a searching criticism, are unquestionably honest, kindly, and wholesome.

Some Problems of Existence. By Norman Pearson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.10 net.

This volume, containing within brief compass speculations which carry the reader "from before the cradle to beyond the grave," is liberal in spirit, attractive in style, but totally lacking in solidity and cogency. Not only is the author's method highly "speculative," but he bases his whole procedure on postulates which he has adopted and interpreted to suit himself:

> My postulates for this theory are: (1) the existence of a Deity, (2) the immortality of man, (3) a Divine scheme of evolution of which we form part, and which, as expressing the purpose of the Deity, proceeds under the sway of an inflexible order. Such postulates, I think, are not too extravagant, and will suffice to meet the needs of the case.

Just what "the needs of the case" are is not precisely clear, nor are the postulates themselves unequivocal in meaning. God, Immortality, and Order are assumptions sweeping and vague enough to meet almost any needs, and especially the traditional religious needs which the author seems to

have most at heart. No effort is made to justify these postulates. Thus, in connection with the personality and existence of God, it is remarked that "neither belief is demonstrably true; yet each alike is attested by an almost irresistible tendency of thought." There could be no clearer revelation of logical innocence. For fundamentals we are compelled to be satisfied with a set of arbitrary and ill-defined dicta. But the author's looseness of thought not only vitiates the general philosophical standpoint of the book, but creeps into the discussion of special topics. This is well illustrated by the treatment of the problem of the development of mind. While the development of mental structure proceeds *pari passu* with that of physical structure, "it cannot follow quite the same route," for "the physical structure of an animal in due course breaks up after death, and survives alone in the structural *tendencies* transmitted to its offspring." If we ask why mental structure cannot follow the same route, we must content ourselves with a speculation that is supposed to accord better with the demands of religion. The author has "advanced the suggestion that this does not perish with the body, but survives as a discarnate mind-structure." Similarly, right and wrong are obscurely based on a "Divine scheme of things," with no indication of the way in which mankind is to discern it. Again, the problem of evil is solved by the hypothesis of a dual God. The one manifestation, the God of philosophy, is omnipotent, but non-moral; the other, the God of religion, is benevolent, but finite. Thus the old contradiction between the perfection and omnipotence of God is avoided by assigning these attributes to different beings, while our natural misgivings as to the relation between these two beings are quieted by the simple suggestion that the one may be supposed to be evolved from the other by a process of "self-limitation"! In conclusion, it ought to be said that while the various theories advocated in this book, such as that of the continuous development of individuals through successive levels of mental structure, infra-human and super-human, and that of the finiteness of God, are badly formulated and worse reasoned, they are by no means intrinsically absurd. Indeed, if one overlooks its crudities of method and its scientific and philosophical dilettanteism, the book as a whole impresses one as rather a happy blend of naturalism and theism, reflecting both an attractive personality and a broad tendency characteristic of the age.

Vent' Anni di Vita Italiana attraverso all' Annuario. Note e Commenti di Ernesto Nathan. Rome: Casa Editrice Nazionale.

Signor Nathan has produced a book of much value. He has taken the official annual year-books of Italy for twenty years beginning in 1882, summarized them, and deduced from them the symptoms, favorable or unfavorable, which mark Italy's recent development. He divides his subject into three sections—economic, intellectual, and moral—of which the last includes such topics as population, suicides, emigration, crime, salaries, strikes, savings banks, army and navy, and parliament.

In almost all cases the data show a healthy growth. Thus the deposits of savings have risen from 1,040 to 2,200 million lire, and the number of railway passengers from 32 to 61 millions; there has been an extraordinary industrial expansion in the North, and a corresponding extension of commercial relations with foreign countries. On the other hand, agricultural conditions, whether owing to drought, antiquated methods, lack of capital, or other causes, have not improved in the South. Hence, an ominous increase in emigration. Illiteracy is slowly diminishing, but it will require a long time to wipe out that blot which under the old governments was promoted, and is still the means by which the Clericals maintain their hold over the peasants. The record of crimes is not satisfactory, the number of juvenile delinquents (under eighteen years of age) being on the increase.

The tables and summaries given by Signor Nathan are greatly enhanced by his interpretation of them. Being himself half-English, with wide acquaintance with English economic and social conditions, he is able to treat his study by the comparative method. He also refers constantly to corresponding statistics for Continental Europe and the United States. For many readers, the most interesting part of his work is the final section, in which he analyzes the political elements and discusses the various activities of the Socialists and Clericals. He leaves the impression that Italy was never so solidly established as at present. Signor Nathan writes so vigorously, always keeping his eye on the human interest underlying the statistics, that his book is easy reading. It will be indispensable to every one who makes a first-hand study of contemporary Italy.

A Commentary on the Life and Character of Charles James Fox. By W. S. Landor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

This is a hitherto unpublished work of Landor's. It was printed in 1812, but not issued, Murray, the publisher, withdrawing from the venture at the last moment. "The manuscript must have been destroyed ages ago. Of the printed copies only one is known to have survived. This is in the possession of the Earl of Crew." (Editor's preface.) The objection to the work was political. Landor had dedicated it to President Madison, and Gifford wrote to Murray:

> I never read so rascally a thing as the Dedication. It shows Landor to have a most rancorous and malicious heart. Nothing but a rooted hatred of his country could have made him dedicate his jacobinical work to the most contemptible wretch that ever crept into authority.

In the Dedication occur such passages as this: "Between the government of Napoleon and the British, no people is permitted to regulate its own affairs. We rivet the chain, he breaks the limb in striking the link assunder." This was not likely to please Gifford, and apart from the furious diatribe against Fox, which constitutes the ostensible substance of the book, its tone was too pro-American to be publishable in England at that particular period of history. But Landor's purpose was wise enough. The war of 1812 was in the air, and his Dedication was an appeal to Madison to do his best to prevent hostilities:

> A war between America and England would at all times be civil war. Our origin, our language, our interests are the same. Would it not be deplorable, would it not be intolerable to reason and humanity, that the language of a Locke and a Milton should convey and retort the sentiments of a Bonaparte and a Robespierre?

As an historical estimate of Fox the book is too polemical to have much value, but the style has a rare energy and color.

Science.

The remarkable journey which Capt. Arnaud has just made across Western Africa from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Guinea in a little more than a hundred days, shows the extraordinary progress in the pacification of the Sahara. The distance traversed was 3,224 miles, of which nearly half were on dromedaries and the remainder on horseback, in canoes, and 775 miles by railway. The rapidity of the journey across the Sudan and Dahomey, 868 miles in twenty-four days, likewise shows the progress in the creation of the routes in the vast French West African empire. The mission brings back very important data as to the geography of many hitherto untraversed and mountainous districts.

Last year, the structure for scientific studies, erected on the Punta Gnifetta, 4,559 metres above the sea, almost the highest point in the Monte Rosa group of mountains, by the ex-Queen Margheretta of Italy, was set apart for its special purposes. On the same Italian side of the Alps, on the Colle d'Olen, 2,871 metres above the sea, another and much larger building has now been erected for similar purposes, its international character being apparent from the fact that the Governments of Belgium, Germany, England, France, Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Switzerland contributed the bulk of the funds. The structure will house the International Scientific Institute for Physiological Studies in the Higher Alps. The most enthusiastic worker for the cause is Prof. Angelo Mosso, the famous savant of the Turin University. The building contains seventeen study rooms and sixteen dwelling rooms, and is connected by telephone with the nearest Italian village. Five study places are assigned to Italy, two each to Belgium, England, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Austro-Hungary, and one to America. The laboratories are well equipped.

Italian savants are about to organize an Academy of Sciences modelled after the British Association called Società per il Progresso delle Scienze. The first meeting, to be held in September in Parma, is to include departments in mathematics, natural science, medicine, engineering, statistics, and political economy.

At a meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club Mr. Eagle Clarke exhibited specimens of the Artic tern (*Sterna paradisæa*) which had been collected on the recent Scottish National Antarctic Expedition in 74 degrees south latitude off the Antarctic continent. As this bird reaches

82 degrees north latitude in the Arctic regions, it thus excels any other bird in its enormous north and south distribution, its habitat covering 156 degrees of the 180 degrees between the two poles of the earth.

A paper of peculiar signifioance was read before a recent meeting of the Zoölogical Society of London and will be published in the Proceedings. It was by Dr. B. F. Nopsca on "The Origin of Flight." After careful comparison of the fore and hind limbs of bats and pterosaurs on the one hand, and birds and dinosaurs on the other, he denies that archæopteryx shows any specialization in the direction of arboreal life or ancestry. His general conclusions are, that pterosaurs and bats originated independently from quadrupedal arboreal forms in which both anterior and posterior extremities, in consequence of the development of a patagium, became primarily equally used for flight and, in consequence, equally unfit for locomotion on the ground. Birds, however, originated from bipedal, dinosaur-like running forms in which the anterior extremities, on account of flapping movements, gradually turned to wings without thereby affecting terrestrial locomotion. This is also the reason why birds became dominant over all the rest of their aerial rivals.

In a Singapore newspaper, W. Strickland of that city reports a spider with most remarkable eyes, brought to him alive from the island of Java. This arachnid is furnished with two large and protruding eyes (in addition to several smaller ones) which usually are dark brown in color like the body of the animal. Under excitement or other cause these will turn suddenly to a bright grass green, and as quickly back to the original color. This change takes place apparently at will and in one alone, or in both eyes simultaneously. No similar phenomenon is known among any other creatures, except this *Attis* family of spiders.

To "A Text-Book in General Zoölogy" (American Book Co.), by Glenn W. Herrick, should have been prefixed "elementary," as it is intended for a first course in that subject. There is nothing novel in contents or arrangement, but there is a judicious selection of facts and the manuscript has been carefully edited for errors. The "especially malignant" feeling which sawfishes are said to entertain toward whales is, however, a myth, as the two creatures in question never come within miles of each other. But slips such as this are minor ones, and if our more advanced text-books could boast of as few errors there would be less need for blue-pencilling directions in giving them out to students.

"Studies in Plant and Organic Chemistry, and Literary Papers," by Helen Abbott Michael, with a biographical sketch, has just been issued by the Riverside Press. The extraordinary career of Mrs. Michael deserves a memorial like this. The volume contains selections to illustrate the scope of her activities and the breadth of her sympathies and interests, and it presents also a fascinating account of the heroic manner in which she met and overcame serious difficulties caused by ill-health. Miss Abbott first became an accomplished musician, devoting to her studies an amount of time and energy which belong only to the strongest constitutions. Afterwards, while not relinquishing her interest in music, she became an ardent investigator of chemical problems and of therapeutics, acquiring in every field she entered new facts, which she promptly contributed to science. And, besides her absorbing devotion to these many subjects, allied and yet diverse, she gave an incredible amount of attention to social and political questions. Added to all this was the earnest study of certain questions in philosophy and literature. In everything she touched she succeeded, and the volume before us is a partial record of some of those successes. Every reader will delight in the frank and charming extracts from Mrs. Michael's diary, which constitute a part of Mr. Dole's biographical sketch. The sketch itself is well proportioned and discriminating, and is thoroughly appreciative of Mrs. Michael's remarkable powers. Every student of plant-physiology will be glad to have in this compact form the scattered papers which, under her maiden name of Abbott, Mrs. Michael contributed to many scientific publications. Among the most interesting of these communications is her study of the "Chemical Relations of Plant-Forms," a subject which she made her own, and in the further investigation of which every chemist must make grateful use of her suggestions.

Drama and Music.

One of the most important theatrical incidents of the coming season will be the production by Harrison Grey Fiske of Percy Mackaye's poetic tragedy, "Sappho and Phaon," which has already been reviewed in these columns. Mr. Fiske is to be congratulated upon its possession. He promises that the support of Madame Kalich, who is to enact the heroine, and the general stage equipment, shall be fully worthy of Mr. Mackaye's creation.

Among other interesting announcements by Mr. Fiske is one to the effect that sooner or later Madame Kalich is to be seen in a new play by Edward Knoblauch, the author of that strong but not altogether pleasant piece "The Shulamite."

According to report Clyde Fitch's new play will be a serious work, in which the author addresses himself to one of those "obstinate questionings" which sooner or later enlist the fancy and engage the attention of every "considerable" dramatist. It is time that Mr. Fitch's abilities were devoted to some more worthy object than the temporary satisfaction of the unthinking crowd.

John Mason, one of the best actors and most highly qualified comedians now to be seen upon the stage, is to play the principal male character in the dramatic adaptation of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," which Virginia Harned is to produce.

Only playgoers of the older growth, and not very many of them, have any practical acquaintance with Macklin's once popular comedy "The Man of the World." The central character, Sir Pertinax MacSycophant—written for himself by the famous creator of the modern Shylock—offers extraordinary theatrical opportunities to an actor of the first class, being a bold study of shameless hypocrisy, effrontery, and sycophancy, ending in a scene of tragic intensity. The announcement that this almost forgotten play is to be revived this season by Robert Mantell will excite lively interest among the friends of the older comedy, and doubtless will provoke the curiosity of younger playgoers.

Haydn is universally considered one of the greatest composers, but although he died ninety-eight years ago, no complete edition of his works has ever been printed. As he wrote no fewer than seventy-seven string quartets and 125 symphonies and overtures, and as his music is now seldom heard, because of its simplicity, this is perhaps not surprising. None the less, every music lover who likes to explore unknown scores must be glad to hear that a complete edition of his works is to be brought out by Breitkopf & Härtel. The editors of the Haydn edition are to be Dr. Mandyczewski, Prof. Guido Adler, Dr. Oscar von Hase, and Dr. Erwin Luntz. There will be eighty volumes of some 200 pages each—16,000 pages of music to edit and print, all by one man! The libraries of Germany and Austria have placed their MS. treasures at the service of the editors, and so has the family of Prince Esterhazy, in whose castle Haydn wrote most of his works.

Many things have changed since Haydn's day, but in one thing all periods are ludicrously alike—in their complaints over the decay of the vocal art. "Singing," wrote Haydn more than a century ago, "is almost one of the forgotten arts, and that is why the instruments are allowed to overpower the voices." This is funny, but the following remark, which he made to Michael Kelly, cannot be pondered too seriously: "It is the air which is the charm of music, *and it is that which is most difficult to produce.* The invention of a fine melody is a work of genius."

The MacDowell fund now exceeds $38,000. The committee in charge suggests the advisability of giving concerts at summer resorts in furtherance of its objects, and the suggestion is a good one. Information regarding these objects can be obtained of Mr. Allan Robinson, No. 60 Wall Street, New York.

Art.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the greatest sculptor in the history of American art, died at his summer home in Cornish, N. H., on Saturday night. He had been failing very rapidly for a week before his death.

He was born in Dublin on the 1st of March, 1848. His father, Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens, was a Frenchman, having come to Ireland from the town of Haute-Garonne, in the Pyrenees; his mother, whose maiden name was McGuinness, was a native of Dublin. When the child was six months old, the family emigrated to America, stopping for three months in Boston, and then settling finally in New York. Here the boy attended public school

till his thirteenth year, when he was apprenticed to a cameo cutter named Avet, a Savoyard, and the first stone cameo cutter in the United States. Saint-Gaudens's relations with Avet were broken in his seventeenth year, when he quarrelled with his master. He was in despair at the loss of his position, but, though Avet begged his parents to induce him to return, he refused, and went to work with a shell cameo cutter named Le Breton. He remained with Le Breton three years. All through the years of his two apprenticeships Saint-Gaudens showed the energy and ambition to study drawing at night, for the first four years attending the classes of Cooper Union, for the last two the National Academy of Design. In 1867 he determined to go to Paris and devote himself to the serious study of art. There, after spending some time in the Petite École, he entered, in 1868, the studio of the sculptor Jouffroy, in the École des Beaux Arts. But he continued to practise his trade of cameo cutting, devoting half his working hours to it. He always, in later life, attributed his success to the habits of faithful labor thus acquired, and would refer to his apprenticeship as "one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to him."

The date of Saint-Gaudens's entrance into the studio of Jouffroy was the year of the Universal Exposition, at which Paul Dubois exhibited his Florentine Singer, which had won the medal of honor two years before at the Salon. This work, breathing the spirit of the Renaissance, led to freedom from the stereotyped and pseudo-classic ideals. Its strong influence on modern sculpture must have been felt by Saint-Gaudens. Jouffroy, though not a leader in the new movement to free the art from its worn-out fetishes, was at least alive to it, and his temperate leaning toward the old conventious could not have failed to impress the value of restraint and formal perfection on a temperament as sure as that of Saint-Gaudens to work its way out to an individual expression. Moreover, many of the brilliant young sculptors of to-day received their training in this studio. Falguière and St. Marceau had quitted it shortly before Saint-Gaudens entered, and Mercié was his fellow student there. His relations with such men as these helped him to find his place in the modern movement.

On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, Saint-Gaudens moved from Paris to Rome, where he remained three years. Here he was closely associated with the prizemen of the French Academy, among whom his most intimate friends were Mercié, the sculptor, and the painters Luc-Olivier Merson and Joseph Blanc. His first figures, executed here, were a Hiawatha, which was bought by Governor Morgan of New York, and a Silence, which was bought by another New York patron. He received here also, at the time of the Geneva tribunal, an order for a bust of William M. Evarts. This bust he did not execute, however, till his return from Italy to New York, in 1872. Here he settled, taking a studio on Thirty-sixth Street, which he kept for many years. In 1877 he married in Boston Augusta F. Homer.

On his return to New York Saint-Gaudens received the commission for the statue of Admiral Farragut now standing in Madison Square. Carrying this commission with him, and also a commission for a monument to Gov. Randall, now standing at Sailors' Snug Harbor, Saint-Gaudens returned to Paris in 1878. The Farragut was completed first, and exhibited in plaster at the Salon of 1880. From the appearance of this work his position was assured, and he was besieged by more orders than he could execute. He came back to America, and until within a few years worked in his studio in New York.

An example of the length of time Saint-Gaudens would take in completing a work is the memorial to Robert G. Shaw, commander of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, who fell at Fort Wagner. Saint-Gaudens received the commission in 1884, he finished it in 1896. Of these twelve years only two and a half were spent in actual work. The greater part of the time went in planning and in changing plans. Problems constantly arose in connection with securing a perfect ensemble out of details in themselves satisfactory; and there was also the difficulty of finding models for the many types of faces here represented.

The equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman, Saint-Gaudens's masterpiece, now standing at the entrance of Central Park at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, also took a number of years to bring to completion. The first work connected with it was the eighteen sittings which Gen. Sherman gave Saint-Gaudens in 1887 for the well-known bust. The statue was begun some time later, and was unveiled in 1904. The history of the Diana that surmounts the tower of Madison Square Garden contains an instance of how much Saint-Gaudens would sacrifice for the right artistic effect. After the statue, eighteen feet in height, was modelled and placed in position, he felt that it was too large. He and Stanford White, the architect of the building, took it down at their own expense and replaced it by the present version. This persistency contributed largely to the perfection of idea and form which he attained.

Saint-Gaudens's custom of working on several commissions at the same time makes it difficult to arrange his works in chronological order. Commissions kept coming fast, and in some instances, notably in the case of the Shaw Memorial in Boston, his ideas matured slowly. Among his most important works are the Lincoln Monument and the equestrian statue of General Logan, Chicago; Deacon Chapin, called "The Puritan," in Springfield; the portrait relief of Dr. McCosh for Princeton University; that of Dr. Bellows, in the Church of All Souls, New York; the monuments to Peter Cooper and General Sherman, New York; the bust of Garfield, placed on a tall pedestal designed by Stanford White, with a figure of America in front of it, Philadelphia; and the Shaw Memorial, Boston. He left unfinished groups for the two pedestals in front of the Boston Museum, to represent Labor and Law. The three figures of each group were to be seated. Law was to be flanked by Power and Religion, Labor by Science and Art. He had also in hand a monument of Phillips Brooks for Boston.

Among his other works may be mentioned the three angels at the foot of the cross for the Morgan monument at Hartford, unfortunately destroyed by fire—a loss which Saint-Gaudens deeply regretted, as he considered them among his finest achievements—and The Peace of God in the Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington. While working on the Lincoln monument he modelled the portraits in low relief of the children of Jacob H. Schiff, and at other times the portraits in the same style of R. L. Stevenson, Miss Violet Sargent sister of John S. Sargent, Miss Lee, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, his son Homer Saint-Gaudens, the children of Prescott Hall Butler; also the Hollingsworth Memorial for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the bust of Gen. Sherman, a decorative figure of Diana for the tower of the Madison Square Garden—his only nude, the relief over the main entrance of the Boston Public Library, from which Kenyon Cox designed the library seal, and the medal for the World's Fair of 1893. The low relief portrait of Bastien-Lepage was made in Paris before his return in 1879, and sketches of work afterward executed here were prepared at this time. In the earlier years after this return were produced the angels for the monument in the cemetery at Garrison's N. Y.; those for Mrs. Smith's monument at Newport; the angels in Saint Thomas's Church, designed in collaboration with John La Farge, and destroyed when the church was burned; and the Hamilton Fish monument. The colossal figure of Art in the rotunda of the Congressional Library, Washington, though commonly referred to as by Saint-Gaudens, was modelled from his sketches and under his direction by Tonetti Dozzi. Among his small medallion portraits may be mentioned those of Francis D. Millet, George Maynard, and the daughters of Maitland Armstrong.

Saint-Gaudens's genius has been widely recognized. He was a corresponding member of the Institute of France, officer of the Legion of Honor, received the medal of honor in 1900, Paris, and a special medal of honor in 1901, Buffalo. He received from Harvard the degree of Honorary LL.D., and from Princeton the degree of L.H.D. For the last few years he had been residing at Windsor, Vt.

The April number of *Kokko*, the only Japanese magazine devoted to Japanese art (imported by Brentano's), comes to us in its English form (it is issued in a double edition, the one in Japanese, the other translated into English). Among the more interesting articles is a study of "Oriental India-Ink Painting," as acutely written as if it came from Paris instead of Tokio. Like all Japanese art, this India-ink work derives from China, where it is regarded as the most perfect of all arts because it is a union of caligraphy and painting. Seiichi-Taki, the Japanese critic, demurs at this over-estimation of a form of design which lacks color, although he acknowledges that India ink, when properly handled, has a special chromatic beauty of its own. The article is illustrated by three exquisite reproductions. Another noteworthy paper is on Hiroshige's hand-painted views, also handsomely illustrattd. It contains, however, a curious blunder, due either to the translator or printer: Hiroshige's birth is given as 1585 A.D., whereas he was born in the eighteenth century,

and lived into the middle of the nineteenth. The frontispiece is a reproduction in color of a Chinese painting, the tones being admirably caught.

It is stated that Duveen Brothers have bought the paintings gathered by Rodolphe Kann, of Paris, for £1,000,000. The collection is rich in Rembrandts and other masters.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has announced the following awards in connection with the Prix de Rome: First Grand Prix to M. Billote, student of Lefebvre and Robert-Fleury; Second Grand Prix to Émile Aubry, student of Ferrier and Gérôme; Premier Second-Prix to Louis Fidrit, student of Gérôme and Bonnat; Deuxième Second-Prix to C. R. Darrieux, student of Cormon, Baschet, and Ferrier.

Léon Caille has just died at Rosny-sur-Seine at the age of seventy. He was a friend of Puvis de Chavannes and Carolus Duran, and one of those who founded the Société Nationale des Artistes.

Finance.

The Causes of Decay in a British Industry. By "Artifex" and "Opifex." London: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

The industry under discussion is the fashioning of firearms at Birmingham. The authors are manufacturers of long experience who observe with alarm the decline of the craft and are prolific in explanations of the causes therefor. Birmingham, the only producing centre in the British empire, is described as a suitable district for the trade, where natural resources can be fully utilized, workmen of the highest efficiency secured, and products of the best quality at the lowest cost turned out. Moreover, the industry is capable of indefinite expansion, and is always responsibe to calls made upon it. Yet Birmingham is the only centre of firearms production in the world at which the output is decreasing. Thirty years ago England enjoyed 50 per cent. of the world's trade; to-day her share is not more than 10 per cent., and the tendency is toward further decline.

For this deplorable state of affairs, the authors find an explanation in the stupidity of English legislation, which, if they are to be believed, is aimed, though perhaps unconsciously, at the destruction of British industry. Under the safe shelter of their anonymity, they attack with a wealth of sarcasm and vituperation the English governing class which pursues a desultory study of ancient Greek in youth, and cultivates golf in age, and knows little of the business needs of the empire or of the means for their provision.

Government, according to these indignant critics, has shown its stupidity in a multitude of ways. It has passed acts preventing the export of arms to aid foreign, particularly South American revolutions, when apparently it ought to have encouraged frequent rebellions and squabbles for the benefit of the trade in firearms. It has enacted gun and pistol license laws, which have resulted, so we are plaintively informed, in compelling people who take their own lives, to resort to poison and knives in greater numbers. The English patent law is denounced, and with some reason, because it permits the taking out of a patent without requiring manufacture in England, yet the authors, in discussing the law of the United States, and arguing for its superiority because it reserves for the patented article a market with twice the population and six times the area, overlook the fact that the same defect in the statute exists here, and has interfered with many an American industry. Heavy taxes come in for their share of censure. So far as these increased taxes are the result of increased municipal business, the authors have probably made out their case, but our sympathy for the burdened manufacturer would be more keenly aroused did we not recall that the main cause of the increase in taxation has been these same foreign wars which the authors virtually admit to be desirable stimulants to their business.

But the main thesis of the book is a plea for the policy of protection, for the volume belongs in the library of Chamberlain literature. They contrast the success of the United States and of Belgium as protectionist countries with the helpless situation of Great Britain, utterly unable to secure any concessions from other countries because she has nothing to offer in return, and becoming in consequence the world's dumping ground. They deplore the fact that England is becoming a trading rather than a manufacturing nation, and declare that "a national policy which would rank that as its highest achievement does not commend itself to a true patriot," overlooking the important consideration that commerce is essential to provide England with the raw material, food, and even capital necessary to its manfacturing.

The United States enjoys the distinction of an entire chapter. The growth and success of manufacturing industry here are attributed to three influences: tariff legislation vigorously protecting industries, superior patent laws, and common-sense business methods. The character of our patent legislation has already been referred to. The effect of protection upon our industries requires no discussion here. Suffice it to say that the statement in the book is a mere assertion unsupported by evidence. Moreover, it is, somewhat strange to find writers appealing to the experience of a protectionist country as an example of the way in which to build up foreign trade, just at the time when American manufacturers are clamoring for a reduction of duties to aid them in their effort to open to their goods the markets of the world.

Common-sense business methods have been a powerful influence in developing manufactures in this country, and if we apply this principle to the English situation the whole difficulty with the fire-arms industry in Birmingham can be readily discovered. In fact, the authors time and again convict themselves on their own statements. The simple fact is that the Birmingham maker is producing a high-class weapon, probably the best in the world, for which he asks a price commensurate with its value. He appreciates the superiority of his product and expects everyone else to do the same. He refuses to lower himself by soliciting patronage; he merely sits and waits for customers, who ought to come, but do not. There are two errors in his mental attitude. In the first place, everyone cannot afford an English gun, and in the second place, many do not know what they want or that they want the article at all until they have been persuaded by the clever salesman.

This characteristic British attitude runs through every chapter of the book, and reveals itself in the denunciation of the "cheap imitations" of the German, of the success of the Liège manufacturers, of the treatment by the British colonies of the Birmingham product. The English consular service is roundly abused for its officialism and lack of initiative, yet it but gives expression to the attitude of English manufacturers. One quotation will make this clear:

Possibly British manufacturers have concentrated their attention too exclusively upon the economics of production, ignoring the problem of distribution and giving too little heed to the art of selling. Maybe they should have spared more energy for cultivating the shopmen's art and learned the lesson of assiduity from the American book-agents and the German consuls. None doubt their ability to manufacture; many question their methods of marketing. . . . But everybody knows the British manufac-

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turer's attitude; he is master of his craft; he knows what a gun, a machine, a boot, or other article should be, and he produces it. What he produces is what he represents it to be always, and it is the best that he can produce. If buyers want pretty boxes—well, it appears to him to be quaint that they should expect a maker of padlocks to give decorative and board cases away.

The naïveté of this confession is so delightful as almost to baffle criticism. If these manufacturers prefer to remain, as they put it, "beyond the turmoil of squalid industrial life," no one will presume to drag them into the whirlpool, but they can hardly expect a sympathetic reception of their book outside the British Isles, or an endorsement of their oft-repeated assertion that the causes of decline in their industry are beyond the control of the people engaged in the English trade.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual and Deferred Dividends. The Spectator Co. $1.50.
Appendix Vergiliana. Ed. by R. Ellis. Henry Frowde.
Blackwelder, Eliot, and Hirth, Friedrich. Research in China. Carnegie Institution.
Bourrienne's La Jeunesse de Bonaparte. Ed. by A. Canivet. Henry Frowde.
Dunbar, William. Poems. Ed. by H. Bellyse Baildon. Putnams. $2.
Four Gospels from the Codex Corbeiensis. Ed. by E. S. Buchanan. Henry Frowde.
Francis, P. J., and Jones, Spencer. The Prince of the Apostles. Lamp Publ. Co. $1.25 net.
Gabriel, Chas. H. Praise and Service. Philadelphia: Am. Baptist Pub. So. 30 cents.
Johnston, R. M. Leading American Soldiers. Holt. $1.75 net.
Library of Peace and War. With Introduction by F. W. Hirst. London: Speaker Publ. Co.
McMaster, J. B. Brief History of the United States. Am. Book Co. $1.
Newcomb, Simon. Inequalities in the Motion of the Moon. Carnegie Institution.
Milne, J. S. Surgical Instruments in Greek and Roman Times. Henry Frowde.
Michelet's Louis XI. et Charles le Téméraire. Ed. by E. Renault. Henry Frowde.
Mineral Industry During 1906. Ed. by W. R. Ingalls. Hill Publishing Co.
Mitchell, Anthony. Short History of the Church of Scotland. London: Rivington's.
Redway & Hinman. Natural Introductory Geography. Am. Book Co. 60 cents.
Redway & Hinman. Natural School Geography. Am. Book Co. $1.25.
Scollard, Clinton. A Boy's Book of Rhyme. Clinton, N. Y.: G. W. Browning. 75 cents.
Ubler, H. S., and Wood, R. W. Atlas of Absorption Spectra. Carnegie Institution.
Verder, D. H. The Snow Bride. Charles Francis Press.
Wide, Anders. Home Gymnastics on Ling's System. Funk & Wagnalls. 50 cents net.
World's Classics: Hunt's The Town, Cobbold's Margaret Catchpole, Herbert's Poems, Horne's New Spirit of the Age, Dickens's Great Expectations, Frere's Aristophanes. Henry Frowde.
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The Nation.

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The Week.

Blue Monday will acquire a special terror for the Standard Oil Company if every wash-day is to bring a fresh report against it by the Commissioner of Corporations. This week's is chiefly taken up with the discovery that the Standard sells much cheaper abroad than at home. Commissioner Smith's eagerness in announcing this is very like the anxiety of the small boy to run and tell his mother the great news, when he heard that a baby sister had arrived. The American people had suspected as much. When Mr. Rockefeller told them how foolish it would be to interfere with his effort to "conquer the markets of the world," they had a pretty shrewd notion that he wished to bleed them in order to do it. But what a powerful tariff-revision argument Commissioner Smith unwittingly supplies! All that he alleges of the nefarious Standard practice in exacting the uttermost farthing from the helpless American consumer, in order to give the foreigner cheap goods, is as true of many protected manufacturers. It has been proved—nay, admitted—of the Steel Corporation. Now, the extortions of the Standard could probably be little checked by revising the tariff; but those protected industries which hide behind high duties, while they skin their countrymen but sell cheap abroad, could be got at by a Congress or an Administration that dared lay a hand upon the tariff. Yet the President is standing as pat as mum.

Massachusetts appears to be the only State just now in which political enthusiasm is able to defy the hot weather. To the Republican clambake at which Mr. Lodge outlined the issues of the year, the Democrats have replied with an outing at Nantasket, where Henry M. Whitney, the probable candidate for Governor, and other Democratic leaders, paid their respects to the Senator-boss. "Massachusetts has played second-fiddle long enough to the interests of Pennsylvania," said Mr. Whitney, "and if I do not mistake the drift of public sentiment, she desires to be recorded in favor of tariff revision, not years hence, but now." If there is a certain sameness in Massachusetts' campaigning, the responsibility really lies with the Republican statesmen who invented that automatic, interchangeable, indestructible tariff argument that revision is impossible just before the Congressional or Presidential elections, because of the disturbing effect it would have on business, while in the off-years there is no time. Senator Lodge is just as enthusiastic a tariff reformer as of old, his only condition being that such revision shall be conceived and executed throughout by Republicans; but he can see no possible chance to carry out this reform before 1909. In spite of the admission by other leading Republicans that Massachusetts could not have been carried the last time except upon the issue of prompt tariff revision, vague "State issues" are all that the Bay State voters are offered this year. One of these, the abuse of Moran and his following, Mr. Whitney properly characterizes as "not only undignified, but silly," adding of Gov. Guild: "He knows perfectly well, or ought to know, that Mr. Moran and his followers honestly purpose to promote and not to destroy social and business conditions."

Mr. Gompers on the telegraphers' strike is really magnificent. "I know nothing of its merits," he says, but its very declaration "removes from the scope of the inquiry an investigation as to its merits." Therefore, he adds, "we are determined to give the operators our best support." Those, however, who are unable to rise to this height of regarding strikers as infallible, will insist upon asking what are the merits of the strike. Few or none can they find. It appears to have been an unusually causeless and headless strike. Somebody, unauthorized, blew a whistle, the operators went out amid cheering, and then the union's officers began telegraphing each other, "What *are* our grievances, anyhow?" The whole thing was a bad case of mismanagement, even from the trades-union point of view. The men disregarded their own officers. Without any warning, or any statement of grievances or demands, they abruptly quit their work. As if further to forfeit all claim to public sympathy, they induced operators not in the employ of the Western Union to strike, in sympathy. The temporary crippling of the news service, by such means, the very officials of the telegraphers' union regarded as a blunder, and tried to prevent. But the whole strike appears to have been most haphazard, and as much in defiance of the rules of organized labor as of common sense.

The announcement that Congressman Burton of Ohio will not accept again the chairmanship of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors is an admission by one of the ablest men in Congress of the impossibility of combining activity in the broader departments of statesmanship with continual detailed work upon local concerns. Since Mr. Dingley gave his name to the last tariff law, no Congressional chairman has been more thoroughly identified with the work of his committee than Mr. Burton. He did much to bring system into the appropriations for river and harbor work, which years of eager log-rolling had left in chaos. There are fewer sneers at the "pork-barrel," and less deserved than of old. A member must possess in a rare degree the confidence of his constituents before he can avowedly give his first concern to national and not purely local interests. To be an energetic errand-boy for constituents is still the shortest cut to popularity. The Illinois Congressman, Mr. Rodenberg, who secured the largest sum for his district out of the last public buildings bill, received something very like a Roman triumph on his return home. Mr. Burton, however, has more reason for pride in the fact that the Democrats of his district nominated no candidate against him last year.

The navy uniform is likely to follow before long the rest of the old-time panoply of war. A board of officers has been appointed to recommend changes, and the prevailing opinion is hostile to the present costume. It is held by some officers that the "conspicuous attire" of our seamen has done much to prevent enlistments in the navy. Surely there is nothing in heaven or earth like the sailor suit. Pancake hat, enormous collar, low-necked blouse, and flaring trousers make a uniform that, had it not been made honorable by tradition, would be simply ridiculous. Of course, the reasons which dictated the general changes in army uniforms do not exist to such a degree in the world's navies. No commander of a battleship supposes that he can elude the enemy by dressing his crew in khaki. But the design of the existing uniform is so much better suited to the comic-opera chorus and the small boys in the park than to the men who care for costly, intricate, and dangerous fighting machines, that it will be proper enough to leave it to the other worthy wearers. If clothes make the man, it is hard to see how anything can be expected of the sailor to-day but chanteys, roystering, and hornpipe-dancing.

The important point of the decision of Judge Dowling of the Supreme Court in New York, in the suit of Macy & Co. against the Publishers' Association, is scarcely given in the matter innocently furnished in the press. It is true that the publishers cannot now prevent a department store from selling non-copyrighted books at any price the fancy may dictate, but their right to insist upon a minimum price for copyrighted

books is maintained. It was, indeed, upheld by the decision of the Court of Appeals, and Judge Dowling simply follows that. Books of which the copyright has expired may be treated as so many commodities; and price agreements in respect to them will be regarded as in restraint of trade. But copyrighted books stand on a different basis; and we may add that, as George Haven Putnam has pointed out, it was chiefly about the protection of copyrighted books that publishers were concerned. Judicial decisions on that point are still somewhat confused; it will probably be necessary in the end to take the matter to the Supreme Court of the United States. As the matter now stands in New York, however, booksellers and authors are within their legal rights in maintaining the agreed price for copyright works.

Arrests, as well as civil prosecutions, are expected to follow the report of the commission appointed by the Pennsylvania Legislature to investigate the State Capitol frauds, and lists are published in advance of the men against whom the findings of the board are directed. The list includes not only Contractor Sanderson and Architect Huston, but several members of the extraordinary Board of Public Grounds and Buildings which, with unlimited access to the Treasury surplus, undertook the furnishing of the new State-house. The name of Gov. Pennypacker, whom no one accuses of personal dishonesty, is not there, nor, of course, is that of State Treasurer Berry, who made the first disclosures of Capitol graft. The attorneys for the commission are said to have recommended thirteen criminal indictments, as well as civil suits for the recovery of more than three millions. These proceedings conform to the magnificent scale of the peculations that occasioned them. But so far as any one "higher up" is concerned, the mystery does not seem to be yet cleared up. As Charles H. Darlington says in the current *World's Work:* "These men were not bosses, big or little. They were favored citizens. Why? . . . Either they were simply the agents to draw the money from the Treasury for some of the big fellows, or else they have rendered such service that their profit of millions is only a fair recompense. The investigation will not be complete until one or the other of these things is developed." The question that ordinary legislative hearings failed to answer, however, criminal trials may yet clear up.

Prince Scipio Borghese, the winner of the Peking to Paris automobile race, who drove his machine some 9,000 miles in sixty-one days, will probably not be allowed to retain his record unchallenged for very long. Already a patriotic and adventurous German has announced his intention to drive a motor car across Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. The trip is to be taken in an especially designed car, having, it is reported, wheels four feet in diameter, with enormously wide tires. This raises the rather interesting question, When is an automobile an automobile, and when is it a steam-roller? It is the inevitable result of all attempts to make new inventions do what the laws of nature intended them not to do, that they really lose their identity in the endeavor, and so frustrate our essential purpose. The snowshoe, in order to permit walking on the surface of the water, has to be made so impervious as to become practically a canoe, and so heavy as to make walking on the surface of the water nearly always impossible. The field of domestic economy, as expounded in the household magazines, offers numerous instances. An egg-box writing desk can probably be constructed, but only after subordinating the original egg-box to the added material in the ratio of one to one hundred, and consenting to do most of our writing on the dining-room table. The "specially-constructed" monstrosity, whatever it be, is to the standard article what the professional spirit is to the amateur spirit in athletics.

The airship, like the automobile, is bound to arouse exaggerated hopes for a long time to come. Thus an eminent German military critic protests against the Utopian Jingoes who are beginning to call for fleets of dirigible war balloons as the most suitable means for conquering Britain's girdle of invincible insularity, overrunning France, establishing a world-dominion, etc. This critic points out that the war balloon is still in its experimental stage; that it rises with difficulty and lands with still greater difficulty, and that at the height of a mile and a half it can be assailed with gunfire from the ground. Nevertheless, Germany rejoices at the fact that she has wrested from France the advantage in "air-power" which the latter country has held for a number of years. Even the military statistician who figures you out the fate of battles in advance by balancing knot-speed against knot-speed and weight of broadsides against each other, has turned his attention to the new field. He has discovered that, inasmuch as the French war-balloon La Patrie was up in the air for three hours, while the German ship floated for three hours and a quarter, Germany has a preponderant strength of thirteen as against twelve. It is now open to the psychological-factor school of martial accountants to reply that the French, being an imaginative and even flighty nation, are really stronger in the air than the mere figures would indicate. We await with interest the rise of other "schools" of opinion on aerial warfare —the triple-plated, two hundred-ton aeroplane school, the high-speed, screw-driven, commerce-destroyer school, the cigar-shaped torpedo-boat school, etc.

The outcome of the recent elections for the partial renewal of the *Conseils généraux* in France has been to strengthen the position of the Government and of the policy of "republican defence." The decline in strength of the conservative and reactionary parties steadily goes on. Definite results for 1,298 seats out of the 1,450 that were to be filled show a decrease for Conservatives and Nationalists from 299 to 263, and for the Progressives or conservative Republicans from 184 to 137, but an increase for Radicals, Radical-Socialists, and Socialists from 815 to 898. If these figures may be taken as indicative of the sentiments of the entire electorate, the Government's supporters can be estimated at more than two-thirds of the nation; while if we make the issue one between republicanism and anti-republicanism the former is in a majority by about four to one. The Liberal press takes the elections as a text for emphasizing the permanence of the Third Republic and for insisting that the time has come when Parliament, no longer beset with the fear of monarchist reaction, shall proceed to legislate for the country in a spirit of broad statesmanship. The only source of regret has been the sullen attitude of the disconsolate Midi. Of the three wine-growing departments, Aude witnessed a general strike of voters in ten out of sixteen districts; Pyrénées-Orientales, in one out of eight, and Hérault (containing Montpellier-Béziers), in twelve out of eighteen. Yet the Republican cause encountered no setback; on the contrary, the only Conservative seat in the three departments voted for was captured by a Radical.

There is martial law in part of Ireland, but, strangely enough, it is not Nationalist Connaught or Munster that feels the increased burden of the Sassenach, but Belfast, in Ulster Orangedom, and a stronghold of the Unionist Ascendency party. With the troops patrolling the streets, the conditions in the strike-vexed city are not pleasant to contemplate, either for the Irish Loyalists or the Liberal Ministry. The possibility of actual conflict between the strikers and soldiers is not remote. Should untoward incidents result, public opinion will not go entirely against the members of the Irish constabulary, who have real grievances to complain of. The Nationalist parties of the south ought to regard the Belfast crisis with extreme satisfaction. It not only worries their enemies, the Loyalist M.P.'s, but may not improbably bring them an important accession of strength

among the working population, sufficient to break the Unionist parliamentary phalanx of Ulster. As a matter of fact, of Belfast's four seats in Parliament, one was captured by a Nationalist in January, 1906, with 4,138 votes, against 4,122 for his Unionist opponent, while another went to a Unionist by less than three hundred majority over the Labor candidate.

In the Moroccan situation one fact would seem to stand out clearly—that German diplomacy has little reason for congratulating itself on the outcome of the policy initiated by the visit of the Emperor at Tangier in 1905. Kaiser and Chancellor must now be bitterly aware that the series of events then set in motion has resulted only in advancing the fortunes of France in Morocco by a decade or more. At present, it is best not to qualify "fortunes" either as good or evil, for time alone will show whether the reduction of Morocco to a French protectorate will repay the cost of such a venture. But, taking it for granted that what the French want is the best for them, their advance in Morocco has now been enormously accelerated. Under the old policy of "pacific penetration," fostered by M. Delcassé, years must have passed before the process of territorial encroachment on the Moroccan hinterland from Algeria and diplomatic pressure at the ports and capital would have precipitated a crisis like the existing one. That the present situation has followed logically from Franco-German strife in Morocco, there can be little doubt. On the one hand the native tribesmen have been stirred to active hostility by the virtual subjection of the Sultan to general European control. On the other hand, they have probably come to believe that in a war against the French, sympathy would not fail to be forthcoming from certain European quarters. But whereas two years ago France, if attacked, would have appeared in the light only of a greedy invader, she holds now the enviable position of acting as the mandatory of Europe. That the crisis will end as it began, with Casablanca, is scarcely possible. Disorders have been reported in other ports. Tangier is declared to be in immediate danger. It is probable that the Clemenceau Cabinet views with no light heart the beginning of an adventure which, if carried through to the end, must prove much more costly than Madagascar, if not than Algeria. Like the latter, Morocco has a population of 3,000,000 Arab nomads, with no lack of prophets and minor Abd-el-Kaders to head a holy war. But Morocco has also a Berber population of some five millions, three times as large as Algeria's; and the conquest of Algeria took twenty years.

There is a kind of periodicity about the reports of activity among the anarchists. Just as they begin to be forgotten, their press agents announce new plans. This month, for example, a convention is to be held in London, with delegates from the Russian Social Revolutionary Party, which contains a fair sprinkling of anarchists. Until lately, these people had their headquarters in Geneva, but were forced to emigrate on account of stringent legislation against them in Switzerland. After reorganizing and strengthening their party, they hope to work more openly and systematically. They will rent a building for headquarters, and will have a printing press of their own from which will issue the papers and books of their propaganda. Most of these wandering social and political fanatics are personally harmless. If they do no good, they do little evil. They are indirectly dangerous, however, by furnishing suggestion and provocation to the ill-balanced enthusiast and the criminal. Geneva is glad to be rid of them, and London will have to watch them.

In his recently published "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt," Wilfrid Scawen Blunt tells a weird story of the English representatives at the Berlin Congress. He got the particulars, he says, from a letter written to Lord Lytton at Simla in May, 1879, by a diplomatic colleague who was in Berlin. When the representatives of the Powers assembled, each one was asked to declare that his Government was bound by no secret agreement. Disraeli and Salisbury having been engaged in secret negotiations with the Sultan, were much embarrassed; yet, says Mr. Blunt, "they had not the presence of mind to refuse, and no less than the others formally agreed"; but, he adds, "it must be remembered that both were new to diplomacy." A few weeks later, the text of the private convention concerning Cyprus was published. "Our two plenipotentiaries," says the author, "found themselves confronted with the unexplainable fact that they had perpetrated a gross breach of faith on their European colleagues, and stood convicted of nothing less than a direct and recorded lie." This treachery promised to break up the Conference. Gortchakoff and Waddington threatened to withdraw. The awkward situation was relieved by Bismarck, who had a liking for Disraeli. A compromise was reached by his intervention. Mr. Blunt brings forward no documentary evidence in support of his assertions, and there is a wild improbability about the whole story. Beaconsfield's enemies have often accused him of trickery, but no one has ever thought him a fool. Such *Tendenzschriften* as Mr. Blunt's make amusing reading, but it is not of such stuff that history is made.

New Zealand's Legislature is about to undergo an important transformation through the substitution of an elective Upper House for the present Legislative Council nominated by the Crown. When the process is completed, the New Zealand Parliament will be unique among law-making assemblies. In the first place, the new upper chamber is to be chosen by the House of Representatives. This is an unusual provision in itself, the nearest resemblance being found in France, where the Deputies from every department form part of the electoral assembly that elects the Senators for that department. In New Zealand, women are to be qualified for election to the Upper House, in spite of the fact that they are not eligible to the House of Representatives—an anomaly that grows more striking and more confusing when we find out that they are entitled equally with men to vote for members of the lower chamber. In other words, in the series of three sets of qualifications which lie between the franchise and a seat in the Upper House, women hold the first and third, but not the second. It is conceivable, however, that an influential feminist leader might strike a bargain whereby, in return for supporting a male candidate for the lower chamber, she would receive his vote for a seat in the Upper House. Evidently, the men of New Zealand have not been able to free themselves from the old notion that woman's influence is best exerted in indirect ways.

In his presidential address before the British Medical Association, Dr. Henry Davy discussed "Science in Its Application to National Health." He pointed out the practical bearing of Darwinism on hygiene. Darwin showed "that the only way to maintain any organ or structure of the body in its proper condition of health and development is by a proper and adequate use of it." Consequently, exercise is of vast importance to racial development. We have heard a great deal about the difficulty of recruiting the English army; Dr. Davy finds the cause of physical deterioration in the fact that villages are decaying, while great factory towns are absorbing the population. Easy transportation makes walking less necessary. Labor-saving machines cause disuse of muscles. "Physical culture," said the doctor, "is one of the most pressing questions of the day, for it is the only means of providing a remedy for the prevalent muscular degeneration." Athletics by proxy and sport at one's ease are rapidly exterminating, thinks this doleful observer, that stalwart product of a roast-beef diet which Taine admired, if he did not envy.

BRYAN AND THE SOUTH.

Signs of growing dislike of Bryan in the Southern States, if not of an active movement to prevent his nomination, are of great political significance. Bryan without the South would be shorn of his power. Without the support of the Southern delegates, he could not control the National Convention; while the loss of the electoral votes of one or two States south of Mason and Dixon's line would make his election, if nominated, impossible. Hence the interest of the question just what is the extent of the anti-Bryan sentiment in the South to-day.

It has doubtless been somewhat exaggerated. Certain travelling newspaper correspondents have tried to make it appear intense and universal. It is not that; but no one can talk with representative Southern men, or read Southern newspapers, without discovering a new attitude towards Bryan; if not hostile, at least no longer friendly. It is not often that one comes upon so blunt an expression of it as in the Mobile *Register*, which says that the Democrats "will have to dump Mr. Bryan." Frequently, however, one finds a tone of marked coldness, with the unconcealed hope that some way may be devised of avoiding another Bryan candidacy. The Houston *Post* remarks that to nominate a man of Mr. Bryan's views would "sacrifice the independent vote," and it adds that, without it, "success will be impossible." That is not what Mr. Bryan would call enthusiastic support. Nor would he be elated by such a chilling utterance as that of the Savannah *Morning News*, which unfeelingly declares: "Here in the South there is a very large number of prominent Democrats who do not think Mr. Bryan would stand much chance of being elected."

When we come to ask for the cause of this remarkable change of feeling in the South, we are not left long in doubt. It is Mr. Bryan's pronouncement in favor of Government ownership of railways that has brought about the revulsion. This has been due, partly, to a sound economic and political instinct. The South still shrinks from paternalism in government—when it doesn't want it. But the chief reason why the South dreads Government ownership of railways is that it might interfere with one phase of dealing with the race problem: in a word, that a Federal law might prevent discrimination against colored passengers. This is frankly stated by the Charleston *News and Courier:*

> It is not with the feelings of Mr. Bryan toward the South, which are undoubtedly friendly, that the South is concerned, but with the sure results that his policy would bring about.
>
> His declaration in favor of Government ownership as an ultimate solution of the [illegible]ation question is loaded with ultimate and certain peril to the white race in the South. It should therefore remove Mr. Bryan from further consideration as a possible candidate for President in the minds of those Southern Democrats to whom white supremacy is a matter of some importance.

It is really a poetic retribution which has overtaken Mr. Bryan in this particular. In behalf of the negro he has never publicly raised his voice. Effusive and emphatic he has been in declaiming against the wrongs of the Filipinos, Armenians, Macedonians, and we know not what other oppressed peoples; but negro disfranchisement in the South has never drawn a syllable of protest from him, nor have all the prejudice and hampering and abuse to which black men, purely as such, have been subjected. This has been a strange limitation in a man who professes sympathies as wide as humanity. Mr. Bryan's silence about the injustice done a whole race has made it appear that his expansive benevolence was fettered by a keen perception of his own political advantage. And it is clear that he never dreamed how his plan of Government ownership would strike upon the race obsession of the South. That was only one proof more of his having rashly spoken without duly weighing the consequences. But there is something almost comic in the spectacle of a man who has been content to let the South do what it would with its colored citizens, suddenly discovering that he had gratuitously blundered into treading upon its susceptibilities and arousing its fears.

It may be said that Mr. Bryan's renunciation, shame-faced and half-hearted though it was, has removed the offence. But the South does not think so. It sees the fallacy and peril of his distinctions between "immediate" and "ultimate" issues. On that point, the Wilmington (N. C.) *Messenger* says with much directness:

> We do not think the South will stand for the later political principles Bryan has announced. The fact that he has modified his Madison Square Garden declaration in favor of Government ownership of railroads by saying that it is not to be made an immediate issue, shows that he has found public sentiment in his party against him at present on that proposition. The people, however, know his views on that question and they will not be fooled into supporting him on this recent modification thereof by his declaration in favor of postponing the time for putting the principle into effect. We do not believe a majority of the Democrats of the South want Bryan for President and we are sure that if nominated he will lose some of the States which Parker carried.

All this is far from proving that the ferment against Bryan, now evident in the South, will be fatal to his candidacy. There is, as yet, no organized movement against him. It is doubtless true, as the Nashville *American* asserts, that the South could make its opinion effective in the National Convention, provided it were backed up with "a solid delegation." But about whom is that delegation to rally? So long as that question is unanswered, Mr. Bryan has not much to dread. It is reported that he will make speeches in the South, during the autumn. By that means he may at least seem to win back the Southern support which is so absolutely essential to him. But as the case stands to-day, the South is undeniably ripe for revolt against him. Nothing is lacking but the occasion and the leader to make it a triumphant revolt.

FRIGHT AT SOCIALISM.

Recent political events in England have sent fresh shivers down the backs of those whose flesh is habitually made to creep by fear of Socialism. In the bye-election at Colne Valley, an out-and-out Socialist was returned to Parliament. It was a supposedly sure Liberal seat, yet there was a three-cornered contest, and the Conservatives hoped to slip their man in between the warring Liberals and Socialists. In fact, the Tories had been chuckling over the way in which the Liberal party was threatened with a break-up, by the desertion of its Radical allies, and were figuring on a great increase of their own vote. Unluckily for them, it fell off decidedly at Colne Valley. They had the chagrin of seeing many of their own followers voting for a Socialist. The effect was most depressing upon a certain order of Conservatives. One grizzled Tory colonel, who had faced Boer bullets undaunted, was thrown into a panic by the election returns from Colne Valley. They portended the total overthrow of society. "We shall live," he said, "to see the guillotine set up in Trafalgar Square."

Pending that interesting historical event, it is instructive to look across the Channel and see how Continental statesmen are facing the Socialist peril. The French journalist, Jules Huret, printed lately in the Paris *Figaro* a long and authorized interview with Chancellor von Bülow at Norderney. The conversation turned to the outlook for Socialism in Germany. Did it not contain a serious menace for the Empire? Prince Bülow thought not. His reasons were, not simply the loss of seats by the Social Democrats in the last elections to the Reichstag, but the further fact that, out of their 3,000,000 voters, not more than 500,000 were convinced Socialists; the rest were merely discontented, or men who simply took the Social-Democratic party as a convenient weapon wherewith to deal the Government a blow. There is doubtless much truth in this. The Chancellor went on:

> The Socialist leaders are as dogmatic theorists as anybody in the Middle Ages. You recall the famous debate at Amster-

dam. Jaurès said to Bebel: "You have eighty-four members of the Reichstag, and it is as if you did not exist. You do nothing. Not one of you is in office. You are powerless to pass the smallest Socialist law." And Bebel retorted that the French Socialists were unable to pass even the bill for taxing incomes. In all this I see a proof that there is no such thing as the Socialist danger, provided that the Conservative and Liberal parties know enough to stand together in all action for social defence.

These two points of view, the English and the German, have often been duplicated in this country. We have frequently seen these ups and downs of apprehension about Socialism. Mayor Dunne was elected in Chicago, in 1905, and timid people told us that Socialism was going to "sweep the country." If all such predictions had been verified, the country would have been well swept by now. In 1907, however, Mayor Dunne is defeated, and old ladies of the male sex sleep easily again, and thank God that the Socialist peril is over. But they now see it looming again in consequence of the acquittal of Haywood. His counsel at Boisé preached the social revolution; and dire visions have afflicted many. They have seen, if not a guillotine erected in Trafalgar Square, at least a Socialist tax-gatherer taking away all their property.

A little of the philosophy of Mr. Dooley would reassure these anxious souls. That political observer had seen in his lifetime a succession of the most wonderful events—each year a political revolution, the country convulsed, Archey Road set rocking; yet when he looked back fifty years, it seemed as if "nawthin' whatever had happened." This is not merely the flattering assurance of the conservative, cased in fat, who says to himself that all things remain as they were. It is, rather, the clear perception of the truth that great political changes are wrought slowly; that human nature is the constant factor with which all innovators have to reckon, and that human nature does not essentially change from generation to generation.

There is no sound reason for being afraid of Socialism. It has doubtless come to stay in the political world, as it always has been in the world of political speculation. It will have its times of ebb, and its times of flow. Men of warm benevolence will adhere to it, as will youthful enthusiasts. It will also continue to number embittered men among its supporters, with social levellers of all kinds. But it can never abuse any political power which it may win, without at once provoking a reaction, and a union against it of the kind Prince Bülow describes, and so defeating itself. And, as every fair-minded student of our public life must admit, the Socialist party has its lessons and its warnings for other political parties. It has a programme both idealistic and utilitarian, and is a standing rebuke to those partisans who think of offices as a good in themselves, not as a means of doing the public business efficiently and benefiting the community. No sensible man will let Socialism alarm him; but if it can teach him anything, why, what is he here for except to learn? As between Bourbon and Socialist, the choice might not favor the former.

INDECISIVE RAILWAY CAMPAIGNS.

It is doubtless generally considered a vindication of the policy of securing low passenger fares by direct legislative action, that so many of the railways affected by the two-cent fare and similar acts of this year have announced that they will "obey" or "accept" the new schedules. The multitudes of people who are riding now, or will ride presently, for a cent per mile less than of old, will feel as though the points at issue were settled in an absolutely satisfactory way.

Yet to any one who looks beyond the interest of the moment, the real significance of the present situation must be found in what we may call the "loose ends" of the low-fare issue. There are many localities in which the questions at stake cannot really be called settled. In Alabama, the two and one-half cent fare, together with certain reduced freight schedules, goes into effect only pending judicial determination of the railways' Constitutional rights. In North Carolina the two and one-quarter cent rate went into effect last week, but with Gov. Glenn's promise that, if it proves too burdensome, he will call a special session of the Legislature to repeal it. Though a dispatch from Wisconsin last week stated that the roads of that State would not contest the two-cent-a-mile rate to go into effect on August 15, yet it now appears that they submit under protest, and the roads may carry their case into either the State or Federal courts whenever they see fit. In another Western State the roads, under a court order, are giving the new rates a temporary trial, with a view to obtaining data on which to determine later the reasonableness of the new rates. Thus in various ways the passenger fare situation is seen to be still confused and unsettled.

A problem like this can never be called settled at all until it is settled right; yet one of the most patent facts about the two-cent-fare laws was that they could not possibly be right for all the diverse States which passed them. If the favorite rate is fairly remunerative in the West, it must be too high in the thickly settled Eastern States; if it is a just rate here, it must conversely be too low in the West. There has been some effort, it is true, to make allowance for conditions. A few of the new laws deal in fractions of a cent, while several bear lightly on short lines as roads of small profits. But in general, our legislatures have followed the precedent of Procrustes. Even though some of them hit upon a rate which is fair and will stand scrutiny, it has been partly due to accident.

The case of Wisconsin, though it has attracted less attention than those of the South, is in some respects the best illustration of the effects of the low-fare obsession. Wisconsin was one State that did have reason to know what was a fair rate. The State Railroad Commission, a body in which there was general confidence, had studied the subject at great length, and concluded that two and one-half cents was a fairly remunerative passenger rate. There was a common belief that, as soon as the increased passenger business of the Wisconsin roads warranted it, the Commission would order a second reduction. Mileage books, in fact, were already being sold at the two-cent rate.

The Legislature established the reduced rate, not because it learned anything about its fairness, but because the Legislatures of neighboring States had done so. Even Gov. Davidson, in signing the bill, stated that he did so not so much because the rate itself was abstractly right, as because the railway companies had subjected Wisconsin shippers and passengers to unnecessary vexation and discriminations under the former law. The chairman of the Commission whose deliberate judgment had been thus overriden, promptly resigned his office, and it is worth noting that a majority of the legislators who had been most active in the movement to create the rate-commission so long urged by Gov. La Follette, opposed stoutly this year the proposal to set aside its decision.

The events in these other States have abundantly vindicated Gov. Hughes's veto of the two-cent-fare bill in New York. While it is, of course, possible that some radical Legislature will deal as cavalierly with our Public Utilities Boards as that of Wisconsin has done with the commission it created, yet it is altogether likely that the warning signals will be plainer a year from now than they are to-day. The States which have gone recklessly into the business of rate-fixing may find themselves in a worse position than when they began, morally if not financially.

New York has such an opportunity as rarely comes to any commonwealth for leadership in the intelligent regulation of public service corporations. We have seen many other States set out upon principles that were wrong, if well-intentioned; we have seen some that started out in the right way break down in the working out of their policies. The Government ownership advocates, of course, insist that since mere "regulation" is bound to fail in any case, there is really no great choice between slap-

dash and painstaking methods. But this is not the general view. We think that the local Public Utilities Board has shown a proper appreciation of its duties by its investigation of the very fundamentals of the local traction problem, securing operating officials' testimony even to facts of the commonest knowledge. A series of decisions based on so solid a foundation of fact that the people will recognize their justice, while the companies affected will not be left a reasonable pretext for refusing obedience, will do more than any other one thing to clarify and moderate the disturbed sentiment of the day, in all these matters.

PHASES OF ACADEMIC FREEDOM.

A Rockefeller professor, according to newspaper report, has just made an open attack on Rockefeller. Prof. Charles Zeublin, of the University of Chicago, in a public lecture, is alleged to have criticised sharply the founder and fosterer of that University; to have said that the defence of the Standard Oil Company, in the recent trial, was "weak and cowardly"; and that "Mr. Rockefeller and other Trust magnates are doing more to make Socialism possible than are its most zealous adherents." So many fantastic tales have been printed about utterances of Chicago professors, that we place little faith in this particular story. But the report, whether well-founded or not, suggests certain reflections in regard to academic freedom. With the truth or falsity of the assertions attributed to Professor Zeublin we do not at present concern ourselves. If any one cares to know our opinion, we may say that we think them substantially true. But their utterance by a member of an institution which lives by grace of Rockefeller raises a serious question of academic ethics. Is it proper, is it desirable, that a university should take a man's millions, and then allow one of its professors thus to assail him?

This is a question which President Eliot recently touched upon with his customary fine moral discrimination. In his address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cornell on Academic Freedom, he asked: "Ought the opinions and wishes of a living benefactor to influence the teaching in the institution which he endows?" His answer was, as a general proposition, in the negative. Teaching which is not free, and not known to be free, is worthless. At the same time, Mr. Eliot insisted that benefactors have "certain rights in this respect." The common principles of fair dealing apply:

> They may fairly claim that their benefactions entitle their opinions and sentiments to be treated with consideration and respect, and not with contumely or scorn, in the institutions they have endowed, or by the professors whom their gifts support. If their benefactions are for general uses and not for the support of any specific courses of instruction, they may fairly claim that subjects likely to be taught in a manner repulsive to them should be omitted altogether, unless some serious public obligation requires the institution to include them.

Such a view is not the popular one, at the present day. The multitude sees no impropriety in taking a man's money, and then endeavoring to make his name a hissing. And many university men would cry out that President Eliot's position is subversive of academic freedom. But this tempts one to exclaim: "Oh, Academic Freedom, what indecencies are committed in thy name!" There are certain elementary rules of propriety governing the intercourse of men, and even the behavior of institutions, and these existed prior to any notions of *Lehrfreiheit*. It simply is not morally decent to accept a gift and then abuse the giver. The way to preserve academic freedom is to refuse any endowments which may impair it. Once the money is taken, an obligation goes with it to treat the giver with ordinary courtesy. Academic freedom, as President Eliot shows, is at best imperfect. It is limited, in fact, by many and differing considerations. Certainly, it is but fair to limit it by the general rules which ought to control the attitude of a beneficiary to his benefactor.

Objectors fail to see that one's free action may restrict his freedom. It is not necessary for a university to accept funds from a citizen whom it considers undesirable. Academic freedom to refuse it is entire. The moment, however, the money is in its treasury, the university is bound to do what a man of due sensibility would under the circumstances. It cannot at the same time be grateful and vindictive; cannot accept a man's purse, and then beat him over the head with it. But how about the poor professors at Chicago? Are they to be forbidden to rail at Rockefeller? They surely were not parties to the tacit bargain between him and the institution. Yes; but they accepted their positions with their eyes open. If their academic freedom is hampered, it is by their own voluntary act. It is evident, moreover, that aside from the point of etiquette, little or nothing is gained when a professor at Chicago discusses Mr. Rockefeller. If the professor praises, he is generally accused of toadying; if he blames, he is suspected of trying to create a sensation and advertise himself. In the very nature of the case, his words are rendered null. His situation is not unlike that of clergymen who wish to attack the creed of the church which they have vowed to maintain. They are at perfect liberty to speak their minds, but not in the pulpit of that church. If Professor Zeublin burns to hit out at Rockefeller, the country is full of stumps and platforms and newspapers where he can do it to his heart's content; but it is neither seemly nor useful, in our opinion, for him to do it as a Rockefeller professor.

Liberty of teaching is a precious thing, anxiously to be preserved. The late Ferdinand Brunetière put an exalted value upon it. A lecture of his on "La liberté d'enseignement" has lately been published by some of his friends. In the course of it, Brunetière thus stated the ideal position of the ideal professor:

> I am here neither as delegate, representative, nor mouthpiece of any party, coterie, or league. I do not dream of either changing the form of government, revising the Constitution, or even upsetting the Ministry. These may be useful things to do, but they are not within my province. Besides, what can a change in persons or in manners lead us to, if we have not first changed opinions?

That conception of the liberty of the true teacher is one that ought to be prized by everybody and jealously protected. But it is a liberty which may have to be bought with a great price—even the price of declining gifts which, once taken, necessarily cut into its fine independence.

TRANSMUTATION OF THE ELEMENTS.

Cablegrams from England recently intimated that the transmutation of the chemical elements had been accomplished by Sir William Ramsay. Many modern chemists have believed that one of the so-called chemical elements could be changed into another, but that belief had not been substantiated by actual experiments, reported by observers of scientific acumen and accepted integrity. Hence the telegrams were doubted; but the English journals of science, subsequently received, show the general accuracy of the press reports. At the annual meeting of the British Association there was a lively discussion of the nature and origin of the chemical elements. In the course of it, Sir William Ramsay stated the results of numerous experiments undertaken by him in recent years.

According to a tacit agreement among chemists, an element is a substance which, although it may be a constituent of a large number of more or less complicated bodies, has itself not been decomposed into anything else. For instance, sodium is a constituent of common table salt, cooking and laundry salt, Glauber's salt, borax, waterglass, and many other substances, but it is regarded as an element. Every element is characterized by two apparently definite qualities. It has a definite atomic weight or equivalence, and it has never been known to enter any compound in less proportion than that equivalence.

For example, sodium is twenty-three times the weight of hydrogen, which is the lightest known element, and for that reason is placed at unity. Sodium may and does enter into compounds as forty-six, sixty-nine, etc.; multiplies, in short, but never as a fraction of twenty-three.

An element is also characterized by a definite spectrum. About forty years ago, Jannsen, and later Lockyer, recognized characteristic new lines in the light from the sun's chromosphere. This was attributed to an unknown element, helium, definitely found in certain mundane minerals by Ramsay thirty years later. Preceding the latter discovery, this Scotch chemist, in collaboration with Lord Rayleigh, found that the air contained a hitherto unrecognized constituent to the extent of one per cent. It was called argon. Three other accepted elements of the same general character as helium and argon have been found in the air, but in very small amounts, a few parts to the hundred million. Scientific men have so far failed in causing any of these five elcments to form any compounds.

During the same year that the last three of these elements were discovered, an intrepid Polish woman and her husband, Professor Curie, in Paris, traced out the elusive but remarkable radium—a substance so marvellous that we have not as yet secured a satisfactory description. It is an element in that it possesses a definite atomic weight and distinguishing spectrum, but it is unique in many ways. It maintains itself at a temperature constantly above its surroundings; it charges bodies electrically and discharges bodies already charged; and it constantly gives out a gas called "emanation" by its discoverer, Rutherford. This emanation, left alone, gradually changes, step by step, into helium. If this be a genuine change, and experimental observation indicates that it is, then we have the transformation of one element into another, or transmutation.

Conservative scientific men, among them Lord Kelvin in England, and Professor Baskerville in this country, maintained that, if there were a change, then by definition we have no right to regard radium as an element. As this view was gaining adherents, the results of Professor Ramsay's experiments were announced, and a new physico-chemical conception of matter was presented. The value assigned to radium in the atomic weight tables is third from the highest. By many workers and thinkers, it is regarded as a decomposition product of uranium, the element of the greatest atomic weight. The helium produced has a weight next to the lowest. During these changes immense amounts of energy are given out—immeasurably greater than that produced during the most violent chemical activity with which man is familiar. Radium compounds give off under the ordinary conditions the emanation which changes to helium. According to Ramsay, the emanation in the presence of water produces neon, a member of the helium group; in the presence of copper compounds, like copper sulphate or nitrate, argon, also a part of that family. One of these is five and the other ten times as heavy as helium. Why the change does not continue is not explained. Nor why these substances obtained from other sources do not change into helium is not made clear. Doubtless, these points will receive most careful scrutiny by scientific men, who will at once reject or accept the new paths opened up for the pioneer.

The most remarkable observation, however, had to do, not with these inert gases, but with the liquid left behind. When the copper was removed from the solution, lithium was detected in the residue. This was not the case when a similar solution was taken before treatment with the emanation. One of the chemical families, so classified on account of certain resemblances, contains among others copper, silver, gold, and lithium. The last-named is the lightest member. The natural conclusion is that copper, nine times as heavy as lithium, has been "degraded" into the light element through the agency of this surcharged instrument, the emanation.

Roger Bacon maintained that the transformation of copper into gold by purification was absurd. That constituted only one step toward "perfection." The purest gold was that found in nature; it was so, because in it nature had finished her work. The base metal was to be purified as far as possible, but then something was still wanted, the "philosopher's stone," a pinch of which, when added, would effect the complete imitation of nature. Can this "emanation" be the "philosopher's stone" reversed? Those in this country who know, and have been at work on the problem, think that it is unlikely; but Ramsay's successes have been largely due to the investigation of the unlikely.

NEW MEMOIRS OF THE REVOLUTION.

PARIS, July 31.

Those who are willing to read many books will soon be able to know what really went on during and after the French Revolution better than those who lived at the time. Everything—letters, diaries, family papers of the day, written not for the general reader, but sincerely as the occasion presented itself—is coming to the light of print.

The "Journal inédit de Madame de Marigny," to which have been added the daily notes of the British T. R. Underwood (1814), is a good example. Madame de Marigny was the youngest of the four sisters of René de Chateaubriand. In her own family, and among the Malesherbes and other families with which she was allied by marriage, the guillotine reaped a plentiful harvest of heads; and Napoleon was not clement to them. These diaries cover the time of the final rebound, when the Bourbon restoration was beginning. We see in them the curious apathy of victims with nerves dulled by measureless and irretrievable disaster; there were still cakes and ale in the world. J. Ladreit de Lacharrière has edited the Journal with an Introduction and notes; and Henry Houssaye of the French Academy, the great authority for the years of Napoleon's downfall, gives a Preface.

A similarity of name should not lead to confusion with another book of personal documents, "Madame de Souza et sa famille—les Marigny—les Flahaut—Auguste de Morny (1761-1836)." The Baron de Maricourt has here gathered together the highly anecdotic history of a less tragic and more aggressive family than the Chateaubriands. The names of Flahaut and Morny enter notoriously into the history of Queen Hortense and Napoleon the Third, and by marriage into that of the English peerage of Lansdowne.

"L'Architrésorier Lebrun—Gouverneur de la Hollande (1810-1813)," by the Marquis de Caumont La Force, furnishes the sober historian with means of estimating at their real value the prodigies of systematic financial administration inaugurated by Napoleon wherever his power extended.

The Paris court records of the years of Revolution were destroyed in 1871, when the Commune burned the Palais de Justice. It was known that the courts sat imperturbably, with judges and lawyers trying cases according to all the subtleties of laws old and new, while the administrative tribunals were sending their wagon-loads of victims to the guillotine. It was thought these precious judicial documents—*Archives du Greffe*—were totally lost to history. It now seems that the elder Casenave, who was counsellor and presiding judge in Paris from 1852 to his death in 1869, had used his leisure in studying and annotating them, copying with a lawyer's professional instinct the principal judgments. These notes in their turn disappeared; but they have quite recently been found and edited by one of the most competent specialists of the legal history of the Revolution, M. Douarche, counsellor at the Court of Cassation. The whole is now published in three volumes and forms a judicial chronicle reaching from 1791 to 1800—a part of the Revolution seen at close range.

For the first time we have here an exact account of the Latude trials. Latude, as a man and as a victim of the old régime, has been greatly discredited in recent documentary history. Still, it was the story of his long imprisonment which more than anything else stirred the Paris populace to the taking of the Bastille. Latude, an old man of sixty-eight, took advantage of the downfall of the monarchy to sue for damages the heirs of Madame de Pompadour and the still living minister of Louis XV., as responsible for his confinement of thirty-four years. The defendants had full liberty to present their side of the case. Judgment was given September 11, 1793, the trial having taken place just as Marie Antoinette was being tried before a very different tribunal. Champertois, the presiding judge, was one of those magistrates elected by the people of Paris under the new order of things. He

notes in his judgment that Latude had been guilty of an attempt at swindling himself into the good graces of "the all-powerful woman"; but this had not merited so long and cruel an imprisonment. The Pompadour heir is accordingly sentenced to pay Latude 40,000 francs. As to the King's minister, Amelot, the damages are assessed at 20,000 livres, for a reason which will be eagerly caught up by the opponents of Taine. After Latude had been in the Bastille twenty-nine years, the lieutenant of police noted the fact on the prisoner's petition, and added the words, "His lot depends on the minister." Amelot wrote underneath, "Nothing to be done"—words which kept Latude in prison five years longer. Whatever the misdeeds of the Revolution, it made such arbitrary exercise of power impossible for the future. S. D.

Correspondence.

MOVEMENT TO MAKE BROWN UNIVERSITY NON-SECTARIAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A movement has been started among the alumni to make Brown University in every respect non-sectarian. The charter of the university, granted by the General Assembly of the Colony of Rhode Island in 1764, provided that the corporation shall consist of two branches, the Trustees and the Fellows. The Trustees shall be thirty-six in number, of whom twenty-two shall forever be Baptists, or Antipædobaptists; five, Friends, or Quakers; four, Congregationalists; and five Episcopalians. The Fellowship shall constitute a learned faculty to confer degrees, while the instruction and immediate government of the college shall rest in the President and Fellows or Fellowship. The number of the Fellows, inclusive of the President, shall be twelve, of whom eight shall be Baptists, and the rest indifferently of any or all denominations. The President shall be a Baptist. Whatever may be a man's character, achievements, genius, scholarship or peculiar capacity in educational matters, he cannot, unless he is formally connected with one of the four specified denominations, be elected a trustee. He can never be a trustee if he happens to be a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Lutheran, a Swedenborgian, a Roman Catholic, or not a member of any church. No man can be elected President if he happened to be christened in infancy, unless he was immersed later, upon reaching maturity. The same restriction applies to eight of the twelve Fellows. The wisdom of the view that the rite of baptism should be entered into only when one has reached sufficient maturity to be able to decide for one's-self as to its meaning, and to assume the obligation it stands for, is conceded by many who are not formally Antipædobaptists, but the wisdom of the continuance forever of these restrictions of a past age upon the development of a college may well be questioned.

To understand another important restriction in this charter, while at the same time to do justice to the liberal spirit in which the administration of the college is conducted, the following clause of the charter must be cited in full:

It is hereby Enacted and Declared, That into this liberal and catholic Institution shall never be admitted any religious Tests: But on the contrary all the Members hereof shall forever enjoy full, free, absolute and uninterrupted Liberty of Conscience: And that the Places of Professors, Tutors, and all other Officers, the President alone excepted, shall be free and open for all Denominations of Protestants: And that Youth of all religious Denominations shall and may be freely admitted to the equal Advantages, Emoluments, and Honors of the College or University; and shall receive a like fair, generous and equal Treatment during their Residence therein, they conducting themselves peaceably, and conforming to the Laws and Statutes thereof. And that the public Teaching shall in general, respect the Sciences; and that the Sectarian Differences of Opinions shall not make any Part of the public and classical Instruction: Although all religious Controversies may be studied freely, examined and explained by the President, Professors, and Tutors, in a personal, separate and distinct Manner to the Youth of any or each Denomination; And above all, a constant regard be paid to, and effectual Care taken of, the Morals of the College.

This is admirable except the clause limiting "the Places of Professors, Tutors, and all other Officers, the President alone excepted," to members of Protestant denominations. Whoever wrote this must have had but a poor sense of humor thus to impose a test in the very section in which he says no test shall ever be admitted.

The alumni who would abolish the religious tests would simply make Brown University, in fact as in name, what it professes to be, a non-sectarian college with complete separation of education from ecclesiasticism. If they would be true to their great distinctive principle of soul liberty, to no body of men should the change be so welcome as to those of the Baptist denomination. Brown is not a Baptist college in any true sense of the term. The distinctive theological principles of the Baptists are not taught there, it does not fit young men for the Baptist ministry, and while it is true that in the past Baptists have contributed largely to its funds, an examination of the source of its endowments shows that a majority of its benefactors have not been Baptists, nor has the major part of its endowments come from them.

The change can only be made with the consent of the corporation. The decision in the celebrated case of Dartmouth College by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1819 (Trustees of Dartmouth College vs. Woodward. 4 Wheat. 518) protects the college from any change, unless the corporation consent. In that case it was decided that a charter is a contract; and article 1, sec. 10, of the Constitution of the United States prohibits any State from passing any law impairing the obligations of contracts. It was in consequence of this decision that when the charter of Brown University was amended by Public Laws, Chapter 451, February 11, 1863, the act began: "The Corporation of Brown University in Providence consenting thereto," and the corporation on the same day did consent thereto by a formal vote.

In consequence of a feeling among many of the alumni that the time has come for a consideration of this subject, the notices sent out last spring of the annual meeting in June of the Associated Alumni announced that the topic would come up for consideration. Accordingly, at that meeting a resolution was offered to appoint a special sub-committee to take into consideration the advisability of asking the corporation to petition the General Assembly to amend the charter by striking out all denominational requirements; to confer with the corporation on this subject; to report to the annual meeting of the Advisory Committee, and, with its approval, to print a report and to provide for a poll of the whole body of the alumni, if practicable, before the next annual meeting of the Associated Alumni.

But this mild proposal was opposed upon the ground that a proposal to strike out the denominational requirements of the charter should come from the Baptists themselves. It was pointed out, in reply, that the question of striking out the denominational requirements was not before the meeting, the question being the propriety of appointing a committee to examine and to report upon that subject. It was also pointed out that even if all these religious tests were stricken out, nothing would be taken away from the Baptists. They might even become gainers thereby, for they could elect, if they presented the strongest and best qualified candidates, more than the twenty-two trustees and the eight fellows to which they are now restricted.

It was asked whether the object of the suggested change was to enable the college to receive the benefit of the Carnegie fund. It was answered that the change was suggested because it is right it should be made, irrespective of the Carnegie fund. Some may approve the change because that will be the result, and some may disapprove because it will have that result. So some men may decline to send their sons to Brown if the change is made, while others may decline to do so unless it is made; but such considerations should not enter into an examination of the subject. If made, the change should be made because it is right.

But it was getting late in the afternoon and near the hour for the Phi Beta Kappa oration, which many wanted to hear. All conceded the wisdom of deliberate action after due consideration, so it was voted to lay the matter on the table until the next annual meeting. Notice was at once given that the subject would then be called from the table for consideration.

A few days later President Faunce referred to the subject in his annual report to the corporation. He said, in part:

If any change is to be made, it should be brought about, not by casting discredit on our fundamental instrument, but with full recognition of its extraordinary liberality. Many times it has been justly said that no other document of the eighteenth century so truly breathes the spirit of the twentieth century. If we change its letter, it must be in order to preserve its spirit, the immortal spirit of intellectual and religious liberty. No one, of course, would advocate such a charter to-day, if a new college were to be founded. Conditions have vastly changed, and some provisions are rapidly becoming antiquated and difficult to carry out. But we should not forget, and not allow the public to forget, that in 1764 our charter provided that the public teaching shall, in general, "respect the sciences" and "all the members hereof shall forever enjoy full, free, absolute, and uninterrupted liberty of conscience." The essential features of such a document, however we modify its transient provisions, are as precious to us as the outlines of University Hall. We must also acknowledge that in interpreting the

denominational requirements for trustees, the corporation in their elections, and the alumni in their nominations, have shown a most catholic temper. This catholicity has indeed sometimes been made a cause of reproach as if we were disingenuous in electing some men who are not in the strictest sense members of their respective churches.

The corporation took no action on the subject. It meets again in September, when perhaps the admirable presentation thus made by the president and the widespread agitation of the subject may lead to the appointment of a committee to consider and to report upon it. Otherwise many will feel that the considerate course of the Associated Alumni in postponing the subject until next year, thus giving the Baptists the desired opportunity to lead the movement themselves, has not been duly appreciated and acted upon.

AMASA M. EATON.

Providence, R. I., August 10.

KARL LAMPRECHT'S GERMANY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With astounding fertility of mind and energy of purpose, Karl Lamprecht has added during the last decades volume after volume to his monumental "Deutsche Geschichte." Each new volume has aroused the same eager discussion, has met with the same violent opposition on the one hand and the same enthusiastic praise on the other.

One set of readers would find in each succeeding volume a new proof of the author's remarkable grasp of thought, of his wide sweep of vision, of his mastery in tracing the rise and fall of large intellectual or social movements. Another class would deride it as a fresh token of his hastiness in reaching conclusions, of his fatal gift for generalization, of his inability to see facts as they are, of his fundamental lack of true historical perspective. Both classes of critics would generally overlook the fact that this historian is a man of a very complex nature; that the defects and the merits of his method are inextricably interwoven with each other; that what he attempts is altogether out of the range of the ordinary conception of historical writing; that in trying to follow out the whole variety of the manifold radiations of national will, thought, imagination, and activity, he can hardly escape the danger of going astray in detail, and yet, by his very conception of national life as a mighty whole, is bound to open up vistas quite out of reach for the average digger for facts.

No part of Lamprecht's lifework is likely to arouse a more heated discussion of the sort just described than the recently published volume (the eighth of the whole series) dealing with the evolution of social and individual life in the Germany of the eighteenth century. I have thought, therefore, that a brief and impartial consideration of some of the most striking features of this volume, laid before your readers, may serve to lead to a somewhat calmer and more sober appreciation of the significance of the whole undertaking.

That Lamprecht's survey of Germany in the eighteenth century is a philosophical construction rather than a plain historical narrative, is clear at first sight. It is based on the fundamental conception that the eighteenth century marks the transition from what the author calls the individualistic to what he terms the subjectivistic period of modern German history. Every constructive writer has the right to coin his own terminology. So we have to accept Lamprecht's definition of individualism and subjectivism as designating two essentially different, if not mutually exclusive, states of mind and society: individualism, a state in which the individual is isolated, cut loose from the world of common feelings, emotions, and aspirations, a thing of the intellect, in matters religious and philosophical inclining to rationalistic and mechanical views, in politics submitting to the levelling influence of autocratic rule; subjectivism a state in which the individual has come to recognize itself as an organic part of a larger social and spiritual whole, and consequently seeks its own perfection and freedom in the full development of all those powers within it which make for a stronger and more active common consciousness and which heighten and deepen the sense of the interdependence of all life. We have to accept this terminology, I say; although it seems to me that the contrast of individualism and collectivism—terms which, if I am not mistaken, I have been the first to apply to the literary development of Germany in the eighteenth century—would express more satisfactorily what Lamprecht has in mind. The remarkable thing is that, without in the main doing violence to facts, Lamprecht succeeds in fitting the whole of the economic, and social, as well as the moral, intellectual, literary and artistic, evolution of eighteenth-century Germany into this scheme.

Only a few of the most noteworthy applications of this method can here be indicated. In the economic development, it leads Lamprecht to observe in the first half of the eighteenth century on the one hand the beginnings of a new *bourgeoisie*, resting, to some extent at least, on the modern principle of free competition; on the other, the first comprehensive measures of state supervision of industrial enterprises. In moral and intellectual matters, it enables him to trace the gradual heightening and intensifying of the inner life in this *bourgeois* society, and to show how the outburst of sentimentality in the fifties and sixties and the Storm and Stress of the seventies were simply the climax of deep-seated and slowly rising popular movements. And it enables him to bring before us in detail and with an astounding wealth of illustration the steady growth and victorious pressing on of the new ideals of life and the new gospels of art which finally in the life work of Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Mozart, and Beethoven find their consummate expression.

Lamprecht is anything but a perspicuous or persuasive writer. He is often verbose and usually professorial; at times his style is cumbersome to a degree. Rarely does he betray the power of creating plastic characters. For the most part, his narrative moves on unillumined by flashes of genius, tramping along (so to speak) on the monotonous road of general categories. Only now and then, notably so in the description of the friendship between Goethe and Schiller, and in the character sketches of Kant and Beethoven, does the warmth of his feeling lend a decided personal impressiveness and ruggedness to his words. His strength lies, not in the clearness of his thought or the neatness of his observation, but in what may be called a primitive instinct for the intellectual and moral forces that shape the lives of men. His book is, indeed, a history of these forces rather than of the men and the works inspired by them. In the history of conceptions of life, in the survey of moral impulses and æsthetic ideals, especially in so far as they have affected masses of men, his account of eighteenth-century Germany is an achievement unsurpassed if not unparalleled.

In what other book is there to be found an account comparable to that given by Lamprecht in the chapter entitled "Neue Weltanschauung," of what may be called the intellectual fluid surrounding the classic art and poetry of the Weimar period? How the rationalistic view of the soul as a blank surface receiving impressions only from without gradually changes to the conception of it as an unfathomable ocean containing within itself hidden treasures and countless wonders; how the monopoly of the intellect is constantly inveighed upon and finally overthrown by feeling and intuition; how the nature and the domain of genius come to be an absorbing topic of philosophical speculation; how the bars which rationalism had erected between man and the rest of creation are torn down, one after another; how the universe more and more reveals itself as an infinite living organism; how man's part in this organism more and more comes to be understood as that of a free spiritual agency, mysteriously connected with the sources of all life and drawing from its own innermost self the absolute assurance of an ideal world underlying all reality—these are only some of the topics which make this chapter a comprehensive analysis of the spirit which found its artistic embodiment in "Faust," "Wallenstein," and the Ninth Symphony.

Truly, in looking back upon such a chapter as this, one is not surprised to hear Lamprecht utter words of derision and scorn at the shallow methods of the literary historian who sees his main task in tracing the formal influence of one writer upon another. Inasmuch as these methods have frequently, although erroneously, been designated as typical of modern German scholarship, I cannot forego closing this brief notice of Lamprecht's book by quoting a passage of his on historical principles so diametrically opposed to his own:

> It shows the shortsightedness of the traditional manner of historical writing that the whole abundant spiritual development described in these pages is often traced back to certain isolated literary events from the fifties to the seventies of the eighteenth century. The epoch of sentimentality is said to have been called forth by Klopstock's "Messias," the age of Storm and Stress by Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," and so forth. What a naïve turning about of cause and effect! What a poverty of historical intuition! Some investigators have even gone further. They think they have explained everything, when they are able to point to some "foreign" literary influence. Thus a great national movement, the transition of the German people from

individualism to subjectivism, is explained by putting it to the account of Shakespeare and Rousseau, or even of "Ossian" and "Yorick's Sentimental Journey." Such views as these are best criticised by the Biblical word: By their fruits shall ye know them.

Fortunately, we may add, such views are not held by anybody worth considering.

KUNO FRANCKE.

Gilbertsville, N. Y., July 27.

DEFOE AND WOODWARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the second of his interesting "Bibliographical Notes on Defoe," Prof. W. P. Trent, apparently speaking of Lee's "Chronological Catalogue," says:

> Of this large list some are plain errors, *e. g.*, the queried ascription to Defoe of Gay's poem "Wine," and the categorical ascription of Josiah Woodward's "Account of the Societies for the Reformation of Manners" (*Nation*, July 11, p. 30).

In the British Museum catalogue and elsewhere this last pamphlet, of which two editions were published in 1699, is attributed to the Rev. Josiah Woodward; and Professor Trent has accepted this attribution. Yet it can, I think, be conclusively shown that Woodward did not write the pamphlet. After enumerating the duties of about a dozen of the societies organized late in the seventeenth century for the suppression of immoralities and the prosecution of offenders, the author of the pamphlet goes on to say:

> These are the SOCIETIES which our late *Gracious Queen*, as the Learned *Bishop* that hath writ her LIFE tells us,* took so great *Satisfaction* in, that She inquired *often* and *much* about them, and was *glad* they went on and prevailed; which, thanks be to God, they *continue* to do; as the Rev. Mr. *Woodward*, who hath obliged the World with a very particular Account of the *Rise* and *Progress* of them, hath lately acquainted us. ("An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners, in London and Westminster, and other Parts of the Kingdom," London, 1699, pp. 15, 16.)

It is obvious from this passage that Woodward could not have been the author of the pamphlet from which it is quoted. Yet Woodward did write a pamphlet on the Societies. In the Epistle Prefatory to a sermon preached before the Societies on December 28, 1696, Woodward thus alluded to his own pamphlet: "*As it is more particularly related in an* Account of the Rise and Progress of the Religious Societies of Young Men, *lately published*" (p. viii). The title of Woodward's pamphlet is, "An Account of the Rise and Progress of the Religious Societies in the City of London, etc. And of the Endeavours for Reformation of Manners Which have been made therein." No copy of the first edition is known to me, but according to Arber's "Term Catalogues" (ii., 600) it was published in November, 1696, under the title of "An Earnest Admonition to All; but especially to Young Persons to turn to God by speedy repentance and reformation. Being the substance of six Sermons. . . . To which is added, An Account of the Rise and Progress of the Religious Societies of Young Men, and of the Societies for Reformation." In the British Museum are the second (1698), the third (1701), and the fourth (1712) editions.

If, then, Woodward did not write the 1699 pamphlet, who did write it? May it not have been written by Defoe? On this point, of course, the present writer has no opinion to offer. Let me add that copies of the 1699 pamphlet are in the Boston Athenæum and the Harvard College Library.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Jefferson, N. H., July 29.

*The allusion is to Gilbert Burnet's "Essay on the Memory of the late Queen," published in 1695.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have already thanked Mr. Matthews for his kindness in communicating to me the facts contained in the letter printed above and for giving me an opportunity to examine his article "A Dorchester Religious Society of Young Men," printed in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for January, 1906. Mr. Matthews's quotation from "An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners in London and Westminster, etc." (1699) seems to me to furnish very strong grounds for rejecting the ascription of the book to Josiah Woodward; for, although I can furnish an instance of a clergyman's speaking of himself in the third person in such a way as to make one argue that he could not possibly be the author of the tract under investigation, there were obvious reasons for that Scotch divine's trying to throw his readers off the scent, and such reasons seem wanting in the present case.

Assuming then that Woodward did not write the 1699 "Account," Mr. Matthews may well ask whether Defoe did not. The book is definitely attributed to him in the British Museum Catalogue under "Defoe," although what is apparently a second edition of 1699 is under "London" attributed to Woodward. What may possibly be a third edition of 1699 is attributed to Woodward in the "Supplement," but a comparison of the copies would be needed to determine whether it is really the same book. I examined the edition of 1699, attributed to Defoe entirely from the point of view of endeavoring to determine whether the Museum Catalogue was correct in including it among Defoe's works or Lee correct in omitting it. My notes show that I was left in a state of suspended judgment. Later, on finding in the Columbia copy and elsewhere the positive ascription to Woodward, I concluded that the ascription in the Museum Catalogue under Defoe must be an error, and so wrote in the paragraph which occasioned Mr. Matthews's letter. I am fresh from a partial examination of the fifth edition of the book (1701), and regret to say that I have found no valid reason for assigning it to Defoe. I use the word "regret" advisedly, for with such a voluminous writer one feels cheated when there is a single year of his life to which one cannot positively ascribe an item. One thousand six hundred and ninety-nine seems to be such a year in Defoe's career. Of the six possible ascriptions for that year that I have gathered thus far, I cannot be sure of any, and I am strongly inclined toward none. I shall reëxamine the "Account" in the hope of discovering some clue that will warrant at least its tentative ascription to Defoe, for the considerable use it makes of Greek and one or two other features, to say nothing of its exemplary subject, make it a tract which would figure well on the virtuous side of Daniel's ledger.

W. P. TRENT.

New York, August 9.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING-ROOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers doubtless remember the announcement made last spring in the *Nation*, through a correspondent in London, concerning the closing for some months of the large reading-room of the British Museum. Permit me to give briefly my own experience in connection with this. Applying from Canada for the privilege of a special ticket, I received a favorable reply *by return of post*. On arriving in London, I had the additional gratification of finding that the whole catalogue, the bibliographical reference-volumes, and the complete consulting library on the ground floor had been shifted to the temporary quarters, and were as readily accessible as before. During my period of work, I have on no occasion waited more than twenty-five minutes for any work requested. What is perhaps more noteworthy still, is that this vast work in administration seems to be taken by the whole personnel of the Library as a natural part of official duty; and I am not aware that the London press has given this achievement any particular measure of consideration.

PAUL T. LAFLEUR.

Paris, July 29.

THE CATENA AUREA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: About the year 1885, Bocca, a well-known dealer in rare and second-hand books of Rome, sold in America a very old Codex, "Expositio in Quatuor Evangelia" (or as it is modernly called the "Catena Aurea") of St. Thomas Aquinas. At the end of the text the MS. bears, if I am not mistaken, the following date: "anno M° CC° LXX° VI°" (1276). If that is not the precise date, it is wrong by only a few years, either before or after.

My purpose in writing to you is to find out its present whereabouts. Should you be unable to furnish the information, perhaps some reader of the *Nation* can.

F. G. HORN, O. P.

New York, August 8.

Notes.

The Makers of Canada Series (Morang & Co.) is soon to include a "Life of Sir John Macdonald," by Dr. George R. Parkin, C. M. G.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for publication this month "The Lone Star," by Eugene P. Lyle, jr.; "The Road to Happiness," by Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler; "To Him That Hath," a story of the New York Bowery by Leroy Scott; "The Memoirs of Madame Ristori," and "Daffodils, Narcissus, and How to Grow Them," by A. M. Kirby.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week "Corolla Sancti Eadmundi," edited by Lord Francis Hervey; "Villani's Chronicle," translated by Rose E. Selfe and edited by Philip H. Wicksteed; "The Art of Reconnaissance," by Col. David Henderson, D. S. O.; and "Soldiers of Fortune in Camp and Court," by Alexander Innes Shand.

Duffield & Co. announce the following for publication this autumn: "Painters and

Sculptors," a new and copiously illustrated volume of art criticisms by Kenyon Cox; "Houses for Town or Country," by William Herbert, with over two hundred pictures; "Historic Churches of America," by Mrs. N. U. Wallington, with an introduction by the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and many illustrations; "Plays of our Forefathers," by Prof. Charles M. Gayley of the University of California; "Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George E. Woodberry; "House Health," by Dr. Norman Bridge; "The Holy Grail," a posthumous drama by Richard Hovey; "Gypsy Verses," by Helen Hay Whitney; "Familiar Faces," a new book of comic verse by Harry Graham; and a new and specially illustrated Vermont edition of Miss Theodora Peck's "Hester of the Grants."

We note the appearance of six more volumes in the World's Classics (Henry Frowde): Leigh Hunt's "The Town," edited by Austin Dobson; Richard Cobbold's "History of Margaret Catchpole," edited by Clement Shorter; George Herbert's "Poems," edited by Arthur Waugh; R. H. Horne's "New Spirit of the Age," edited by Walter Jerrold; Dickens's "Great Expectations," with six illustrations by Warwick Goble, and Frere's "Four Plays of Aristophanes," with an introduction by W. W. Merry.

Buxton Forman has given to the Keats-Shelley Memorial Corporation a mass of books, pamphlets, newspaper cuttings, etc., illustrative of the poets' works. They will be placed in the museum in Rome.

Arrangements have been adopted for printing an elaborate descriptive catalogue of the famous library of Samuel Pepys, which since 1723 has been in the keeping of Magdalene College, Cambridge. The library has been left during all these years in exactly the same state in which its collector arranged it on the shelves of the oak presses whose construction is recorded in the Diary, and this is the first attempt to put it generally at the service of bibliophiles. The collection numbers only about 3,000 volumes, but as many as half a dozen distinguished specialists have been engaged to catalogue them.

The report of J. C. Schwab, librarian of Yale University, for the year ending June 30, 1907, notes the progress made in unifying the work of the different departmental libraries. In the case of all, the main library is now supplied with a catalogue of the serials and similar publications taken, and in several of them the university librarian has been officially designated as purchasing agent. The aim "is not so much to collect all the books of the university under the roof of the university library as to unify the administration of all the libraries concerned, and make the central library the clearing house for all of them, where the catalogue of their contents may be found." The policy of making access to the shelves more general, he reports, has been followed with gratifying results, and without any increase in the number of books lost. In view of "the increasing part of the time of the library staff given to directing students and officers to the material they need," Mr. Schwab urges that the proportion of the university's revenue given to the library under the old order of things is no longer just or adequate.

Plans for the new building for the library of the University of California have been completed and adopted by the regents, and work on the structure is to begin at once. It promises to be one of the noblest and largest of its kind in this country, covering a space two hundred feet square, and providing room for 500,000 volumes, in addition to numerous reading and seminar rooms. A classic design is to be followed, its chief feature being a colonnade of Corinthian columns, with an imposing doorway. Its material is to be white granite, and no woodwork is to appear anywhere in the building. Special quarters are to be provided for the great Bancroft historical library, which came into possession of the university about two years ago.

Prof. Kuno Francke wishes us to correct a misunderstanding which might arise from our note in the *Nation* of June 27, on his "Germans Ideals of To-day." Most of the brief papers making up the chapter "Sketches of Contemporary German Literature" first appeared in the *Nation*. The longer essays were originally published in the *Atlantic*, the *International Quarterly*, and the *Outlook*. The essay on "The Future of German Literature" has not been printed before.

For about fifty years, which cover, roughly speaking, the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, Edinburgh, rather than London, was the real centre of the intellectual life of the United Kingdom. The dominant figure, both in literary and legal society, was, for the greater part of that period, Walter Scott. In his "Edinburgh under Sir Walter Scott" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), W. T. Fyfe furnishes a useful supplement to Lockhart and the "Letters" and "Journals." He describes in detail the topography of the Old City, the gradual improvements, the exodus to the New Town, and the society and manners of the older generation, contrasted with Scott's contemporaries. Several chapters are devoted to the great Scottish judges of the eighteenth century, their wit, eccentricities, and too frequent brutality, men such as Stevenson drew in "Weir of Hermiston." The main incidents of Scott's career guide Mr. Fyfe to descriptions, well written and always interesting, of the men and manners of "mine own romantic town," the Ballantynes, with their fatal fascination for Scott, Constable, and Jeffrey, and many figures less familiar to the ordinary reader, though all worth the closer acquaintance that one gains through these pages. This is a book that will lead many admirers of Scott into fresh paths, especially, perhaps, to the reading of Lord Cockburn's "Memorials," an admirable study of the social life of the Scotland of the period, from which Mr. Fyfe quotes many entertaining passages.

That was a happy idea of Peter Rosegger's publisher to propose to the great German story-teller a selection of his narratives having to do only with the wonderful Abelsbergers ("Die Abelsberger Chronik." New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.), and an equally felicitous response on the part of Rosegger, who answered: "Do I agree to the proposition? Yes, indeed, if the man believes that such a little book may bring about some laughter among our contemporaries. For what is more necessary in the twentieth century than hearty laughter? For this reason, I have been going about a long time with the thought of founding a high school in Abelsberg, where one may learn laughing." The genial fun-maker describes Abelsberg (which any child can find on the map!) as lying between the forty-sixth and fifty-fourth degrees of northern latitude, and the fourth and sixteenth degrees of eastern longitude, which seems perfectly natural, and suggests the idea that Germany has not only done much of the thinking for the rest of the world, but has supplied a good deal of its humor, too. What is of special interest in connection with Steiermark's dialect artist is that, realizing the precious possibilities in his experience as peasant and tailor, he has had the good sense to stick to the fields and his tailor's goose. It is thirty years and more since Rosegger, under the pen name of "Petri Kettenfeier," founded his famous national magazine; his works have expanded to thirty volumes or more, and the world is still laughing with the Waldschulmeister over the bass-fiddle war and the Abelsberg Katze. In 1902 a selection of Rosegger's stories most interesting to youth was published under the title of "Als ich noch den Waldbauernbub war," and the cordiality with which they were everywhere received promises well for this latest venture. For those most familiar with Rosegger and his village and mountain life, it may be noted that recently he was asked if Social-Democracy was threatening the regions of life hitherto regarded as remote from the humming mart, and that his answer is a serious affirmative, declaring that Socialism has long since pushed its way in among the valleys and the rocky clefts.

One can hardly fail to have at least a sentimental interest in a volume of sermons preached in the town of Giles Cory, Samuel Parris, and the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale. The sermons "Concerning Life," by the Rev. George Dimmick Latimer, minister of the North Society of Salem (Boston: The American Unitarian Association), are not particularly aggressive, but one finds in them a healthful tone, a manly spirit, an utterance free from cant, and here and there a touch of more than usual cunning on some current foible, with a mild and gentle suggestion of remedy, as if the speaker were confident that to know a fault is to cure it, with his audience, and that violent persuasion is superfluous.

A large amount of diligent research is evident in the Bohlen Lectures for 1906 on "The Samaritans: The Earliest Jewish Sect, Their History, Theology, and Literature," by Prof. James Alan Montgomery, Ph.D., of the Philadelphia Divinity School (The John C. Winston Co.). As indicating the mass of material reviewed, it may be mentioned that the text of the Samaritan Liturgy in the British Museum fills 2,000 quarto pages, and this does not include many liturgical texts found only in Continental libraries. Despite his industry, Professor Montgomery does not claim to have solved the problem of the origin of the Samaritans. It is clear that they are a Jewish sect, differing from Judaism in location of worship upon Mount Gerizim, but as to how they achieved separateness we are still left in mystery.

The difficulties of the common view, which is based upon II. Kings xvii., and according to which the Samaritans were a mixed race of foreign colonists with a syncretistic faith, are recognized by Professor Montgomery. The criticism of other Old Testament passages and of references in the New Testament is not thoroughgoing. The volume brings into convenient form a large amount of information hitherto not readily accessible, and is furnished with a useful bibliography.

In his Preface to "Before Port Arthur: The Personal Diary of a Japanese Naval Officer" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) the translator, Capt. R. Grant, states that he has made his version from a Spanish translation of a Japanese original. Having no knowledge of the Japanese language and without having seen the Japanese original, he cannot state "how far the Spanish book is an accurate version of the original work." The chances, are, however, that the Spanish expert did his original no hurt; for the volume before us is evidently one of a growing class of books dealing with the Russo-Japanese war which are produced under Anglo-Saxon skies and are attributed to non-existent Russians and Japanese, who are supposed to have written them while they fought. There is nothing in the volume that presupposes a Japanese naval officer as the author. The rapid shifting of the hero from torpedo-boat to fire ship, from fire ship to gunboat, and on to cruiser and battleship, impresses us as having taken place not for the good of the Japanese naval service but for the exigencies of the historian's rôle.

Prof. Camillo von Klenze's "The Interpretation of Italy during the Last Two Centuries" (University of Chicago Press), is intended, according to the sub-title, as a contribution to the study of Goethe's "Italienische Reise." The writer compares the "Reise" with its predecessors in the same field in the eighteenth century and with its successors in the nineteenth, in order to determine to what extent Goethe depended on the former, and has been enlarged and improved upon by the latter. The upshot of the whole matter is that Italy contained nothing for Goethe except the remains of Hellenized Rome, just as she had had nothing else for his precursors. In other words, Goethe in his criticism of Italy was at his best in virtue of what he had learned from Winckelmann. At Verona he could see nothing but the amphitheatre; at Rome nothing but Greco-Roman sculpture, the Forum and the Colosseum. Padua, Perugia, and Florence he regarded as almost beneath his notice. He admired chiefly in Venice that which she had inherited from the "divine genius of Palladio." His condemnation of St. Mark's reminds one of his impudent and ignorant depreciation of Sir Isaac Newton's physics. Dr. von Klenze tries to save his hero's credit by holding him up to our admiration as "the first traveller who attempts to understand various phenomena in Italy as products of forces," and by enlarging on the scientific spirit displayed in his observations. But the fact remains that Goethe in his conscious reasonings was never anything more than an eighteenth-century rationalist; and, among other things, his low estimate of Dante might have been quoted to show his utter blindness to the greatness of mediæval Italy. Dr. von Klenze's style and treatment do not, we regret to say, rise above the level of the doctor's dissertation; while there is too much cataloguing of details, and too little original reasoning and writing, some important facts are left out. For example, Ruskin is mentioned only incidentally. No account is given of those great works like the "Stones of Venice," which have been so influential in forming modern opinion of Italy. The author's language, as well as treatment, contains too many reminders of Germany. He constantly uses "dome" to mean cathedral. And we would suggest that words like *Zeitgeist* and *Weltanschauung* have by this time an unpleasant suggestion of cant, besides having perfectly good English equivalents.

The death is announced of Edmond Demolins, whose book, "A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons," made almost an international sensation. M. Demolins was director of *La Science Sociale*, and a prolific writer.

THREE BOOKS ON IRELAND.

The Outlook in Ireland. The Case for Devolution and Conciliation. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

L'Irlande Contemporaine et la Question Irlandaise. Par L. Paul-Dubois. Paris: Perrin & Cie.

A Considcration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century. By G. Locker Lampson. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Set an Englishman and a Frenchman to writing a book about Ireland, and which one will display the more vivacity, which the more plodding industry? No; you are wrong. It is the Englishman who has the *esprit;* the collector of facts is the French writer. Then pit your Englishman against an Irishman: which will produce the dull volume, which the witty? Wrong again; it is the Irishman who is portentously heavy, the Englishman who has eloquence, irony, indignation, sprightly turns, and all the Celtic graces of style.

Lord Dunraven's book has an inevitable air of being born out of due time. It was aimed to hit the expected Irish Bill of the Liberal Ministry. That was to be a measure of devolution, and the Earl of Dunraven, as a leader of the devolutionists among the Conservatives, might well think the day of his vindication was drawing nigh. But even as he was taking sight at the Irish Councils Bill, the Nationalists repudiated it, and the Government withdrew it. Yet his Lordship had pulled the trigger, and his book had gone off. It is a sober argument, from the standpoint of an Irishman who is both a Protestant and a Unionist, for turning over to the Irish a certain control over their affairs. The author follows the usual "heads of discourse"—economic, agricultural, educational, political. It is a moderate and rational programme which Lord Dunraven sketches, but, unhappily, time has made it untimely.

M. Paul-Dubois has been for some years known as a serious student of history and finance. His book on American railways, in 1896, was favorably received, and gave a taste of his quality. Now in his "Contemporary Ireland" he has applied the same patient methods of accumulation of fact, collection of authorities, with summary statement of his results. In this volume we have an historical introduction covering eighty pages; then four chapters dealing with the political and social condition of Ireland; four chapters more on the land question and the financial situation; finally, chapters on education, the Gaelic movement, economic regeneration, and the religious question. All is thoroughly studied from good sources, and M. Paul-Dubois has had the advantage of travel in Ireland, and association with some of her political and educational leaders. He writes with much sympathy for the Nationalist movement, though he believes Irish independence impossible, and has no hope except for a more or less restricted form of self-government. In actual remedy, then, M. Paul-Dubois is not far away from Lord Dunraven.

It is, however, Mr. Lampson's "Consideration" which is the weightiest and at the same time the wittiest book of the three. This writer is a master of easy satire. He even turns it against himself in his preface. He hopes for a possible maximum of forty-two readers to "skim the pages." "Twenty-two of these may be Milesians, who will condemn them, because issuing from a Saxon who is not a Home Ruler. Fifteen of the other twenty will be bluff Britishers, who will vote them anti-English and lurch by on the other side." This leaves only five at the outside in whom the truth may find a lodgment!

It is a combination of history, character-drawing, political discussion, and the evisceration of blue books which Mr. Lampson's volume offers. He is able to give a good sweeping account of a movement; to set forth the excruciating details of Irish misgovernment in cold but terrible array. He is a shrewd observer of men. There are characterizations of Curran and O'Connell and Parnell, of Peel and Gladstone and Disraeli, which one feels to be incomplete, and possibly unfair, but of which one cannot fail to be impressed by the powerful strokes. Mr. Lampson writes with a qualified sympathy for Ireland, but with an almost unqualified contempt for her English rulers. There are pages on pages of attempts to pierce John Bull's hide with sarcasm. "Ireland, without a doubt, was a wicked and ungrateful country. After a careful study of the best opinion entertained by her rulers, the author has reluctantly arrived at this inevitable conclusion." There is a passage (p. 103) on George IV.'s visit to Ireland almost worthy of Swift, and one thoroughly Swiftian on the amazing goodness of the English in keeping themselves so sleek and well-fed in order to make the Irish feel more keenly the ingratitude of their own starvation! The author's main contention is that the difficulty of governing Ireland is purely mental: that the English have never understood the Irish, and for that reason might as well have written all their statutes for Ireland on the sands of the seashore. But what would he himself do, at the end of his powerful demonstration of incompatibility? Why, he would build a tunnel under the Irish Channel, so that the two peoples might intermingle more freely

and intermarry more often, and so solve the Irish problem! He has minor recommendations about university reform and land legislation, but his chief hope lies in what we have said. It is a strange, we will not say a pitiful, conclusion, for a man to arrive at who has led his interested readers along the same path trodden by Lord Dunraven and M. Paul-Dubois, but who shrinks when he sees where it is leading.

CURRENT FICTION.

Tinman. By Tom Gallon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Whenever a novel appears which does not deal too exclusively with the aristocracy, its admirers hasten to assure the public that Dickens has again come among us, improved and brought up to date! Many people professed to find this flavor in Mr. De Morgan's delightful "Joseph Vance"! The unbiassed criticism on the cover of "Tinman" claims that "in plot, style, and treatment, it compares favorably with Dickens"! It is well that this has been pointed out, since unaided no sane person would have discovered it. "The House on the Marsh" at a stretch—but Dickens!

Tom Gallon is gifted with the lurid manner. The clouds hanging over "The House of Usher" are as a dawn in June compared to the blackness permanently settled about Hammerstone Market. Even at twenty a young man might have experience enough to call in the police when his guardian went on so that "in all my life I never remember to have seen a man so suddenly become a wild beast as Jerry Fanshawe did then." Jerry ran about banging doors and blaspheming, "pulling at his lips with his long fingers. . . ." But he was not having things all his own way, since ". . . I had never seen on any face such a look of mingled fear and hopelessness and longing and misery as I saw in his face then." Although Jerry "clinched and unclinched his hands and moistened his lips and strove to speak," and also had that habit of examining his nails which is the primary impulse of every villain. Charlie had no suspicion of him (otherwise Jerry would have been immediately consigned to Bedlam or Reading Gaol, ending the story promptly at page forty-nine). As it is, notwithstanding an important manner, "Tinman" has only been strung out to store size by the ingenious device of repeating the heroine's adventures in the person of her daughter, merely giving a happier outcome to the fortunes of Barbara number two.

John Kendry's Idea. By Chester Bailey Fernald. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

This is a lively novel of adventure without any of the sacrifices usually considered necessary in stories of this type. That is to say, although murderers, counterfeiters, detectives, villains, and cosmic Chinamen abound, and while events flash by so quickly as to keep a seasoned reader breathless, Mr. Fernald's own observations upon life at large are perfectly sensible, often amusing. Also his characters, if a trifle heavily emphasized at times, still talk and behave as real human beings might conceivably comport themselves under such startling circumstances.

The scene lies in San Francisco before the earthquake. John Kendry is a millionaire young man of aspiration, rather lost as to the means of realizing his idea which, at last analysis, is no more and no less than to be a useful citizen of the world, though rich. "He did not want more money, more power, more distinction than he possessed, yet he did not want to lose fellowship with men who were striving for those things." There is the American situation in a nutshell. He seeks equilibrium by attaching himself to an expatriated lady some years his senior, a lady whose brother hits her off as "A Europo-maniac, and that's the Americanest thing with hairpins. She turns round on her pivot and thinks she's an aristocrat. Well, you've only got to let her think she's made a morganatic marriage, and she'll have a sorrowing love for you all her life." Clearly, Mr. Fernald studies from the life and to some purpose, as when he describes a middle class American as being "Inferior to his clothes and superior to his manner of speech." His analogies are unfailingly apt, as when the strange sea-faring man complains " 'A sailor was like a seal,' he said, 'he couldn't live always in the water, and when he came ashore to make his nest, they had him skinned before he was cold.' "

It is rather noticeable that while the author nowhere affirms that his hero is a young man of ability, you are immediately convinced of John Kendry's being both clever and agreeable. In fact, the whole book is an encouraging example of the neglected truths that stories of adventure and action need not be childishly immature, that contact with Chinese mysteries does not of necessity make a hero of fiction show the judgment of a puppy under nine days old, that cheapness and illiteracy are by no means essential accompaniments to epics of contemporary adventure.

The Imperfect Gift. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The imperfect gift is the handsome person and undying affection of one Ben Armitage, actor manager. Although credited with something of a past, this gentleman behaves in a manner far more suggestive of good King Wenceslaus than of Don Juan. In spite of everything, Marjory falls in love with him. "Everything" is what she learns from Evelyn, the day this beautiful elder sister explains to her all about Men. Evelyn has a well-worn rôle, to be handsome, worldly, successful, and highly contemptuous of other people's finer feelings. The Austrian Prince who falls in love with her at a ball exhausts this young lady's entire stock of romance. She refuses morganatic marriage, and secures a great match in one of those British peers who drink too much and talk like bus drivers. Marjory meanwhile develops from an ugly duckling with queer ideas into a striking beauty. A few quarters in elocution, and she is ready for the stage. One short season, on tour in the provinces, lands her as leading lady in London. Whenever the breath of scandal touches Ben, she nobly and devotedly breaks their engagement, and dismisses him forever. He invariably obeys, but turns up, unestranged, about the time she has reflected that her mission may after all be to make perfect the imperfect gift. The story is smoothly and competently told, and while its basis lies in the realm of mediocre, respectable fiction, the observation of detail, if a shade shopworn, is always sufficiently correct and agreeably expressed to make the whole fairly readable—if no better novel be at hand.

A Short History of Comparative Literature from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Frédéric Loliée. Translated by M. Douglas Power. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

The English title of this work is something of a misnomer. M. Loliée has no pretension to trace the development of the comparative method as applied to the study of literature. His business is directly with literature itself—the written records of human thought and feeling. It is these which he attempts to recount, in accordance with the natural classifications of race and language, but in a manner to associate contemporary products as far as possible. In short, his ambition is nothing less than to write, however briefly, the history of human culture.

As a result of such a gigantic undertaking, confined within the narrow limits of 350 pages, his book is conspicuous for broad surveys and vague generalities. By its lack of close individual characterization and accurate detailed description it lies at the very antipodes of Sainte-Beuve's critical method. In this respect it appears, at first sight, rather amateurish, like the work of a young man whose views are wider than they are deep. At the same time M. Loliée is no novice. Though little known in America, he has written a volume on sophism and the sophists, "Le Paradoxe," and has collaborated in another work of something the same general character as this, "Écrivains et littératures." Vague and indefinite, then, as his descriptions are, mere summaries and *résumés* for the most part, yet many of them are not without a certain care for atmospheric effects which reveals at all events the practised writer, if not the exact and cautious critic. Particularly remarkable in this sort are the accounts of the end of paganism and the close of the dark ages. A brief extract from the latter source will declare the writer's style at its best, as well as his manner of handling his subject:

> It is then we see them, a priest-ridden people, some in the still retirement of religious houses, lost in meditation or in prayer, suffering, raving, perhaps, in the dim light of the painted windows, eloquent of the Divine Life and Passion, a people of friars and monks, harassed by endless scruples and tortured by their own idea of the love of God. They were in a constant state of exaltation by their custom of meditating on the ineffable, and their souls were beguiled by mystical pains and delights, or by the troubles and uncertainties of a vague incurable melancholy which they named *acedia*.

In these broad and summary outlines there is something of the hauntingness of a suggestive and impressionistic poetry. In such instances as this, where it happens to accord with the nature of the subject, it is rather effective, though perhaps not eminently trustworthy.

At the same time it seems impossible that any one man should have read all

these books, to say nothing of having made the circuit in his own person of all the ideas and emotions of which they are the expression. He were either too wise or too weary to write at all. It is not surprising that a good deal of the volume should be made up at second hand from the common stock of criticism. Brief as are the characterizations, they are seldom so happy as they should be. "In prose Guez de Balzac was one of the first to be witty and melodious, Corneille following Rotrou in drama, and Malherbe succeeding Régnier in lyric poetry introduced between them the great intellectual movement which was to attain maturity under Louis XIV." Of this sort of thing there is altogether too much in a *précis* where every epithet ought to count. No doubt it is undesirable that a work of this kind should consist of a string of epigrams. But it is equally undesirable that it should degenerate into a mere *catalogue raisonné* in which the commentary is only a *cheville* or device for filling out the measure of the sentence.

At worst, however, in spite of the rather patchwork character of the composition, and in spite, too, of a certain critical destitution, it is something to have all these matters gathered together in one place, where they blend into a single perspective. At this elevation, too, with the world and its history unrolled before his eyes, it would be astonishing if the observer were not occasionally favored with a prospect unattainable at a lower altitude. Of such glimpses and *aperçus* it would be possible to cite numerous examples. Between Tolstoi and Rousseau, for instance, he institutes a rather unexpected parallelism. Of Germany he pertinently observes: "It might have been said of her, before the passion for military greatness had swallowed up her idealistic ambitions, that she was the India of Europe: vast, vague, with as many and varied aspects as her god, the Proteus of pantheism." Of Calderón he indicates what is probably true, that his drama is greatly overestimated through the influence of the Schlegels and the German romanticists. Suggestive also is a remark concerning the bent of the Spanish mind to archæology and political economy, for the reason that these studies are "so prone to illusion," "in that respect bearing a certain relation to fiction"—a suggestion which may serve to account for the curious affiliation between political economy and the modern novel.

The translation is not so good as it might be. It contains a few Gallicisms, as is to be expected—particularly "and which," and an occasional double negative. Most serious, however, is the abuse of the historical present, which even in moderation has an outlandish effect in English. Nor is the grammar always impeccable, to say nothing of a general flattening and reduction of the author's style, perceptible in the brief extract first quoted.

English Metrists in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By T. S. Omond. New York: Henry Frowde, $2.40.

This is an interesting volume, of 242 pages, besides appendices and index, on a dull subject. The long series of books and articles printed in English about English metric during the last two centuries—what could be duller to most readers? Until a recent period, their authors had as a rule little notion of scientific method; their ideas of fundamental concepts were hazy, confused, and shifting. Many did little but blindly copy their predecessors, often without credit; others, perceiving clearly enough the worthlessness of previous disquisitions, built up new systems of their own, ignoring predecessors—to be themselves in turn ignored, often deservedly. From one point of view, it is a disheartening tale of confusion of thought, of the blind leading the blind, of slow and painful and partial emergence of light from darkness. At times the solemnity and "superfluity of cocksureness" with which fatuous nonsense is laid down as self-evident law become really amusing. How comes it, one asks, that on so important an element of poetic form, which ought to interest all people of culture, the English-speaking world has been so slow in learning to think clearly, or even to see straight. The structure of their verse presented to our fathers no more difficult problem than the structure of Greek verse presented to the Greeks. But the Greeks appear to have had as early as Pindar's time an established body of doctrine that could be taught to the young. Does our relative slowness in solving our problem measure accurately the inferiority of our race in the power of scientific comprehension of familiar and simple phenomena? It certainly indicates our relative lack of interest in clear thinking about the arts. A philosophic reader will see in this story of slow development, and of persisting misconception, a typical instance of the manner of human progress.

Meanwhile, Mr. Omond endeavors "not merely to enumerate and summarize treatises, but to trace the gradual development of sound views of verse-structure." Teachers of English—too many of whom seem now to have no interest in the subject—should add this book to their working libraries. Above all, no one should venture hereafter to put pen to paper on the subject without studying, first this volume, and then several, at least, of the treatises here summarized. From Joshua Steele's "Essay towards establishing the Melody and Measure of Speech" (1775), enlarged and reissued four years later under the title "Prosodia Rationalis," to Sidney Lanier's "Science of English Verse" (1880), five years over a century, real progress was made; and not a little has been added in the twenty-seven years since Lanier. Mr. Omond has at last made easy for students an adequate survey of what has been done.

Perhaps it is going too far to say that a candid reader can hardly fail to discern the truth in this historical sketch. Mr. Omond reports impartially, perversity bulks large; a reader may become confused unless he already knows something of the subject. Some recent statement, based on Lanier, but briefer, would perhaps be best for one to start with, as it will present a single system and from a single point of view. In his eagerness to present every system as sympathetically as possible, Mr. Omond seems almost to shift his point of view, and to keep his mind too open on some important points. For example, does he think our common blank verse is regularly in even or in triple time? Apparently, the former (see pp. 182 f.), which is wrong; but some passages leave one doubtful. Hence also he bestows especial approval on two or three authors who couldn't quite make up their minds on fundamental matters, and vainly tried to combine views that are irreconcilable. He has grasped the idea that rhythm, in English verse as in music and the dance and in classical verse, is wholly a matter of time and time-intervals. But occasionally he seems not to have grasped this firmly enough to realize that no doctrine can be sound that in any degree conflicts with that. Only by carrying that principle through—by observing how the mind and voice divide time in reading aloud the verse of good poets as the poets meant it to be read, and then stating in the simplest way what is the procedure of poet and of the reader's mind and voice—can a rational system, adequate and simple, be worked out. In his closing pages Mr. Omond is rather more uncertain than he should be as to whether a secure basis has yet been found. The difference between Greek prosody and English is probably best realized by those who know Greek prosody best; but a better understanding of Greek doctrine of verse rhythm would have made Mr. Omond's judgment surer on some of the problems of English rhythm. It would also have modified his form of expression in one or two passages of comparison between Greek and English.

But neither these strictures nor some omissions and slips and even misjudgments, which are inevitable in such a work, can change the fact that the work is carefully done, and is to be received with gratitude. American writers, from Poe's "Rationale of English Verse" (1848) down, receive their due share of attention and of appreciation; Lanier's importance in particular is fully recognized, and his defects are criticised fairly. Appendix A contains addenda to and corrigenda in the author's previous list of English quantitative verses—would-be quantitative, that is: Appendix B in like manner enlarges and corrects his previously published list of works in English dealing with English verse-structure. For the latter we wish he had given the entire revised list, though it is true the body of the volume includes all that is important. There is also a good index of names.

Madame: A Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I. and Duchess of Orleans. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

On the cover this book is described as "Memoirs of the Princess Henrietta"; on the title-page inside as "A Life of Henrietta." It would be difficult to find a right name for it. "Life and Times" would classify it more correctly than "Life," but it belongs to a hybrid *genre*, being neither historical novel, nor yet pure history. Mrs. Ady is as scrupulous in going to original sources as any dryasdust historian. Her aim, however, is entertainment—instructive, no doubt, but still entertainment. Accordingly, she regards herself as free to indulge in unrestrained idolatry of her subject. This contrast between a minute, painstaking research which commands all our re-

spect, and a (doubtless) sweet, but quite uncritical, abandonment of worship, is the keynote of her writing. In short, her work may be recommended to the seeker after diversion and to the historical student alike. Besides throwing into clear relief the political osteology of the period, she conveys much of its glamour and romance—the silken sheen and violin music of the grand monarch's court.

Her idolized heroine, the daughter of Charles I. of England, born in a besieged city during the Cromwellian wars, reared by her widowed mother in royal poverty at St. Germain and Paris, married at seventeen to Louis XIV.'s worthless brother, the Duke of Orleans, an unhappy wife, but, thanks to her influence over Louis, a potent sister-in-law, more potent still as the one person in the world whom her brother, Charles II., really loved and respected, Henrietta died after a useful, even brilliant career, at the unripe age of twenty-six. She was unquestionably a clever, forcible, plain, but coquettish woman. Not merely did she patronize Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, Bossuet, and others such; she *understood* them. And most likely it was this thin, hectic, brilliant girl, who, during her hot flirtation with King Louis, first taught the Grand Monarque to appreciate those men of light and leading. She also exercised a very considerable influence over international politics by furthering her brother's earnest attempts to establish an *entente cordiale* between England and France. She reminds us not a little in this dual rôle of a later English princess who not only encouraged art and literature at a foreign court, but strove in the teeth of a Bismarckian opposition to bring about closer relations between her adopted and native countries—the late Empress Frederick, when she was Crown Princess of Prussia.

It is a tribute to Mrs. Ady's honest learning to say that the clearest part of her book is that dealing with Henrietta's political activity. Here there is no call for special pleading, and therefore no confusing contradiction between the plentiful data offered by the author and the idolatrous opinions which she sometimes chooses to espouse. Henrietta's influence in this regard is open to no misinterpretation. She acted not merely as the trusted go-between of her brother, but as his guide in trying to bring Louis round to his wishes. Charles kept up with her an intimate correspondence, which fully proved this statement. And here Mrs. Ady gives us a rare treat. She prints for the first time in their original form more than ninety of Charles's letters to his sister. Singularly vigorous and characteristic letters they are. Mrs. Ady asserts that they are "of rare interest." They are indeed so interesting that they rather displace the centre of gravity of her book. Mrs. Ady gives comparatively few letters of her heroine's, and such is the superior force of the direct human document that many a reader, we imagine, will derive from these memoirs a more vivid impression of Charles than of Henrietta. Though not strictly germane to the supposed central theme of the book, we must quote one of Charles's letters, taken at random:

WHITHALL,
8 Sept., 1662.

I am soe ashamed for the *faute* I have committed against you that I have nothing to say for myselfe, but ingenuously confesse it, which I hope in some degree will obtaine my pardon, assureing you for the time to come that I will repair any past failings, and I hope you do not impute it in the least degree to wante of kindness, for I assure you there is nothing I love so well as my dearest Minette, and if ever I fail you in the least, say I am unworthy of having such a sister as you! The Queene has tould you, I hope, that she is not displeased with her being heere. I am sure I have done all that lies in my power to lett her see the duty and kindnesse I have for her. The truth is, never any children had so good a mother as we have, and you and I shall never have any disputes, but onely who loves her best, and in that I will never yield to you. She has shewed me your letters concerning your quarrell with the K., and you were much in the right. He has too much ingenuity not to doe what he did. If I had been in his place I should have done the same. The Chevalier de Gramont begins his journey to-morrow, or next day; by him I will write more at large to you. I am doing all I can to gett him a rich wife heere. You may thinke this is a jest, but he is in good earnest, and I believe he will tell you that he is not displeased with his usage heere and with the way of living; and so farewell, my dearest Minette, for this time. I am intierly yours,

C—R.

No reader is likely to form from Mrs. Ady's book a less favorable opinion of the merry monarch than he had before; at all events, he will get a very definite opinion. So much can hardly be said about Henrietta.

Mrs. Ady's mania for idealizing, while attractive no doubt to many lovers of the beautiful, has the fault of obscurantism. She shuts her eyes to the obvious more than once. Take, for instance, her accounts of Henrietta's personal appearance. Mrs. Ady is most reluctant to admit any blemish in her angel. But even though there were not plenty of portraits extant to declare the fact, it might easily be read between the lines of flowery court tributes that Henrietta's was in reality a somewhat unfavored physique, and that she had to redeem outward defects by charms of wit, character, and—may we add?—of coquetry. Mrs. Ady strives hard to evade any such admission. In her earlier chapters she withholds the least hint of it, and, later on, when she conscientiously quotes some evidence to that effect, she manages so to distribute light and shade that the reader may well be puzzled as to the net result.

The instance is typical. Whenever there is any possible doubt about the princess's perfection, Mrs. Ady turns special pleader. She quotes the Bishop of Valence as saying: "With all her divine qualities, this princess was the most human of creatures." But she does not accept the logical consequences of the remark. Allusion has been made to Henrietta's coquetry. Whether it was excessive or not, Madame certainly excited devotions from the other sex which call for a more searching explanation than Mrs. Ady offers. Her notorious affair with the Comte de Guiche was after all but one in a series. "Die Menge thut es," said Heine. The repeated occurrence of passionate victims of Henrietta's fascination leaves us skeptical of Mrs. Ady's account of a remote, platonic Psyche in a niche. We yearn for a last instead of a first analysis. And Mrs. Ady seems inconsistent with herself; she has to admit that Manicamp, the cynical author of "Amours du Palais Royal," knew Madame well and had "every opportunity of studying her." She also admits that Madame de La Fayette, the close friend of the princess, author of the "Histoire de Madame Henriette," smooths over some matters. Madame de La Fayette derived much of her information from Henrietta's own lips, but, remarks Mrs. Ady, "more careful of Henrietta's reputation than this princess herself, she often found it difficult to reconcile truth with propriety." It is scarcely doubtful that Manicamp was a liar, but then, apparently, so was Madame de La Fayette, even if in lesser degree, and on the whole we may fairly conclude that here, as usual, the truth lies in the middle.

The Church and the Changing Order. By Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

The principal questions raised by Professor Mathews are, What shall be the attitude of the Church toward the new learning in philosophy, science, and biblical study? What stand shall be taken by the representatives of Christianity in relation to Socialism and modern social movements? What has the Church to say in view of the moral and social problems which are just now acute? That these are interesting and important matters, upon which light and wisdom are needed greatly, goes without saying. A sincere and earnest attempt, such as that of the author of this essay, to awaken appreciation of the seriousness of the situation should be accorded hearty welcome. It may be questioned, however, whether Professor Mathews has stated with sufficient emphasis the gravity of the problems which now press for solution, and whether his counsels to the friends of faith in the premises are anything more than an impossible compromise, in which neither side can rest satisfied. He would have the Church adopt the most cordial attitude toward the new learning, both scientific, historical, and critical, and yet he insists that "it has been its eschatological message which has given the gospel its grip upon human life"; he maintains that "any theology that is unaffected by a conviction of the reality of the risen Christ is not evangelical in the strictly New Testament sense," and the context makes clear his meaning that such a theology can not be evangelical at all. In other words, criticism must have freest scope, and must yet face the warning notice, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." We read that "no man under the influence of to-day's scientific thought can believe in any anti-legalism in God's relation to his world," and on the same page there is vigorous confession of a "risen Jesus, not, it is true, of ordinary flesh and blood, but of genuinely objective reality." It is declared that the gospel must be preached with primitive insistence upon the historic elements, and yet the necessity is maintained "of distinguishing sharply between the evangelic facts and the interpretation given them by people of the first century." It would appear that the demons, and the underworld for the dead, and angelic powers and principalities, belong to the temporary vocabulary which is done away, while the revivified personality who passed through closed doors and ate broiled fish and bread is essential doctrine which may not be relinquished except with the loss of Christianity itself.

Similarly as to social questions, Professor Mathews maintains that he is not a Socialist, and that "Socialism is essentially an economic system and approaches the individual life with much the same presupposition as did the older political economy it assails," and yet he declares also that neither the labor movement nor Socialism is "exclusively economic in motive," but both are expressive of "proletarian idealism." The Church can no longer preach "merely an individualistic salvation," and it is "a serious mistake to think that the present crisis will be settled by an unmodified individualism." It is difficult to see how the "real fraternity" which Professor Mathews describes as the future state of society differs from the Socialistic state whose anticipation gives verve and fire to the harangue of the street-corner agitator.

There are a sort of men who find skill to stand on both sides of a question, and who maintain the attitude with becoming grace. There are many who applaud them, and declare that they are progressive yet sane, open-minded yet truly conservative. A warning was once uttered, however, on the peril of putting new wine into old wineskins, and history affords abundant demonstration of the wisdom of the caution. Compromise has left behind a sad record of befuddled minds and consciences, and in the interests of clearness alone it were well, if we are to advance to a new order based on the bread-and-butter theory of the welfare of man, to take the step with our eyes open and under no misapprehensions based on old names for new doctrines.

The Whirlpool of Europe: Austria-Hungary and the Habsburgs. By Archibald R. Colquhoun and Ethel Colquhoun. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Too many books dealing with foreign and international politics nowadays depend for their solid substance of dates and figures on Baedeker, and their interpretation of contemporary movements on a facile power of generalizing from scanty journalistic observation. In contrast to such examples of the expanded or diluted magazine article, it is pleasant to lay hands on a serious study of an interesting problem by writers who can bring to the task the essential historical perspective and a capacity for making the event of the day relate to what came before it. The authors of the present volume have succeeded in presenting within some 340 pages—in itself no mean achievement in these days of the 600-page book of travels—an entirely adequate account, from the point of view of the general reader—of the origin of the Hapsburg power in Europe, its vicissitudes in the course of centuries, the upbuilding of the present dual monarchy on a multiform racial basis, and the elaborate machinery by which the component parts of a conglomerate political association are held sufficiently together for their own safety and kept sufficiently apart for their own convenience.

The greater part of the book is devoted to a study of the many nationalities that dwell under the sceptre of the Hapsburgs; and undeniably in that phase lies the chief interest which Austria-Hungary holds for the foreign observer. In the bitter conflicts between Czech and German in Austria or between Magyar and Croatian or Ruman in Hungary, there is involved not merely the fortunes of the races engaged, or of the great Power to which they belong, but the far broader issue of the future political constitution of Europe. Is it the fate of the smaller nationalities to be ultimately dominated by the more numerous races, to be incorporated, that is, into a great Pan-Germanic empire, a great Slavic empire, and a great Latin empire, or are they justified in fighting doggedly as they have been doing up to the present for the preservation of their languages, their traditions, and their local liberties, no matter how humble, in the hope that time which brings all things will also bring opportunity to them? The trend of present-day development would seem to be definitely the other way. Whether conquered and incorporated, or merely "protected" and advised, or annexed and "assimilated," the little state and the inconsiderable nationality have been disappearing before the great, unified Power. And not only that, but the instinct to oppress has manifested itself in races that are themselves the subject of oppression. The Poles who in German Posen are compelled to make sole use of the language of their conqueror in schools and law courts mete out the very same treatment to their Ruthenian peasants in Galicia. The Magyars who profess themselves the victims of Austria's ambition, are fairly unscrupulous in their conduct towards such subject races as the Rumans, whose kinsmen in independent Rumania show little mercy to the Greeks who, in turn, take their revenge out of the Macedonian Bulgarians. Swallow and be swallowed would seem to be the rule.

But, on the other hand, when we come to consider the very tenacity with which the petty peoples of Central and Eastern Europe have clung to their national existence, and, more than that, what numerous national renaissances, of varying importance, the past century witnessed, we shall be somewhat slow in predicting submergence for the small nationalities. The present volume, for instance, is lavish in its praise of what the Czechs have accomplished through self-help in regaining the upper hand over the Germans in their own historic land of Bohemia. So marked, indeed, has been their success that our authors have no hesitation in pronouncing the Bohemian Czechs the flower of all Slavic peoples, and in assigning to them the hegemony by right of that improbable Pan-Slavic confederation which in some quarters is dreamt of. Minute peoples like the Slovenes in Carinthia, Carniola, and Styria, or the Ladinos of the Tyrol, have revived their poor little dialects and literatures and founded schools and gymnasia and academies to preserve them. But far more important is the vast decentralizing movement which has arisen in the empire of the Czars. The various Russian revolutionary parties have not only had to take national aspirations into account, but have found in such aspirations probably the chief sources of their strength. The revolutionary programme contemplated a reorganization of the Russian empire on a basis of complete recognition for the cultural autonomy of Pole, Jew, Lett, Little Russian, Armenian, and Tartar. When a huge fabric like Russia can be shaken by the forces of national autonomy, it is too early to say that the day of the minor races has passed.

In contrast to the sympathetic treatment which Slav, German, and Hungarian receive in the present book, the hostile tone toward the Jews is strikingly noticeable. That anti-Semitism should exist in Austria is quite comprehensible, but that the Jews should everywhere be the unmitigated force for unrest and evil which they are represented to be, is improbable. Much, of course, depends upon the point of view; but that point of view is open to serious question when we find it solemnly asserted that the Jewish capitalists, having by their oppressive method given rise to the Anti-Semitic Christian Socialist movement, have sought to oppose to it the International or revolutionary Socialist movement, as it thrives in Germany and France. As a matter of fact, the Social Democracy of Europe has its bitterest enemies among the Jewish financiers and industrialists.

The Political History of England. Vol. VII., 1003—1660. By F. C. Montague. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.60 net.

Professor Montague's volume may be placed at about the average of those that have already appeared in this series. It is obviously, perhaps inevitably, dominated by the enormous labor and accomplishment of S. R. Gardiner in the same field. But it is careful, it keeps closely within the limitations set by the editors, and there is no serious fault to be found whether of omission or commission. Such criticism as must be made depends more on causes that go beyond the author to the editors, and beyond the editors to a whole school of thought.

And first let us quote from Professor Montague. He says: "Above all, the reign of James divides with the reign of Elizabeth the honors of the most splendid period of English literature. To that reign belong the later plays of Shakespeare and nearly all the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, as well as the noblest monument of English prose, the authorized version of the Scriptures. The same reign witnessed the birth of a new intellectual movement in the publication of the *Novum Organum.* The King seems to have had little feeling of these marvels." But Professor Montague, with amusing naïveté, shows no more feeling than James I., for that is every word he has to tell us on the subject. Turning from intellectual and literary matters, we find that economic causes receive scarcely more attention, and so another profoundly significant side of the reign of James I. is almost lost sight of—witness the insufficient treatment of the Statute of Monopolies. To take another aspect of the matter, we are given a narrative that presents in proper sequence a condensed account of each one of the exploits of perhaps the greatest of English admirals, Blake, but there is not one word indicating the character of his genius or explaining that of his methods.

By such illustrations as these it is gradually borne in on the reviewer that although the high praise bestowed on this series in earlier notices must be continued yet as the volumes accumulate certain deep seated weaknesses begin to show more con-

spicuously. And the obvious enough answer that the editors will make is insufficient. If told that their work is narrow, they will answer that it is so because of a necessary limitation; that their history is intended to be exclusively political, that it is only on this condition that it could be brought within reasonable compass. This line of argument would be unimpeachable if brought forward by a single scholar; is it not, however, dangerous when brought forward by a group of scholars formed as this one is? With the president of the English Historical Society, and the editor of the *English Historical Review* at their head, and representing the strongest school of historical study in England, it is not too much to say, taking many other facts into consideration, that these writers and teachers are setting up something like a formula for historical writing, and a formula that is open to the gravest objections. Is the historian to be commended who gives us the exact number of ships Blake had at Santa Cruz because he has read the return among the Admiralty papers, but makes no attempt to paint Blake's character or to describe his methods because he fails in the necessary documents and the equally necessary historical imagination? Must a whole school of historians be drilled to write a mediocre style to satisfy the fear of rhetorical exaggeration or to level down to a proper academic standard? Are we to continue indefinitely the process of cutting down the province of history so that the historian, after losing all hold of economics, of law, of literature, of art, and of theology, can go on ridding himself even of biography? We are getting perilously near this when we are presented such an unreal, that is untrue, Oliver Cromwell as in this book—a Cromwell indulging in no practical jokes, delivered from the wart on his nose, and, more important, emasculated from those volcanic bursts of insight, energy, and temper that constituted his genius and make him the most forceful figure of English history.

Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. Portraits and Biographies of the men honored in the naming of geographic features of Northwestern America. By Edmond S. Meany. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

This is a valuable contribution to the early history of the Puget Sound region of the State of Washington. For it gives, in addition to a reproduction of that part of Vancouver's journal narrating his explorations there, much information in regard to him and other persons. The editor, Professor Meany, has been successful in identifying all but a few of the persons for whom the prominent natural features of the Sound have been named, and brief biographies of them are to be found in his notes to the journal.

Of Vancouver himself not much could be learned in addition to what the account of his expedition, published in London after his death in 1798, contains. Even the date of his birth is only approximatively known. But "at what would now be considered the tender age of thirteen we find him launched upon his career as a sailor under the best master of that day, Capt. James Cook." He served under the great navigator in his second and third voyages, and narrowly escaped meeting the same fate as his commander. The latest biographer of Cook, Arthur Kitson, says that he was rescued by a chief. Vancouver spent some winters in the Sandwich Islands a few years after this, and a missionary there learned "that the natives loathed the memory of Cook, claiming that he and his sailors brought a disease there which developed into leprosy. On the other hand, those natives loved the memory of Vancouver." On his return to London, in 1780, he received his commission as lieutenant, and was in active service till 1791, when he was appointed to the command of an expedition. His instructions were to survey the western coast of America from 30 degrees northward, and he was also to represent the British Government at Nootka, where a Spaniard was to be sent to fulfil the terms of the Nootka Convention between Spain and Great Britain of October 28, 1790. In April, 1792, he entered the "supposed" Straits of Juan de Fuca, which is the part of the voyage, lasting four and a half years, with which this volume is concerned, and in October of the same year concluded his negotiations with Señor Quadra, the Spanish representative. His work as an explorer Professor Meany characterizes as "remarkably well done, and the maps are marvels for accuracy under all the circumstances. The observations of the soil, the climate, the trees, flowers, and birds are surprising when one remembers the newness of all to members of the party. Especially valuable and interesting are the recorded observations of the natives. Their houses, canoes, weapons, clothing, food, and language, all were commented upon in a way that will always prove of help to the student of these aboriginal peoples." The excellent English of the journal, which is certainly extraordinarily good considering the fact that it is the product of one whose schooling ended with the beginning of his teens, and whose reading must have been very limited, may be appreciated from this passage describing his impression of the site of Seattle:

> To describe the beauties of this region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of a skilful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility that unassisted nature puts forth, require only to be enriched by the industry of man with villages, mansions, cottages, and other buildings, to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined; while the labor of the inhabitants would be amply rewarded, in the bounties which nature seems ready to bestow on cultivation

The journal itself is a very detailed description of the experiences of each day, the most interesting parts being those relating to the natives. On one occasion, Vancouver invited some natives to dine with him. On being offered some venison pasty, "they received it from us with great disgust, and presented it round to the rest of the party, by whom it underwent a very strict examination. Their conduct on this occasion left no doubt in our minds that they believed it to be human flesh, an impression which it was highly expedient should be done away. To satisfy them that it was the flesh of the deer, we pointed to the skins of the animal they had about them. In reply to this they pointed to each other, and made signs that could not be misunderstood, that it was the flesh of human beings, and threw it down in the dirt, with gestures of great aversion and displeasure. At length we happily convinced them of their mistake by showing them a haunch we had in the boat, by which means they were undeceived, and some of them ate of a remainder of the pye with a good appetite."

In addition to his notes and biographical sketch of Vancouver, Professor Meany gives an account of the early history of Nootka Sound, in which it is interesting to note that, as every vessel sailing under the Stars and Stripes came from Boston, in the Indian language "Boston-man" means "American." There is also a sketch of Señor Quadra, the Spanish representative, the negotiations with whom for the surrender of Nootka form the subject of the closing chapter of the work. If a second edition should be called for, we trust that a map of the Puget Sound of to-day may be added to the reproductions of old maps and charts, since it would prove a great help to the reader in locating historic places. The numerous portraits of noted persons add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume.

Das Leben des Heilands. Dargestellt von Gustav Frenssen. New York: G. Stechert & Co.

Just when there is an apparent ebb in the tide of hostile criticism of Holy Writ, and Harnack and others have receded from much that they at one time taught, Frenssen, acknowledged one of Germany's leading men of letters, and for ten or twelve years a Lutheran pastor in the established Church of Prussia, appears with a flat-footed unitarian conception of Christ, based, as he claims, on the discoveries of scholars and the changed attitude of the Church. The book is an elaborated and somewhat altered presentation of the author's view of Jesus given the world two years ago in the "Hilligenlei," and, to assure the reader that it is no mere fancy picture, Frenssen cites Harnack, Weinel, Schiele, Baumgarten, and other commentators as his authorities. That which strikes the attention at once is the dissimilarity of the diction to Biblical phraseology, the stamp of Frenssen's own picturesque style. Joseph and Mary are mentioned, but there are no disciples, no traitorous Judas, and no denying Peter. Neither is there anywhere mention of the miracles of Jesus, although his parables are paraphrased. It is natural, therefore, that the birth of Christ should be treated as an ordinary event, and it is perhaps equally natural that Jesus should be nonplussed by the questions propounded to him, and quite unconscious of his mission until touched by the enthusiasm and deference of the strange preacher, John the Baptist. "There were people in the village who questioned him concerning great things; but he looked down at the ground and reflected: it was too difficult for him to answer."

That which clothes Jesus with Divine attributes, which credits to him supernatural deeds and certain sayings, is but the accumulated myth of ages, piously gathered together by his followers, honestly believed

by many. These Frenssen will reject, and with them the doctrine of the Mother of God, the Apostles, the Pope, and the mass. All these God has condemned, through science, to death. He will banish also the doctrine of the Trinity and the Fall of Man, the Eternal Son of God and Redemption through his blood, and the Resurrection of the body. These things make one neither happy nor holy. At any rate, they have nothing to do with faith, they are matters of knowledge, and perverted knowledge, which German investigation has annihilated. In their time, they may have been beneficial to mankind, but now they are obsolete and harmful. One thing that Frenssen is willing to acknowledge and appropriate of Jesus is his fiery, loving soul, out of which came the inspiring resolution: "I will love God with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself."

England and the English. By Ford Madox Hueffer. With Illustrations by Henry Hyde. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

In this book Mr Hueffer gives us a picture of England as she appears to one whose German parentage on the father's side—his maternal grandfather was Ford Madox Brown, the pre-Raphaelite painter—frees him from any suspicion of insularity. Having grasped the fact that very few English people can be induced to read a book about England, he addresses himself in a preface to Americans. Here is an antidote to the tour of the sights which leaves an American visitor far better informed about historical monuments and the homes of distinguished Englishmen than any English resident, but without any real insight into the lives and ideals of the English of to-day. To lack that sympathy is to miss half the enjoyment. Mr. Hueffer accordingly avoids all that archæological and topographical information which the English themselves never envisage, or only with a genial contempt for what absorbs the attention of tourists in general.

It is much easier to write about the famous streets and buildings of London and the men who have made them interesting than to interpret London's soul. What London means to the provincial immigrant, how he is assimilated, how ignorant the born Londoner must remain of all but his own corner in that vastness, how London works and rests, what London means to the poor and the middle class, Mr. Hueffer describes with great industry and sympathy. He has little or nothing to say of London at play, that favorite theme of two-thirds of this sort of literature. The "atmosphere" of all these countless industries and interests cannot, of course, be accurately reproduced in something under two hundred pages, but the spirit of the place where so many English live together, its sinister power, its great toleration, its infinite variety are conveyed to the reader in such a way that one regrets that Mr. Hueffer did not devote his whole volume, as Mr. Hyde has devoted all his illustrations, to the story of London life. In his studies of the countryside he gives us some excellent descriptions of types, always of the poor, and of typical episodes, such as country auctions, sheep-shearing, and the like. The whole makes excellent desultory reading. It is a pity that a volume otherwise admirably got up should be marred by so many errors in proofreading. Their number is inexcusable, and there are many cases where the substitution of words or letters makes whole sentences unintelligible.

Canada. Painted by T. M. Martin; described by Wilfred Campbell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Some of us know our Canada thoroughly in spots; others have a superficial appreciation of the entire country; but there are very few to whom the charming series of paintings by T. Mower Martin, R. C. A., here reproduced in color, will not come as a revelation. Mr. Martin's task has been a labor of love. It is the product of no perfunctory journey. To have seized so unerringly the distinctive beauties of every quarter of this great country, the artist must have explored it from end to end; from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island. The same brush has caught the peculiar charm of the old Acadian country around the Basin of Mines, with its quaint suggestions of a transplanted Holland; the rugged beauty of the Gut of Canso; the ancient capital on the St. Lawrence, with its crowding memories of other days and other ways; the wild scenery of the Muskoka Lakes; the rich coloring of the autumn prairies; the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies, and the almost tropical luxuriance of British Columbian valleys. This series of paintings, some seventy-seven in number, forms by all odds the most complete and adequate interpretation of Canadian scenery that has yet been published. Where all are admirable it is almost idle to pick and choose; yet here and there one lingers over a view that appeals with peculiar force, perhaps because of its power to bring back remembered scenes: an autumn road near the Bay of Fundy; an old-fashioned New Brunswick farm; evening mists on Muskoka; out on the prairies; Ross Peak, in the Selkirks; the Pacific coast near Sechelt; the valley from Rogers Pass; and the Illecillewaet below that noble peak Sir Donald, the last fittingly chosen as a frontispiece.

In selecting Dr. Wilfred Campbell, the well-known Canadian poet, to write the descriptive matter for this book, the publishers made on the whole a commendable choice. Dr. Campbell's idea has been to "describe the great natural features of the land, in its broader characteristics—its coasts, rivers, mountains, lakes and prairies, those physical beauties and sublime effects of nature for which the region is specially famous. With this he has attempted to depict the seasons, and the beauty of the Canadian woods." So far as these are concerned Dr. Campbell's contribution to the book leaves little to be desired. It is to be regretted, however, that in the effort to attain a completeness not essential to a work of this nature, he has entered into comparatively unimportant details, savoring rather too much of the popular guide-book. Dr. Campbell is not at home in this kind of writing, and the effect is to mar an otherwise effective piece of descriptive work. It leads him, for instance, into the error of naming Vancouver as the capital of British Columbia; and giving a wrong title to the Roman Catholic college at Toronto. These, however, are not very serious blemishes, and many of the chapters, notably those on the Lake Region, and the Canadian Seasons, form a perfect commentary on Mr. Martin's pictures. A perhaps novel feature of the text is the introduction of numerous descriptive passage from Dr. Campbell's Canadian poems.

Science.

The Dillenian Herbaria. By G. Claridge Druce, Curator of the Fielding Herbarium. Edited with an introduction by S. H. Vines, Sherardian professor of botany, in the University of Oxford. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

The technical account of these three herbaria would not in itself be interesting to a general reader, were it not for sundry introductory notes and fragments of letters. But these fragments have the charm which clings to a great part of eighteenth-century science, and carry one back to the days when naturalists did not confine themselves to single and restricted fields. Dillenius was born in Darmstadt, in 1684, and was educated at Giessen. He early became a writer on natural history subjects, taking a wide range. In 1715 he discussed the American plants which had become naturalized in Europe, and next gave a description of "Cahve" (coffee); following this with an account of various coffee-substitutes made by himself by roasting certain seeds and grains. He insists that the drink from roasted rye was the best, being "with difficulty distinguished from the Arabian berry." Of course, after this, our readers are not prepared to think that Dillenius could be a man of much discrimination, but such, in fact, he really was. And, furthermore, he was what may be called a broad student. To indicate the wideness of his studies, allusion ought to be made to his special examination of the effects upon himself of opium, which he himself made from *Papaver somniferum* grown in Europe.

His principal work in botany was in the group of mosses and their allies, and his success in this work was so great that it attracted the attention of an English botanist, Consul William Sherard, who had brought back from the Orient a large collection of plants, and who desired to find a competent assistant. Sherard engaged him for this new task, and employed him also to aid him in a treatise on the synonymy of plants, and in the preparation of a new edition of Ray's "Synopsis of British Plants." But for fear that the name of a young foreigner might prejudice the sale of Ray's work in Britain, Dillenius was not mentioned on the title-page; consequently he received little credit for his labors. But he had already in hand a "History of Mosses," and from this he soon became widely and favorably known. The work was published under the title of "Historia Muscorum," and found its way into the libraries of collectors of various degrees of intelligence. For instance, Sir James Edward Smith had the delight of seeing a copy of the work standing "fairly lettered and untouched on the shelf of a collector, as a History of the Muscovites."

Dillenius had many annoyances, even af-

ter he had accepted a scantily endowed professorship at Oxford. Many of the trials came from controversies with men less learned than himself, who had a happier manner of attracting attention, but he had also more agreeable experiences upon which he was pleased to dwell. One of the most interesting of these was a short visit from Linnæus, who was regarded hy him at first rather as a disturber of things in general, but whom he came to know as a safe and friendly associate. Dillenius readily gave up the cumbrous nomenclature in vogue for the simpler names suggested by Linnæus, and this change was in itself no slight event. In the lists before us, the older complex Dillenian names of genera and species stand with their Linnæan substitutes. A few examples will indicate the sweeping nature of the substitutions. Papaver laciniato folio capitulo breviore glabro annuum, Rhoeas dictum, becomes Papaver Rhoeas of Linnæus. To Lysimachia speciosa, quihusdam Onagra dicta, siliquosa, is given the simpler name of Epilobium angustifolium. The hinomial nomenclature of Linnæus constituted in itself a revolution. Concerning his relations with Linnæus the following citation from a letter of Linnæus to Haller is in point:

> You cite Vaillant and Dillenius whenever you wish to give an example of any faults. Who has avoided errors? Happy is he who has committed the smallest number! I would not, if I could, pick out the faults of good authors.

The first edition of "The English Flower Garden and Home Grounds," by W. Robinson (imported hy Charles Scribner's Sons), was puhlished more than twenty years ago. Each new edition has received new matter, and the author has succeeded well in his endeavor to bring the handbook up to the times. Of course a work like this is designed primarily for the great class of amateurs who have money to spend on tbe most delightful pastime and the purest pleasure in the world. To those who make a business of horticulture for the sake of gain, other handbooks are to be recommended; to those who love to plan their own pleasure-grounds and make their own choice of plants, this is one of the best treatises within reach. It is, moreover, written in such a pleasing style that it might even serve to wean from idleness those who now depute to professional gardeners the task of selection and care of plants. Mr. Robinson has done so much and such varied editorial work that he knows the value of a dignified and yet familiar treatment of his subject, and therefore makes his pages always readable, even when the matter itself is not very interesting. With the caution which seems hardly necessary, namely to remember that some of the statements regarding English garden plants are not applicable to our garden plants here, the book may be heartily recommended to all lovers of cultivated flowers. The volume of almost a thousand pages is fully illustrated with good engravings which are well selected. But we venture to hope that the next edition will not have the full-page illustration (149) in which an indolent or somnolent person is stretched near a bed of gentians, in a most unbecoming posture. Other units of measurement than a Brobdingnagian human form can be found, we are sure.

Louis Lapicque, lecturer at the Sorbonne, has worked out graphically the vexed question of the relations of the weight of the brain, weight of the hody, and intelligence in the species of the entire animal kingdom. Discussions heginning with Cuvier have come to no certain conclusion. Taking the hrain alone, the whale has five times as much as man. Taking the weight of the body into account, the ouistiti ape and linnet are superior to man. Gratiolet summed up the investigations: "The weight of the brain has no more importance for intelligence than the weight of a clock for its accuracy in marking time." M. Lapicque makes an ordinary table for logarithmic graduation: equal intervals horizontally, indexed 1, 10, 100, 1,000 etc.; and the same vertically. To this he applies the coördinates: for each animal the weight of the body gives the abscissa, and the weight of the hrain the ordinate. The resulting lines are parallel for the same family according to the different sizes of the animals—for example, cat, panther, lion, or teal, wild duck, swan. In the entire range of the animal kingdom, these "isoneural" lines fall at different heights: fish and reptiles lowest; next rodents, birds, marsupials; then carnivora and ruminants; higher still, anthropoid apes; and, highest of all—distinctly above all other animals—man. The same inclination of isoneural lines brings animals of hig body as well as hig hrain, like the whale, into the group of ordinary mammals. By this treatment of the body's mass in the problem, the relation of brain size with intelligence comes out clearly at last.

During the season of courtship and later, most species of snipe belonging to the genus Gallinago perform a remarkahle aerial evolution, dropping from sixty to eighty feet through the air, at the same time producing a curious humming or bleating sound. This is common to species in all parts of the world and has been variously explained as vocal or by the action of the wind passing through the wing or tail feathers. P. H. Bahr, in the last Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society of London, has finally settled the matter, proving that the secret lies in the outer pair of tail feathers which, when the tail is widespread, are somewhat isolated from the others. By fastening these two feathers to a cork and string and whirling them around the head, the characteristic bleating sound is produced, this effect being impossible with the wing feathers or other tail feathers. In our common American snipe the outer tail-feathers are hroader than in the European hird, and the sound produced is of much higher pitch. It is a satisfaction to have a world-wide phenomenon of bird life such as this, which has been so long in dispute, clearly and logically explained.

The Imperial Cabinet of Japan has just issued a work of great interest to the student of pathology, showing the movement of population in the empire during the year 1904, in 357 ample pages. Minute details of births, marriages, divorces, and deaths are given and the diseases classified under forty-six heads. Various other items regarding foundlings, foreigners etc., exhibit a passion for detail and accuracy, which enables the Government to know to a fraction the national resources. Compared with statistics of two or three decades ago, the decrease in the number of deaths from kakke, or heri-beri, is striking. Tuberculosis, meningitis (simple), and enteric disorders still show high figures.

Drama and Music.

The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George Pierce Baker. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Professor Baker's book offers a somewhat more comprehensive survey of Shakespeare's growth as a playwright than has yet been attempted, inasmuch as it is not limited to the study of a few selected plays, but traces his development from the beginning to the end of his career. The first two chapters—on Elizabethan audiences, the peculiarities of the Elizabethan stage, and the conditions which surrounded both actor and dramatist—are introductory to the main object of the book, hut they have a value in themselves, since they give sound information in a rather fuller form than has hitherto been accessible to the general reader. The author's experience in the revival of Elizabethan plays at Harvard has been of advantage to him in the discussion of the technical details of stage-construction in this period. Among other things, he very properly urges—what was often forgotten after the first discovery of De Witt's drawing of the Swan Theatre—that there must have been great differences in the arrangements of the various Elizabethan play-houses. It is also a valuable feature of the first chapter that our author endeavors to fix exactly what advance had been made hy Shapespeare's predecessors, especially Marlowe and Greene, in the art of constructing plots. This relates directly, of course, to the main subject of the book—the manner in which Shakespeare acquired his mastery of this art. There is a certain drawback to all such discussion, inherent in the subject itself. For, after all, there is no norm in such matters. The variety of plots that at least hold one's interest is infinite. It is, no doubt, owing to this intangihility of the suhject-matter that we have so few formal discussions of this aspect of Shakespeare's production, such as the present work. Different readers, however, will doubtless feel this drawhack in different degrees.

In the chapters which trace Shakespeare's development as a dramatist through the successive periods, Professor Baker's methods and conclusions, it strikes us, are generally sound. But leaving aside the question of the authenticity of "Titus Andronicus," in which we differ from Professor Baker, we cannot but regard his minute examination of the dramatic effect of this play, scene hy scene, as an instance of analysis overshooting the mark. As a matter of fact, in the actual production of the play not one person in a hundred would probahly feel all or even many of these impressions of the closet. It is only the broad effects that a critic need concern himself with, and he may account himself fortunate, if he gains the assent of the

majority of competent judges even as to these. Why, we may ask, should Professor Baker base so much of his discussion on plays of doubtful authenticity, like this, or confessed adaptations, like the Henry VI. plays, yet exclude from consideration "Measure for Measure" or "Troilus and Cressida," because of probable or possible collaboration? It seems to us, moreover, that distinctions between the different dramatic *genres* occupy too large a place in our author's mind. Among the English-speaking peoples, at any rate, such distinctions have never worried either dramatists or audiences—least of all, in the greatest period of the English drama, as Professor Baker himself recognizes. It is doubtless this tendency which leads him to advance the theory that Shakespeare ceased to write chronicle plays, because, owing to the ill-defined character of this troublesome *genre*, it developed on the one side into romantic comedy and on the other into tragedy. We do not see why such a theory should be necessary in face of the fact that before he had practically written any independent chronicle plays at all, Shakespeare had already produced a tragedy in "Romeo and Juliet," and a romantic comedy in "Love's Labour's Lost," not to mention the "Comedy of Errors" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," which contain both comic and romantic elements —plays which, to be sure, owing to the author's immaturity, are in every respect inferior to those of his period of High Comedy, as Professor Baker has chosen to call it. It is more likely that Shakespeare stopped writing histories simply because the novelty had worn off plays of this kind, which had come into popularity in the days of the Armada. Besides, he had used up the historical material which was of most interest to his audiences.

We think that it involves a misconception, moreover, when Professor Baker speaks of "Shakespeare's desire to fulfil at one and the same time his own wishes as to characterization, and the wish of the audience for a story." If any such opposition had actually existed in Shakespeare's mind, he would have been much more modern but certainly a poorer dramatist, and he would never have been able to effect that union of the two elements in his plays which, as Professor Baker says, is perfect. The view of the relative unimportance of incident which is implied in these words is doubtless one of the things which have prevented our modern playwrights from creating anything of more than ephemeral interest.

In conclusion, we wish to commend the general sanity of Professor Baker's work and his thorough sympathy with his author. For instance, we breathed a sigh of relief when we found him confessing his conviction that Shakespeare did not intend Shylock to be a comic character. The illustrations constitute a valuable feature of the book. They embrace the most authentic maps of Elizabethan London, all illustrations that throw light on the construction of the Elizabethan stage, and many other things that help us to an understanding of the drama of the period.

Paderewski's symphony is completed save for a few details in the orchestration. It will be played first by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and next spring in London. Paderewski's American tour, beginning in the autumn, will include seventy concerts.

Paris has so far heard only two of Wagner's Nibelung operas, "Walküre" and "Siegfried." The other two are to be performed next year; Messager and Brussen have just made the arrangements with the publishers of the scores. The chief difficulty confronting the Parisian managers is that they have only a few singers who can do justice to Wagner, and no first-class conductor.

Apparently they are going to substitute the laryngoscope for the ear at the Paris Conservatoire, in determining the chances of a candidate. At any rate, a book has just been issued entitled "La voix, sa culture physiologique" by Pierre Bonnier, who is a lecturer at that institution, and who closes his volume with details regarding the results obtained by a clinical examination, by laryngoscope and otherwise, of the voices of forty-four persons. Of that whole number only eight were chosen, the others being rejected as having such qualities that no amount of training could efficiently fit them for a *carrière lyrique*.

In January, 1905, the Italian publisher Ricordi offered a prize of $2,500 for the best opera by a British composer. The successful opera was to be produced this summer in London, and the composer was to get in addition to the prize a royalty of 40 per cent. of the fees received by the publishers for any performance of the opera. When the Covent Garden season came to an end last month, and no prize opera was announced by Ricordi, some began to impugn his good faith. Inquiries showed, however, that more scores had been received than had been expected, and that some of the judges—among them Massenet and Hans Richter—were busy men and could not be hurried.

Art.

THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL; VENICE.—I.

The great popularity of the International Exhibition held biennially at Venice is easily explained. The show is not too large; the galleries are well lighted and single hung; the halls, being frequently decorated by delegates or societies of the exhibiting nations, constitute a record of contemporary taste in furnishing and interior design. Besides these features, a liberal extension of invitations secures a fairly high level of contributed painting and sculpture, while the management usually provides as well several groups of works representing the more recent achievement of prominent artists. This year Blanche, Mancini, Sargent, and Zorn are thus honored, not to mention such newcomers in the international field as Axel Sjöberg, Anna Boberg, and others. Finally, the pictures actually sell. Perhaps a third have found purchasers at this date, and often to the solace of a sale is added the distinction of patronage by Italian municipalities or royalty. No wonder that the more enterprising modern artists are glad to show at Venice.

International the exhibition is, however, only in a limited sense, and this because of the inevitable preponderance of Italian contributors. Obviously the artists of Italy have every convenience for presenting their works to the jury, whereas foreigners, except a few in passage, usually wait to be invited. So once for all the ungracious observation must be made that the deadweight of native mediocrity is the bane of the show. But since about 450 artists are present by invitation as against 148 who have passed the jury, the case is not as bad as it might seem. And concerning these competitive exhibitors, the jury, consisting of Trentacosta, Chitarini, Brangwyn, Dettman, and Bistolfi, give exceptional assurances. No work that has not seemed "the product of a true, intimate, and sincere feeling for art" has been admitted. The statement is probably no more misleading than are protocols generally.

The leading features of the exhibition, to the present writer, are the groups of paintings by three great technicians, Zorn, Sargent, and Mancini; the decorations of the Central Hall by Sartorio, the installation of the exhibit of the Austrian secessionists, in Hall VII., and the Russian exhibit as a whole. One should add, perhaps because of an evident intention to please or surprise, the new Belgian pavilion, and the gallery devoted to symbolistic and pseudo-imaginative art under the impressive title "The Art of The Dream" (*l'Arte del Sogno*). If only as the most ambitious work presented, Sartorio's great mural paintings deserve first consideration.

These panels cover the walls of the central hall, which is devoted to the larger sculptures. The room is a long oblong, with splayed corners and wide doors at the centre of the four sides. The longer walls thus afford four oblong panels, while the ends are so narrow, and the doorways so wide that only the two tall panels on the splays near the entrance are available for decoration. To effect a transition between the long and the tall spaces, the painter has introduced high flanking panels on either side of the four main spaces. In this manner ten tall compositions filled with caryatids in groups of three support the more pictorial oblong compositions. The subject is an allegory of life. Light, Shadows (the struggle with error), Love and Death are the titles chosen by the artist. In the first panel the new-born infant is shown attended by the Fates and the Furies, while below the Hours dance. In the second Youth as a mounted archer charges upon the forces of Error, while below float the ambiguous forms of the Harpies, Fauns, and Sirens. In the third decoration the forces of Chastity fight with Lust, symbolized by tigers and mænads; below are stories of pure and venal love typified by Psyche and Fortune. In the final composition the horses of Death preceded by Dreams rush across the field, while lower a stricken Amazon, mothers mourning their children, and women (the symbol of the renewal of life) uphold the higher subjects. From this inadequate account of these elaborate and highly symbolical panels it may be gathered that each is in two tiers, a very agitated group of human beings and animals being superimposed upon a quieter group, the figures being nude or lightly draped. This two-story motive is effectively repeated, but in severer form, in the

ten tall panels in which a crouching male caryatid bears up a plinth supporting the erect and lighter figures of a youth and maiden. The relief of the figures is fully, at times almost brutally, indicated, and since the color is restricted to bistre and pale green, the effect is fairly sculptural.

Technically, I can hardly imagine a more unhappy scheme. Many of the nudes project so far from the picture plane that they have the appearance of being literally pinned to the wall; the whole impression is one of restlessness and exaggeration, and yet, with its obvious defects, the work is far from commonplace. It not merely is imaginatively conceived, but it abounds in individual beauties. The nudes, despite coarse attachments and extremities, are drawn with vigor, at times exquisitely. In particular, the tall panels present poses of great originality and impressiveness. In short, one must hail an inventiveness as exuberant as that of the old masters, while regretting also a possibly inevitable deficiency in taste and manual skill. I confess to finding work of this robust and original sort far more interesting than the tame and safe eclecticism of the followers of Puvis. In kinder times for the painter's art, Giulio Aristide Sartorio would probably have been a great decorator; as it is, he has perhaps achieved all that one man may hope to do, in a time when painting has broken with the sound tradition of the past. His failure, if we must call it such, is, after all, of the magnificent sort.

Mancini, Sargent, and Zorn are three names to whet the curiosity of the most jaded gallery-goer. They represent in various moods the latest and most brilliant attempt at a swift, synthetic, and luminous draughtmanship with the brush. Sargent and Mancini exemplify, as well, a distinctly personal and interesting attitude towards their sitters. Mancini shows no less than eight canvases, mostly portraits, in the Roman Hall. These studies have a vividness that is strange, when the arbitrary lusciousness of the method is considered. All the old mannerisms are in evidence. Not only is the paint loaded on in cakes, and the high lights stuck on by means of bits of glass, paint tube, silvered paper, or other studio sweepings, but these devices are generally used for the most trivial purposes—to give relief to a clarionet, to render the glow of an orange. Yet across all this affectation, one gets an extraordinary vital impression of reality. Take the portrait of Signor Otto Messinger, in a gilt chair against crimson plush. It is hot, garish, and uncomfortable, but it is an unforgettable evocation of a personality. In the genre portraits (fruit and flower venders), one notes again a modelling remarkable when the looseness of the touch is considered, a true sense for textures, and an atmospheric envelope that is none the less real for its tropical and romantic suggestiveness. We have to do with a very great talent, half obscured by whim. Whether posterity will even have the chance to judge either the talent or the eccentricity is doubtful. These pictures seem doomed to swift disintegration. One of them, The Musician, is already in a way to shed its paint, and the others will surely follow. As evidence of the anarchy into which the practice of painting has fallen, Mancini's case has a typical significance.

There is so little new to be said about Sargent's achievement that one would prefer to let his six portraits in the English section be read by title only. Learned societies frequently find this method preferable to a reading in full. But Mr. Sargent looms too large in the admiration of the laity to permit his feebler efforts to be slurred. When he indulges in such insipid prettiness as is displayed in the portrait of the Countess of Warwick and her Son, when his canvas lacks both tone and character as in the group of the three Misses Acheson, when he shows a tendency to elongate all his sitters to ten heads strong, the public should be warned that what amazes it is merely specious, and not even that to a sensitive eye. Happily, in the portrait of F. C. Penrose, the architect, of Gen. Ian Hamilton, and of Lord Biddesdale in hunting costume, one may see Sargent quite at his best. In a clean and forthright draughtsmanship that renders simultaneously form and character, these canvases can hardly be surpassed in our times. The more exquisite magic of the brush, the deeper sense of style, has apparently been denied this gifted and fortunate painter, but his manner has a rare exhilaration at its best to experience which we must go back to his greater prototype, Frans Hals. If one scrutinizes anxiously certain lapses in his later production, it is from a friendly solicitude. He is approaching artistic maturity, a climacteric which leads always to placid acceptance of the approved formulas or to new and higher adventures. One would rejoice at some hint that his mastery is of the sort that mellows.

Anders Zorn is so frankly and solely the consummate workman, that criticism is disarmed before the succession of splendid vouchers of craftsmanship that he unflaggingly presents. It is idle, because so obvious, to say that this workmanship ends where art begins, having no element of creation or imagination. And yet for the crowd it might not be superfluous to label all the Zorns: "Merely an Example of Magnificent Painting." It might save some puzzling over the meaning of these five nudes, so blankly strong and naked, beside their brooks or in their cabins. They mean nothing, of course, except that a sure hand has recorded what a piercing eye has chosen to see. There is no fine impression of art in any of these figures, indeed, there is no such intention; but how gloriously the specific, untransmuted beauty of muscle, bone, and pale skin is conveyed. There is something tonic about this work, as there is in anything supremely well done. Take such a picture as that of the nude Swedish girl who stands tense in the gloom while she holds a white bearskin to an open fire. It will at least serve to prove to posterity that we were not all duffers at the opening of the twentieth century of grace. Meanwhile, such painters as are seeking a technic will hardly find a better example than that afforded by the direct, precise, and potent brush of Anders Zorn. Something of the same impersonal attitude towards nature is revealed in the group of Arctic studies which Mme. Anna Boberg contributes, and in the wild fowl of Sjöberg. Much of this painting appears to have been done in the open air. It has remarkable actuality. Indeed, the Swedish room is the most livable of all, even if its austerity approaches dryness. M.

Finance.

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE COLLAPSE.

The violent break which has occurred on the Stock Exchange since August 3, when Judge Landis imposed his $29,240,000 fine on the Standard Oil, will doubtless occasion wide discussion as to its actual cause. The extent of the decline has been sensational; thus, during the week which followed the announcement of the penalty, Union Pacific stock fell 17 points, Reading 12¾, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul 10⅝, Amalgamated Copper 10½, New York Central 6⅛, Southern Pacific 8⅛, and American Smelting 14⅝. This decline continued with great severity at the opening of the present week. Standard Oil stock itself, which, for a day or two after the announcement of the sentence, held reasonably firm around its previous price of $500 per $100 share—a price regulated by its 40 per cent. dividend—has since then fallen with great rapidity to $421; a price, incidentally, which compares with $700 early in 1906, when the proceedings against the company were first mooted.

There had, it is true, been a considerable decline in Stock Exchange prices during the week before Judge Landis's decision; but the fact that the fall began with full violence on the very next business day after the decision was announced, has led to a widespread inference in financial circles that the sentence on Standard Oil was the direct and single cause of the break in stocks. In some quarters, belief is still held in the old-time tradition of a Wall Street "object-lesson," by which was meant the sale of stocks by important financiers, with a view to causing demoralization among investors, and thus proving to the public at large the financial results of an objectionable public action. More definitely, it was asserted, while last week's decline was going on, that large investment interests had withdrawn entirely from the market since the exemplary fine on the Standard Oil and the announcement of the Government's policy regarding prosecution of other rebate cases.

In short, it is probable that the market of the past week or ten days will go down in Wall Street history as a "Standard Oil panic," and will be cited hereafter as an instance of the market upset primarily by the action of the courts or the Government. Undoubtedly there is some basis of truth in the argument; it will be necessary, however, to look a little closely into the facts before reaching positive conclusions as to the nature of the present market. It will, for instance, be recalled that when the Government's suit against Northern Securities was announced in February, 1902, and again, when the Federal court in April, 1903, first pronounced its decision decreeing the dissolution of that merger, very similar assertions were made as to the damaging results of this Government action on public confidence and on the investment markets. The theory was not without plausibility, even then, because prices of stocks were falling sharp-

ly in the early part of 1902, while in April, 1903, the so-called "rich men's panic" was beginning, and lasted almost without interruption through the four succeeding months.

Yet the curious fact about both 1902 and 1903 is that at the present time no one thinks of ascribing the action of the markets in those two years to the Northern Securities suit. Two reasons for this unquestionably are, first, that the cause at work on the markets of that period—over-speculation and over-strain on capital—became too plainly evident to ascribe the resultant phenomena to anything else, and, second, that in the face of these so-called adverse and unsettling decisions, the investment market proceeded to advance again with great enthusiasm as soon as other basic conditions were improved. There was a species of irony of events in the fact that the great recovery from the depression of 1903 began in the ensuing March, on the very day after the Supreme Court's final decision dissolving the Northern Securities. In the same connection it is only fair to recall, when the Standard Oil decision and the railway prosecutions are cited as the cause of an unsettled market, the fact that passage of the Railway Rate law in the early part of 1906, and the announcement of the Government's policy regarding the Standard Oil at the same time, were followed, not by any movement of the general depression and misgiving on the Stock Exchange, but by a violent and prolonged advance in prices.

It is therefore pertinent to ask, was there no other reason for the severe decline in stocks last week and this, except the action by the Government and the courts in the railway cases? Very few experienced bankers would fail to answer that there unquestionably were at work in the money market of ten days ago such influences as were bound, sooner or later, to cause very much such phenomena as the stock market has just been witnessing. The case was this: Along with the now very generally admitted deficiency in supply of liquid capital for investment in new securities, the position of the world's great banks, as shown by the weekly statement, had declined to an unusually low level. The statement of the New York Associated Banks on Saturday, August 3—the very day when Judge Landis imposed his fine on the Standard Oil—showed the smallest surplus reserve reported at this date in any year but one since 1890, and that one exception was the panic year, 1893. Not only did the surplus reserve fall on that day to a figure hardly one-half of the $14,000,000 reported at the opening of August, 1906, but the figure of this year's August surplus, $7,473,000, was so small as to make practically certain the disappearance of all the surplus over the required percentage of reserve to liabilities within a week or two, unless immediate relief were obtained from some other quarter.

Such relief might have come through increase of cash holdings, or through decrease of liabilities. But cash holdings, instead of showing a tendency to increase, were decreasing with great rapidity. This is the time of year when the agricultural West calls on the East for the currency to replete its own bank reserves, and to provide for payment of farm hands at the harvest. The West is entitled to recall this currency, for the sufficient reason that it belongs to the Western banks who had deposited it in New York during the winter and the spring simply because it was not then necessary in such volume in the West, and because the East would pay for the use of it. Sometimes such outflow of cash has been offset by import of foreign gold; on the present occasion, despite a fall in foreign exchange, we were actually shipping gold to Holland, and the slightest possible prospect existed of our obtaining gold, as we did last year, from London or Paris.

As for the question of liabilities, it will readily be seen that if that side of the account were to be sufficiently reduced, a large curtailment of cash reserves could be comfortably faced without impairment of the surplus. There are usually three ways in which such liabilities of the Associated Banks may be cut down. Loans may be transferred from the New York banks to other local or interior lending institutions; they may be transferred to European banks; or, finally, the loans may be cancelled outright—in either case with a consequent reduction in outstanding liabilities. Some relief may have been in sight, at the opening of this month, through transfer of loans to other domestic institutions; but it must be remembered that these institutions also have been under a heavy strain, and that their capacity to help the New York Associated Banks was more limited than in any recent year. And exactly the same thing was to be said of the foreign lenders.

Under such conditions, bankers looking to the longer future had to consider the question, what should be done by lending institutions in the East to protect their own position? At the end of 1903, and in the early part of 1904, decided slackening of interior trade released such sums of money as to provide abundantly for the New York markets' needs. At the present time, notwithstanding constant predictions of an impending trade reaction, genuine trade activity, and therefore the industrial use of money in this country, cannot be said to have relaxed at all. There was left the expedient of reduction in Wall Street loans through a fall of prices on the Stock Exchange, and when the market of the past two weeks is surveyed from this point of view, it will be difficult to admit that the fall in prices has not been logical.

Howeyer this may be, the indirect result of the break in stocks has undoubtedly been favorable to the money market. Had the New York loan account not been reduced at all last week—it had increased nearly $4,000,000 the week before—the loss in cash reported in last week's statement would have nearly caused extinction of the moderate surplus reserve. Instead of this, the week's liquidation on the Stock Exchange, with the resultant loan contraction, cut down outstanding loans, and with them outstanding deposits, no less than $16,000,000. The result was, notwithstanding a $5,300,000 loss in actual holdings, that the surplus reserve on August 10 was actually higher than a week before.

In other words, the forced liquidation on the Stock Exchange, and the violent fall in prices which accompanied it, were a normal sequel to the position of the money markets. That the selling movement has been emphasized by doubt over what the Government's next move will be, and particularly by the attorney-general's very indiscreet public utterances since the Standard Oil decision, is not open to question. Behind even such considerations, however, stands the fact that the fall in prices has represented the quickest relief for a seriously strained financial position. When the hysterical excitement which surrounds a convulsive movement on the Stock Exchange has spent itself, it will probably be discovered that a very much sounder general position has been reached as a result of it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Calvert, A. F. Seville. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Celebration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Wesleyan University. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan Un.
Charmes, F., and others. Les questions actuelles de politique étrangère en Europe. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Dimmick, Ruth Crosby. The Bogie Man. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.
Education Department of the State of New York, Third Annual Report. Albany.
Gates, H. W. The Life of Jesus. University of Chicago. 75 cents.
Elshemus, L. M. Nannie. Boston: Badger. $1.
Hall, G. Stanley. Aspects of Child Life and Education. Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Hodgson, E. S. The Leiçarragan Verb. Henry Frowde.
Kenton, Edna. Clem. Century Co. $1.
Kingsley's Westward Ho! Edited by A. D. Innes. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.
Lee, Vernon. Genius Loci. (2d ed.) John Lane.
Lee, Vernon. Pope Jacynth. (2d ed.) John Lane.
McCardell, R. L. Jimmy Jones. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25.
McCormick, jr., F. J. Four-in-Hand. Published by the author.
Mérimée's Carmen and Other Stories. Edited by Edward Manley. Ginn & Co.
Oppenheim, E. P. A Lost Leader. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Pratt, Amhrose. The Counterstroke. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Rotrou's Saint Genest and Venceslas. Edited by T. F. Crane. Ginn & Co.
Tatlock, J. S. P. The Development and Chronology of Chaucer's Works. London: Kegan Paul.
Wallis, J. H. Youth. Boston: Badger. $1.
Weed, W. H. The Copper Mines of the World. Hill Publishing Co. $4.
Wooster, Lizzie E. The Wooster Juvenile Speaker. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents.

VREELAND & KOREN'S

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By W. U. VREELAND, Professor in Princeton University, and Wm. KOREN, Preceptor in the same. 178 pp 12mo. 75 cents net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907.

The Week.

With the substance of the President's speech at Provincetown on Tuesday no one should quarrel. It is a stout reaffirmation of his well-known views in his well-known language. If he were to say anything at all, this was what he was sure to say. As to the need of new laws to draw the teeth of wicked corporations we feel the gravest doubt; but as to the desirability of enforcing the laws already on the statute-books honest men cannot differ. To the time and manner of this Presidential deliverance, however, we think there is reasonable objection. There was really no occasion for him just now to say anything. A dignified silence about his policies would have been better, because he had nothing new to tell us; and a prudent consideration of the strain under which the whole financial world is now laboring would have kept him from saying anything which might add to it. And, next to silence, a quieter tone would have been golden. As it is, President Roosevelt's speech reads like that of an angry man. His vehement language about the rich "malefactors" who have "combined to bring about financial stress" in order to "discredit the policy of the Government" (meaning himself), is not befitting a well-poised statesman. Neither he nor any other man has evidence of a conspiracy of rich malefactors to bring about a crash in stocks. Thus it is that though he may think his words merely breathe vigor, in reality they must impress his readers as revealing recklessness, bitterness, and a failure to understand the nature and existing conditions of credit. We believe today, as we have believed and asserted since the present complications in the markets began, that the disturbance arose from causes wholly unconnected with the Government's railway policy. Nevertheless, it is useless to deny that the feeling of uneasiness has been aggravated by uncertainty as to how far the prosecutions were to be carried. Now, credit is subtle and imponderable. It lies in the mind as much as in the bank account. When those who have money are persuaded that it is safe to turn it over to those who can use money, then credit is good. When, however, they begin to be afraid, and to call in loans and lock up funds, credit is bad. It is plainly towards the latter condition that the whole world is at present drifting, and as the causes are, in the last analysis, largely mental, it is of the highest importance that nothing to be done to heighten alarm.

Secretary Taft's address at Columbus Wednesday night was to have been a trumpet; it turns out to be a second violin. His long and rather tedious speech might almost have been condensed into the single sentence: "I say ditto to President Roosevelt." As a Presidential candidate himself, he chooses as his model Martin Van Buren, and, like him, notifies the country that his ambition will be to walk in the footsteps of his predecessor. It may be said that, as loyal friend and heir apparent, Mr. Taft could have done no less. It may also be said that the immense success, politically, of Roosevelt's railway and corporation policies, justifies any aspiring public man in trying to enter into that splendid heritage of popularity and votes. But this is not what the people were given to expect. Not for this did they wait so eagerly to read Mr. Taft's speech. From it we were to learn that he was an original, independent, and fearless statesman. It was to be a direct and ringing appeal; in fact, it is a feeble echo. So far as this utterance of the Secretary's is concerned, therefore, the country is still in the position of saying: "Why don't you speak for yourself, William?" Even on the question of tariff revision, where Mr. Taft was said to be determined to sound a virile note, he is timid and wishy-washy. A very mild and indefinite kind of tariff revision he is in favor of some time after the next Presidential election, always provided the Republican party harmoniously desires it. The Secretary is not so pronounced about it as he was in his Bath speech last September. Then he was for reducing the tariff in the "near future." A year has elapsed, and now he is talking about at least eighteen months more.

The Filipinos will be sincerely delighted by the presence of Secretary Taft at the opening of their National Assembly. He is their best friend in high office here, and most of their other friends, like the members of the famous Congressional party, were of his introducing. Mr. Taft does not judge the new representative body a failure from the start merely because a large majority of its members are advocates of immediate independence. "I am satisfied with the results attained," he says, having in mind the training in self-government which the deliberations of the new legislature will furnish. He adds:

> The United States is trying to show that the Anglo-Saxon ideals of self-government can be successfully applied to a Malay people. We are proving that they can. Whether the Philippines will remain permanently a part of our domain is a question.

These are statements about as far removed from the Beveridge philosophy as anything the anti-Imperialists have said. What must not be forgotten is that, however broad, tolerant, and humane Mr. Taft's own views may be, his policies have been blocked year after year by the majority of his party in Congress. Any one who chooses may, of course, describe Taft's attitude toward the Filipinos as that of the present Administration; but the record of Congressional action on the tariff, the shipping bill, and the railway subsidies is anything but in accord with it.

It has been known for some time that Secretary Root and Ambassador Bryce were hard at work on a treaty settling the Newfoundland fisheries dispute. From Boston comes a statement that an agreement has been reached. It embraces, apparently, some sort of *modus vivendi* for the coming season, with a treaty regulating the whole question thereafter. This is good news, if confirmed, and we are glad to read the further report that our Government has somewhat modified its former extreme claims. On no other terms, plainly, could a satisfactory treaty be negotiated, considering the state of feeling on the subject, both in Newfoundland and England. The question still remains, of course, whether Gloucester will permit the United States to ratify such a treaty.

E. H. Harriman voiced his feelings in a remarkable interview telegraphed from Nevada last week. The details of it must be accepted with some reserve. Yet it is not uncommon for railway men like Harriman or James J. Hill, who refuse to say a word in New York, to unbosom themselves to some reporter in Reno or Fargo. Possibly, they forget for the moment how infallibly their remarks will be sent broadcast through the country. Also, it is easy to follow up the matter with a denial, or to say to the enterprising Western reporter, "Thou hast mis-spoken, misheard, tell o'er thy tale again." Certainly, some of the statements attributed to Mr. Harriman are scarcely in keeping with his character, or that of any sensible man. If he really said that he would not further decline to answer the questions put to him by the Interstate Commerce Commission regarding his personal speculation in the securities of the railroads whose finances he was manipulating, some highly interesting revelations should follow. His present explanation is much confused. He had refused to answer because he could not "in justice to his associates." But now he will, his

associates being left, apparently, to look after their own justice. All this is pretty mysterious. But we know that the sure result will be to depress stocks further—or else to set them booming. The wise men of Wall Street will tell us which, after the market closes.

The legal action begun by the Buck's Stove and Range Company against the American Federation of Labor and its officers concerns no petty or local grievance, but a cardinal policy of the trades unions as they exist in this country. If the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, where the Federation maintains its headquarters, grants the permanent injunction sought against Mr. Gompers and his associates, it must be on grounds that substantially outlaw the boycott in its present form as a means of industrial warfare. The particular grievance which led to the strike of a year ago in the St. Louis works of the complaining corporation is not the chief point at issue. The "We don't patronize" list printed in every issue of the *American Federationist* is prefaced by the statement that before any firm's name is placed thereon the Federation "uses every endeavor to secure an amicable adjustment of the matter in controversy, either through correspondence or by having a duly authorized representative of the American Federation of Labor interview such firm for that purpose," thus giving the impression that the boycott is an extreme measure held in reserve after all others fail. As a matter of fact, it is declared in the company's sworn statement that the Federation "had never sought an interview with the plaintiff, either through correspondence or by any authorized representative or in any other way, for the purpose of ascertaining the plaintiff's version of any matter in controversy . . . or brought it to the attention of the plaintiff that said union had, or claimed to have, any grievance with the plaintiff; nor did it make any effort whatever to adjust the matter with the plaintiff . . ." The account of the methods by which the boycott thus begun was prosecuted reveals their identity with the tactics of our most obnoxious Trusts. Never did the Oil Trust or the Beef Trust or the Tobacco Trust deal more remorselessly with the dealer who handled other than their own products. No question of physical violence is raised in the action, but the court is asked to enjoin the Federation and its officers from prosecuting its "conspiracy" in restraint of the stove company's business. It will doubtless be promptly submitted on the labor side that the methods complained of are those regularly employed by the corporations against their competitors. So they are, no better and no worse.

The withdrawal of the American Tobacco Company from Texas because of the fearful risk it and its employees ran when doing business in that State, raises the question how far the people of Texas really have the courage of their anti-Trust convictions. For in the long run the boycott and outlawry of the Trusts will have as many social and personal consequences as faithful adherence to any of the creeds. The logical Trust-buster must, like the Dowieite, abstain from tobacco, like the theosophist from meat, like the Mohammedan from whiskey, and from a hundred other commodities that even the straitest sects do not forbid their votaries. It is just as hard in our society to live a life absolutely free from Trust products as to live one absolutely germless or entirely free from any other sort of taint. The safe way is to withdraw from the world. A colony of Trust-busters producing its own food, clothing, and all other necessaries would fulfil the requirements well enough. At least, if there is logic in the world, the arts and crafts and village-industry movements ought soon to feel the stimulus of the campaign against the Trusts.

Revelations of corruption having been so appalling as they were in San Francisco, and the time to forget them so short, any other outcome than a reform victory in the first primaries was hardly to be expected. In those both of the Democratic and Republican parties, delegates favorable to the continued support of the prosecutions of bribers and grafters were chosen. The opposition to this programme within the Republican party elected only 19 out of 149 members of the next nominating convention, while the dominant faction of the Democrats is said to favor the endorsement of the prosecutor, District Attorney Langdon. There seems to be a fair chance of fusion of the two parties on essentials. The third convention, that of the Union Labor party, however, will be so completely in the control of opponents of the pending prosecutions, that even the renomination of Schmitz is within the range of possibility. This would be going beyond the precedent of that Massachusetts constituency which lately nominated and elected to the Great and General Court a representative actually in jail at the time. Happily, whatever may be decided about the nomination, the election of the convicted Mayor is, in the present state of feeling, inconceivable. But if San Francisco ever finishes with its big criminals and has leisure to look after minor offenders, something may be done about the pernicious political activity of Postmaster Fiske, who led the lost cause against the Reform League in the Republican primaries. Does the Presidential order against that sort of thing not run west of the Rockies?

The war between the chauffeur and the police has become so active, and is now conducted on such scientific principles, that text-books of strategy will soon be needed. The old plan of hiding on the roadside, stop-watch in hand, has been abandoned by the up-to-date constable. Traps of different sorts are now set to catch the unwary, the most effective being the "measured distance." As a defensive scheme, the Automobile Club of America sends its representatives to inspect the districts where speeding is likely to end in arrest, and at important points flagmen are stationed to warn the innocent tourists. Complaints are made that many of the officers bear what are really letters of marque, to replenish local treasuries, and that the automobile owner is unjustly made a victim of this unauthorized tax-gathering. But in the long run, chauffeurs have as fair treatment at the hands of the police as they deserve.

As a long step towards woman's emancipation, coöperative housekeeping, a panacea much urged of late, has its inevitable drawbacks. In the very matter of coping with an insufficient supply of domestic help, the system, if extended widely enough, would prove a failure; for it is obvious that while economies in household labor can be effected to a certain degree under more or less communal living, the demand for domestic labor must enormously increase when half of those who now cook and dust for husbands and fathers shall exchange the pot and the broom for the trowel, the yardstick, and the pen. If we conceive the entire population of this country organized into communal units, and assign one servant—whether cook, chambermaid, nurse, or furnace-tender—to every ten persons, certainly not a high estimate in view of the fact that first-rate hotels find it necessary to employ an equal number of servants with guests, we shall have a demand for something like 8,000,000 domestic laborers instead of the 1,500,000 that are now to be had. Where is this vast supply of labor to come from? Even if under new conditions men may come in time to share equally with women in household work, for many years the work must continue to be performed by women. And, naturally, those whom generations of training have given superior initial facility in the art will constitute the bulk of domestic workers in our new phalansteries. That is, women, who now cook and work in their own homes and in their capacity as mothers and wives, will then cook and work in centrally located kitchen laboratories in the capacity of hired labor. Specialization, therefore, has its dark side as well

as its bright; if many women who are now unresigned cooks will be specialized into inventors and poets, many other women who are now mistresses of their own homes will be specialized into just domestic "help." Were the dream ever to come true, the result would be much like that of the Industrial Revolution and the birth of the factory system all over again—not an unmixed blessing.

There are European observers who believe that Finland's lately recovered liberties are once more in danger. It has been announced that Gerhardt, the liberal governor-general of the grand-duchy, is soon to be replaced by Gen. Beckman, who has gained an evil reputation by his ruthless policy of repression in Courland. It is surprising, however, to find a tendency in foreign papers to blame the people of Finland for any new assault that may come out of St. Petersburg. Under the Bobrikoff régime, it is argued, Finland acted admirably. To tyranny of the most exasperating kind she opposed a splendid endurance that was unconquerable just because it was passive. Now that the Finnish Diet has been democratized and the Socialists have come to play such an important part in the reformed Diet, Finnish aid has gone out towards the revolutionary parties in Russia proper, and the just resentment of the Czar has been awakened. This is a curiously distorted view of the relations between Finland and Russia. The grand-duchy might have gone on passively waiting—or whistling—for lost liberties, if the great Russian upheaval of October, 1905, had not brought, along with a "Constitution for Russia," a restoration of the old régime for Finland. As a matter of fact, the Russian revolutionary parties were justified in reproaching Finland's selfish concern for her own interests, once her freedom was regained. If Finland now coöperates with the reform movement in Russia, she is but repaying a just debt, and if bitter consequences come, it is not the Finns, but the autocracy, that should bear the blame.

The eighth Zionist Congress, now in session at The Hague, meets under auspices more favorable than those that presided over its immediate predecessors. Its brighter prospects arise from the setback which the Liberal movement, and with it the cause of the Jews, has lately encountered in Russia. Primarily, it was the condition of the Russian Jews that gave birth to Zionism, and it must continue to be the fortunes of the Jews in Russia that will shape its future. Experience has shown that, whenever Liberal hopes dawn on the Jewish subjects of the Czar, the nationalistic spirit among them weakens, when the inevitable disenchantment comes there is a rebound towards Messianic aspirations. About the year 1880, leading Jewish thought in Russia was largely for assimilation and national disappearance. The massacres of 1881 came as a rude awakening and created a strong current in the opposite direction. Again, in the opening years of the present century, whatever activity there was among the Jews was largely revolutionary and non-sectarian. It needed Kishenev to produce a second recoil towards Separatism. The influence of Kishenev still survived in the revolutionary upheavals that began in 1905; Zionist societies carried on the reform propaganda side by side with the Socialist organizations; nevertheless, it is a fact that the mass of Jewish youth began to forget and let itself be carried away by the argument that there was little use in working for Zionism in the face of a much speedier solution of the Jewish problem that would be brought about by the overthrow of the autocracy. In working for the liberation of the Russian people, we work for the liberation of the Jews, was the revolutionist motto. The postponement of that larger hope must once more create a reaction in favor of the strictly national movement.

From the outline programme of the International Socialist Congress which assembled Sunday at Stuttgart, it is not difficult to gather that strong forces are at work within the Socialist movement in a direction that may be called almost conservatve, though the Socialists themselves prefer to use the terms "revisionist" or "opportunistic." The undefiled Marxian teaching, as expounded at the present day by such orthodox commentators as Karl Katusky, is rooted in the essential idea of class struggle, and has for two of its most striking tenets the solidarity of the workingmen of all nations, and opposition to militarism, which is regarded as one of the great defences of the capitalistic system. It is not without significance, therefore, that the British Labor party is planning to ask "for the admission to the International Congress of those trade unions which, though bona fide, are not expressly based on class war." It is true that the Congress, acting on the recommendation of its permanent international bureau, will probably declare against such a plain abandonment of a cardinal doctrine of the party, but it is significant that the proposition should have been brought forward. Again, on the question of emigration and immigration, the American, Australian, and Dutch delegates are to submit a resolution pledging the party to oppose the importation of Chinese or negro labor into countries where it would compete with the white workingman; the broader subject, even, of the expediency of opposing the importation of foreign laborers for "sweating" purposes, is to be taken up by the Congress. Anti-militarism is to be discussed; but the question will have to be treated in the light of recent declarations made by Bebel in Germany and Jaurès and Guesde in France, of their readiness to take up arms in defence of the fatherland, just like the ordinary good bourgeois.

Bavarian Catholics are rejoicing over the adjustment of the differences between the Pope and the committee engaged in erecting a monument to the heretical Professor Schell. Although the Vatican at first disapproved of paying respect to the memory of one whose book was on the Index, a *modus vivendi* was reached. The committee explained that they had no desire to protest against the decision of the Holy See, but "intended only to honor an illustrious son of the Church." The Pope then intimated that he would be satisfied if they made a distinction between the man and the theologian. This would have pleased Pascal's Monsieur Distinguo. The tension, however, between Rome and the German Centre has now been relieved, especially since a Frankfort review has printed a letter from the late Professor Schell, in which he said: "I submit myself herewith to the decree of the Roman Congregation of the Index, . . . with the obedience and respect which are due to it." Yet in its efforts to suppress free inquiry, Rome may well recall what a great Cardinal said of the increase in the Liberal Catholic minority: "Now it is scarcely a party; it is the educated lay world."

Ernest Daudet urges in the Paris *Figaro* a new philanthropic undertaking for the relief of those who are recovering from insanity, or who have been cured of it. According to statistics, in the Department of the Seine alone there is an annual discharge of patients from insane asylums of 2,400. Both M. Daudet and the Princess Lubomirska are taking an interest in these rather helpless people. As a rule, when they come back into the world, they are ill-fitted to make their way. They have lost confidence in themselves, they are timid with others, and are painfully aware of the feeling towards those who have been even temporarily insane. Thus they are likely to fall into intemperance, and even crime. The plan proposed is to construct special workshops for this class of patients, where they can make a living while enjoying freedom. One such place was opened in Paris five years ago. The importance of caring for such unfortunates will be appreciated by any one who has observed the effect of an asylum on the feelings and will of patients, however carefully treated.

PEACE BY PAINFUL INCHES.

In De Quincy's essay on "War," he announced his intention to leave a half-crown by will to be kept at compound interest until war should have been abolished. By that time, he was confident, a fund would have accumulated "overshadowing the earth," large enough to retire all soldiers on full pay, and to meet every other expense incident to entire disarmament. This gibe at peace associations, it might almost seem, the Hague Conference has done much to echo. Its proceedings have been dilatory beyond all expectation; on many important questions the delegates have been hopelessly deadlocked; several projects have been given polite burial by means of a stubborn minority vote; while the agreements reached have often been so attenuated by the time everybody was brought round to assent to them, that they seem almost meaningless.

Of this character was the resolution adopted on Saturday touching the limitation of armaments. This is the subject which was put into the forefront of the first Conference at The Hague. It was, indeed, the chief purpose of that body's being summoned at all. It won for the Czar the title—too fleeting—of the "Disarmer." Yet nothing but a sentiment was expressed by that Congress. It was decided that the time was "not ripe," that the subject was not sufficiently "mature." All the greater, then, the hopes that, eight years later, something really practical might be devised. These hopes were all the brighter for the attitude of the Liberal Ministry in England. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a stout friend of peace, and his public utterances, as well as the bill of his Government providing for a restricted programme of naval construction in case the Hague Congress should do something for disarmament, were an earnest of his good faith. Germany's blunt refusal, as announced by Chancellor von Bülow, even to debate at The Hague any plan of disarming, was undeniably a severe blow, yet President Roosevelt nevertheless instructed our delegates to press the matter. This was most commendable in him, and the persistence of Mr. Choate and Gen. Porter roused fresh expectations. They were all, however, doomed to disappointment. In order to secure harmonious action, a resolution was adopted which one scarcely knows whether to call a pious hope or a pious fraud. The Conference merely reaffirmed the empty wish of that of 1899, and declared that, whereas, instead of diminishing, military burdens had been piled higher since that year, "it is highly desirable to see the governments earnestly resume the study of this question."

How the said governments are going to do it more successfully than in general conference at The Hague, does not appear. Germany has dogmatically stated that no "formula" for limiting armaments and reducing the load of taxation for military purposes, can be found. If the assembled governments cannot persuade her to the contrary, how can an individual government, by separate negotiation? At The Hague there were delegates especially competent to deal with this matter, and distracted by no other business in hand. If they could arrive at nothing but a vain form of words, it is not likely that the further "study," of which the resolution of the Conference makes mention, will lead to anything definite. So we are compelled to set down the final action of the Conference respecting disarmament as one of the great disappointments which it has given the world.

We do not, however, regard the time and debate bestowed upon the matter as wasted. To confer seriously about a great peace measure, even if it be not secured in any tangible and effective form, is to do something, after all, to breed the temper of peace. War ministers cannot hereafter, without an apology, introduce swollen military budgets. Henceforth they will be on the defensive. Those who propose such expenditures will have to cast about for new arguments to justify them to the pockets as well as to the consciences of the taxpayers. The latter will be tempted to say: "You affirm that we must pay larger sums for battleships and artillery because other nations are doing it. Yes, but why didn't you take steps, when you had a good chance, to agree with other nations not to impose these burdens upon us?" The Hague Conference has not done anything positive to disarm the various military countries, but it has at least done something to disarm their rulers of the old weapons used in the mad competition in armaments.

The work of the Congress at The Hague will soon be over. Before it adjourns, it is regarded as certain that provision will be made for an international prize court and a permanent international tribunal of arbitration. The two may be combined. This will doubtless be the greatest and most beneficent memorial of its existence which the Conference will leave behind it. It is too early to appraise its entire achievement. That it has failed to meet the high hopes of lovers of peace throughout the world, is indisputable. Nobody is better aware of this than the delegates themselves. Yet their meeting and discussions and decisions have been, when all is said, one of the means by which civilization gains now and then a painful inch against barbarism—and even De Quincy admitted that war is a relic of barbarism.

EUROPE FEELING AMIABLE.

The recent meeting between King Edward and the German Emperor is as much a sign of growing good feeling among the Powers as an event contributing to the encouragement and maintenance of such a delectable state of affairs. The Continental press has been comparatively free, for some time, from charges and counter-charges of sinister designs harbored by perfidious nations against their peace-loving neighbors. Months have passed without untoward events, compromising incidents, or governmental indiscretions. There is even less talk in Germany of tremendous fleets against Britain and *Weltherrschaft*, or in England of Germany's designs in Africa and the East. Von Bülow has been graciously frank with a French journalist, and, through him, with the French nation. Tittoni has assured Austria-Hungary of Italy's loyal attitude in the Balkans. There has been a veritably dazzling succession of royal interviews accompanied by exchanges of international felicitations, and though such formalities are always liberally discounted, they cannot but produce a favorable impression if repeated with sufficient frequency.

Quite possibly, the sessions of the Peace Conference at the Hague have helped to impart a softer tone to international relations. The ruling classes on the Continent, more even than the world at large, have refused to take the Conference seriously. But their very argument that peace among the nations cannot be established by the delegates at the Hague, and that it must be left to every state to labor for peace by pursuing its legitimate interests without detriment to others, must have acted as a check upon the professional patriots and war advocates, if only through regard for public opinion. It is conceivable that men should believe that a dozen battleships are a stronger guarantee of peace than four times that many diplomats in plenary session; but no politician can go on indefinitely crying for peace-creating warships at any price, and at the same time baiting the nation across the water, without being found out by his own fellow-citizens. Thus it is possible that, once the Hague Conference dissolves, the Jingo English and German press will get to work again; but it is enough that for the time being it is agreeably mute.

For just a decade it was the Far East that was the cause of most European heartburnings. China was, indeed, a stake worth playing for and quarrelling over, and it was with an eye to possible "world-dominion" in China that Germany earnestly set to work to build up a mighty fleet. Hence the vehement thunderings in the *National Review* and the London *Times*, and rumbling rejoinders in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and

in Imperial speeches. Once the game was set going, it was easy enough to find food for animosity. Then came the Boer war to keep feelings red-hot for four or five years, till the Far East once more claimed the world's attention. The Russo-Japanese war marked the beginning of another chaotic period of fevered international strain, which is just now relaxing. The ill-feeling aroused in part by that struggle persisted for some time after the outcome of the war had been decided, manifesting itself, for instance, in the Morocco crisis of 1905-06. Now that England and Germany are somewhat more cordial, it is found that Morocco offers no cause for misunderstanding. In other words, Japan's triumph, and the removal of China from the field of European political ambitions, have removed the most potent cause of war in Europe.

Ostensibly, the great danger to the peace of Europe during the last three years has been the resentment aroused in Germany by Great Britain's entrance into a series of alliances and "understandings" which the Kaiser's subjects have taken as aimed directly against themselves. England's treaty with Japan in 1902 was followed by an important agreement with France in April, 1904. This has been accepted as having the value of an actual alliance without the name. Russia, though soon to be humiliated and weakened in the Far East, was still France's formal ally, and Germany found herself, as she thought, threatened by the possibility of a general European coalition. When Spain and Italy, the latter in spite of her adherence to the Triple Alliance, entered into increasingly amicable relations with France, and therefore with Great Britain, the hostile circle of alliances became almost a verity to German eyes. "Do not isolate us, or we will fight," was the burden of the Emperor's speeches till about the beginning of the present year. A coalition of Powers under England's formidable leadership, the Triple Alliance giving way, was there not enough cause for alarm? And then came the climax of Great Britain's insidious policy—a contemplated alliance with Russia.

Logically, the conclusion of an Anglo-Russian agreement should be the signal for a German declaration of war, but—common sense asserts itself in critical moments. What hostile design can there be in a system of alliances that includes—everybody? An understanding between England and France may very reasonably be regarded as fraught with danger to Germany. Add Spain to the combination, and the danger, reduced in one way, perhaps, by the introduction of a new partner with interests and ambitions of her own, is still there. But add Italy, the ally of Germany; add Russia, who, as has been shown repeatedly, still counts strongly on German friendship—and your hostile circle of "alliances" assumes the true aspect of a series of treaties binding the contracting parties to ways of peace in their ordinary relations, but pledging all of them in no sense to actual coöperation in war. Germany's "isolation" is shown to be, what it has been all these years, largely a myth.

So the nations seem to have grown a trifle ashamed of their bitter paper warfare and to have made up their minds to leave foreign politics alone for a while. Surely, the governments have enough matter to keep them busy at home for some time. Social questions, in varying form, are calling for attention all over Europe. To say nothing of Russia's difficulties, Austria has her new system of universal suffrage to get accustomed to. Germany is now giving particular thought to the Poles and the Prussian suffrage. Italy is absorbed by the anti-Catholic movement. France has not yet disposed of the same problem. In every country the Socialists are now well to the fore, and there can be little doubt that their influence of late has been a powerful force for peace.

FINANCIAL MYTHS IN THE MAKING

"We love to delude ourselves," said Goldsmith, and if he could hear the various explanations of our financial troubles, given to-day, he would be strengthened in that opinion. The most positive assertions are made about their cause, and pass current among men of intelligence. But all of them cannot be true, for they contradict each other. It is highly probable that no one of them contains more than a part of the truth. Yet they are sedulously put about, delusive though most of them must be, and are forming the basis for future snap judgments upon this period. In other words, they are contributing to financial myths which we contemporaries have the advantage, if we are able to detach ourselves, of seeing in the making.

They are all characterized by the two qualities which popular explanations of intricate matters nearly always have. They reduce everything to a single cause. They identify that cause with a personality. Of this we have had many examples, even in our recent past. About the panic of 1893, a myth grew up which has now become as gospel truth in the minds of millions. There was the one cause—the tariff. True, the tariff was not touched in 1893, but that made no difference. Low tariffs are well known to be as destructive before they exist as after. Hence it is an article of faith with most good Republicans that the tariff of 1894 was the sole cause of the financial upheaval of 1893. And there was also the personality requisite—that of Grover Cleveland. It was his panic, for was he not President, and was he not for revising the tariff? The force of demonstration could no further go; and "the Cleveland panic," myth though it was, has passed into that most sober and authoritative repository of history, the Republican campaign textbook!

The myth-makers have been abroad for several weeks. You meet them at every street-corner and in every car, wagging solemn heads and telling all comers exactly what is the cause of the troubles in Wall Street. One man will demonstrate to you that it was the Standard Oil fine. Another will prove to a nicety that it was the corporation-baiting of the Government. The tariff, so far as we know, has not been brought in, but why should it not be? Taft, the favorite candidate of Roosevelt for the Presidency, has declared himself for cutting down protective duties; and why should not that gun kick before it is fired, as disastrously now as in 1893? A reasoner of the strict Republican order of logic could make out a good case for the contention that Senator Lodge's recent announcement that the tariff would be revised in 1909, was the *vera causa* of the fall of stocks. There is no lack, naturally, of personalities to go with the mythical causes. It is the Southern Governors; it is Hughes; it is the Public Service Commissioners; it is Bonaparte; it is a country looking at Roosevelt, and saying, Hamlet-fashion, "Something too much of this." He must be hard to suit in the way of mythical causes, and persons without real responsibility, who cannot make his choice among so many.

Against the short and easy method of the myth-makers, it may seem ungracious to place the attitude of sober inquirers into the actual phenomena. They are neither so cocksure nor so sweeping. They are foolish enough to distrust the glib gentleman who comes forward with a skeleton key warranted to fit the most complicated lock. Yet there is something to be said for their position. In the presence of a vast world-movement in finance, interrelated in its manifestations and consequences in all markets, it is too severe a tax upon credulity to pitch upon the opinion of a judge in Illinois, or even the policy of a President at Washington, as the single and sufficient cause of all. Immensely varied and complicated effects cannot be accounted for off-hand in that way. If we are to dread the man of one book, we surely are to distrust the man of one explanation for everything. By dint of repeating it, and even shouting it, he may advance it to a place among popular myths; but he will never be able to satisfy with it either the sifting historian or the analytic student of finance.

We are not going to offer any little myth of our own. The phenomena in the financial world, now under study, are too extensive, too subtle in their in-

terplay, for any man to be sure of all their bearings. But certain things in the nature of results may be pointed out, even if we must remain more or less in the dark, for a time, in respect to their true causation. The prolonged liquidation which we have been witnessing has all the air of an inevitable movement, something too large and involved to be attributed to a single cause or to any one man, and also seems, all things considered, a wholesome movement. The common remark, "Money is being forced out of Wall Street to be put at the disposal of business men," expresses, in a homely way, one consoling and even encouraging aspect of the situation. The process of providing funds for the great business of the country may have proved very hard upon top-heavy speculation, but it is difficult to see how the thing could have been done in any other way.

DEMOCRACY AND LOVE.

We observe with pain that recent fiction withdraws from the humble all hope of marrying into "society." There was a time when King Cophetua wooed a beggar maid, and when the Marquis of Saluzzo married Patient Grissel, the peasant's daughter. In those days a knight riding abroad in the April sunshine did not disdain to make love to a pretty *pastoreta* as she tended her sheep; did not scruple to beat a masterly retreat before a big stick in the hands of the *pastoreta's* young man; indeed, did not even object to chronicling the incident himself. There, if you will, was social equality—and when did all this occur? Why, in the Middle Ages, before our boasted democracy was heard of. In more recent times, governesses married earls, and milliners marquises—and where but in monarchical England? Even now, we understand, the works of Miss Libbey keep alive on the soil of our own Republic the good old tradition of the lordly lover and the lowly bride. But, generally speaking, we have changed all that. The writers of our short and of our "continued" stories, nay, of our dollar-and-a-half novels (reduced to a dollar-eight), now insist that He and She shall be social equals.

He is poor, but belongs to the first families. To support his winter studies at the law school, he tends a lighthouse during the summer. Her, a storm one night blows in at the lighthouse door. Is she a fisherman's daughter? Is she a sailor's child? Ah, no; she is a sophomore at Smith, and with admirable presence of mind quotes Spenser as soon as she regains consciousness, lest the reader remain for a moment in doubt as to her quality. Or, again, He happens to be waiting at a corner in his car—a six-cylinder car: obviously he is an aristocrat. She, passing by chance, takes him for a mercenary chauffeur—how careless of the Williamsons, by the way, not to have copyrighted this *motif!*—and hires him to drive her home. Is she a garment-worker? Is she a chorus-girl? Not in the least. At a house party—that *milieu* of all that is most exclusive—he meets her as a fellow-guest, and declares his love to the accompaniment of explosions by the six-cylinders, while the car goes to glory. Over the whole adventure floats an exquisite savor of "classiness" and *pétrol.*

Now he is a young professor, and she is a rural maid in the land of Pennsylvania Dutch. Having duly fallen in love, they must somehow or other be socially equalized. Here we pause for a moment to disclaim any intention of dealing with the question, What *is* the social position of a professor, anyway—a man who cannot even call a two-cylinder runabout his own, and who never in his life shook hands with a monkey, except possibly in the interests of linguistic science; a person, in short, totally without advantages? Well, the rural maid proves to be no rural maid at all, but "the kidnapped child of very wealthy and refined parents"—like many a pastoral heroine, from Longus to Allan Ramsay.

Finally, the ingenious creator of what may be called our coal-tar series of sweethearts—Iodyl, Amidol, Rosinduline, and all their sisterhood—has now given us a new set of organic by-products, as if for the very purpose of supporting our thesis. A person with a monocle, but otherwise harmless, succeeds, by means of casual absent treatment, in wholly transforming the characters of several fellow-members of his club. At the same time, again quite at random, he performs the same operation upon an equal number of young women—selected only for their good looks—who happen to pass the club-window. Thus a cockney cit becomes a lover of nature; a "cold proposition" develops gayety, sympathy, and a love of adventure; and a snob grows actually feverish with the passion for social equality, and wants to marry his cook.

The nature-fiend and his affinity meet for the first time in Bronx Park, run a race, and climb a tree together in pursuit of the same butterfly, discover and communicate their love, and find—here's the point—that it is perfectly proper for them to wed, because they have common acquaintances. As for the devotee of adventure, he finds his destined bride in a poor quarter of the city; but she is a settlement worker, belongs to his set, and knew his sister at school. The case of the radical is, of course, exactly in point, and so most significant of all. He is saved from his cook through the intervention of a dear girl picked up by chance on the Avenue, who consents to disguise herself as a parlor maid in order to receive the hero's affections, which, of course, are ready to attach themselves indifferently to anybody of a lower social level. But, alas! all is in vain; she, too, is "in society." Hardly has she heard his name when she exclaims: "Not *Kelly* Jones!"—and, needless to say, the clergyman is telephoned for at once. Fancy, though, her post-marital confession: "Kelly, dearest, I have deceived you. I am not what I seem. My father is Wilhelmus Van Sinderen, and I am one of New York's best-known belles. My picture is in all the Sunday papers, and there is no woman so ignorant as not to know all that I wear." Yet, what will not love forgive?

We conclude with a word of admonition to our popular novelists. If they insist upon closing a career that has been ever open to talent, equality must find her champions elsewhere. Already we discern signs of vague unrest among the writers of doctoral dissertations. Somehow, counting the vowels in Browning and the dative singulars in Diodorus Siculus no longer seems to satisfy them. Soon they will turn—in fact, they have begun to turn—their minds to the settlement of our burning social questions. We look to receive any day a dissertation on "Democracy and Love," bristling with examples from Mrs. Martin, Mr. Chambers, and the rest. How will they like that?

THE EXCHANGE OF COLLEGE STUDENTS.

The exchange of university professors between countries and between different institutions at home has been lately a frequent topic of discussion. Less has been said, however, of the other process by which somewhat the same result was all the time being secured—the annual interchange of students between different institutions and especially between different sections. Of course, the mountain of alien students can never be made to come all at once to the feet of any professorial Mahomet, but the individual units which do come presumably gain in breadth quite as much as if the professor had made the journey to them.

For *Science*, Prof. Rudolf Tombo, jr., has prepared an interesting table showing the geographical distribution of the students at a group of leading universities and colleges, and his figures reveal an educational commerce of this sort more extensive in amount than we believe most educators have fully realized. The older Eastern institutions have, of course, always drawn large numbers from the West, and for obvious reasons. But there has grown up more recently something of a counter-movement. Students from Eastern States appear in increasing numbers in the catalogues of the better Middle Western universities, but—and here is one of Professor Tombo's most interesting points—with-

out apparently reducing the Western representation in Eastern institutions. As compared with similar statistics for last year, the group of Eastern universities, including Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale, is seen to have gained in the representation from every section of the country, *especially* the North Central. There is thus less evidence than had been supposed to support the common view that the building up both in size and standing of the great schools of the Middle West would induce Middle Western parents to give up the practice of sending their sons East to be educated. On the other hand, the relatively smaller number of Eastern students in the West has increased. Harvard has 522 students from the North Central division, Michigan 505 from the North Atlantic States.

Without attempting to summarize here all the information contained in the table under consideration, it may be stated that there were last year in the seventeen colleges and universities included no less than one hundred and forty-five "delegations" of students whose homes were outside the States where they matriculated. Of "delegations" of ten students from other States, large enough to form a respectable club, there were 273. Not counting Massachusetts, twenty-one States were represented in Harvard by twenty or more students each. Yale and Columbia had each seventeen such groups from outside their own States; Cornell sixteen, Michigan fourteen, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin nine each, Princeton and Illinois seven each. New York State sends twenty or more students to each institution in the list, except the Universities of Virginia (13), California (5), and Illinois (14).

A second table prepared by Professor Tombo shows the representation of students from foreign countries in American colleges and universities. The total number of such students, which last year was 792, has this year risen to 897, although there are fewer students from Europe, Africa, and Australasia. Without the equivalent of Rhodes scholarships we drew fifty students from England in nine institutions, and thirty from Germany in eight. In twenty-three instances ten students from the same foreign country are found studying at the same American college or university. Thus Pennsylvania has New Zealanders, Australians, Japanese, Central Americans, and Canadians; Cornell, Canadians, Cubans, Argentines, and Chinese; Harvard, Canadians, English, Chinese, and Japanese; Michigan, Canadians; Yale, Canadians, Central Americans, Chinese, and Japanese; Lehigh, Cubans; Ohio, Argentines; Columbia, Canadians and Japanese; and California, Chinese.

Undoubtedly, a large proportion of the attendance which a college draws from abroad or from distant portions of this country is due to the reputation of some particular department or professor. "Except ———, there is no good place for my sociological studyings of economics," wrote a Japanese student in the days when his countrymen were still curiosities in American seminar rooms. Practically two-thirds of the Australian and New Zealand students in this country are studying dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania. But this evidently fails to account for the extent of the shifting which these figures reveal among our States. The equalizing of educational advantages in different sections, instead of keeping students near home, appears to have rather increased migration. The sending of sons to the colleges from which their fathers were graduated is doubtless an important and continuing cause of this.

PARIS LITERARY GLEANINGS.

PARIS, August 5.

The book, "Dogme et critique," by Edmond Leroy, is of passsing interest, because of the effect it is producing. It is not a work of higher criticism, like the books of Abbé Loisy, but rather a philosophical study in the evolution of religious doctrine; and even this should, perhaps, be limited to the evolution of the explanation of the contents of doctrine. M. Leroy has protested, almost pathetically, his absolute loyalty to the formulas and definitions of Catholic dogma. He is obviously not striving to insert a quite new doctrine under the old name. He has not, however, in these troublous times of religious intellects, escaped the condemnation of the official teachers of the Church; and the aged Cardinal Richard, while bearing witness to the religious earnestness of the author, forbade the faithful of his diocese to read the book. Other bishops have followed his lead, and the book came up again in this week's meeting of the bishops of the north of France in Paris. Several of the bishops expressed the obvious desideratum that the book should be refuted, if it is to be condemned finally; and all seem to recognize its philosophic value where not at variance with traditional teaching. As an indication of religious change toward what is now called "Modernism" no great importance should be attached to such books; as in the case of Abbé Loisy, there are not 1,000 practising Catholic laymen in all France who ever hear of either controversy or books, and fewer still of the clergy who ever take them into consideration. This lack of practical efficiency in religious controversy does not lessen the value of the philosophical *lumina* reflected from the book.

A purely technical work, but of great use to all making a documentary study at first hand of French history, is "Les Sources de l'histoire de France depuis 1789 aux Archives Nationales," by Charles Schmidt, with a preface by Prof. A. Aulard, whose specialty is precisely the handling of French Revolutionary documents. The book is a practical guide to work in the Archives Nationales, from the permissions to be asked for making research, and the description of the work hall, to a complete indication of the "sources" of history for a department, arrondissement, canton, or commune, as contained in the Archives, with the departmental series. In such local documents, where history is caught in the very act, Taine did his most striking work.

Frédéric Masson of the French Academy uses his unrivalled collection of old papers of Napoleon's times to spring new and side surprises on his public, without stopping the flow of his Napoleonic volumes properly so called. "L'Affaire Maubreuil" concerns one of those interminable judicial failures, mixed up with obscure politics, in which French history is fertile under all régimes. Maubreuil, of noble family, seems to have been used in Napoleon's secret service. When the break-up came, he tried on his own account to get possession of the rich jewels of Catherine of Wurtemburg, wife of Jérôme Bonaparte. She appealed to her cousin the Czar, who began proceedings, which M. Masson narrates with passion, although he has not been able to unravel their secret. Maubreuil lived until 1869, pensioned for no apparent reason by both Louis Philippe and Napoleon the Third.

Jules Huret begins the publication in book form of his long investigation of Germany as it is, which he originally communicated to the Paris *Figaro*. This first volume completes the Rhine and Westphalian country. Americans, not caring what foreigners say about themselves, may not have paid much attention to M. Huret's two volumes on the United States. But the rapid, steady, and immense industrial development of the German Empire should make welcome this account by a trained and intelligent observer of German prosperity, cities and ports, heads of factories and philanthropists, great employers' unions, workmen and artists, discipline and morals, and, last, not least, the students of the Empire. The book is written with French lightness of touch, but great good will and serious application are shown on every page. Never were statistics dished up more entertainingly. That German authorities may find defects is more than likely, although the criticism of the periodical publication was kindly. For outsiders, the reading of the book is an easy way of being impressed with the new and true greatness of Germany—a country which, in thirty years, has gone far toward overtaking England in industrial supremacy, and shows a development which may dazzle even Americans by its rapidity and extent.

A number of French writers of acknowledged authority in their respective spheres appear as authors of a handy book on the leading questions which agitate Europe internationally—"Les Questions actuelles de politique étrangère en Europe." Francis Charmes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, A. Leroy-Beaulieu, R. Millet, A. Ribot, A. Vandal, R. de Caix of the *Débats*, R. Henry, G. Louis-Jaray, R. Pinon of the *Revue de Paris*, and A. Tardieu ("Georges Villiers") of the *Temps* treat successively of English policy, German policy, the question of Austria-Hungary, Macedonia and the Balkans, and the Russian question. There are nine maps.

"Icarie et son fondateur Étienne Cabet" is a book that should interest Americans, whose land of liberty has been used for so many and variegated experiments to remake society. The author, Jules Prudhommeaux, seems to have originally prepared his very complete work as a thesis for the doctorate of letters in the French university. It is a stout volume of more than 700 pages, with twelve photogravures and two maps. He considers it a "contribution to the study of experimental Socialism"; and so it is in the sense of Saint-Simon and Fourier, of Brook Farm, and even of the advanced thinkers of 1848, before the present political Socialism had been invented. This old Socialism was a sort of religion, reforming the world by calling men away from it.

E. Levasseur, administrator of the Collège de France, has gathered into one volume a connected series of statistical papers—"Questions ouvrières et industrielles en France sous la Troisième République." The labor and industrial questions of the French Republic are all the more interesting as France has become an experiment station for Socialism by political legislation.

The literary partnership of the Margueritte brothers is dissolved for the time being. Paul Margueritte lets it be known that he did not care to take part in the work of Naturalism which his brother Victor is publishing under the uninviting title "Prostituée." The book is not a crude bid for notoriety, such as Zola was more than once accused of making. It continues the studies of the brothers in what was once politely styled "the social question," sadly enough to tell the truth. Perhaps the chief objection to the book is that it concerns precisely the residuum, and not the living body of humanity; and that romance is not the appointed method of recovery in such cases.

"Casimir Delavigne intime" is a quite new book made up of letters and family papers by the poet's grand-niece. From the appearance of his first play on the Sicilian Vespers in 1818 to his death in 1843, these papers add really new material to the history of the Romantic movement in French literature, with many pleasant reminiscences of well-known personages, some of whom like Louis Veuillot would scarcely be expected here. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The love-letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne, written to Sophia Peabody, are owned by Mr. Bixby of St. Louis, and by his permission they have been privately printed by a Chicago book club, the Society of Dofobs. The work has been done at the DeVinne press—an edition of sixty-two copies, two volumes each. Roswell Field has supplied an Introduction, in which he explains that in editing the letters "there was practically nothing which called for elision" on account of "private and personal references, which might wound the feelings of the living, or seem to speak ill of the dead."

There are one hundred and sixty of the letters, and while many more were undoubtedly written, these are believed to be all that have survived. Ninety-seven were written before marriage, the earliest dated March 6, 1839, and the last June 20, 1842, a few days prior to the wedding, July 9, 1842. After marriage Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne were seldom separated, and the other letters are scattered over a long period, the latest being dated May 9, 1863. A few of the letters were published in Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," but these are in some cases much altered. Portions are omitted, words are changed, sentences are rewritten. The omission of some portions is understandable. The rapture and tenderness of the lover are not for the public eye, but condensation such as the following was certainly unnecessary. On January 1, 1840, Hawthorne wrote:

Very dearest I wish you would make out a list of books that you would like to be in our library; for I intend, whenever the cash and the opportunity occur together, to buy enough to fill up our new book-case; and I want to feel that I am buying them for both of us. *When I next come to Salem, you shall read the list, and we will discuss it, volume by volume. I suppose* the book-case will hold about two hundred volumes; *but you need not calculate upon making such a vast collection all at once. It shall be accomplished* [we will collect it] in small lots; and then we shall prize every volume, and receive a separate pleasure from the acquisition of it.

The words in italics were omitted by Julian Hawthorne; the four words in brackets, "we will collect it," inserted by him.

In many of the letters Hawthorne addresses his betrothed as "Dove," and the ornament (printed in blue) on the title-page of the volumes is a dove carrying a letter in its beak. In one of the earliest letters, dated July 3, 1839, he wrote:

I believe that "Dove" is the true word after all; and it never can be used amiss, whether in sunniest gaiety or shadiest seriousness. . . . By that name, I think, I shall greet you when we meet in heaven. Other dear ones may call you "daughter," "sister," "Sophia," but when, at your entrance into heaven, or after you have been a little while there, you hear a voice say "Dove!" then you will know that your kindred spirit has been admitted (perhaps for your sake) to the mansions of rest. . . . The name was inspired; it came without our being aware that you were thenceforth to be my Dove, now and through eternity. I do not remember how or when it alighted on you; the first I knew, it was in my heart to call you so.

The first volume contains the letters written during the time that Hawthorne was weigher at the Boston Custom House. The second volume begins with the Brook Farm letters. If the other members of that community had as little liking for work as Hawthorne had, it is small wonder that the experiment was a failure. A few days before he left Brook Farm (which swallowed up his savings, accumulated at the Custom House) he wrote:

I do think that a greater weight will then be removed from me, than when Christian's burthen fell off at the foot of the cross. Even my Custom House experience was not such a thraldom and weariness; my mind and heart were freer. Oh, belovedest, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it, without becoming proportionably brutified. Dost thou think it a praiseworthy matter, that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? Dearest, it is not so. Thank God, my soul is not utterly buried under a dung-heap. I shall yet retain it, somewhat defiled, to be sure, but not utterly unsusceptible of purification.

The letters are very tender and characteristic, but they add little to our knowledge of Hawthorne, and it is not to be regretted that they are to remain practically unpublished.

It turns out that the Shelley manuscript verses on both sides of two quarto leaves, which sold at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's on July 25 for £100, once formed part of Shelley's note-book which is in the Harvard University Library. The two leaves contain the "Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples," the sonnet "Lift not the Painted Veil," and some new readings. The pages are numbered 72, 73, 74, and 75, and the index of the Harvard volume shows that these poems were on those pages.

In his Shelley Bibliography H. Buxton-Forman notes that the leaf of contents of "Prometheus Unbound," 1820, is almost always a cancel-leaf, and that he was obliged to examine "a great number of copies" before he found one containing the original leaf. Signature A as first printed was of eight leaves, the first a half-title (with advertisement on reverse), the second the title, and the third the contents. In this the heading of the second section is misprinted "Misellaneous Poems." The leaf was reprinted in order to correct the misspelled "Misellaneous." We have seen recently a copy of the book in original boards with this leaf with the misprint, but the leaf is slit at the bottom, as an indication to the binder to cancel it. The new leaf with "Miscellaneous Poems" is also in this copy bound at the end of signature A, after the preface.

It is announced that the great library of Lord Amherst of Hackney will be offered at auction at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's the coming season, unless meanwhile sold privately. A Hand-List of the collection has been compiled by Seymour de Ricci for private circulation. This forms a large octavo volume of 433 pages, printed on one side of the leaf only. The catalogue is classified, and there is an index. The sale is likely to be one of the most important in recent years. Indeed, there is hardly any sale with which the collection can be compared since that of the first part of Lord Ashburnham's library, June, 1897. The Caxtons, seventeen in number, are the most notable books. Among them are:

"The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," Bruges, about 1474. This is the only perfect copy known of the first book printed in English. £1,850 was paid for it at the Earl of Jersey's sale, 1885.

"The Game of Chesse," Bruges, about 1475. One of five perfect copies known, and lacking only the two blank leaves. It cost £645 at Puttick's, December, 1886.

"The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosopbers," 1477. The first book printed in England; lacks the two last leaves and three blank leaves.

Christine de Pisan's "Morale Proverbes." Perfect, and the finest of the three known copies.

Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," about 1478. Lacking only the first blank leaf. This copy was bought at Sotheby's July 13, 1887, for £156. Lord Ashburnham's copy with two leaves in manuscript brought £510 in 1897.

"The Mirrour of the World," 1481. The Earl of Jersey's copy, which brought £105 in 1885; perfect.

"Godfrey of Boloyne," 1481. One of only three perfect copies known.

Higden's "Polycronicon," 1482. Lacking eighteen leaves, besides five blanks.

Voragine's "Golden Legend," first edition, 1484. Lacking thirty-three leaves, besides three blanks.

Voragine's "Golden Legend," second edition, 1487.

Christine de Pisan's "Fayttes of Armes,"

1489. Sir William Tite's copy, since made perfect.

Virgil's "Eneydos," 1490. Perfect, except for blank leaves. This copy was the Earl of Jersey's and brought £235 in 1885.

There are also three other books generally described as being from Caxton's press, but later authorities agree that they were more probably printed with his types after his death. These are: "The Chastysing of Goddes Children," 1491; "Tretyse of Love," 1493, and the third edition of the "Golden Legend," 1493.

Besides the Caxtons, there are many volumes from other English as well as the most important Continental presses; and remarkable collections of English Bibles, liturgies, books on the Reformation, on gardening, etc.

Correspondence.

CONSIDERATE REVIEWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent comment of the *Nation* upon the "considerateness" of present-day reviewers brought out an undeniable truth, and correctly estimated its bearing upon the retardation of intellectual improvement in several lines. But it is possible to add to what was said in explanation of this undesirable state of affairs. To every one who has done much reviewing the reasons that impel to softness of speech are plain enough. It is not so much for fear of offending publishers and ceasing to get books to review—for a great many reviewers have no direct relations at all with the publishers—as it is for fear of offending colleagues or acquaintances, near or remote, and suffering in one's personal relations. It is easier to talk savagely of a German book than of an English one, and of a volume printed in England than of the treatise of Professor A. whom you are going to meet at least once a year. The closer your actual or potential relations with an author, the more chary you are of speaking your unvarnished opinion of his book or article or poem.

Now such closeness of personal relation, which is conceived to become an asset on more counts than one, is the very object of all those Christmas gatherings of learned societies upon which we felicitate ourselves, and rightly. At these gatherings it is rather exceptional to witness heated altercation; a tone of urbanity characterizes their goings-out and their comings-in. In fact, sodality so far rules that there are not a few who attend avowedly for the sole purpose of making friends, and solace themselves for their sojourn in the corridors with the reflection that, after all, the papers will presently appear in print. Now, back in the "ramping days" there was nothing such as this; the after-type of the erstwhile heart-breaking critic is to-day the free lance off by himself. He has not imbibed the champagne side by side with X, or scrambled for lobster-salad in friendly rivalry with Y. It is not normally among the *habitués* of these gatherings that you find the acrimonious critic. Everyone is familiar with the fact that when you see a man whose opinions you have abhorred, you often find him "not so bad, after all." You become conscious that there are two standards of judgment involved.

The fact is that every one habitually confuses professional and personal relations unless he is strictly on his guard. It is the rare man who can take a tongue-lashing, say in a faculty-meeting, and, after stoutly fighting back, walk home with his castigator in an amicable state of mind. It is too often the case that strong disapproval of a colleague's ideas passes over imperceptibly into suspicion of his motives, and sometimes into a moral judgment. How true this is of political views and opponents, anybody can judge. That it is all wrong, all will admit. In the specific matter of review-criticism few would like to confess that they are wont to confuse honest severity with hostility. It is the ideal to proclaim loudly that one cares only for the truth, welcomes criticism, and the like. This ideal should be lived up to, and critics credited with the same sentiment; the adage about the faithfulness of a friend's wounds should be taken to heart. Petty personal vanity is about all that prevents it.

But there is a further reason for suppressing positive judgments of all kinds in these days. The age is one of doubt, where former ones were distinguished by positiveness, however ill-founded it may have been. People are now afraid of committing themselves too definitely, and judgment is infirm, because it is uncomfortably aware of the fate of most preceding judgments along all lines. This consideration never troubled a mediæval Thomas Aquinas or a Rousseau; it is the product of wider knowledge. Instead of planting the flag in a certain position, digging trenches, and fighting to the last of them—and this process taught the victorious stormers their trade, if it did nothing else—the fashion now is, says the scoffer, to practise mobility, not to say shiftiness and track-doubling, and to be cautious to the last degree about risking all on one position and engagement; the principle is, so to fight as to live to run another day. But this is an extreme view. Certainly we do not wish to return to the days of dogmatism based upon introspection and intuition. We have gained far more than we have lost by realizing the essential changefulness of situations and views, and that the actualities of one time may become, through being recognized as the fictions of ignorance and imagination, the laughing-stock of another. Whatever the superficial form of belief, the underlying predisposition of the age is agnosticism; and this, upon the purely intellectual field, means at least caution in judgment. The only trouble is that over-caution becomes something pretty close to cowardice.

What is needed, then, in order to apply sound destructive criticism—and it need scarcely be pointed out that it is only through the extinction of the less fit that higher types are evolved—is a large-minded divorcement of the personal and the professional, and a disposition unafraid to speak for fear of error. What if there is error? Somebody will correct it; and if his honor is a little greater, what of that? Laborers on the edifice of culture need a greater reverence for the structure and less solicitude as to what others think of their particular bricks and mortar; more love of the work and less of the personal emolument. And this, be it added, applies to critic as well as criticised. Adverse criticism so often awakes resentment, perhaps because the critic is simply trying to "throw down" his "victim." He talks "from above down" and in a tone far from impersonal. He is trying to show off; or at least, he bears the chip on his shoulder. This is an attitude for children. The eye should rather be on the man's work of advancing knowledge through generous co-operation.

Albert G. Keller.

New Haven, August 3.

LONGFELLOW AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The words of the British National Anthem are from a literary standpoint about as poor as human ingenuity could contrive, and many would be glad to see better literature wedded to the tune of "God Save the King." A correspondent of the Yorkshire *Post* has written:

> A year or so back, holiday-making in the Craven district, I happened to be in Giggleswick, where I found they were keeping the festival of our national saint at church. On the programme of the short organ recital were printed the first and third verses of the National Anthem for recessional, with the following added verse, with a note stating that it was composed by Longfellow on the request of a member of our royal family:
>
> Lord, let war's tempests cease,
> Fold the whole world in peace.
> Under Thy wings.
> Make all the nations one,
> All hearts beneath the sun,
> Till Thou shalt reign alone,
> Great King of Kings.

This is certainly a great improvement on "confound their politics" and the rest of the bathos, but is there any authority for supposing that Longfellow wrote the substitute? I have failed to find it in the Riverside Edition of his writings. If it be there it has eluded my search.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, England, August 5.

CARRYING PISTOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of July 25 commends a recent Texas law which imposes a tax of 50 per cent. of gross earnings on all merchants who sell pistols, suggesting this as a proper policy for checking the "concealed weapon" evil. The plan seems to the writer to have decided merit; but I would go farther, and put restrictions at the fountainhead, as it were. The United States Government imposes a heavy tax on the manufacture and sale of all kinds of alcoholic drinks. Now, the manufacture of deadly weapons with which peaceful citizens may slay each other would seem to lack even such pretext for existence or tolerance as may be advanced in favor of the liquor traffic. If all the money and industrial energy that are devoted to this purely harmful business were diverted into useful channels, it is evident that the nation would be a great gainer. It seems entirely logical that the manufacture of weapons for the destruction of human life, in this

boasted age of enlightenment, should be confined wholly to Government agencies, to be used only against foreign enemies or for police purposes at home. Or, if other manufacturers choose to embark in this industry, let it be put in the same category, with even greater emphasis, as the liquor traffic, for revenue purposes.

The law against carrying concealed weapons is at best merely plucking a few leaves from the evil tree, whereas the true remedy lies in attacking the roots of the tree itself. One strong root is the non-enforcement of the criminal laws. If these laws were rigidly enforced in this country as they are in England, there would be no incentive to a continuance of the practice, and, as in England, it would fall into a state of "innocuous desuetude." But our disregard of the criminal laws, and of the sanctity of human life, is a deep-seated social malady, a legacy from the war of forty-odd years ago, which we cannot hope to correct by any sudden or peremptory process.

The total cutting off of the present superabundant supply of deadly weapons should do much, more than any other practical device, for mitigating the evil, the greatest in our social system, which otherwise contains much of which we are justly proud. It is related that an English tourist who had travelled through the South was questioned on his arrival in New York about his impressions of the Southern country. His impressions were very favorable, he liked the country and the people.

"How about the security of life in the South?"

"Oh, as to that, a man only lives down there because nobody wants to kill him."

While this remark savors of extravagance, it is truly suggestive of the status of our criminal jurisprudence.

T. G. DABNEY.

Clarksdale, Miss., August 5.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce for publication in September "With Wordsworth in England," by Mrs. MacMahan; "A Handbook of the Philippines," by Hamilton M. Wright; "The Great Plains, 1527-1870," by Randall Parrish; and "The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba," a strategic history, by Col. H. H. Sargent, U. S. A. The same firm will add four new volumes to the series of Life Stories for Young People: "Joseph Haydn," "Frithiof Saga," "Hermann and Thusnelda," and "The Swiss Heroes."

The Hon Charles F. Warwick's "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," heretofore published by J. B. Lippincott Co., has been taken over by George W. Jacobs & Co. Messrs. Jacobs & Co. have also in preparation a companion volume to the above, to be entitled "Danton and the French Revolution," which will be issued some time next year, to be followed later by "Robespierre and the French Revolution." While each volume will be complete in itself, they are so planned that the three together will form a complete history of that period.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish this autumn "Stories and Sketches," by the late Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. The volume is described as "a memorial to the life of an earnest worker, the activity of whose intellect could not be entirely restricted within the channels of her chosen profession." The same firm will issue an English translation of Dr. Max Lenz's "Napoleon," a work which has been successful in Germany.

Three of Richard Jefferies's books are to be reprinted by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: "The Life of the Fields," "The Open Air," and "Nature Near London."

The Henry Altemus Company announces for publication in September "The Bible as Good Reading," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

Baedeker's "Switzerland" is just issued in the twenty-second edition. It contains xl. and 551 pages, 69 maps, 18 plans, and 11 panoramas. The repute of this handbook is so firmly established that nothing further need be said on that score. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American agents.

The *Library World* of England begins its tenth year of publication with an editorial survey of the progress made in Great Britain in library matters since 1898. The following are the principal facts noted: In 1898 no more than 350 places in the United Kingdom had adopted the Public Libraries acts, and in many of these the buildings and equipment were shabby and ineffective; to-day, 520 places have adopted the acts, and a large number of old and new library areas have erected fine buildings. Along with this expansion—and more important, in the estimate of the editor—is the great improvement in the training and qualifications of librarians. Other items are, (1.) rapid extension of the system of open shelves; (2.) the gradual but continual decrease in the percentage of fiction circulated, along with a very marked increase in the total circulation; (3.) the movement in favor of limiting the supply of newspapers and obliterating betting news; (4.) better provision for children and a better co-ordination of the library and the school.

The July issue of the new quarterly, *The American Journal of International Law*, which has just appeared, strikes a high level. Its opening paper is by the Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin, judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court, and an active worker in the Yale Law School, on "International Congresses and Conferences of the Last Century as Forces Working Toward the Solidarity of the World." With his historical citations Judge Baldwin presents comprehensive generalizations. The great œcumenical councils of the Roman Church were international congresses, in which each nation of Christendom was represented. The movement of modern society, however, is away from ecclesiasticism in politics. The Congress of Münster was the first of the new order. In 1815 that of Vienna took action towards suppressing the slave trade, and securing free navigation of international rivers. Since 1826 more than 120 conferences of a diplomatic character for promoting social and economic objects have been held. Their usefulness is illustrated by what the Postal Union accomplished. Four conferences held at The Hague since 1893 have achieved the adoption of uniform rules among ten different European nations regarding marriages, divorces, guardianships, while one held at Montevideo has brought similar results to five South American Powers. Judge Baldwin is fully convinced that the unifying influence of the first Hague Conference, 1899, has been most important. In a forcible paper on the second Hague Conference, Dr. Hill, now at The Hague as American minister, and a delegate to the Conference, more strongly emphasizes than does Judge Baldwin the achievements of that first conference. He declares that, notwithstanding the two succeeding wars, the work done at that time constitutes the most notable and enduring triumph of human reason of the nineteenth century. The conference not only created a permanent tribunal; it provided that "Powers, strangers to the dispute, have the right to offer good offices or mediation, even during the course of hostilities"; that "the exercise of this right can never be regarded by one or the other of the parties in conflict as an unfriendly act"; and that, as the result of action under this article, peace between Russia and Japan was concluded at Portsmouth. The impetus, however, given to the principle of judicial settlement of international disputes, was the greatest achievement of the First Hague Conference. Dr. Luis M. Drago, foreign minister of the Argentine Republic, whose letter of December 29, 1902, to the Argentine minister at Washington formulated what is termed the Drago Doctrine, contributes a discussion of "State Loans in Their Relation to International Policy," first making it clear that his original proposal applied merely to public or national debts, not to private obligations, then reviewing the attitude of the United States towards the questions raised and the status of those questions before the Hague Conference. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart's paper, "American Ideals of International Relations," contains a useful historical conspectus of relations into which our Government has been drawn. He criticises the inconsistency of our attitude in favoring the open door for China and selfishly imposing extreme tariff rates on our own dependents, the Filipinos. As against Mr. Olney's declaration, in the Venezuelan controversy of 1895, that the fiat of the United States is law on this continent, Professor Hart eulogizes the spirit which would develop, through the Hague Tribunal, the method of settling international controversies independently of the fiat of any particular government. The 85-page Supplement to this number contains documents of great value, including our new Consular Service regulations covering appointments and promotions.

A very chatty book on the "New Egypt" which has grown so rapidly during the past decade has been sent forth by A. B. de Guerville (E. P. Dutton). It is well printed and excellently illustrated. Its perusal will be of advantage to those who are purposing to visit Egypt and the Sudan, giving them some glimpses of things which the ordinary tourist neither sees nor realizes. The author had many opportunities of seeing and talking with Egyptian officials, both native and British, and he has given the reader the benefit of them. But of the antiquities of the land he is profoundly ignorant, and many of the things which he writes must be taken with cau-

tion. His interest, however, is in things modern, and to these he sticks closely for the most part. But he has marred his book by introducing many rather indelicate stories and incidents and comments which greatly detract from its dignity and from one's pleasure in reading it.

Prof. Ferdinand Schwill of Chicago has succeeded in the enterprise of reducing all European history from the revolt of Luther to the marriage of King Alfonso into one small volume ("A Political History of Modern Europe," Scribners). His method is that of the text-book, and the ideal that has inspired it is the compression of the greatest amount of history into the least possible space. In the latter respect, the book is eminently successful; it almost suggests Ploetz's "Epitome." As to the historical element, one need not go beyond the author's own ingenuous admission that his volume "must needs give the impression of being hurried and superficial, and be guilty of a large number of glaring omissions."

Lord Avebury's "Municipal and National Trading" (The Macmillan Co.) is the latest addition to the output of books upon a subject that vitally interests the British as well as ourselves. It would be highly agreeable to the reviewer to say that the volume is worthy of its distinguished author, but it is impossible for him to do so. The materials appear to have been gathered hastily, and are thrown together in slap-dash fashion. Long extracts are reproduced from familiar works, which are better known than this one can ever be, the selections are sometimes made uncritically, and not a few of the chapters are thoroughly incoherent. Some of our readers may remember that a certain American author recently got himself into very hot water by stating that the failure of the Prussian Government to make "group rates" on milk led to the stabling of countless thousands of cows in the city of Berlin. We observe with regret that Lord Avebury has reproduced this celebrated passage, *verbatim et literatim*, and shall expect to see the advocates of government ownership rend him limb from limb. To the general extension of public trading, whether national or municipal, Lord Avebury is stanchly opposed, and he is able to present a good many reasons why it is desirable to be extremely cautious in passing upon projects for nationalization or municipalization. With his conclusions, we can entirely agree, but this fact merely increases our regret that he has not taken the pains to present his case in a satisfactory and convincing form.

"The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany," by E. D. Howard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the essay which received the first prize in the competition established by Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, in 1905. It is a somewhat commonplace doctor's dissertation which reviews the industrial and commercial progress of Germany since 1871, and then discusses the causes contributing thereto. The industrial capacity of the Germans, their zeal in applying science to practical affairs, their genius for taking pains—all these and many other elements in the problem have been made tolerably familiar to us by the discussions of the last ten or a dozen years; and it cannot be said that Mr. Howard has made any substantial contribution to our knowledge of the subject. His essay may be useful, however, to readers who desire a general account of the rise of Germany to the rank of a great industrial and commercial Power. He would have done well to avoid such pitfalls as are set for the unwary by Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," and he misleads his readers sadly when he tells them that the "profits" from the railways owned by the German states amount to $461,000,000. This figure can, at the most, represent the "earnings from operation"; the "profits," after allowing for debt charges, can be but a fraction of the amount stated. We wonder, too, why he persists in calling the Zollverein the "Zollvereine."

The recent issue of the *Vierteljahrshefte zur Stastistik des Deutschen Reichs* brings the complete statistics of the strikes in Germany during the year 1906. The whole number was 3,228, as compared with 2,403 the preceding year. The number of concerns affected was 16,246, or 1,766 more than in the year 1905. The total number of men who struck was 272,218, while those additional who were affected by the strikes was 24,433. In 2,343 cases the strikes were caused by a demand for higher wages, and in 452 cases for pay for extra hours. In 864 cases there was a demand for shorter hours, and in 202 cases recognition of the union was the object sought for. The number of strikes decided by compromise and arbitration is constantly increasing. The same issue of this official journal also reports that in the first quarter of the present year 293 strikes had been satisfactorily adjusted, which had affected 1,300 concerns, and compelled 19,564 workmen to remain idle.

The quater-centenary of the University of Aberdeen, 1906, was commemorated by the publication of "Studies in the History and Art of the Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire," a collection of papers written by seven graduates of that institution. The field is restricted to Asia Minor, and the work is published under the editorial supervision of W. M. Ramsay, professor of humanity in Aberdeen, well known as the author of "Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia." Professor Ramsay also contributes three of the papers. The volume is appropriate, because of the fact that during the past generation Aberdeen has taken the lead in the exploration of that field; according to the editor, the bulk of the work of her graduates equals that of all other explorers together. In an admirable study of "Isaurian and East Phrygian Art in the Third and Fourth Centuries after Christ," A. Margaret Ramsay, daughter of the editor, maintains the view of Strzygowski that the artistic revival of that time and place was a part of the reaction of the East against the dominance of Rome—a movement which found its most vital expression in Christianity. The student of law and institutions will be interested in "Epitaphs in Phrygian Greek," by A. Petrie, and in J. Fraser's "Inheritance by Adoption and Marriage in Phrygia." The English translations of the inscriptions treated will make these articles more widely serviceable. This feature is worth imitating. To the general reader, Professor Ramsay's paper on "The War of Moslem and Christian for the Possession of Asia Minor" will doubtless appear most attractive, because of its bearing on the "Eastern question," and of the liberal spirit in which the conflicting religions are treated. The writer praises the work of American educators in Asia Minor, and expresses the hope that "the creation of ideals and aspirations among the Moslem women" now in progress may eventually renovate and ennoble their sect. The volume, including several papers not mentioned here, is an example of Scotch solidity in scholarship.

Basque scholars will be interested in E. S. Dodgson's "Leiçarragan Verb" (Henry Frowde), being "an analysis of the 703 verbal forms in the gospel according to Matthew." Leiçarraga's translation of the New Testament, other portions of which have already been analyzed by the present editor, first appeared in 1571. It was dedicated to the then Queen of Navarre, the mother of Henry IV., and shows close study as well of the Greek text as of the French version by Calvin, of whose sect Leiçarraga became an adherent. The present volume is described as a "Lexicological grammar or a grammatical Lexicon." The rules and definitions are in every case illustrated by examples, those in French being drawn from "Le Nouveau Testament," printed for S. Honorati at Lyon in 1566. Should he have the means at his disposal, Mr. Dodgson proposes to put out similar synopses of the Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians, the Acts of the Apostles, and the gospels of St. John and St. Luke, as well as an analytical Index to the whole of the "Lexiçarragan Verb."

The Rev. J. R. Wilkinson's translation of Harnack's "Luke the Physician" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) renders one of the most noteworthy recent contributions to New Testament criticism available to English readers. General interest has been excited in Harnack's spirited defence of the correctness of the early tradition, which ascribes both the Acts and the third Gospel to Luke, but the more weighty portion of the essay is a minute examination of the vocabulary, syntax, and style of the "we-sections" of Acts, and a comparison, in these respects, with the remainder of Acts and also with the third Gospel. To those who are disposed to attach weight to linguistic arguments of this sort, the facts brought to light by Harnack will doubtless be convincing, for it must be said that he has discovered a large number of striking parallels. This method of proof, however, is more than a little precarious. The real question is not whether the tradition as to the author is correct, but whether the representation of the development of primitive Christianity and of the personality of Paul afforded by the Lukan history is true to fact. As to this larger question, Harnack does not offer much consolation to those who contend for the trustworthiness and reliability of the author of the first church history. The suggestion that the special interest of Luke in the Samaritans and in the women of the gospel story is to be traced to the evangelist Philip and his four prophesying daughters, is not likely to meet with favor.

Harnack appears to have a genuinely popular fondness for the connection of traditions with particular persons. The English translation corrects the statement of the German edition that the prominence of women in the third Gospel had not previously been noted, reference being made to Plummer. Whatever be one's opinion of the propositions on which Harnack lays chiefest stress, the value of the book as a contribution to the history of the fixing of the evangelic tradition cannot be questioned.

The plea for an undogmatic Church is not new, but J. M. Lloyd Thomas in "A Free Catholic Church" (London: Williams & Norgate) introduces a fresh phase into the discussion. Instead of the simplicity of worship and distrust of doctrine which have characterized liberal movements hitherto, he would have full recognition of the importance of dogma and the need of symbolism, maintained, however, in utmost liberty. His hope for substantial and permanent reformation, therefore, is along the line that would naturally be chosen by liberal Catholics, and his opinion is worth quoting:

It would hardly be astonishing if the men who will really organize the Free Catholic Church should turn out to be, not the advanced theologians of the Protestant school, but the more daring Liberals of the Roman Communion, precipitated to decisive and independent action by some such crisis as we now see going on in France. These would, at any rate, have the incalculable advantage of being able to bring to the modern movement not only a peculiar appreciation of what is essentially venerable in antiquity and a cultivated perception and taste in matters of ecclesiastical art, ritual, and symbolism, but also, what is far more valuable, that living concrete sense of the historical continuity of the Church without which every reformation is foredoomed to failure.

The continued prosperity of Australia and New Zealand has given a fillip to the publishing trade. Several Australian and New Zealand firms issue fiction, poems, and histories that command the approval of English and American critics and have gained a wide circulation. The popular English "series" has been at length imported, and Whitcombe & Tombs of Christchurch have projected one such called "Makers of Australasia." The initial volume will be on Capt. Cook, probably by Prof. Macmillan Brown of Christchurch. The next most important volume will be that on Sir George Grey. As Governor of South Australia, twice Governor of New Zealand through long and critical periods, High Commissioner at the Cape, and in later years Premier of New Zealand, he has many titles to attention.

Jens Lyng, once a lieutenant in the Danish army and lately editor of the Melbourne *Norden*, has just published a brochure on the part played by Scandinavians in Australasia (Melbourne: George Robertson & Co.). As in the United States, they have engaged in almost all occupations, save commerce, where they have failed; they have eminently contributed to acclimatize the profitable butter industry, and they have been prominent in sugar-refining. Their greatest names are those of Monrad and Müller Bishop Monrad was Prime Minister of Denmark when the disastrous Schleswig-Holstein war broke out, and he fled before the storm of unpopularity that broke on him. He settled in New Zealand, where his family still lives, though he himself returned to Denmark and was reappointed a bishop. Baron Sir Ferdinand von Müller was also a Dane, but only by naturalization; he ranks as the greatest of Australian botanists. Born in 1825, he became Government Botanist at Victoria in the early fifties. He was a heroic toiler, and regularly "put in, even when an old man, upwards of 120 hours a week." He was famous, but poor and eccentric. When he was short of cash, he reduced the quantity of sugar in his tea, and, to the last, contemplated marrying an heiress. When his old wooden bed broke down, he propped it with a tin box containing his twenty-six foreign orders and decorations. He wore wooden clogs, a long woollen muffler for cravat, and sometimes a tea cosy in place of a woollen cap. He died in 1896.

The last publication of the Folk-lore Society (1904) has for its subject "Jamaican Song and Story," of which Walter Jekyll has collected and edited numerous examples. As Miss Werner points out in the introduction, they are a mixture of European and African elements. The tales in so far as they are African are not Bantu in origin, like those of the Middle and Southern States of America, but have much in common with the folklore of the West Coast, or Upper Guinea, whence the negroes of Jamaica would seem to have been chiefly drawn. Most of the actors in them are animals, "Aunancy" (the word is Tshi or Ashanti for spider) playing much the same part in them as Brer Rabbit in the Bantu stories. They are not so interesting as the latter, but they have a dry humor of their own, not at all to be despised; the foreign stories, for example, "Mr. Bluebeard" or "The Three Pigs," have lost nothing by being imported. The tunes which make up the remainder of the volume fall under two main heads, "digging-sings" and dancing-tunes. The digging-sings are used as an accompaniment to field-labor. The words are often improvised, turning on pieces of current gossip. This is also the case with the dancing-tunes, the music of which is usually imported. Besides the formal dances, the steps of which are thoroughly known, there is an informal kind, mixed with horseplay known as "playing in the ring." The book ends with an appendix by C. S. Myers on "Traces of African Melody in Jamaica" and one on "English Airs and Motifs in Jamaica," by L. E. Broadwood. The former contains three interesting examples of music recorded in Sir Hans Sloane's "Voyage to Jamaica" in 1688

To Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss's enthusiastic study of gypsy folk-lore in general, and especially to his success in collating the 850 stories from Southern Slavs presented in the first four volumes of his "Anthropophyteia," published last year, is due his "Zigeunerhumor," volumes vii. and viii. of Der Volksmund (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). Krauss is reputed to have a vast amount of gypsy material at his disposal; but to insure the greatest authenticity, he his limited himself to the Serbo-Croatians, with whom he is best acquainted, and even in this he was assisted by Tihomir R. Gjorgjević and other well-known gypsy students. He believes that the gypsies are a better people than they are generally reputed to be, and he has found 250 stories illustrating their humor, of which sixty have never before been published. Sometimes the Western reader may be tempted to wonder where the humor comes in, and perhaps this would be the case more frequently if the considerate editor, knowing both the Germanic and Slavic ways of thinking, did not add an *Anmerkung* or two explaining the joke. Many of the stories, however, are as clever as the thousand and one German anecdotes that have found a place in text-books for schools and colleges; and some are surprisingly similar, showing either the influence of the same traditions, or the tendency of the human mind to run in the same channels. Not a few show a naïveté as pronounced as could be expected of these ever-wandering people. Thus, when a gypsy was asked, "For what purpose has God created you?" he replied: "That I may eat, drink, dance, and sleep." And another answered the question, "How do you manage to know, without a watch, when it is midday?" with, "By my stomach and the position of the sun." The stories are grouped together in seven divisions, according to the gypsy's idea of the abstract world, his sense of earthly justice, his principles in contending for perishable goods, his methods as a merchant and a dealer, his part in social intercourse, his nature as a social being, and his cleverness in telling fairy-stories. There is a bibliography of sixteen works bearing on the subject—but one or two in German—published between 1838 and 1905. Incidentally a pleasant picture of the life of the typical German-bred scholar is afforded in the narrative of how Krauss and Gjorgjević came together in Vienna in the spring of 1902, to look over Gjorgjević's rich collection of manuscripts, and spent four to five hours every evening for months examining the finds, *buchstäblich, Wort für Wort!*

In an interesting and profusely illustrated volume entitled "Mehr Licht," just published by Hinrichs in Leipzig, Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch of Berlin, author of "Babel und Bibel," derives the mediæval witchcraft delusion from Babylonian sources. That similar beliefs and practices prevailed among the Babylonians or Chaldeans is proved by the discovery and decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions on a series of clay tablets called *Maglû* (burning), belonging to the library of Asurbanipal. These records show that the Babylonians attributed to witches a mysterious and malign influence, which could be counteracted only through the agency of fire, but as this end could be obtained by burning them in effigy their punishment was free from the horrors connected with witchcraft persecutions in Christian countries, where it has been estimated that this superstition has caused nine million innocent persons, of whom the great majority were the noblest and most intelligent of their day and generation, to be tortured on the rack and to be burned at the stake. Indeed, a decree of Hammurabi declared that whoever accused an innocent person of sorcery should be condemned to death and to the confiscation of his property. The sense of justice and the humane spirit manifest in this enactment present a striking contrast to the absurdities and atrocities enjoined and enforced in papal bulls, ecclesiastical canons, and the notorious tractate "Malleus Maleficarum." Professor Delitzsch's theory that

this pernicious infatuation was transmitted from the Chaldeans through the Egyptians to the Greeks and Romans, and the other European nations is questionable. He maintains that it originated in the inexplicable nature of the manifold sorrows and sufferings of mankind and especially the maladies to which all are subject. Such afflictions and calamities would he intelligible as penalties for sin; but why should upright and virtuous men and even saints he thus tormented, unless it be the work of Satan and his satellites? The easiest solution of this puzzling problem would be to ascribe all miseries and misfortunes of this kind to evil spirits acting through the medium of witches as their agents. But why should not other nations endowed with the same faculties in the same stage of intellectual development as the Babylonians, and giving rein to the phantasy in the same direction, account for the mysterious phenomena in the same way?

When Georg Büchmann, in 1864, made more popular Homer's expression, ἔπεα πτερόεντα, in his "Geflügelte Worte," he could hardly have hoped that the book would attain the widespread fame that it has. Yet, in forty-three years it has seen twenty-three editions, and its one hundred and fifty thousandth copy has just been issued from the press of the Haude and Spenersche Buchhandlung in Berlin. This latest edition, prepared under the editorial supervision of Eduard Ippel, is a still further enlargement of Büchmann's original work, extended by Walter Robert-tornow, and is more than ever an interesting volume; but the American reader will wonder if it might not easily have been prepared for a more extensive circulation. Catchy words and phrases from the Bible, from sagas and folk-stories, and from Oriental, classical, Germanic, and romance writers are compiled, of course, and many are accompanied by their exact counterparts in German; but in the 589 pages devoted to the text, there are very few extracts from American sources. Ben Franklin and his "Ça ira!" and George Washington and "Brother Jonathan," lead off the list; "Uncle Sam" is added; and the origin of the "yellow press" and the "open door" are given. Besides the above, however, only Irving and Cooper (classed as English writers) are mentioned. Strangest of all is the omission, under Dickens, of the immortal expectation of Mr. Micawber that something would "turn up"—a bit of English known to Germans wherever a word of English is spoken or read. Kaiser Wilhelm II. joins the ranks of literary celebrities in his frequent use of the sentiment, "Blood is thicker than water," and in his prophecy that Germany's "Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser"; but neither Hauptmann, Sudermann, nor Frenssen appears to have said anything very taking, and Wildenbruch is mentioned but once. There are biographical sketches of Büchmann and Robert-tornow, with a portrait of the former, and 178 pages of index, naturally an essential for such a work. In the light of the antiquated, if not impossible, English retained in every German-English, English-German dictionary edited abroad, and the strange omissions of American and English topics in the best of the German encyclopædias, it would be interesting to try the experiment, in the preparation of a book like this, of adding an American editor to the board.

Prof. Ernesto Masi of Florence has recently prepared for the Biblioteca Storica Andrea Ponti a "Catalogo di Alcuni Libri per la Storia del Risorgimento Italiano," which will be indispensable to all readers or students in the field of modern Italian history. In the course of less than one hundred pages of text Professor Masi gives not only a brief and acute opinion on several hundred books, but also a remarkable analysis of the evolution of the Risorgimento itself. He divides his subject into eight periods, beginning in 1748, when the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle marked the dawn of modern conditions, and ending in 1870, when the unification of Italy was completed by the redemption of Rome. Readers who know Professor Masi's essays need not be told that even in what modestly purports to be only a *catalogue raisonné*, hut is in fact much more, his penetrating insight, his compact, witty phrases, and his ripe judgment abound. He is judicial without sacrificing his personal preferences. It would he difficult, for instance, for anyone to state more fairly than he has done, the merits and defects of the large works of Cesare Cantù or of Tivaroni, or of Saffi; while his two or three-line summing up of the qualities of a monograph is usually definitive. He hears all sides, searches with equal curiosity the testimony of Blacks and Reds, and is concerned to see not what fits his theory hut what actually occurred. "We do not scruple to confess," he says, "that admiration for Count Cavour is the sole partisanism which still remains in our mind." At the end of his text, he gives in chronological sections the hibliographical lists. The books he cites are all either in Italian or in French. This catalogue should be in every library, and may serve as a model for bibliographers who are also men of culture.

Psychologists of tribal and racial characteristics have not yet explained why South Italy has been so prolific in philosophers. Thomas Aquinas, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Vico—to mention only the names of the most famous—were natives of the former Kingdom of Naples, and today Prof. Benedetto Croce, a Neapolitan, is the acutest philosophical mind in Italy. Although he has turned aside from philosophy to criticism, in the broadest meaning of that art, and devotes himself chiefly to the editing of the remarkable journal, *La Critica*, he recently published "Ciò Che è Vivo e Ciò Che è Morto della Filosofia di Hegel," a compact and pithy hook, which should find an English translator. Professor Croce is hy tradition and training an Hegelian, hut not a doctrinaire, so that he has heen able to discriminate between the transient and the permanent in Hegelianism as it stands to-day. An ample bibliography adds to the usefulness of his analysis for students. Professor Croce has also edited "Studi Letterari e Bizzarle Satiriche" of that fervid Neapolitan genius, Vittorio Imbriani, who died prematurely in 1885. Among these essays are papers on "The Value of Foreign Art for Italians," "The Laws of the Poetic Organism," "Berchet and Italian Romanticism," "Dante's Vices," and "Alfieri's Style." The literary critic, the philosopher, the sociologist, and the mere "gentle reader" will each find profit or entertainment in Imbriani's lively pages. Both volumes are published in the excellent Biblioteca di Cultura Moderna (Bari: Gius Laterza e Figli).

In the *Bullettino Senese di Storia Patria* (vol. xiv., 1907, Fasc. 1) some curious details are published touching the status of the Jews in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries under the penal law. The nature of the article will, perhaps, he best indicated by an example. It appears that in 1348 a certain Jacoh Daltali, a Hebrew, "homo male condictionis, conversationis, vite et fame," was condemned to death by the Potestà for adultery, theft, and highway rohhery. After his sentence the convict expressed willingness to embrace Christianity and was thereupon baptized. His case was once more brought before the Potestà, who now held that he must be forthwith liberated on the ground that "Jacobus ebreus" had absolutely ceased to exist, and that his crimes could hy no means be visited upon Lorenzo Domenico, the Christian, "aqua sacratissimi batissimi renatum." In 1472, two other Jews escaped punishment under like circumstances by a similar timely conversion. The documents in both cases are published *in extenso* and are worthy of study. The article, entitled "Conversioni," is signed "M."

Antonio Favaro, professor of law in the University of Padua and editor of the "Editione Nazionale delle Opere Galileo Galilei," issued under the auspices of the King of Italy, has published a book entitled "Galileo and the Inquisition," in which all the original documents referring to his persecution and prosecution, preserved in the secret archives of the Vatican and the Holy Office, are printed for the first time. Although the facts are well known, the form in which these inquistorial proceedings are here presented invests them with peculiar interest. Pope Urban VIII., who as Cardinal was a patron of Galileo, but through offended personal vanity became his cruel persecutor, appears in a very unfavorable light.

Signora Fanny Zampini-Salazar, in "La Vita e le Opere di Roherto Browning ed Elisabetta Barrett-Browning" (Rome: Società Tipografico-Editrice Nazionale), provides for Italian readers a sympathetic hiographical sketch, enriched with translations of many letters and with paraphrases of the principal poems of Robert and Mrs. Browning. Italy was so much the home of the poets that such a work, hy a writer who, like them, has Anglo-Italian affinities, ought to interest English-reading Brownings. Senatore Fogazzaro contributes to the volume a short preface, in which he declares himself an equal admirer of the "arduous Robert" and the "imaginative Elizabeth." He particularly esteems "Aurora Leigh."

Volume XXXIV. of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan is completed in Part iv. (pp. 224), notable for three papers which reveal why the inside bolt of the closed Japan of 1853 was so readily withdrawn, and Perry's work made so easy. Outwardly one would suppose that warships compelled the opening of the hermit nation. Acquaintance with facts shows that the work was done mainly within, and

that Japan's course has, before and since Perry, been one of steady evolution. Prof. Arthur Lloyd's paper on "The Historical Development of the Shushi Philosophy in Japan (1561-1860)" is virtually a survey of Confucianism in that country. First imported in the sixth century as simple ritual and ethics, it remained in practical alliance with Buddhism and Shinto. After its twelfth century restatement, in China, by Shushi (Chu Hi), the neo-Confucianism came to Japan flowing in two streams. Shushi's forms were in the seventeenth century made national orthodoxy by the Yeddo shogunate, and in the next century Shushiism was a virtual State inquisition, hostility to which meant torture, imprisonment, decapitation, or *hara-kiri*. Opposed, both in China and Japan, to Shushi's system was that of Oyomei, which cast aside the subtleties of the Chinese schoolmen's speculations on human nature and deity (impersonal), and identified knowledge and action. Under Shushiism most of the conservatives, before the pivot year of 1868, were reared; under the Oyomei philosophy, almost all of the men who have made the new Japan. In recent years modern Occidental philosophy has virtually displaced Confucianism in Japan. R. J. Kirby's paper on "Educational Control, by Dazai Jun," who wrote before Perry's time, shows that some native seers protested vigorously against feudalism and repression of thought, and that the ultimate and irresistible forces of the revolution of 1868 worked from within, and not from without. Dr. D. C. Greene publishes the correspondence, in Japanese, Dutch, and English, of King William II. of Holland in 1844, advising the Japanese to enter into friendly relations with other nations. In the valuable discussions (p. 23) it is shown beyond cavil that "while Perry and his treaty may properly enough be taken as marking an epoch in the history of Japan, they did not set in motion the really efficient forces which have created the new life."

In the Paris *Figaro* M. de Mathusieux has given a provisional account of his excavations in the ancient Cyrenaica, the most important Hellenic colony in Africa. He lays stress on the great possibilities of the site, which has never been properly explored and which must contain many ancient Greek remains. The present ruins are extensive and contain remains of streets, aqueducts, temples, theatres, tombs with inscriptions, fragments of sculpture, and traces of paintings. There is a danger that these ruins will be covered with sand from the Libyan desert, and therefore the sooner systematic excavations are undertaken the better.

The International Council of Unitarians and other liberal religious thinkers and workers, to be held in Boston, September 21 to 27, will bring to America an unusual number of European savants to participate in the congress. From Germany alone there will be at least three leading lights of progressive theological and philosophical thought: Professor Pfleiderer of Berlin, who was also present in St. Louis; Professor Martin Rade of the University of Warburg, the brilliant editor of the *Christliche Welt*, the leading organ of progressive theology in the Fatherland; and Dr. Max Fischer, whose advanced views have made him the subject of discipline on the part of the church authorities. In addition, Prof. R. Eucken, the famous Jena philosopher, sends a paper. Austria, Holland, England, France, Denmark, are all represented on the programme, which has just been completed and published in several languages.

Among the most famous secondary schools of Prussia, is the Royal Joachimstal Gymnasium in Berlin. The three-hundredth anniversary of its foundation will be celebrated this month with literary exercises, including the presentation of the "King Œdipus" of Sophocles in the original Greek on the 22d and 24th.

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the Late Lord Acton: Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt.D.; Stanley Leathes, M.A., Volume IV. The Thirty Years' War. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4 net.

This great historical undertaking goes steadily on its way, and has now, after an experience of more than three years, during which successive volumes have been appearing, settled down into a pretty uniform level of quality and a pretty uniform method of treatment. In each of the first two or three volumes the number of contributors was comparatively large; they were varied in training and character; their contributions were correspondingly diverse in manner and style. The last two or three volumes (seven have now appeared) were the work of fewer writers; but in that which now lies before us we find chapters by sixteen, several of whom appear for the first time. They are as follows: Six of the chapters, all of the first importance, because they include the tangled history of the Thirty Years' War and the Peace of Westphalia, are from the learned and practised pen of Dr. A. W. Ward, who is one of the editors of the "Cambridge History." Two, those on Richelieu and Mazarin, are by another editor, Stanley Leathes. Four are by the third editor, Dr. G. W. Prothero, who, in two of them, has the coöperation of Col. E. M. Lloyd. These four cover the great civil war in England. Two other chapters are by Dr. W. A. Shaw, two by W. F. Reddaway, and the remainder by Horatio Brown. Dr. Tanner, Professor Hume Brown of Edinburgh, Professor Firth of Oxford, R. Dunlop, Dr. Moritz Brosch, Professor Egerton of Oxford, Edmundson, Clutton Broch, and Émile Boutroux.

These names prepare the reader for the maintenance of a high standard, and a high standard is, in fact, maintained throughout. Everywhere one finds care, accuracy, and a businesslike spirit, which presents the facts in a clear and coherent way. One might almost wish for a little more comment and reflection, a little more in the way of appreciative study of the leading characters and discussion of the issues which from time to time come up.

The *pièce de résistance* of this volume is the Thirty Years' War. It broods over the landscape like one of those summer thunderstorms among the hills which go wandering hither and thither round the sky, flashing lightning now from the east and now from the west, bursting with torrents of rain now at one, now at another part of the valley. The story of it is not simply a dreary and dismal story, relieved only by the nobility of Gustavus Adolphus and the striking, if enigmatic, personality of Wallenstein, but a very intricate story, which it needs profound knowledge and much skill to make intelligible. Dr. Ward (master of Peterhouse in the University of Cambridge, England) fortunately possesses these advantages, and has done all that can be done to straighten out the tangled tale. He dwells upon the sufferings of the German people and the economic ruin of the country in terms which are the more impressive because he is a cautious and sober writer, not given to exaggeration. They make useful reading for those historians who, struck by occasional acts of heroism, have dwelt on the moral services which war renders to national character:

> The effects of the Thirty Years' War furnish perhaps the most appalling demonstrations of the consequences of war to be found in history. The mighty impulses which the great movements of the Renaissance and Reformation had imparted to the aspirations and efforts of contemporary German life, were quenched in the century of religious conflict which ended with the exhausting struggle of this war; the mainspring of the national life was broken, and to all seeming, broken forever. The ruin of agriculture was the most striking, as it was the most far-reaching, result of this all-destructive war. Each one of the marches, counter-marches, sieges, reliefs, invasions, occupations, evacuations, and re-occupations was accompanied by devastations carried out impartially by "friend" or foe. For the peasants who dwelt upon the land there was no safety except in flight; their harvests, their cattle, the roof over their heads, were at the mercy of the soldiery; and as the war went on whole districts were converted into deserts. . . . The destruction of villages was probably carried in Bohemia to the most awful lengths. Of a total of 35,000 Bohemian villages, it is stated that hardly more than 6,000 were left standing. . . . A comparison of statements as to particular territories in Germany seems to show that the population of the Empire had diminished by at least two-thirds, from over sixteen to under six millions. In accounting for this loss it was reckoned (but how could the reckoning be verified?) that not far short of 350,000 persons had perished by the sword; famine, disease, and emigration had done the rest. . . . During more than a generation after the conclusion of the war a full third of the land in northern Germany was left uncultivated. Cattle and sheep diminished to an extraordinary extent, and many once fertile districts became deserts inhabited by wolves and other savage beasts. The cultivation of many products of the land passed out of use in particular districts, or altogether. . . . As the war reduced agriculture to an almost hopeless depression, and lowered the condition of the peasantry to a level at which it remained for the better part of two centuries, so were its effects hardly less disastrous upon the middle or burgher class and upon the trade and industry to which the members of that class had primarily owed their prosperity. The population of the towns, as a whole, is estimated to have declined during the war in a ratio less by one-third than that of the country districts. (Pp. 417-419.)

Dr. Ward proceeds, in a passage too long for quotation, to show how the ruin of German agriculture and commerce told upon the cities. The Hanseatic towns declined, except Hamburg and Bremen, whose position on the North Sea gave them a better chance than those which touched the Baltic. The two great commercial centres of the south, Augsburg and Nürnberg, also lost their prosperity and preëminence. When we are struck by the extraordinary industrial and commercial development of Germany during the last forty years, it is

well to remember that the apparent stagnation in which she lay during the eighteenth century was not due to any want of natural resources or of practical ability, but largely to one terrible political catastrophe which not only ruined the country economically, but left it in a political situation unfavorable to economic recovery, because it was divided up among a great number of petty States, governed in an arbitrary fashion by selfish princes, who were not only selfish, but shortsighted, and whose system of tolls, tariffs, and imposts retarded the revival of industry and the development of commerce.

We have all become so much accustomed of late years to dwell upon geographical and other physical conditions as the dominant factors in history as sometimes to forget what a tremendous and lasting effect political calamities may have. The Thirty Years' War, in the setback which it gave to the growth of Germany in pretty nearly every side of life and every form of activity, is a useful corrective to this tendency. On its directly political effects, in the opportunity which it opened to France to secure that leading position in Europe which she held for at least a century, there is less need to dwell. The policy of Richelieu, favored by the Thirty Years' War, made the European dominance of Louis the Fourteenth easy, despite the internal troubles from which France had been hardly more exempt than were Germany and England.

Next to Germany, England is the country whose annals are in the seventeenth century of most permanent interest and significance. In one respect they are even of far higher significance, for they brought out political principles and they furnished constitutional—or unconstitutional and revolutionary—precedents which came to exert a far-reaching influence upon other countries and above all upon the English colonies in North America. To American readers, therefore, the history of the struggle of King Charles the First with his Parliaments, ending in the Civil War, the Protectorate, and the reëstablishment, on a changed basis, changed more in fact than in form, of the ancient monarchy, will be the most interesting part of this volume. It has been dealt with by Dr. Prothero, Col. Lloyd (where the military part comes in), Dr. W. A. Shaw, Dr. Tanner (for the naval parts), and Professor Firth, who has succeeded to the place long held by the late Professor Gardiner as the highest living authority on the Commonwealth period.

All these writers have the merit of approaching their subject in a candid and impartial spirit. It may seem that this is a quality too obviously necessary for a historian to need mention or commendation. Nevertheless, there are English historians in whose breasts the embers of partisanship are not wholly extinct when they deal with the seventeenth century in England, while as regards Scotland and Ireland, one cannot confidently expect to find fairness. Round the Rebellion and so-called "massacre" of 1641 in Ireland, round the Covenanters and their enemies in Scotland, the fire of controversy still now and then continues to leap up out of its ashes. We find every ground, however, for trusting Dr. Prothero, and Dr. Shaw, as well as Professor Firth. They tell the story clearly and carefully; and almost the only criticism we feel disposed to make is that the origin and evolution of those political theories in which the period of the Civil War was fertile might have been dealt with rather more fully and indeed have had a chapter to itself, such as that chapter (somewhat too dry and curt) which is given to the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

The genealogy of doctrines relating to the nature and power of government, civil and ecclesiastical, is a topic of so much interest and importance that in a great historical treatise of this kind it deserves to be treated as a main line of investigation and description, instead of as a mere incident in the course of public events. One may say that the theoretical discussion of these subjects began in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with the struggle between church and state over the question of investitures, and is continued as part of the general conflict between the spiritual and the secular powers till the middle of the fifteenth century. After a short period of quiescence, it reëmerges in the controversies to which the Reformation gives rise, and rages from the contemporaries of Bodin down to the contemporaries of Locke, in forms which are all more or less colored by religious feeling or ecclesiastical dogma. But in France and Germany, in the hands of the Jesuit controversialists, and of Protestants like John Althaus, it is always doctrinal or speculative. The English parliamentary conflict and the Scotch revolutionary movements, which began with the famous General Assembly at Glasgow in 1638, supplied the first opportunity for giving practical effect to theories regarding the relations of kings to subjects, and the rights of the civil magistrate, whether under a monarchy or a republic, over the conscience and the worship of the citizen. Hence, the greater actuality of the discussions of these topics in England; hence the added value which discussion had when theories could be brought to the test of working, as they were in the long struggle between the Presbyterians and the Independents in the days of Cromwell, and in the parallel struggle, on a far smaller scale, but of hardly less real significance, between the Puritans, who ruled Massachusetts, and Roger Williams. In those days the questions at issue were debated primarily as they affected religion. In the eighteenth century their ecclesiastical trappings had dropped off them. They stood forth in the minds of the insurgent American colonists in and after 1775 as political questions, and everybody knows what they became in France and in Europe generally from 1789 onwards.

It is an almost inevitable consequence of the plan of this series which commits to different writers different short periods or phases of history, that a character or a career which extends over several of these periods may in no single chapter be fully dealt with. With Gustavus Adolphus and Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell is the most remarkable figure in the epoch covered in this volume (1618-1660). Gustavus is briefly, but effectively dealt with by Dr. Ward. Richelieu is similarly handled in a very terse and weighty paragraph by Mr. Leathes (p. 157). We do not find any similar connected view of the great Protector, summing up his gifts and characterizing his policy. This is, however, the less necessary, because Dr. S. R. Gardiner, in his great history and minor writings, has provided ample material, and delivered what may prove to be a final judgment. There is nothing in these chapters to affect that judgment. Cromwell, as protector, had an extraordinarily difficult situation to deal with: and was much less master of events than the superficial students of earlier days had assumed. He was sincerely anxious to be as much of a constitutional ruler as he possibly could. But he was not only constantly threatened by opposition and by conspiracies from both sides, from the Republicans on the one side and the Royalists on the other; he had also the army to think of and to keep in hand, and he was frequently obliged to depart from his own views of the best course in order to secure the support of that necessary basis of a power which meant order and peace. The army, although in a sense his own creation, was a force which neither owed him that sort of loyalty which an hereditary king can command nor felt towards him that personal attachment which a successful adventurer inspires who leads his troops to foreign conquest and rewards them by gifts made at the expense of his own civil subjects or of the enemy. The army had its own ideas and purposes, which were sometimes the more difficult to overcome because they had their root in what it deemed its principles. All things considered, Cromwell contrasts very favorably with most men who have risen to power in the midst of a revolution.

This notice must not end without some mention of two very interesting chapters devoted, one to what is here called the "Fantastic School" of English poetry, especially Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne, Crashaw, and Marvell; and the other (by M. Boutroux) to the movements of philosophic thought embodied in Descartes, Gassendi, and Pascal. Both chapters are in their respective ways singularly penetrating and suggestive. Nor ought we to forget the bibliography. This has been a prominent feature of the "Cambridge Modern History" from its beginning. The present volume contains a list of books, pamphlets, and manuscript sources bearing upon the Thirty Years' War and Peace of Westphalia of quite exceptional fulness and value. It occupies seventy pages and ought to be of the greatest possible service to all future students of this extraordinarily difficult period.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Mirror of Shalott. By the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Benziger Bros.

Father Benson, like the other brilliant sons of the late archbishop, is a fluent and spirited writer. Like his brother, the don, he pursues the theme of the moment with a certain breathlessness, a wistful reaching after the solution of problems of human character and experience which can never, we suppose, be absolutely solved. But for its garb of fiction and its Romanist feeling, this volume might have been written by the author of "From a

College Window" and "The Gate of Death." It might he called a Decameron of the preternatural. A group of priests, of many nations and temperaments, meet in "the *sala* of the presbytery attached to the Church of S. Philippo in Rome." At supper the talk has turned from miracles upon modern psychical manifestations: "levitation, table-turning, family curses, ghosts, and banshees." One of them, an Italian, expresses disbelief in all such phenomena, and swears that no one present "has such a tale at first hand." Another asserts that all of them, including the incredulous Father Bianchi, must have had some personal experience of the preternatural, and volunteers to tell a story of his own, in the expectation that the rest will eventually take their turn. So it comes about, the number of tales being swelled hy a succession of guests, both lay and clerical, and concluding with the author's own story. The result is not a series of ghost stories in the ordinary sense. The spook here is nothing for his own sake; indeed, the mere apparition plays little part in what is really a study of the unseen and malignant Presence. Father Benson's "mirror" shows certain dark reflections of that evil somewhat working against righteousness, of whose existence and activity he evidently has no doubt. In specific manifestations of this malign personality he does not profess or invite helief. "I maintain," says the "Monsignor Maxwell" who presides ex-officio over these informal conferences, "I maintain that agnosticism is the only reasonahle position in these matters. Your common agnostic is no agnostic at all; he is the most dogmatic of sectarians. He declares that such things do not happen, or that they can be explained always on a materialistic basis. Now, your Catholic——"

Why, the Protestant mind may find itself inquiring, should not faith embrace manifestations of the power of the Adversary, as well as of miraculous beneficence? Does not the testimony of the Scriptures and the Fathers afford basis for belief in both phenomena? Our narrator, at all events, is satisfied with the dictum of his superior. He receives permission to put the series of tales in writing, hut is enjoined to record the fact that none of the story-tellers "commits himself to belief" in the experiences which he or the rest may have set forth. Nevertheless, the whole animus of the book is toward acceptance of the given phenomena. The most moving of all the narratives is the experience of "Father Girdlestone," a priest of singular purity and spirituality, who, in youth, had been appointed to the curacy of a small and remote parish in Cardiff. The dream came to him of building, tbere in the wilderness, "a great church to God's glory." As the plan begins to take shape in his fancy he is suddenly assailed by the consciousness of a baleful influence, or, rather, personality, deliberately setting itself in opposition to him. The first attack was comparatively gross and palpable, though its form could not be expressed in ordinary human terms. The figure of sound is that which the priest is driven to use: "That sound, if I may call it so, was not that of a material object; it was not a cry or a word or a movement. Yet it was in some way the expression of a personality. Shall we say," he stopped again—"well, do you know what the sound of a flame is? There is not exactly a vibration—not a note—not a roar, nor a—anything." Later, the attack is renewed, more suhtly, but as unmistakahly; in the most precious moments of spiritual experience; and the young priest is driven nearly to madness before the hour of his victory comes.

Bar—20. By Clarence E. Mulford. New York: The Outing Co.

Twenty-five chapters of gunpowder smoke, of shanty towns in New Mexico or Texas, thick with dust, pierced with hullets, strewn with prostrate forms of cowboys. Terse descriptions of alkali plains, of Gila monsters, cayuses, and the playful manners of the Bar-20 outfit. This is the effect of Mr. Mulford's hook; story it can hardly be called. In time, the figures of Buck and Hopalong Cassidy stand out in low relief from the background of indistinguishable Petes and Shortys and Skinnys. The narrative is full of swing, so full as to swing past at top speed without making any particular impression beyond the fact that Bar-20 invariably worsts its enemies, whether these he Indians, sheriffs, greasers, or the crowd from C.-80. There has seldom been such wholesale slaughter since Scribe's bloody novel of "Piquillo Alliago." Not that Mr. Mulford otherwise suggests Scribe's four-volumed epic. On the contrary, he almost abuses the American art of condensation. Used with restraint, there is style and flavor in such elisions as "On the third deal he objected to the way in which the dealer manipulated the cards, and when the smoke cleared away he was the only occupant of the room." The trouhle, however, about the frequent and conscious use of any trick of this kind is that the reader soon finds it out, after which the flavor evaporates. Flavor is an evanescent quality. "Yore plum loco, yu are. Don't yu reckon they can hit a blue shirt at two hundred?" strikes the palate as a trifle flat, as if that particular cork had already been drawn and the beverage served.

Boys, however, in the primitive warrior stage, will probably relish Hopalong's prowess, and, as he never kills any but Bad Men (unless attacked), his example is not likely to effect any practical damage.

A Dull Girl's Destiny. Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

The audience which responds to Mrs. De La Pasture will welcome "A Dull Girl's Destiny." This is the old-fashioned English novel of middle-class society, agreeably written, leisurely, conventional. While never very difficult to lay down, it is by no means a weary task to take up. The types of people are perhaps a trifle over-accented; the dull girl rather helies her name from the first. The element of difficulty, so essential to a heroine's development, is supplied through one of those misunderstandings of which real life is so much more chary than fiction. The heavy artillery of analysis, however, should not he trained upon an amiahle, unpretentious story of this kind, since its obvious qualities are neither suhlety nor penetration, but a wholesome right-mindedness, a mild humor, and unfailing good taste.

Science.

OBSERVING AN ANNULAR ECLIPSE.

ALIANZA, Tarapacá, Chili, July 10.

An almost ideal point for the work of a great telescope, this enormous plain of Tamarugal, verdureless, rainless, over three thousand feet above sea level, offers even now, at the middle of its winter, nearly 90 per cent. of clear skies, morning after morning dawning in cloudless splendor, moving on to nights of limpid steadiness. During December, January, and February, when at its hottest, the changelessly hurning hlue overhead is said to hecome all but wearyingly monotonous, a characteristic of which no astronomer would, perhaps, complain; but July and August are now and again diversified by the *camanchaca*, or sea fog, from the Pacific, which, enveloping Iquique and the coast quite constantly in winter, occasionally drifts above its usual limit of altitude to the top of the cliffs, even rolling on, and, hriefly, over the pampa, lying well behind the line of coast hills. Even when making its infrequent appearance here, the mist has generally burned off hefore nine o'clock in the morning. Genuine clouds are few, and usually cirrus in character. Wind blows so little in this south pampa that dust storms are rare; and there is often an admirable steadiness of atmosphere, both by day and by night, almost never found at or near sea-level.

The eighteen-inch Amherst College telescope, hard at work on Mars for the past three weeks, has been withdrawn for a day or two by Professor Todd, from its satisfactory revelation of canals and oases, to interrogate the phenomena of an annular eclipse passing to-day accommodatingly over the station. It has been concluded, somewhat hastily, perhaps, that annular eclipses can reveal little as to solar secrets. They have received but slight attention from astronomers, no expeditions having been fitted out in the past to follow their wide tracks into remote regions; yet practically all the phenomena attending total eclipses, except the corona, have appeared during these more frequent obscurations. Had it not heen for our expedition to the Chilian desert for the study of Mars at opposition, the annular eclipse of to-day would probably not have been observed with the big telescope. Occurring, as it were, at our very doors, however, in the week during which Mars approaches his nearest, we could have no wish to ignore it. In solar radiations other than light and heat, research may be conducted almost as well during annular as total eclipses; and there are always chances of revelation in every celestial event.

The Lowell expedition reached the pampa on June 17, and within a few days the largest refracting telescope ever used in the Southern hemisphere was set up and ready for work. Among tbe assistants on the expedition are A. G. Ilse, of the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, by whose mechanical skill much of the telescope was originally constructed; E. C. Slipher of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., an expert scientific photographer; and R. D. Eaglesfield of Indianapolis, a student in Amherst College, and es-

pecially well versed in practical electricity. By the courtesy of the firm at Iquique in charge of the interests of one of the great English nitrate companies, our observing station is established at Alianza, the largest oficina in the pampa, whose ample resources have been placed at our disposal by the resident manager, W. Brooke Comber. This gentleman has been unwearied in his efforts to promote not only the work of the expedition but the personal comfort of its members no less.

As long ago as the year 1263 the sun was said to have appeared as "a thin, bright ring"; and Sir David Brewster finds upon calculation that this annular eclipse occurred on August 5 of that year. Later times show many records of the solar annulus. In 1820, September 7, it was seen in Europe, and on May 26, 1854, a track extended from Ogdensburg to New York, good daguerreotypes of its several phases being obtained by Professor Alexander of Princeton. It is interesting to recall that it was during an annular eclipse in England. on May 15, 1836, that Baily first portrayed, in vivid fashion, the globules of brilliant light, like drops of sparkling water, which in his honor have been named Baily's Beads. His account, an elaborate discussion of the entire subject, is contained in the Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society for 1838. This odd and beautiful appearance, mentioned first by Holley in 1715, has been noted by subsequent eclipse observers for nearly two centuries; but the initial photographic portrayal was made in 1869 during the total eclipse visible at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Shadow bands, those singularly fitful lines of alternate darkness and light, not infrequently accompany annular eclipses. Always beautiful, elusive, the "visible wind" of early chronicles. they present a striking if unsolved problem.

The duration of the ring in these eclipses, as well as its width, varies within rather wide limits. Often old diagrams have given quite inaccurate ideas of the effect, showing perhaps a tiny black moon in the middle of a huge sun disk; whereas the greatest possible width of the ring is only about one-twentieth the sun's apparent diameter. So narrow, sometimes, is this brilliant ring of veritable sunlight, that many eclipses marked annular in almanacs barely escape being wholly total. Such, however, was not the case with to-day's eclipse—in which the annulus appeared considerably wider than its minimum.

Beginning well out in the Pacific. the track of July 10 averaged one hundred and seventy miles in width; between three and four thousand miles long, and ending in the middle of the southern Atlantic, it crossed South America with almost the exact centre of its curve. Striking the west coast about eight in the morning, the shadow path covered Iquique, the greatest nitrate port of the world, and other less important coast towns, before sweeping across the wide pampa, or desert, of Tarapacá, and the rampart of the Andes.

For a day or two weather conditions had been somewhat perturbed. Strong winds had suddenly begun, making a low-lying dust-haze along the foothills; early one morning a five minutes' shower, the first in three years, had greatly surprised the yellow surface of the pampa, changing its tint to a moist brown; an unusually long earthquake rumble had reminded the astronomer, with gratitude to his own forethought, that the precious telescope had been safely guyed against the very contingency which then seemed to threaten; and last evening, after a particularly gorgeous sunset, a soft bank of *camanchaca* rolled in from the west, soon hiding Mars and all the starry host, causing only the second impossible evening since our arrival. Prophecy failed in attempting to forecast the day, so that satisfaction arose to enthusiasm when this morning dawned in clearest brightness.

Over the mighty range of the snow-covered Cordilleras rose the sun. and the wide plain for countless leagues, out to the advance guard of the mountains, took on strangely opaline tints, in all its barren undulations. At five minutes after eight, first contact was observed, the black moon thereafter rapidly pushing its way over the brilliant disk until half, three-quarters, more, had disappeared. Photographs of the narrowing crescent were made, not only directly with the large telescope, but through a series of pin-hole apertures interesting photographs of crescents and annulus were taken by E. C. Bedwell. For a moment or two before the central phase, swiftly moving shadow-bands were observed by Dr. Guillermo Ghigliotto, S.; a quickly vanishing chain of Baily's Beads was noted telescopically by Mr. Comber and Professor Todd; and then, instead of an ethereal corona flashing forth in silvery radiance, a brilliant annulus of true sunlight held sway in the heavens, while observers behind disks looked in vain for the symmetrical streamers which, with a total eclipse at this time, might have been expected. A series of photographs was made of the delicate ring, and all four contacts were carefully observed, material which will be used by Prof. S. Newcomb in completing, for the Carnegie Institution, his life-long researches on the motion of the moon, with special reference to a determination of the exact centres of sun and moon.

Quickly the ring became narrower on the opposite side—another flashing glimpse of Baily's Beads, and a widening crescent grew momentarily in the clear sky, no longer sombre and forbidding, but joyously blue once more.

The crowd on the outskirts of the telescope enclosure has dispersed, records are being examined, negatives developed (thus far without any trace of the possible corona), and the usual calm of afternoon on the pampa has settled over its wide, brown spaces. To-night the telescope returns to its allegiance, Mars resumes first place in the astronomical economy, and the annular eclipse is of the past.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

Henry Holt & Co. announce as forthcoming "Guides for Vertebrate Dissection," by Prof. J. S. Kingsley of Tufts College; and "Darwinism To-day." by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg of Stanford University.

Funk & Wagnalls announce the early publication of "The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible," a translation by Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, of Prof. Joseph Grasset's "Demifous et demiresponsables"; and Dr. Densmore's "Sex Equality; A Solution of the Woman Problem." The theories advanced are based on the teachings of Darwin and Spencer.

Although books on medicine for the home are dangerous in the hands of amateur physicians, the "Dog's Medical Dictionary," by the well known English veterinarian Dr. A. J. Sewell, (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a valuable work for owners of dogs. It will be particularly useful for "first aid to the injured" and its notes for treatment of poisoning cases are exhaustive and clear. Owners of valuable dogs might at times use it with profit.

"The Nature and Origin of Life," by Felix Le Dantec, translated from the French by Stoddard Dewey (A. S. Barnes & Co) is a volume of surprising statements and theoretical conclusions. The author's object is to demonstrate that a living being is a mechanism and nothing more, and so very skilfully does he manipulate his literary colloids and diastases that when on the boundary of actual knowledge, he always finds some mysterious characteristic or combination of these substances ready to be conjured to his aid. Two sentences reveal his position in regard to important questions:

> We shall not therefore be astonished when we come to verify the marvellous phenomenon which governs the entire evolution of living beings: the heredity of acquired characters.
>
> A higher animal such as man is a mechanism of mechanisms of mechanisms.

In spite of the title of his book, Prof. Le Dantec systematically ignores the "origin" of life throughout. He concludes with these words:

> The problem of protoplasm synthesis remains what it was. But the time will come when methodic analysis will allow of a reasoned synthesis. When the effective synthesis is obtained, it will have no surprises in it—and it will be utterly useless. With the new knowledge acquired by science, the enlightened mind no longer needs to see the fabrication of protoplasm in order to be convinced of the absence of all essential difference and all absolute discontinuity between living and not-living matter.

The volume is worthy of philosophical consideration as advocating an unproved possibility, but the "light of new knowledge" will have to become much brighter than at present before one can pencil q. e. d. on the margins of many of the pages.

The sale of three diligently revised editions in less than a dozen years makes superfluous any extended notice of the fourth edition of Griffith's "Care of the Baby" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.); the book has evidently found its place. The chief addition consists of an explanation of the principles of infant feeding, and directions for modifying milk in cases where the advice of a physician is not readily attainable. These directions also assume the presence of a very intelligent mother or nurse; for many families, some simpler scheme ought to be devised.

There seems no end to the strange diversity in habits of South American tree-frogs, and were the last account not vouched for by Dr. Emil A. Goeldi, director of the Para Museum, it might be used as an excellent example of a story by a "nature faker." This particular tree-frog, a species new to science, has aptly been named *Hyla resinifictrix*, and its habits are de-

scribed in the Proceedings of the London Zoölogical Society, for June, 1907. It is strikingly spotted, and banded with greenish-yellow, brown, and white; and it lives only in the tall trees of the virgin forest along the Amazon River. It makes its home in a cavity or hollowed-out branch, and little by little gathers the drops of aromatic resin which drip from the bark of the breo-brance tree, and with them thoroughly lines the cavity, making it water tight. The succeeding rains, instead of sinking into the decayed wood, form a permanent little pool in the tree top, and in this frog-made basin the eggs are laid. Here the tadpoles hatch and swim about and transform into perfect tree-frogs. They then go out into the world searching for a suitable place to form their own tiny lake.

The new British Antarctic Expedition, whose vessel, the Nimrod, of Newfoundland, 227 tons net register, has just sailed for New Zealand, is to establish its winter quarters on King Edward VII. Land. The party consists of twelve persons including its organizer, E. H. Shackleton, a surgeon, biologist, zoölogist, meteorologist, geologist and cartographer, with an equipment of twelve Siberian ponies, twenty-four dogs, and a motor-car. This has been specially constructed to run at very low temperatures, and will be provided with sets of runners for surfaces of varying softness; so there is a hope that the car will prove not merely a fanciful adjunct to the expedition. Though the main object is to reach the South Pole, explorations of the coast and into the interior of the supposed continental area will be made. After landing the shore party, Capt. England has instructions to carry a magnetic survey across the Indian Ocean, from Australia to the Mozambique Channel and up to Aden. If possible, soundings also will be taken along the edge of the continental shelf which is conjectured to exist off the patches of coast to the south of the Indian Ocean collectively described on the maps as Wilkes Land. Two other Antarctic expeditions are being organized, one by Dr. J. Charcot, to whom the French government has promised a grant of $120,000, and by M. Arctowski, who has already had experience in this region, having been a member of the scientific staff of the Belgica in 1897-9.

Drama.

Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Revised and edited by William Archer. Vol. X. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

The adding of another volume, numbered the tenth, to the Scribner set of Ibsen's works, might be recorded in a few lines only, were it not that the publication of the revised translations of "Hedda Gabler" and "The Master Builder" has given the editor, William Archer, an opportunity to resume the search for "origins" of the plays as well as of characters contained in them. Much matter of actual interest in the two introductions is thus obscured by vain gossip as to whether this or that person, this or that piece of scandal, may have been instrumental in starting the current of ideas out of which finally grew the two plays.

Mr. Archer can hardly be reproached in this case, however. He is only following the example of one greater, from whom better judgment might be expected. George Brandes has furnished most of the facts and some of the mere rumors. To him it is owing that the dozen of rather insignificant notes written by Ibsen to a young German girl, then Fräulein Emilie Bardach, have been given to the public, together with a letter from Ibsen to himself, in which the playwright thanks the critic for his essay on "Goethe and Marianne von Willemer." This material serves Mr. Brandes as reason for more than insinuating an autumnal romance between the sexagenarian poet and his sixteen-year-old girl friend. And Mr. Archer uses the tempting gossip eagerly both for "Hedda Gabler" and for "The Master Builder." It is only just to add, however, that he conveys a small part of the interesting light shed on the entire affair by Dr. Julius Elias, the German executor of Ibsen's literary remains. But for that matter, the letters written by the playwright to the Viennese fräulein after their summer's friendship at the Tyrolean village of Gossensass tell the true story—tell it loudly between every two lines for anybody who cares to find the truth. There can be no doubt that Fräulein Bardach was studied eagerly by Ibsen, just as he studied scores of other women that came into his way with traits placing their characters outside the mere commonplace. And there can be as little doubt that she had the honor of furnishing some of the characteristics that serve to make Hilda so fatally attractive to old Solness, the builder of churches, of homes for men, and of castles in the air. Ibsen told Dr. Elias in so many words that he found two natures dwelling side by side in the young Austrian girl—two natures that seemed wholly incompatible with each other. That was the source of his interest in her. One of these natures prompted her to morbid coquetry, not with young men to whom she could become tied by lasting bonds, but with other women's husbands. To drag away a married man from his wife seemed to her the height of excitable "sport," Ibsen confided to Dr. Elias. At the same time she had much of a softer femininity, indicating that in spite of all she would probably some day (as actually has happened since then) make a good and faithful wife to a rather ordinary husband.

It was she who clung to Ibsen beyond the period his interest in her lasted. Gently but firmly he indicated in one brief and monotonously worded note after another that he had had enough of correspondence. At last he was compelled to tell her so in plain words, taking pains, however, to soften the blow by the addition of an ambiguous hint of regret on his part. Dr. Elias relates that about the same time Ibsen asked his wife to be kind enough to gather up whatever letters and photographs had been received from his persistent Viennese friend and to drop all of them in the wastepaper basket. His model wanted to become more than a model, and he resisted with that slight touch of peevishness that characterized him throughout life whenever anybody tried to break in on his artistic privacy.

Ibsen's reference in his letter to Brandes to Goethe's affair with Frau von Willemer is another story. "I may have read of it in Lewes long ago," he says, "but then I must have forgotten it, because the matter had no personal interest to me at the time. Now the case appears in a different light." Of course, Ibsen had not yet conceived "The Master Builder" when he read Lewes's "Life of Goethe." Having conceived the idea for that play, and emptied himself into the work, as was his wont, the similarity between the incident in Goethe's career and the rejuvenation of his own Solness by a belated love affair became at once "a personal matter" to him. If there be any assertion that can be made about Ibsen with complete safety, it is that he lived in his work, and that his work was his life. There he dreamed and loved, and suffered and failed and won. In ordinary life, he stood aloof, passive, reserved, a mere spectator, bent on seeing all and becoming involved in nothing. The sooner this fact is grasped, the sooner will the work of Ibsen be properly understood.

Music.

Joseph Joachim, the violinist, died at Berlin on August 15 after a long illness. He was born in 1831 at Kittsee, Hungary, the son of a merchant. Two years later his father moved to Budapest. None of the family had showed special aptitude for music, but when the boy was five he began picking out on a toy fiddle the tunes he had heard one of his sisters sing. He was then placed in care of the best violin teacher in Budapest, and at eight he made his début. In 1839 he went to Vienna where he became a pupil of Boehm and studied also at the Conservatoire. At twelve he was regarded as a full-fledged artist. He was taken to Leipzig, where Mendelssohn was so pleased with his playing that he offered to superintend Joachim's further education. Early in 1844 Mendelssohn sent him to London, where he appeared in the Drury Lane Theatre. Soon after he scored his first great triumph by playing the Beethoven Concerto at a Philharmonic concert. Returning to Leipzig, Joachim made that city his home for five years. He played in the Gewandhaus orchestra, and in 1849 he became leader of the grand duke's band at Weimar. While at Leipzig Joachim profited much from Liszt, especially in virtuosity. The modern movement in music, however, started by Liszt, and indeed the compositions of Liszt himself, were in the long run not congenial to the young violinist bred in the classical tradition. From 1854 to 1866 he was director of concerts at the court of Hanover. In 1868 he was made director of the High School for Music in Berlin. In that city he founded the famous quartet bearing his name. In 1877 the University of Cambridge conferred on him the degree of doctor of music; Glasgow made him an LL.D. ten years later; and Oxford followed the example of Cambridge in 1888. In 1899 the sixtieth jubilee of the violinist's first public appearance was celebrated in Berlin. An orchestra of two hundred musicians was gathered, all of the violins being his pupils who had come together from all parts of Europe. Not only as a player, but as a teacher and

founder of a system of violin technique, he won the highest repute. He was author of many compositions, but his greatest work is his Hungarian Concerto (op. 11) for violin and orchestra.

Admirers of Brahms are collecting a fund for building in Vienna a house which is to be a Brahms Museum. So far, $9,000 has been collected, but $5,000 more is needed to carry out the plans. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Erich Ritter von Hornbostel, Nibelungengasse 3, Vienna. The Brahms Society of that city has just issued a pamphlet reviewing its activity, with articles by Max Kalbeck and Julius Korngold.

Art.

THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL; VENICE.—II.

As for technic, a walk through the halls of the International reveals the rather stumbling eclecticism that is the most marked characteristic of the art of our times. There is nothing like a consensus of practice, every artist is a law unto himself. Most of them naturally feel the weakness of so isolated a position and betake themselves to Manet, to Whistler, to Puvis, to Monet, as their taste or vagary leads. The extremes are a blatant individualism such as one marks in a Mancini or a half-hearted discipleship such as one notes in perhaps two-thirds of the painting and sculpture in any great modern exhibition. A depressing sense of unreality pervades the Venetian as the other shows, because one moves not in the realm of achievement but of intention. Where there is no craftsmanship it is impossible that there should be art, and fine craftsmanship, which for three centuries was almost the rule in Europe, has come to be painfully the exception. One may study, however, in the present show the widening and, we believe, the dying ripples of that form of impression called *pointillisme*. Virtually dead in France, where it originated, partly repudiated by its inventor, Claude Monet, it is running a vigorous course in Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Russia. The Belgian Van Rysselberge, in the striking group of male portraits, Homage to the Poet Verhaeren even achieves the *tour de force* of a lamplit interior in iridescent dots. Only one or two of the Russians seem to me to draw much profit from the formula. I recall with keen pleasure Igor Grabar's extraordinary arabesque of iceladen willow twigs. In general this kind of impressionism seems to rest on a valid analysis of the effect of pigment, but unhappily also on a vicious use of the brush. A little study of such colorists as Veronese, Tiepolo, or Fragonard, not to mention Velasquez, would show that the *pointilliste* effects are compatible with a suave and generous handling. In fine, success in this technic seems to come not through, but in spite of the niggling which happened to be Monet's approach to atmospheric reality. If impressionism shall have served to clear up the muddy academic palette, it will not have come in vain, but even here its triumph is doubtful. The love of full vibrant color seems exceptional, and there is a pretty general tendeucy to take refuge in a tonality that approaches monochrome. This gain there is at least that the old waxy methods of the studios have fallen into general disfavor. There is abundant evidence of keen and loving observation of natural appearances, what is lacking is reflection and a workmanlike perception of the possibilities of oil colors on canvas.

Perhaps I should apologize for applying with undue iteration to the Venice International of this year a criticism that is true of every exhibition of painting for a half century past. In any case, I must no longer remain in generalities. In passing through the Italian halls one will be less impressed probably by the individual exhibits than by the interesting provincial flavor of certain displays. One finds the Piedmoutese, for example, following in the footsteps of Segantini in essaying their own Alpine panoramas. Maggi and Fornara do this with much taste, the defect lying in a certain inertness of contour. The Venetians, as if in loyalty to the memory of Canaletto and Guardi, preserve a certain level of taste, as shown in harmonious tonality. I find nothing of a remarkable sort in this section, though the contributions of Laurenti, Bezzi, Emma Ciardi, and Favai seem of a superior kind, but the school as a whole is evidently incapable of the flagrant eccentricities and vulgarities that mar the Italian section generally. Of the galleries representing Rome, Florence, Bologna, Milan, and Southern Italy, nothing can be said except that they reinforce the tedious lesson that the painter and sculptor may become an artist only by first qualifying as a craftsman. The confusion of counsels that afflicts modern art generally is here at its height.

To pass from the Italian galleries into the Russian exhibit, is like rushing from the tepidarium of a Turkish bath into the teeth of a nor'wester. There is an exuberant inventiveness about these Slavs that carries a wearied gazer quite off his feet. No more thrice-told tales here, no more mutual admiration societies, but a group of confident, restless spirits, grappling with the witness of its eyes and the difficulty of the medium; and conducting the fight with barbaric zest. What is Boris Kustodieff's Family Group (No. 19) except a Whitmanian yawp in paint, a glorification of the red Russian blood that courses in the good Russian air? His portraits of Counts Ignatieff and Witte, the latter a pastel, display his talent in a more conventional but still invigorating phase. Or take Seroff's portrait of the Painter Korovin, lolling in shirt-sleeved ease on a crimson striped cushion. How apparitional it is! a raw bit of life, but emphasized until it becomes significant. Space fails me to speak of Golovin's sketches for stage settings, of Ulianoff's Actress, seen through the eyes of Manet and Beardsley, but extraordinarily real, too; of Repin's sterling portraits; of the Sculpture of Steletzkz, and of Sudbinin, who presents a Rodinesque Gorky, but is better seen in the grotesques of the "Arte del Sogno." Grabar's fanciful landscapes have already been mentioned, and if only for the sake of record one must note Malavin's peasant girls, whose gowns are a perfect cascade of crudely dazzling local color. This is the old Slavic style, which seems to be giving way to more refined extravagances learned at Paris. It would be easy to exaggerate the worth of this incipient Russian art; it is so refreshing in the generally stale atmosphere of the show, it reveals so strongly the charm of archaic endeavor. All one can safely say is that it is an unspoiled art, that its borrowings are made for the sake of expressing something, and that its energy seems drawn from a true relish for natural appearances and its own dreams. It seems as if such an art might go far, but that we shall know better when it has passed out of the boisterous, adolescent stage.

Germany, England, France, Austria, and Belgium, among the foreign nations exhibiting, have arranged and decorated especial halls. The other countries either stand by former schemes, or are relegated to the international galleries. Thus the American exhibit is wholly lost. A pair of big canvases by Melchers, two vigorous studies by Augustus Koopman, three interiors by Richard Miller, comparatively a newcomer, who renovates skilfully the manner of Alfred Stevens, about completes the list. Mr. Sargent, we have noted, is shown with the English; the veteran etcher, Joseph Pennell, who exhibits, besides the remarkable panoramas of Rocamadour and Paris, a selection from the classic London series, is also reckoned as a Briton; while even the young American etcher, Ernest Roth, who sends two interesting Venetian subjects, is credited to Germany. Since Pennell has sold to the Municipality of Venice, and Roth to the Queen Mother, one may hope that these compliments at least may be transferred to a nation that in the present show sadly needs them. Some day we hope that an American committee will provide a really representative show at Venice. The attempt has been made, I believe, but under auspices unduly favorable to the product of our cosmopolitan or denationalized fellow countrymen.

A survey of the specially decorated halls and their contents need not long delay us. For England, Brangwyn has provided mural panels depicting labor in London and in Venice. The color is a leaden monochrome; the design is rather stupidly calligraphic. This gifted painter seems to have sunk into a lifeless formula, and yet it seems only yesterday that his fresh invention and barbaric color were carrying us off our feet. Good Laverys and bad ones, a Peppercorn marine, two spirited but rather painty canvases by Alfred East, are about all that one recalls in the English room. But Orpen shows in the first international gallery a half-clothed Spanish girl, which, if a bit brutal in mood, is uncommonly well painted.

A glance at the French display is enough. Carolus Duran is there in a perfunctory nude and in an admirable male portrait that recalls his better times. Besnard is empty and pretentious in the full-length portrait of Ambassador Barrère; Cottet's manner—he sends a view of Avila, a marine, and a portrait—becomes more lugubrious than ever; Gaston La Touche seems more factitious than before if that were possible; Sidaner, Signac, Ménard repeat themselves wearily. A group of Fantin's saves the show, though the sturdy academic merits of Laurens (portraits of his parents) and Dinet (Eastern Bathers) are positively edifying in this assemblage of

restless individualism. As much may be said of Lucien Simon's group which has been lent by the Luxembourg. In this company the golden mediocrity of Jacques Blanche fairly imposes itself as great painting, which emphatically it is not. It is, however, the product of a fine taste and of a discretion that perceives justly the limitations of the palette in relation to a given subject. In this sense it is highly workmanlike even if it does not attain to bold or exquisite craftsmanship. Here we have the much discussed Cherubino, and two female portraits, notably one in a strange mauve gown that seems impossibly difficult. In every case, excepting the highly sentimentalized page of Beaumarchais, the picture ought to be dull but someway escapes that abyss, which argues a high degree of taste and discrimination in the painter. In the single contribution of the engraver Lepère, one feels a greater spontaneity. Indeed, no landscape in the show has moved me more deeply than this romantic Sunset. A great buff cloud towers above a low brown hilltop, and out of the cloud the wide rays of the disappearing sun rake the moorland. The centre of the picture is dazzling, but to the right in the gloom one discerns a group of gypsies about a fire, while to the left a stretch of cool seacoast leads back again to the sky. Everything is of the simplest, the sentiment is fairly naïve, but what a sense of the surge of cloud and the movement of landscape. The habit of seeing these significant things and transferring them to the block or copper, has plainly been a useful training for this broader work.

The Belgian Government has put up a low-gabled stucco pavilion, containing four galleries besides the vestibule. There a fountain in yellow marble trickles invitingly. The halls are light in tone, with new art stencilings. Rectangular columns and pilasters, that support nothing, abound. The occasional patterns in friezes and elsewhere are based neither on nature nor on geometry. The painting of the façade on Emile Fabry's cartoons represents a revived Flaxmanism. A sense for simplicity and tastefulness has guided the work, but the endeavor has failed through the desire for novelty. However, this ineffectual bit of new art at least provides excellent galleries, and no nation is so generously housed as the Belgians. To be sure, there is nothing so good inside as the plasters of Meunier's Sower and Miner, which stand outside; but one finds Evenepoel and Baertson within; Rysselberghe's astonishingly well-drawn but unrestful portrait group; three beautiful studies of Bruges, practically in monochrome, by Fernand Knopff, which attain distinction by the most usual means; and a retrospective display of prints and drawings by that great technician and perverted talent, Felicien Rops.

The hall devoted to the art of the Dream needs only a warning not to take it seriously. A fair Anglada, a poorish Prometheus by Walter Crane, a cheaply hideous Salome by Franz Stuck—these, with a sprinkling of German, French, and Italian primitivisms and eccentricities, are the stuff out of which dreams are made. On the benches lie the Russian Sudbinin's bronzes, attractively horrible, like blobs of molten metal settling down into caricatures of the founder who has let them fall. These beautifully patined monsters belong to the art of the nightmare, and do much to justify an otherwise dull display. For, through some lack of dreaminess perhaps, I find even Tofanari's agreeable conceit of the giant hands of the Divinity squeezing the blood out of a writhing mass of miniature humans, less disgusting than merely dull. To shriek beyond the audible scale is the same as to remain silent.

If pale walls could blush, those of the hall decorated by the Vienna Hagenbund and the Manes of Prague would certainly do so. No one enters this silvery room without an exclamation of applause. It is all in a grayish white with slight decoration in a greenish gray. The pictures, which are frankly not much, are uniformly framed in narrow silver mouldings smoothly rounded. A touch of coral in the furniture is the only color. In so exquisite a place the official brass numbers have seemed amiss, so the committee has painted the figures on the wall under the pictures in the gray of the decoration. Small gray mats carry the tint over the floor. To an amateur of this sort of thing, the most interesting feature of the room is the velarium of plain muslin which is stretched at the height of the frieze. This cuts off entirely the cove and cupola, imprisoning a great amount of light between the glass and cloth and diffusing it delightfully through the hall. No gallery is so light. At all times the adjoining halls seemed fairly sombre, and during the gloom of a thunder squall the Austrian secessionists still were irradiated. I confess that the key seemed too shrill and insubstantial for oil paintings, but I can imagine nothing more charming for prints or drawings. The low velarium, too, should be a valuable device in ill-lighted galleries.

No space is left for sculpture, which, with Rodin's great Penseur in the lead, is of superior average quality to the painting, nor for black and white, in which Brangwyn, Zilcken (in large and cold Venetian plates) are prominent, while Legros, in two magnificent sepia drawings touched with color, lords it supreme. But any account of the International would be incomplete without a counsel to go to the Palazzo Pesaro and see the modern paintings that through gift or purchase the city of Venice has culled out from the six preceding exhibitions. There are Zuloaga and Sorolla in splendid examples, Cottet and Brangwyn before they had gone off, Knopff and Liebermann, Zorn and Lucien Simon, Gravesande and Whistler are there to represent etching. Rodin looms large in a full-sized cast of the Burghers of Calais. Such an excursion will do much to offset the inevitable impression of mediocrity gained at the current show. Exhibitions like nations are saved by their remnants, and the remnant that remaineth from half a dozen Internationals at Venice is more impressive than any yearly chronicler would have believed.

M.

By arrangement with British publishers, A. C. McClurg & Co. will bring out in this country "Thomas Gainsborough," by William D. Bolton; "How to Identify Old Chinese Porcelain," by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson; and "Old Oak Furniture," by Fred Roe.

George Robertson & Co. of Melbourne have in preparation a comprehensive work, "Australian Architecture," by a leading Victorian architect. It will probably appear in November. The climatic conditions of Australia have developed several new architectural types and many varieties, such as should attract the attention of those Americans who are ever in search of new ideas.

A much damaged fresco, by Gianfrancesco Caroto, representing the Annunciation, has been discovered in the Oratorio of S. Girolamo at Verona, and is reproduced in the *Bollettino d'Arte* for July. This dignified composition, dated 1507, is the earliest known work of this painter. The same number reports the recovery from a parish church of a series of fine wall paintings by Sebastiano Ricci. These depict the life of Moses and were origiually made for the church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano, on the Giudecca. They are now destined for exhibition in the Accadémia, Venice. Unquestionably many other works of importance distributed to remote parishes during the Napoleonic régime may similarly be reclaimed in the Veneto. The authorities of the Uffizi have promoted from the storeroom to the galleries a remarkable Madonna with the Christchild and St. John, in which Pontormo appears in his most intimate and affecting mood. Besides the usual news of restorations, the present issue contains an elaborate and apparently exhaustive bibliography of Herculaneum, by Ettore Gabrici.

The dowager Countess de Mérode has at last allowed the famous triptych of the Annunciation to be exhibited at the Golden Fleece exposition in Bruges. This picture is the starting-point of a peculiar bit of reconstitution in art history, something like Wolff's effort in Homeric criticism, or the higher criticism of the book of Isaiah. In 1887 Bode of Berlin proposed that a certain number of paintings in Brussels, London, Berlin, and Madrid, should be provisionally attributed to an unknown master, whose typical work would be this Mérode triptych. He was to be known as the Mousetrap Master, because in the triptych St. Joseph is represented making such traps, with one hanging as a sign at the door of his carpenter's shop. The pictures and literature of the unknown master increased with the years, until, in 1902, he found a name at the exposition of Primitives at Bruges. It was then proposed to identify him with a painter of Tournai of the fifteenth century, a certain Jacques Daret; and now a book has been written about him, under that name, by Maurice Houtard. It seems there was such a painter, who studied at the same time with Van der Weyden. They began their apprenticeship the same year (1427). In 1468, at Bruges, Daret was charged with the decoration of the city for the marriage of Charles le Téméraire and Margaret of York; and he worked seventy-eight days, there being no further mention of him anywhere. Unfortunately, not one of the pictures of unknown masters appears in the scant records we have of Daret's existence. And now there is a quite new Flemish critic who is going to "prove" that the Mérode Annunciation is, after all, the work of Hubert Van Eyck. Luckily, all this threat of endless literature does not pre-

vent the painting being one of the best examples of the masters of the Primltive school.

A commission of experts has been appointed, of which Comm. Boni and Prof. Corrado Ricci form part, to draw up a project for continuing excavations beneath the foundations of the Palazzo Fiano. Here, about four years ago, the excavation was begun of the Ara Pacis, or Altar of Peace, one of the finest monuments of Roman art, decorative fragments of which have been found scattered in the Palazzo Fiano, the Vatican, the Villa Medici, the Uffizi, the Louvre, and in Vienna. The work of excavation was naturally one of great difficulty and expense, as the foundations of the Palazzo Fiano had to be safeguarded and water to be pumped out. Want of funds prevented the conclusion of the work. It has been estimated that £6,000 will be required to complete the undertaking, which involves the expropriation of the site. The present commission will make an effort to induce the commune of Rome to assist financially, so that this important work may be resumed next autumn.

In Austria the year 1908 is to be marked by a noteworthy art exhibition, in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the present Emperor. In Vienna an association of artists, sculptors, and others has been effected to arrange for this exhibition, which is to include only pictures and other specimens of art that were created during these six decades.

From Paris comes news of the death of Adrien Jourdeuil, at the age of sixty. He was born in St. Petersburg, the son of French parents, and he studied under Bouguereau, Bonnat, and Tony Robert Fleury. For many years he had exhibited landscapes at the Salon; and he won medals in 1888, 1889, 1894, and 1900.

Finance.

THE MONEY MARKET DISTURBANCES.

In its fundamentals, the character of the present financial disturbances has been understood during many months; it was fairly summed up in this column a month ago, in a review of the diagnosis of M. Leroy-Beaulieu. The conclusion of that eminent economist was that the whole world was suffering because demands on capital by industry and speculation had become greater than the actual available supplies; that credit pure and simple had been carried as far as was prudent under such circumstances; and that the present halt in the forward movement, the present high money rates, and the present financial stress in the process of readjustment, were the inevitable result of an effort to bring supply and demand of capital to an equilibrium. In this diagnosis, practically all experienced financiers, on the world's great markets, now concur.

It was not until the present month, however, that the practical results of this process, pursued on all the markets of the world, began to show themselves. As a rule, a strain of this sort in the international money market does not exhibit its full effect until September or October, for the reason that in those months the gathering and moving of the great cereal harvests call peremptorily for large sums which, earlier, have either been lying idle or have been applied to other temporary uses. It would naturally follow that when this legitimate demand arises, and when the capital needed for the harvest country is withdrawn from other quarters of investment, the scarcity of capital and the consequent inability of less deserving borrowers to obtain the credits needed to sustain their own position, would disclose themselves definitely. In the present year —somewhat to the surprise of the financial world—this particular strain has begun in advance of harvest demands. Its occurrence in August is unusual; August is traditionally a period of dulness and inactivity in financial markets. Indeed, on numerous occasions recently, as in 1906 and in 1905, that month's events on the New York money market have not only given little clue to the grave disturbances which were to follow later, but have been misleading regarding the immediate future. This year, for the first time since 1890, the month—especially in the past week—has been characterized by alarming disturbances. Presumably, this early unsettlement has been due to the effort of all the markets to prepare for and anticipate the more serious strain expected in the autumn. To this extent the early occurrence may be described as reassuring.

Three incidents of last week may be taken as typical, each in its own field, of the general situation. On Wednesday, the Pope Manufacturing Company, an automobile and bicycle manufactory, with $21,000,000 capital stock, went into the hands of receivers. On Thursday, the Bank of England advanced its official rate from 4 to 4½ per cent. On Saturday, the New York Associated banks published a weekly statement, showing reduction in the loan account of $14,000,000 for the week—a total reduction of no less than $30,000,000 since the opening of August. A few words of explanation may make clear the exact significance of these three happenings.

The failure of the Pope Company, which at first excited acute alarm on the money market, was by no means a disaster of the type which produced confusion in the panic of 1893—a time when absolute wreck of confidence deprived of proper credit facilities dozens of normally solvent corporations, and dragged down both them and their creditors in a common ruin. A nearer analogy to this failure will be found in those overcapitalized and ill-organized industrial concerns which came to grief in 1903—bankruptcies which left no permanent mark on our fabric of credit. All that need be said at present is that the company in question, while its constituent manufactories enjoyed high prestige as industrial enterprises, was so grossly overcapitalized that it was driven, in order to conduct its trade, to repeated recourse to the money market under most disadvantageous circumstances. Companies thus equipped financially are necessarily victims of the first season of real stringency; but their downfall may, as in 1903, occur without any serious sequel.

The case of the Bank of England is in some respects peculiar. The 4½ per cent. rate of last Thursday is the highest ever fixed by that institution in the middle of August, since London's year of extreme unsettlement of credit, 1890. It compares with the rate of only 3½ per cent. a year ago—followed in the autumn by the 6 per cent. rate destined to be long remembered as the real signal of international strain on capital. The 4½ per cent. rate must therefore be described as abnormally high for the season. Furthermore, last Thursday's rate had not been in force four days before Lombard Street's private discount had advanced to 4⅞—a movement assumed by many observers to indicate a further rise in the London bank rate this present week. Yet, last week's rise in the rate was no response to a weak condition of the Bank itself. Percentage of reserves to liabilities was 50⅝, which is not only 10 per cent. above the traditional minimum, but is far above the average at this date in the past half-dozen years. The London market's explanation of the movement is that the Bank had found itself compelled to resort to drastic protective measures, with a view to preventing further extensive withdrawals of London capital and gold for the two unsettled money markets of Berlin and New York. On Saturday this action of the Bank

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was followed by great uneasiness on the part of London private bankers, in the course of which decided measures had to be taken to avert a foolish sacrifice of credit.

The enormous loan reduction shown in last Saturday's bank return of New York city was, on the other hand, a sign that the process of forced liquidation had been effective in accomplishing exactly the end which had made it necessary. Confronted, as the market was not many weeks ago, with conditions in which the inadequate supplies of capital and credit were plain to every one, in which Stock Exchange values, though largely reduced from the level of a year ago, were still fairly high, and in which the withdrawal of cash reserves for harvest uses was imminent, the quickest and the most obvious measure of relief was reduction in loans and liabilities of the banks through heavy liquidation on the Stock Exchange. To put the matter simply: institutions and individuals, with money tied up in stocks at existing valuations, withdrew their capital through the sale of these holdings on the Stock Exchange, thereby equipping themselves with the ready capital for such other needs as were certain to arise. Naturally, the Stock Exchange has complained bitterly, Wall Street particularly devoting itself to explanations that no liquidation of the sort would have been necessary but for the baleful activities of Mr. Roosevelt. To the thoughtful man, it should be manifest enough, from the facts just reviewed, that the movement of liquidation was inevitable under any circumstances.

What, then, are we to say is the net result of this first week of trial in the strain of the autumn markets? The Pope insolvency has proved that ill-equipped corporations will have no comfortable time while the storm passes over; but the reassuring fact in that direction is, that since the warning of 1903, companies of this kind have devoted themselves in the main to putting their house in order, and have been enabled to do so through the great prosperity of the three ensuing years. The attitude of the Bank of England seems to indicate that the real embarrassment will not converge exclusively, and may not fall most heavily, on New York. By reason of the extravagant credit inflation of a year ago, the American market has been pictured as the conspicuous mark for financial lightning. This view was in most respects correct; it ignored, however, the enormous tangible resources of this country, which, if properly utilized, will go far to sustain the impending strain; whereas London, in so far as it, too, was bound to suffer from the lack the credit, was weakened by the fact that it had not in the past few years been able fully to make good its own losses incurred in the Transvaal war. The New York bank return, finally, showed that thus far, at any rate, American institutions have been following the line of safety. Of them it may be said, as indeed it may be said of the Bank of England's action of last Thursday, that the mere fact of such drastic action, at so unusually early a date, gives distinct assurance that such troubles as the autumn may have in store will at all events have been prepared for.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abrahams, Israel. A Short History of Jewish Literature. Imported by Scribners. $1 net.
Aristoteliau Society, Proceedings of. London.
Baker, Arthur. The American Esperanto Book. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Bartholomew, J. G. Atlas of the World's Commerce. Imported by Scribners. $8 net.
Barton, Clara. The Story of My Childhood. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Bangs, John Kendrick. Andiron Tales. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.25.
Belcher, John. Essentials in Architecture. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Chambers, Robert W. The Younger Set. Appleton. $1.50.
Cran, Mrs. George. Herbert Beerbohm Tree. John Lane Co. $1 net.
Egbian, Setrak G. The Mother's Nursery. Putnams.
Kellaway, Herbert J. How to Lay Out Suburbau Home Grounds. John Wiley & Sons. $2.
Kemmerer, Edwin Walter. Money and Credit Instruments in Their Relation to General Prices. Henry Holt & Co.
Lyle, Jr., Eugene R. The Lone Star. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Marx, Karl. Revolution and Counter-Revolution. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Mawson, Thomas H. The Art and Craft of Garden Making. Imported by Scribners. $10 net.
Mayer, E. v. Pompeii au Art City. Imported by Scribners. $1 net.
Merck, E. Chemical Reagents, their Purity and Tests. Translated by Henry Schenck. D. Van Nostraud Co. $1.50 net.
Montaigne: Essays. Translated by John Florio. Putnams.
Mother Goose's Picture Puzzles. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Olcott, William Tyler. A Field Book of the Stars. Putnams.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VI.: Misooue—Monopoly. Henry Frowde.
Poor Richard Jr.'s Almanack. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Ristori, Adelaide, Memoirs and Artistic Studies of. Translated by G. Mantellini. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.
Seidell, Atherton. Solubilities of Inorganic and Organic Substances. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3 net.
Shelley's Selected Poems. Edited by George H. Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 45 cents.
Smith, Arthur H. China and America To-day. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Smith, Justin H. Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony. 2 vols. Putnams.
Wilson, David Henry. George Morland. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Wood, Robert Williams. How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers. Paul Elder & Co.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1907.

The Week.

In his speech at Chautauqua on Saturday, Gov. Hughes spoke in his usual calm way. It was, however, a distinct programme of political activity which the Governor laid down. He is a thorough believer in reform and progress. To be conservative in the sense of refusing to do anything is no longer possible. Yet stability is necessary, and it is the peculiar merit of Mr. Hughes's speech that he sketched an ideal of advancement which shall be steady. When he dwelt upon the duty of public men to assert reason in the face of popular emotion and prejudice, to mark out a rational goal, and then press toward it without haste or rest, his hearers must have felt that he was the embodiment of his own doctrine. Without clamor or any kind of meteoric flashings about the firmament, he has indicated useful lines of public progress, and has steadily pursued them. His success has not been absolute, but has been very great. And it has been due largely to his method of persistent appeal to reason, rather than resorting to impetuous mouthings addressed to vague passion. If Gov. Hughes is more successful than President Roosevelt in hitting off the popular need just now, it is because he gives the impression of being a progressive man who does not lose his head or give rash rein to his tongue. There is a distinct place for a public man who can advocate reforms without foaming at the mouth, and secure them without destroying those necessary and precious things—confidence, a sense of security, the quiet ongoing of industry.

The season of the "straw-vote" begins at about the time the grain crops are harvested, a coincidence which it takes a rustic philosopher to explain. The most notable example thus far is the poll taken by the Chicago *Tribune*. This canvass, the result of which has been received with such delight by the friends of Secretary Taft, has recorded the preferences of 1,634 "Republican editors, legislators, and other political leaders in the Middle West." The absolute preferences in any unofficial count of this kind are not to be taken too seriously. At the same time, there are some points in the table which indicate peculiar and perhaps unexpected tendencies among Republicans. In the first place, while Taft has a marked lead over all others as first choice for the Presidential nomination, Hughes is the most popular second choice and also third choice in the Middle West. The Republicans in every one of the seven Taft States included in this poll have Hughes in mind as the next best thing to the President's own candidate. Wisconsin, with a favorite son for the first place, puts Hughes in second, while Illinois and Indiana, also with favorite sons, have Taft second and Hughes third. Still more remarkable is the discovery contained in the two general questions addressed to the participants in the poll. Only sixty-five answer "No" to the question, "Do you approve the progressive policies of the President?" When the *Tribune* asked, however, "Do you prefer a progressive or a conservative for his successor?" no less than 176, or two and a half times as many, replied, "Conservative."

Secretary Taft spoke to the people of Oklahoma Saturday in the rôle of an individual citizen who, if he lived in their community, would certainly vote against the new Constitution, and, by the same token, for the Republican ticket. His words are entitled to praise by contrast with those of the politicians of his party who have been for throwing out the new State, willy-nilly, ever since it appeared that it was certainly Democratic. But what are Mr. Taft's reasons for opposing the drafted Constitution? Various points he made against the anti-injunction clause, the multiplicity of offices, and the inadequate provision for schools. But the fact which he emphasized, according to the reports, was the existence of a Democratic gerrymander. He denounced the "hypocrisy" of the men who, in the sacred name of popular sovereignty, had "by the merest political trickery and chicanery adopted a plan by which there might be a majority of ten thousand for the Republican ticket in the State, and yet there would be a Democratic Legislature and Democratic Senators." Of course, Secretary Taft comes from a State where no such thing as political trickery has been heard of in the memory of man, and he is naturally shocked to find it rampant in Oklahoma. Yet we could name another State in which the chief city might have over half the voters, and every one of those voters cast a Democratic ballot, and yet the Republican party, under the State's extraordinary Constitution, would still have a majority in the State Senate, if it carried the rest of the State by the barest majorities. That State happens to be the home of the President, who has to determine "judicially" whether the Oklahoman Constitution conforms to that of the United States. It is one more proof of the difficulty of throwing a brick at Oklahoma without hitting some sister State.

Mr. Bryan is much pleased at being singled out by Secretary Taft for comparison with President Roosevelt. He announces that he will take up his old charge, that Roosevelt stole his clothes, and will have something interesting to say about it. Meanwhile, he emits a loud note about the dangerous "centralization" of the President's Provincetown speech. The plan of Federal incorporation is alarming to Mr. Bryan; it could work out only to the crippling of the States and the profit of the railroads. But all such protests come with exceeding ill-grace from a man who has advocated the Government ownership of the railroads. That should have forever closed his mouth about centralization. For Mr. Bryan to raise that cry against Mr. Roosevelt is for a man in the water up to his armpits to rail at one who is wetting his ankles.

Judge Parker's presidential address before the American Bar Association at Portland, Monday, touched upon the duties of lawyers as citizens. The burden of his remarks on this subject was that lawyers should realize more keenly their extra-professional obligations. It is their business as citizens, he argued, to cling to and defend sound principles of government and of public policy. In a phrase which is a favorite with Gov. Hughes, Judge Parker urged his brethren at the bar to stand for reason as against passion. That there are difficulties and even perils in such a course, he did not deny. He pointed out the new forms of intimidation and hounding which nowadays waylay the man who asserts what he thoroughly believes to be right and true, in the face of intense popular prejudice. Demagogues will denounce him; the yellow press will cartoon him; an insensate outcry will be raised against him. To withstand or defy this modern style of public terrorism, requires a fine type of civic courage. All the greater the demand, then, for men who will despise the swords of our latter-day Catilines. That there is peculiar fitness in calling upon lawyers to apply themselves to the correction of public abuses is clear when one notes their numbers and prominence in all parts of the government. In Legislatures and in Congress, they are more numerous than any other class. If our lawyers would only stand together, they could put an end to many an evil. For the plague of overlegislation, to which Judge Parker alluded, lawyer-legislators are more directly responsible than anybody else.

There is, however, a disrepute much more marked and peculiar attaching to-day to the legal profession, in the popular mind. We refer, of course, to the special relations of "eminent counsel" to the great corporations which wish to keep on the shady side of the law, and which retain lawyers, at enormous salaries, to advise them, not what the law is, but how it may be violated with impunity. It is lawyers of this kind who are more and more awaking popular suspicion of their whole class. To "hang all the lawyers" has been the first item in the programme of more than one people's rebellion; and if something of that sentiment is astir in this country to-day, the lawyers have themselves to blame for it. There ought to be some way of disciplining professionally lawyers who prostitute their talents in the service of corporations whose money-making depends upon "getting around" the criminal law.

There is now little doubt that the Interborough-Metropolitan directors are striving to repudiate the dividend guarantee on the Metropolitan Street Railway. Their reported plan of procedure is to throw into bankruptcy the New York City Railway, which owns the street railway company and directly guarantees its dividend, and which is itself owned, through an intermediary company, by the Interborough-Metropolitan holding company. As to the practicability of this scheme, we have our doubts; the courts have heretofore ruled, in leading cases, that one corporation which controls another, through ownership of its stock, incurs in law the duties and responsibilities resting on the company thus controlled. Any other interpretation of the law would, apparently, play directly into the hands of designing financiers who should acquire control of a company in order to appropriate its assets, wreck it, and buy it in for a song on foreclosure. But whatever may be the legal aspect of this expedient, we are certain that the people, the courts, and the Public Service Commission ought to hold the responsible parties to the strictest accounting. The Interborough directors, who, in last year's extraordinary "merger," sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, deserve almost as little sympathy as the conspirators and plunderers who brought the enormously lucrative New York Street Railway enterprise into its present condition of virtual insolvency. Some of the perpetrators of this financial infamy are dead; others are still within reach, and it will be a matter for regret if, now that their schemes must be brought before the courts, the full measure of justice is not meted out to them. The scandal is of nearly a decade's duration; the ingenuity of corporation lawyers and the influence of important banking interests have been successfully invoked, on repeated occasions, to shelter the guilty parties and to fasten their hold upon the property. If half the allegations made in well-informed quarters of the markets are true, the situation is one for criminal quite as much as for civil jurisdiction. We sincerely trust that the day of reckoning is near at hand for the gentlemen whose plots reached their climax in the insolent requirement that their shareholders "vote for the lease first, and discuss it afterward."

Everybody must have noticed that, as the interest rate has risen, talk about municipal ownership has subsided. Last week's decision to offer New York city bonds at 4½ per cent. was fairly forced upon our financial authorities. With 4 per cent. bonds selling at 96 on the Exchange, it was vain to try to dispose of more of them at par; and the city has simply been compelled to do what other borrowers have done—that is, pay the market price for money. Even at the new rate of interest, it cannot properly be said that the city's credit is impaired, as compared with that of other municipalities. Boston has been unable to place bonds at 4 per cent.; English cities have found themselves in the same difficulty. In Germany, municipal loans have fallen sharply in the market. Recent issues have, like those of New York, been marked up one-half per cent.; Berlin is now, we believe, obliged to pay 4½ per cent. New York, therefore, is not discriminated against. Probably no city could now float any considerable issue of 4 per cent. bonds at par. But this merely financial aspect of the new level of New York loans is not so interesting as its bearing upon mooted questions of public policy. The whole agitation for municipal ownership of gas, electricity, and transportation has gone upon the assumption that this city and others could borrow money indefinitely at 3 or 3½ per cent. That was one reason why municipal operation was to be so much more successful than private management. Cautious people pointed out all along that this financial premise might prove any day to be untrustworthy; and that, in the ups and downs of interest rates, the city might have to pay much more for money. That objection was, of course, brushed aside as contemptuously as all others; but here we are already having to pay 4½ per cent. Fancy what our plight would be to-day if we had gloriously set out in 1905 to acquire all our public utilities on a basis of 3½ per cent. for city bonds. Our "margin" would be depleted by about 30 per cent. It is an old question, which has never been answered: "Who will pay the bills of Socialism?" A new form of it suggests itself to-day with unpleasant force: "Who will buy the bonds of municipal ownership?" All theoretical and political considerations aside, the financial argument against such ventures has been powerfully reinforced by the course of events.

Secretary Cortelyou's plan of gradually depositing Treasury funds with banks, during several weeks, seems well considered and promising. It approximates, so far as our cumbrous fiscal system permits, the practice of other Governments. None of them pursues the tactics of locking up surplus receipts, until a nuge sum is first taken from the market that needs it, and then hangs over the financial world as a sort of combined terror and hope. Former Secretaries have permitted these large and unused accumulations in the Treasury, until a crop-moving demand or some other became acute, and then have been besought to come to the rescue all at once with millions of money put out in a lump. This system has been vicious in several respects. It has strengthened the mistaken conception of the Federal Treasury, as a kind of good uncle to whom bankers may run when in difficulties; and has also often made matters worse, instead of better, by heightening speculation, or facilitating the export of gold at the very time it is most needed at home. It certainly seems as if the method of quietly letting the surplus out in driblets would largely avoid these evils. It is giving the patient stimulants in light and successive doses, instead of waiting till he is in a state of collapse, and then pouring an entire bottle of brandy down his throat. At the same time, the Secretary's discretion remains unimpaired. He can suspend or enlarge his deposits at will; and if a great emergency arises, he would have a free hand to meet it. The Government ought to be entirely out of the money market, and Mr. Cortelyou's plan is commendable as an attempt to take it out as much as our unbusinesslike system will allow.

In agreeing to refer the Newfoundland fisheries dispute for adjudication to the International Tribunal at The Hague, the State Department and the British Foreign Office have hit upon a solution of this long-vexed question which commends itself from more than one point of view. An authoritative juristic decision upon the essential point involved—whether a government may indirectly supersede the provisions of a treaty dealing with the rights of aliens by enacting legislation inconsistent with the observance of the treaty, but justified on the grounds that it applies to citizens and aliens alike—would be of great use in future cases of the kind. In the specific instance, it is probable that the Newfoundlanders will

reconcile themselves more readily to a verdict by so high a tribunal as the Hague Court, than to any disposal made of their interests by the British Government. It is notorious that Mr. Bond's islanders regard the British Foreign Office with distrust because of its presumed readiness to sacrifice colonial interests to Imperial considerations. It is not likely, for instance, that any judgment of the Hague Tribunal could lead to such bitterness of feeling as followed the outcome of the Alaskan Boundary Arbitration arrangement with Canada.

Definite information concerning the nature of the American proposals for obligatory arbitration at The Hague is beginning to come in. At first sight, there is little to stir the friend of international peace to ecstasy in the list of subjects under controversy which the proposed treaty would submit for the consideration of the enlarged and permanent Arbitration Court. The horrors of war seem but remotely connected with "the measurement of ships, the international protection of workingmen, means to prevent collisions at sea, or reciprocal free assistance for poor patients." Yet among the enumerated contingencies are to be found more important matters, such as "the right of foreigners to buy and possess property," a clause which, liberally interpreted, could be made to include the entire class of vexing questions arising from the activity of foreign concessionaries in the various South American republics. Further than this, however, there is the blanket clause which assigns to the permanent court jurisdiction in all cases "regarding differences of an international character between sovereign states which cannot be settled by diplomacy." We miss the familiar and safe qualification, "except those involving the national honor or integrity." Should the proviso be omitted from the full text of the treaty as it is from the cabled summary, it would mean that the great Powers have imposed another restraint upon precipitate action, and given an additional hostage to public opinion. The small nations would probably be forced to submit their grievances to the court; and such is the force of imitation that the big fellows intent on making the little ones behave might fall into the habit themselves.

The reappearance of yellow fever in Cuba, after the energetic American campaign of some years ago, which was supposed to have stamped out the disease permanently, is attributed by Gov. Magoon to indifference and neglect on the part of the Cuban local authorities. To Secretary Taft he wrote:

> It is difficult to induce or compel native physicians to take the time and trouble to distinguish yellow fever from other fevers and make report thereon.

After the departure of the first American army of occupation, the sanitary work on the island fell largely into decay. It may be that a certain perverse ignorance has its influence over the natives of the island, similar to the superstitious submission to disease with which Great Britain has to contend in India, or the actual fanaticism which impels Russian peasants, in the famine and plague-stricken provinces, to attack the physicians and destroy their medicine cases. Or is it possible that the Cuban irreconcilables have reasoned it out that yellow fever may be turned into a strong guarantee of national independence? It doesn't bother the inhabitants, seemingly, and it does worry the Americans very much.

Last week we were told that the Government of New South Wales and the Government of the Commonwealth had joined sharp issue on a tariff matter, and that there was talk of revolt and of war. A day or two later came the reassuring statement that the premier of the Commonwealth decided not to call out the Federal troops after all, and that the question will be settled in the courts. It is difficult to see, however, whence the Federal Government would have drawn its "army" to combat obstreperous New South Wales; for, with the exception of a few thousand garrison troops, the forces of the Commonwealth consist of some fifteen thousand militia, distributed among the states according to population. The New South Wales militiamen could scarcely be called upon to take the field against their own state, and making use of the militia of the other colonies against New South Wales would be putting the bonds which hold the young Federation together to a severe test. There is as yet a good deal of grumbling in the different colonies over local causes. Western Australia is disgruntled because of the delayed construction of the transcontinental railway. Queensland feels the "white Australia" policy weigh heavy on her, because of the scarcity of plantation labor. In New South Wales the free-trade tradition is still strong, whereas the Commonwealth Government is increasingly Protectionist.

Even some of the anti-clerical papers in Italy deprecate the violent demonstrations against the clergy which have of late been so frequent. The attempt at Pisa to burn the Church of S. Francesco, the attacks on the Cardinal Secretary, as well as on priests and pilgrims, are strongly condemned by those who see the importance of a more cordial understanding between Church and State. These rough manifestations of hostile sentiment are due chiefly to the radicals and Socialists, who resent any attempt to heal "the open wound of Italy." They are as much opposed to a reconciliation as is the ultra-clerical party. Signor Enrico Corradini has been arguing that these acts of violence are contrary to the modern spirit. He calls them "the atavism of fanaticism." But even the study of history will fail to convince some men that no mere physical violence ever created or destroyed an opinion.

Dr. Dubois, a well-known neurologist of Berne, has successfully applied the principles of psychology to the cure of certain diseases. His theory has just been set forth in a small book entitled "The Influence of Mind on Body." For a number of years he has been reporting cases in the Swiss and French scientific reviews. Without entering into the discussion of the relation between psychical and physical processes, he goes directly to the treatment of disease by means of suggestion and the training of the will. Naturally, it is in the case of nervous troubles that he has been particularly successful. The neurasthenic, who is the most difficult to treat in ordinary ways, is the most susceptible to psychological influences. The restless hysterical subject who "is a virtuoso in the art of making the emotional lyre vibrate," is a familiar figure in modern life. It is not the importance of the idea or event which makes his emotions violent; his morbid states are excessive reactions to comparatively trivial stimuli. In popular language, he makes a fuss about nothing. A mistaken medical treatment may only aggravate these maladies; for no account is taken of the fact that a psychical process gone wrong is the cause, and that a psychical treatment may be a cure of the complaint. Now, instead of medication, Dr. Dubois adopts the method of suggestion. Setting out from the fact that the mind can increase or diminish the intensity of certain physiological processes, Dr. Dubois concludes that the will can, in many cases, control and even cure without the use of medicine. A characteristic mark of neurasthenia is irresolution; but even in the weakest patient there is a residuum of resolution, and it is with this residuum that the psychological method is concerned. The voluntary acts required are at first unimportant and easily performed. These show the patient that he has command of himself, and prepare the way for other acts of the kind, until complete self-control has been attained. The results of the method have been satisfactory. It is characteristic of the hysterical patient to simulate the maladies of which he has any knowledge; and hence the importance of knowing that many distressing disorders, although real, are curable by mental treatment.

MAKING AN IMPRESSION ON THE SOUTH.

It is evident, from Secretary Taft's speech at Lexington, that he means to essay a task which many Republican Presidents and Presidential candidates have attempted since the civil war. It is, by sweetly smiling to soften the heart of that cow. President Hayes was to have done it by withdrawing the troops and appointing a Southerner as a member of his Cabinet. Yet we do not recall that the South was any the less solid in 1880. McKinley was thought actually to have melted the too, too solid flesh of the South. One Southern State voted for him, under the expelling power of Bryan. Then there came the Spanish war, sent by Heaven to reunite the sections; and we had much mutual embracing and wiping away of tears of joy. But the perverse solidity recurred again in 1900. Now, it seems, the job is to be tackled all over again. Says Mr. Taft fervently:

> If only under the influence of President Roosevelt's Administration some of the Southern States, including Kentucky, could be led into the Republican column in accordance with the real sympathies of the voters of those States, it would be a crowning glory of his Administration.

Various motives are dangled before the South. The chief ones are political and selfish. It is such a grief to patriotic Republicans of the North to see the South, with all its talent and statesmanlike aptitude, shutting itself "out of the councils of the nation." That can only mean sharing in the Federal Administration; and, the argument is, voting the Republican ticket more freely, and carrying two or three Southern States for a Republican President, is the only way to do it. But let us see. If an appetite for Cabinet positions is to determine the South's political choices, to which party would this really, on a purely scheming basis of that kind, incline it to lean?

A careful weighing of the chances would, we think, keep the South Democratic. If a stray State or two went Republican, there might follow the offer of a single Secretaryship as a reward for good behavior. No more than that could be hoped for. And in the matter of minor Federal offices, the Republican State or States snatched as brands from the burning in the South, could expect nothing beyond their meagre "quota." In the event, however, of Democratic success, the South would stand to win at least four Cabinet portfolios, and would return to the councils of the nation with a rush. If politics, then, is nothing but a betting-book, any intelligent Southerner, looking at the horse which the Secretary asks him to back, would say that the true odds were on an animal of quite another color.

A subordinate part of Mr. Taft's Lexington appeal was, in effect, that a few Republican States in the South would mean more Democratic States in the North. If the latter were not "confronted with the solidarity of the South," there would be "much more independence of voting" in Northern States which are now kept Republican by the spectacle of a united South. If this is meant seriously, it certainly does furnish a basis upon which Southern Democrats could do business. They might see to it that Kentucky and Florida went Republican, with the result of provoking so much "independence" in New York and Illinois as to make those States go Democratic. That would be a neat exchange of eighteen electoral votes for sixty-six, which might easily of itself determine the election of a Democratic President who would surely welcome the South back to the councils of the nation! But we suppose that Secretary Taft scarcely intended this.

All these political blandishments are certain to fail with an incredulous and obdurate South. If it were simply to figure on the offices, it would find that, in the long run, the balance lies on another side of the account than Mr. Taft suggests. But the South has what it regards as a higher motive than any connected with parties. The Secretary spoke of the pity that citizens of the South should be "frightened at a mere ghost of the past." But it is a present and living terror which keeps the South solid—the obsession of race. So long as that persists in its acute form, it is perfectly useless to expect that Southern voters will be independent politically. Such advances as Mr. Taft makes, they will partly distrust and wholly repel. He may hold up before them as long as he pleases the hope of office through the Republican party, but something more powerful than office sways them, and will continue to do so until the race spectre vanishes from before their eyes.

This cannot happen, under a republican form of government, until the problem of the political relations of the races is settled in a spirit of equity. There is nothing like consciousness of having been unjust to a man, or race, to cause an uneasy dread. And this is why we are so much disappointed that Secretary Taft did not take a higher tone. He did, indeed, speak sympathetically of the hindered strivings upward of the colored men. He gave it as his opinion that there was an "injustice" in the Southern laws discriminating against them politically. But he did not point to the only remedy; he did not say that, if the two sections of the country would have what Cromwell called "peace without a worm in it," they must come together on grounds of fair dealing, with the removal of every such injustice as Secretary Taft spoke of, not its covering up in a wash of amiability. It was not necessary for him to lecture the South, but he might have spoken to its conscience, and the North's too, instead of resorting to what we can only call blarneying.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

The situation at Casablanca and in the interior has entered on a phase which, European opinion almost unanimously holds, leads inevitably to a war of conquest and occupation by France. The initial attack on the port town by natives may have been caused partly by the desire for loot; but brigands do not sit down to besiege a European army equipped with machine guns, nor do they charge with fanatical courage in the face of shell fire, except under the impulse of a higher and more unifying principle than mere robbery. Taken in conjunction with the general anti-foreign ferment throughout the region and the appearance of pretenders and prophets, the fighting at Casablanca seems to have been the first striking episode of the Holy War that has so long been expected in North African Islam, and especially in Morocco. Europe seems to be taking it for granted, and with good reason, that France will be free from international interference if near events, as interpreted by herself largely, should necessitate the practical abandonment of the agreement with Germany framed with such care at Algeciras a year and a half ago. The questions that arouse interest at present are how difficult France is likely to find the work that has been cut out for her and whether, having got through with it, she will think it worth while.

That a war of conquest in Morocco would be an enterprise of years and large expenditure, is obvious. At the same time, there is no reason to doubt the ultimate result. The Holy War, like the Yellow Peril, has been endowed with exaggerated danger for the Western mind. Experience has yet to show that religious fanaticism of the most exalted kind is proof against magazine rifles and machine guns, in the long run; the process of subjugation may continue for ten years or for thirty, and it may be interrupted by unpleasant incidents like the decimation of Hicks Pasha's army in the Sudan, or France's own affair with the Chinese in Tonkin, but it would be denying the entire course of history to assume seriously that in a conflict sharply drawn between Europe and the Orient, barbarism could hope for victory. Whatever danger or discomfiture has come to any one Christian Power from Holy Wars and Yellow Perils can be accounted for by the precious aid and comfort which Islam or Asia has received from other Christian Powers.

Assuming the reduction of Morocco as an accomplished fact, many political experts, like the author of a penetrating

article in the London *Nation*, see little profit that would accrue to the French people from adding Morocco to their North African domains. The argument is that the French are the "unexpanding" race, and that colonialism with them must be mainly an artificially stimulated movement, cherished by a comparatively small section of the country. It may be admitted that the entire prevalent conception of colony-grabbing for the sake of that fetich "expansion" is ignoble and in the last resort economically unsound. But in the game as it is being played by the Powers, France has by no means acquitted herself badly, in spite of a general impression to the contrary. Her Indo-China possessions are making unmistakable progress, and her West African colonies are being developed with fair speed, considering the difficulties of the task. The essential point, however, is that Morocco, like Algiers, would scarcely constitute a colony in the proper sense, situated as it would be only across the breadth of the Mediterranean Sea from the suzerain country. Frenchmen, it is true, do not choose to emigrate, as do England's teeming younger sons. Yet Algeria's population of five millions contains nearly three hundred thousand Frenchmen, whereas India, with her three hundred millions, is held for Great Britain by less than one hundred thousand Englishmen. Not only does this comparison favor France, but French expansionists can also urge that of Algeria's foreign commerce of 620,000,000 francs, France controls 80 per cent.

To a large party in France, a serious attempt to solve the Moroccan question will appeal because of the stimulus which the responsibility may be expected to impart to the national life. A campaign in Morocco would be almost worth while if it could convince people once for all of the stability of the Third Republic. The correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* in Paris has recently pointed out that the constantly growing victories of the present government *bloc* in the elections of the last six or seven years should leave no doubt of the weakness of the various anti-republican factions in the country and in Parliament. Yet the Nationalist and Monarchist plotters have been able to keep the nation in a continuous state of fret and anxious heart searching. Are our institutions stable? Can the army be relied upon? Is the young generation utterly gone to the dogs by the way of decadentism and absinthe, or is there health left in us to maintain the old national ideals? If decrepit dynasties have been able to keep themselves erect through foreign adventure, the republic may find at least one item of profit in an enterprise that would keep most of its hotheads out of worse trouble.

SCIENCE VS. COMMON-SENSE.

Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, several of whose random observations on the credibility of witnesses in the Haywood trial were recently spread broadcast in a highly distorted form, has set forth some of his matured reflections regarding legal evidence in an article in the September *McClure's*, "Nothing but the Truth." The only way to solve the problem of testimony in our courts, in his view, is to apply to witnesses the methods of experimental psychology, with a view to determining how far they are capable of reporting correctly the events they have witnessed. Science has learned a great deal about the fallibility of human testimony, even the laws that govern that fallibility; and for the tribunals which exist for the very purpose of ascertaining truth to ignore the discoveries along those lines, is, Professor Münsterberg contends, essentially as benighted as if our hospitals should refuse to practise antisepsis.

Professor Münsterberg makes out an interesting case for his specialty. His article is lightened by entertaining accounts of experiments upon his own students. Thus, a request for comparison of the apparent size of the moon with that of some object held at arm's length, provoked replies ranging all the way from the size of a pea to ten feet. The sound of a hidden tuning-fork was likened variously to a horn, a violin, a fog-horn, and the growl of a lion. Fifty black spots on a sheet of cardboard were set down as low as twenty-five and as high as two hundred. "And yet," says the author, "we should be disinclined to believe in the sincerity of two witnesses, of whom one felt sure he saw two hundred persons in a hall in which the other found only twenty-five."

No doubt, the official psychologist, a duly appointed officer of every court of record, could make important tests of the witness's sense-perceptions. In such a case as that reported the other day in which the disposition of a fortune depended on the order in which persons killed in the same automobile accident had died, there are laboratory methods which would reveal how far the spectator's eyes were to be trusted as observers of the particulars in a complicated and exciting occurrence, and their time relations. This, it may be added, would be almost as much a service to the conflicting witnesses thus acquitted of intentional misrepresentation as to the jury.

The suggestion is of interest not only in itself, but because it is the latest of the long series of attempts to introduce the methods of pure science into the so-called "practical" affairs of the world. Such attempts are always hopeful; they are backed up by arguments as plenty as blackberries, yet for some reason they do not achieve the instant and universal success to which most of them seem entitled. Indeed, there is at many points a reactionary tendency. The same issue of the magazine which contains Professor Münsterberg's article, prints another by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who advocates throwing overboard the laboratory scientist's contribution to the art of eating and drinking. He says:

> Our earliest scientific studies have been chiefly confined to the positive side of a food's qualities, namely, its nutritive value and its digestibility. Does such and such a food contain so many calories per ounce? Is it digestible in the human stomach? asks the laboratory scientist. Then, if it does, it is a good food.

Fortified with such facts, the food-reformers have carried on the fight for lentils, nuts, beans, and the like as substitutes for meat. But, for all the demonstrations of the bean's engaging qualities, as Dr. Hutchinson remarks:

> Nothing will goad a grading gang or company mess to mutiny quicker than an excess of beans. They will take bread, bacon, "salt-horse," apple-sauce, potatoes, oatmeal, rice three times a day without a murmur; but let beans be served as the principal dish more than two or three times a week, and hear the "roar."

The laboratory scientist is now beginning to admit, says the writer, that he was wrong and the roustabout right. An aromatic oil and a bitter alkaloid have been discovered in the bean which prevent it from becoming a permanently satisfactory substitute for beef and mutton in spite of its high food-value and low cost. Plainly this is a vindication for the inherited common-sense modes of diet.

It is not our purpose here to pass upon the pretensions of either the scientific party or the rule-of-thumb party, which are contending along so extended a frontier. But it must be conceded that, in spite of sudden forays from one side and the other, the rule-of-thumbers are in general slowly giving ground, or rather borrowing from their advancing foes. This is not what the scientists want, and they are sometimes a trifle reluctant to admit the fact. Thus, to return to Professor Münsterberg's article, it is not true that only the experimental psychologist knows how to discount the testimony of honest men who disagree in their statements. Juries neither say nor think, "One of these witnesses says one thing, the other another; plainly one of them is a rogue and a liar." If that were the case, prosecutions for perjury would have to follow in the train of every civil or criminal trial. Nor is the experimental method unknown to up-to-date common sense. "How much time elapsed?" the attorney for the defence will ask of an important witness. "One minute." "Positive it was as much as that?" "Yes,

sir." "Rap on the table," says the lawyer, taking out his watch, "when one minute is up." When the witness gives the signal at the end of thirty-seven seconds, the point is made.

Where common-sense ends and science begins is not always easy to tell in these days. Great industries, common-sense to the core, like the modern creamery business and the chemical trades, are erected on ground that belonged absolutely to theoretical science a few years ago. On the other hand, all the discoveries of medicine have not materially weakened the hold of common-sense remedies like the great tribe of herb-teas, or superstitious remedies like madstones and stockings tied around the bedpost. But science, as a rule, goes farthest where it goes least ostentatiously. Let Professor Münsterberg's psychologists become regular parts of our judicial machinery, and before many years there would be magazine articles informing us how much better men could find out the truth unencumbered by all such mechanism. Everybody respects science, is fascinated by it, profits by it, yet when science comes close too suddenly we cannot quite get over the habit of bolting.

THE PHYSICIAN IN THE SCHOOL.

The International Conference on School Hygiene, held in London this month, raised many questions which should search the hearts of teachers, parents, and taxpayers in America. Some of these questions we have already been debating. In this city last winter Superintendent Maxwell urged that the eyes of school children be examined, and that glasses be provided—if necessary at public expense—for those whose sight is defective. The shortest way with such a proposal is to give it a bad name and damn it. Accordingly, the plan was received by a part of the press with jeers and cries of "Socialism!" Mr. Maxwell's reply was in effect that we are spending millions a year for teachers, buildings, text-books, and apparatus; and that it is worth while to lay out a little more in order to enable all the children to profit by these facilities. In an article in the *Nation* of April 25 he said:

> It seems folly to supply books to children who cannot read them, or to place children in classrooms when they cannot see what is written or drawn on the blackboard. If the sight is defective, the child is hopelessly handicapped. The expenditure of a few thousand dollars for glasses would enable thousands of children who are now unable to do their school work to stand on the same level with their fellows.

These words sum up briefly the whole argument for the physical examination of school children and the attempt to keep them in such health that they can fairly avail themselves of the advantages offered. Whether this be Socialism or not, we cannot dismiss the matter with a question-begging epithet. Our American school boards must consider the project on its merits, and decide whether in justice to the children as well as to the community as a whole we should not devote more attention to the physical well-being of pupils.

Not that this aspect of education is totally neglected. In a number of places in this country fairly elaborate machinery has been devised, not merely for suitable gymnastic exercises, outdoors and in, but for the supervision of pupils by regular physicians. These places, however, are oases. In America as a whole the majority, we venture to say, of our teachers, 90 per cent. of our school trustees, and 99 per cent. of parents and taxpayers are ignorant of the handicaps under which physically defective children labor, and the number of such defects. Under these circumstances, school authorities, even in some of our large cities, would not now be supported by public opinion were they to organize a really effective system for examining the children and correcting merely those defects the cure of which requires a minimum outlay of time and money. Some of the facts presented at the London Conference are startling. A Dr. Dukes gave the results of his physical examination of a thousand boys on their entrance into Rugby. Those boys he regarded as a special class—"strong, healthy, well-fed, and reared mainly in the country." Yet among them he found 445 cases of lateral curvature of the spine, 526 cases of knock-knee, and 329 flat feet. These deformities were not congenital, but acquired and preventable, "indicative of inferior systems of nurture and education" between the ages say of five and thirteen. From the extent of these maladies among "the most favored class of boys in Great Britain" (but 57 of them had neglected teeth); one can imagine the disabilities of less fortunate children.

Dr. Dukes's figures are not legal proof of conditions on this side of the Atlantic. No doubt, however, there are many such minor deformities among applicants for admission to our best secondary schools. So far as New York city is concerned, we are not forced to rely on conjecture. In the year 1906, some 78,401 children were examined. Among them were 29,177 cases of enlarged anterior glands; 1,096 cases of cardiac disease; 17,928 of defective vision; 39,597 of neglected teeth; 18,306 of hypertrophied tonsils. The total number found to require medical treatment was 56,259, or nearly 72 per cent. of those examined. Moreover, the great majority of these children who suffered from physical disability were backward in studies—from one to five years behind the grade in which their age would naturally place them. The statistics for New York cannot be very far different from those for Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

Evidently, then, this is a serious business. We are fully committed to generous maintenance of public schools. The general diffusion of intelligence is—we are fond of saying on Fourth of July—the very cornerstone of this republic. As a logical extension of the principle of public education, many cities and towns now furnish text-books free. To regard the physical welfare of the children is a step in the same direction, but not a longer one. Physical defects, the experts assure us, are the real trouble in most cases which we inaccurately call stupidity, inattention, indifference to study, ill-temper, sullenness, malicious disobedience, and truancy. What the child who fails to keep up, who drops out, and takes to the streets and to crime—what he often needs is not extra tasks by way of punishment, the birch, or the discipline of a reformatory, but glasses to correct astigmatism, the removal of adenoids, or the services of a dentist. That he may obtain such medical attendance, it is neither necessary nor desirable to incur the heavy expense of enlarging our hospitals and dispensaries and increasing their staffs. Children are allowed to suffer, not so much because medical treatment is costly, as because parents are ignorant. We are persuaded that, if every school system had its physicians to report cases needing attention, much would be done by private initiative to relieve the sufferers from eye-strain and, from disorders of the digestive tract and of the respiratory organs, much to improve the discipline of our schools and increase their general efficiency, much to accomplish the true ends of public education—training our youth to become intelligent and useful members of the commonwealth.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON DEFOE—III.

In this final instalment of these notes I shall enumerate the tracts which I think should be added to Defoe's list over and above those attributions to him by Lee and Crossley in which I concur, and also the items which I am very strongly disposed to assign to him, but which for one reason or another it seems best to group as tentative ascriptions only. I do not include here the few items I accept from Wilson and the British Museum Catalogue, nor do I even mention the names of a large number of very possible attributions which I am still investigating. Whenever I can do it briefly, I shall indicate some of the reasons that seem to warrant an ascription, but in the main I must content myself with the statement that I have subjected all these tracts to about twenty different tests derived from my study of Defoe's undisputed writings, and that in every case I have declined to admit an item in connection with which an unfa-

vorable result was obtained. In no case probably, could every test yield positive results, on account of variations of subject matter and because of Defoe's versatility of manner, but I have admitted no tract which did not yield a cumulation of favorable results with respect both to substance and to style. It has seemed to me that previous investigators have relied too much on mere verbal tests (cf. the curious list of words and phrases given by Lee in his Introduction), and that they have been too rash in attributing short tracts in which Defoe's peculiarities had no chance to show themselves in abundance. I ought to add that, although I have left no portion of Defoe's work unexamined, I have concentrated my attention on his political tracts, and that I have been able in consequence to make use of a variety of tests based upon his methods of arguing, his favorite ideas, his anecdotes, and a number of other special features, which cannot be detailed here, but which I hope to describe fully in my bibliography. I have utilized, of course, all the bibliographical helps known to me—library catalogues, Halkett and Laing, the anonymous books dealt with in *Notes and Queries*, the indexes of bibliographical journals and papers, and the like, and have gained, I trust, through the painful process sufficient wisdom and patience and modesty to be prepared for the detection of blunders, nay, even to be thankful to the detectors. And first of the more or less positive ascriptions:

(1.) "Lex Talionis, or an Enquiry into the Most Proper Ways to Prevent the Persecution of the Protestants in France" (1698). This tract appeared in the pirated edition of Defoe's works published early in 1703. As he declared in the Preface to his genuine collection of the same year that the spurious edition had included "Several Things" in which he had had no hand, and, as the genuine volume contained all the items of the fraudulent one save this tract and one apparently by Tutchin, "Lex Talionis" has naturally been omitted by previous Defoe students. Disowning genuine works and upbraiding pirates for misprints that cannot be discovered by modern readers were not, however, practices absolutely unknown in the reign of Queen Anne. Prior seems to have been guilty of them; and I am quite sure that Defoe indulged in them indirectly, with regard to "Lex Talionis." Possibly to republish such an attack on the Roman Catholics did not seem politic for an author about to be tried for libel; but whatever his reasons for suppressing it, the tract is in my judgment plainly his. As I have already said, I have a great respect for the ability of Defoe's contemporaries to ferret out his publications.

(2.) "A Short Letter to the Glasgow Men" (1706). I have never seen this tract, a copy of which is in the Advocates' Library. But I have read the reprint of it in the *Review* for January 2, 1706-7, and I knew previously from Defoe's correspondence that he had written the Letter and had had it printed in Scotland.

(3.) "Dyers News Examined as to His Swedish Memorial against the Review" (1707). This sheet is different from the item on the same subject given by Lee (No. 102), and is certainly by Defoe. I discovered it bound in with the British Museum copy of vol. iv. of the *Review*. It is not in the Museum Catalogue, but I found later that Mr. Aitken owned a copy, which he had, of course, attributed to Defoe.

(4.) "A Supplement to the Faults on Both Sides, etc." (1710). Both this pamphlet and the one to which it purports to be an addition have been attributed to Defoe, and the entire series of about a dozen tracts in answer to Hoadly's "Thoughts of an Honest Tory," etc., presents many bibliographical puzzles. I can here only express the strong conviction that Defoe did not write "Faults on both Sides," but did write the "Supplement," which contains many of his special ideas and phrases, and one peculiar use of a proverb taken from the Italian which I have found in numbers of his tracts, but only twice in other writers of the period.

(5.) "A Speech for Mr. D——sse Younger of Arnistown, etc." (1711). Attributed to Defoe in the catalogues of the Guildhall Library and of Yale. Defoe's correspondence contains proof that he was asked to write something on the row started by the acceptance of a Jacobite medal by the Faculty of Advocates, and it seems highly probable that this is his response—though perhaps not his sole one—to the request. It is almost certainly the work of an Englishman trying to write like a Scotchman, and it contains not a little of Defoe's irony.

(6.) "The Succession of Spain Consider'd; or, a View of the Several Interests of the Princes and Powers of Europe, etc." (1711). In style and substance this seems plainly Defoe's, especially in his reference to his relations with William III.—he liked to make such references, and was duly laughed at for them—and in his scheme for parcelling out the Spanish dominions.

(7.) "A True Account of the Design and Advantages of the South-Sea Trade: With Answers to all the Objections rais'd against it, etc." (1711). Given to Defoe by the Astor Library and by the British Museum. The latter, however, quotes the title page as reading "By the Author of the Review," words which would settle the authorship but which occur in no copy I have seen. I thoroughly concur in the ascription of this interesting tract, which comparison shows to be by the author of

(8.) "A Letter to a Member of Parliament, on the Settling a Trade to the South-Sea of America" (1711).

(9.) "An Enquiry into the Dangers and Consequences of a War with the Dutch" (1712). My attention was first called to this tract by Thomas J. Wise. It has so many special Defoe features that ascription to him seems to be thoroughly justified.

(10.) "The Justice and Necessity of a War with Holland, etc." (1712). This tract is simply crammed full of characteristic Defoe features, and the same is true of

(11.) "The Vallidity of the Renunciations of Former Powers Enquired into, and the Present Renunciation of the Duke of Anjou Impartially Considered, etc." (1712).

(12.) "Plunder and Bribery Further Discovered, etc." (1712). This seems to be certainly Defoe's, and a sort of sequel to the tract "The Re-Representation" of the year before attributed to him on strong grounds by Crossley.

(13.) "No Queen; or, No General, etc." (1712). This attack on the Duke of Marlborough, whether creditable or not to Defoe, is as clearly from his pen as almost any of the works attributed to him on internal evidence alone.

(14.) "Memoirs of Count Tariff, etc." (1713). From the excessive use made of this pamphlet in Defoe's *Mercator*, I was led to suspect his authorship, and a perusal of the tract speedily converted suspicion into practical certainty. I found later that Colonel Grant had previously made the attribution.

(15.) "The Reasons and Necessity of the Duke of Cambridge's Coming to and Residing in Great Britain, etc." (1714). This may very justly be called a rash ascription, since it is a tract in which the author takes the Government to task for the pardon recently granted Defoe for his offence in writing "What if the Pretender Should Come?" and his other so-called Jacobite pamphlets. I believe, however, that this reference was intended as a blind; that the tract, which was published without a bookseller's name, represented Defoe's real political opinions; and that his chief object was to vent his spleen on *The Examiner* and on Abel Roper. In style and substance it is Defoe's or nobody's—a temerarious statement which will not be taken too literally by persons who have had experience in attributing pamphlets.

(16.) "Impeachment, or No Impeachment, etc." (1715). This is one of the anti-Harley tracts attributed to Defoe by Boyer, and I thoroughly concur in the ascription. It may be worth while to add that Boyer enumerated fourteen items, and that Defoe replied, "of all that number, there is but one that I was sole author of, not above three that I ever had any hand in, and five or six that I never saw in my life." Crossley, writing to *Notes and Queries* apropos of the tracts on the Triennial Bill, took Defoe literally, and understood him to refer to "Advice to the People of Great Britain, etc." (Lee's list, No. 158), as the tract he wrote entirely, and to the three parts of "The Secret History of the White Staff," *Mercurius Politicus*, and *Mercator*—though the last, as Crossley admitted, was not named by Boyer as the three he had had some hand in. Curiously enough, considering his confidence in Defoe and his want of confidence in Boyer, Lee accepted six items of Boyer's list, and Crossley in his later list of sixty-one added two other titles given by Boyer. Thus these sturdy champions of Defoe's honesty, whether consciously or not, slowly came over toward Boyer. I go practically over to his side, for of the twelve items of his list that I have examined there is only a single one that I am not compelled to attribute to the evasive Daniel, and that one I strongly suspect him to have written. And I have good reason to think that one of the two items I have not seen was correctly attributed.

(17.) "The Folly and Vanity of Impeaching the Late Ministry Considerer'd" (1715). This is one of Boyer's fourteen, and is in my judgment certainly Defoe's.

(18.) "A Letter from a Country Whig, to his Friend in London; Wherein appears Who are the Truest Friends to their King and Country" (1715); and

(19.) "A Second Letter from a Country Whig, to his Friend in London; Relating to the Matter of Impeachments, etc." (1715). The second of these tracts seems to me for a number of reasons to be certainly Defoe's. I am less certain about the first; for, although that has many of his peculiarities, it is barely possible that for reasons of his own he stepped in and produced a continuation of a tract written by another. This is very unlikely, however, and I think that the pair of pamphlets should be unhesitatingly added to his long account.

(20.) "A Letter to a Merry Young Gentleman, Intituled, Tho. Burnet, Esq.; In Answer to One writ by him to the Right Honourable, the Earl of Halifax, etc." (1715). This attack on Burnet, who is attacked along with Bradbury in one of the tracts attributed to Defoe by Crossley, is full of our author's characteristics, both of style and of matter, and from the tone of its references to Defoe himself is plainly to be accredited to him.

(21.) "Some Reasons Offered by the Late Ministry in Defence of their Administration" (1715) is in my judgment clearly by Defoe.

(22.) "The Traiterous and Foolish Manifesto of the Scots Rebels, Examined and Expos'd, Paragraph by Paragraph" (1715). This is as plainly Defoe's as internal evidence can make it, a statement which may also be made of

(23). "An Attempt Towards a Coalition of English Protestants, etc." (1715).

(24.) "Bold Advice; or, Proposals for the Entire Rooting Out of Jacobitism, etc." (1715). I attribute this to Defoe, not merely on account of its many idiosyncrasies of style and substance, but also because it tallies with a passage in the *Review* with regard to a book Defoe declared he was preparing for the press.

(25.) "The Secret History of the Secret History of the White Staff, Purse, and Mitre. Written by a Person of Honour" (1715). This extraordinary performance was mentioned in the first instalment of these notes. It was ascribed to Defoe by a contemporary, was printed by his friend Keimer, and bears, in my judgment, every mark of genuineness.

(26.) "An Essay Upon Buying and Selling of Speeches, etc." (1716). Defoe's peculiarities even down to the most minute details, emerge so abundantly in this pam-

phlet that its ascription to him might be almost considered imperative.

(27.) "Some Thoughts of an Honest Tory in the Country, upon the late Dispositions of Some People to Revolt, etc." (1716). This seems clearly Defoe's, both from its style, and from its correspondencies with several of his undisputed pamphlets.

(28.) "The Triennial Act, Impartially Stated, etc." (1716), and

(29). "Arguments about the Alteration of Triennial Elections, etc." (1716). These two tracts were discussed in my first communication.

(30.) "The Conduct of Robert Walpole, Esq., etc." (1717), and

(31.) "The Conduct of the Lord Viscount Townshend" (1717). I have seen only the first of these pamphlets, but the similarity of titles, and the way the first tract advertises the second, make me feel very sure that both are by the same author. The first is unmistakably Defoe's in style and substance, and the second was directly attributed to him by Boyer, in the list of fourteen, nearly every item of which I believe to have been correct.

(32.) "Some Persons Vindicated against the Author of the Defection, etc." (1717). This pamphlet, in answer to a notorious attack on Walpole by Tindal, was fathered upon Defoe by the author of the "Memoirs" of Tindal (1733). It is clear that the legend "R——— W———, Esq.," where we should expect the name of the author of the tract, was a mere decoy, and I am entirely convinced that Defoe wrote the pamphlet. I am equally certain that he immediately turned round and wrote

(33.) "The Defection Farther Considered, etc." (1717), in which he took Tindal's side against Walpole. This tract is sometimes given to Tindal, but his biographer explicitly states that Tindal did not answer his opponents, Sewell and Defoe, and I am as positive as one dares to be in such matters that Defoe answered himself, as he was often accused of doing. If we are to give any tracts to Defoe on internal evidence, and a large proportion of the works accepted as his for a century and a half can have no other justification, we must give him both these pamphlets, however little credit they may reflect upon him.

(34.) "An Argument Proving that the Design of Employing and Ennobling Foreigners is a Treasonable Conspiracy, etc." (1717), and

(35.) "A Farther Argument against Ennobling Foreigners, etc." (1717). The first of these two attacks upon Toland's "State Anatomy of Great Britain," was, I believe, despite the views of previous students of Defoe, rightly charged upon him by Toland and Boyer. The biographers have rejected both pamphlets, because of the explicit statement made in the second that Defoe had nothing to do with writing the first; but his word is worthless in such matters, and his style bewrays him. It is little less than absurd to attribute the "Mesnager" book to him and to hesitate at these fulminations against a man Defoe constantly attacked.

(36.) "The Case Fairly Stated between the Turky Company and the Italian Merchants. By a Merchant" (1720). This is among the Defoe items in the Pearson Catalogue, but is not on Crossley's list. I am fully convinced that it is Defoe's, but I am not prepared to assert that he wrote a reply to it, also "By a Merchant," entitled "The Turkey Merchants, and Their Trade Vindicated, etc." (1720), which is likewise in the Pearson Catalogue.

This brings us to the mass of pamphlets dealing with the South Sea Bubble. Defoe is likely to have written more tracts on the subject than Lee has assigned him, and I have found several that I very much suspect to be his; but I prefer at this stage of my work to make no definite attributions. I shall now give a list of tracts which, if I may so phrase it, I have been and still am on the very verge of attributing to our voluminous author. It is needless to add that I am anxious to secure all possible information about them:

(1.) "The Case of the Dissenters, as affected by the late bill proposed in Parliament, for preventing Occasional Conformity. By a Gentleman" (1703). I have read this only in the "Somers Tracts" and judge solely from the internal evidence. Everything makes for Defoe's authorship, but there seems to be need of a greater abundance of characteristic features.

(2.) Some Conjectures Concerning the Causes of the Difficulties which the German Branch of the House of Austria meets with at this Time in their Way to the Crown of Spain" (1705). This is attributed to Defoe in a volume of tracts in the Yale library, and I am inclined to support the attribution, though I think the internal evidence somewhat insufficient.

(3.) "Remarks on the Letter to the Author of the State-Memorial" (1706). This was attributed to Defoe by the late Col. F. Grant, as I learn from a list of his attributions which was kindly given me by Thomas J. Wise. It is hard to resist the conclusion that the tract is Defoe's, and the occasion that brought it out was certainly one such a pamphleteer would have seized.

(4.) "The High-Church Mask pull'd off: or, Modern Addresses Anatomized, etc." (1710). This attack upon Sacheverell might very well, I think, be Defoe's.

(5.) "A Spectator's Address to the Whigs on the Occasion of the Stabbing of Mr. Harley" (1711). If this tract were only a little longer I should unhesitatingly attribute it to Defoe, and, as it is, I have scarcely a doubt of his authorship.

(6.) "Plain English with Remarks and Advice to Some Men who need not be Nam'd" (1712). It really seems to be an excess of scrupulosity to put this short tract here rather than among the positive ascriptions.

(7.) "An alarm to the People of England Sounded in an Oration from the Top of St. Paul's Cathedral, London" (1713). The disguise adopted, and the general tone, make me almost confident that this is one of Defoe's sermons, a form of discourse of which he was fond.

(8.) "The right of the Sovereign in the Choice of his Servants, etc." (1714). This pamphlet upon a subject on which Defoe often expressed himself is almost certainly from his pen, but it does him no credit, and it is chiefly on this account that I refrain from positive ascription.

(9.) "Whigs and Tories United; or, the Interest of Great Britain Considered, etc." (1714). After a little wavering and very careful study of this tract, I am compelled to regard it as almost certainly Defoe's.

(10.) "A Vindication of the Earl of Oxford" (1715). If Boyer had included this tract in his list of fourteen, I should have followed his lead. As it is, I hardly feel willing to attribute, without some contemporary backing, so meanly ironical an attack upon his former employer, even to such an intriguer and turncoat as Defoe; yet it would almost take a dozen well authenticated contemporary attestations of his innocence to make me give up the conviction I have that he wrote it.

(11.) "An Essay upon Divorcement, etc." (1715). This tract, which was first brought to my notice by Mr. Wise, is really little more than a reprint, whether in whole or in part I cannot say, of Milton's "Doctrine and Discipline," with adverse comments which certainly have much of the tang of Defoe.

(12.) "The Sighs of the Church of England" (1715). I can attribute this performance to no other author, but the elevated scriptural style affected, although sometimes used by Defoe, renders a very positive ascription unsafe.

(13.) "A Letter Concerning the Report from the Committee of Secrecy, etc." (1715). This short, ill-printed tract contains what seems certainly to be the "Letter from Robert Walpole, Esq.," which is one of Boyer's fourteen items and is plainly a forgery, whether by Defoe or by another. This forged letter, which caused some little stir, need not necessarily be assumed to be the production of the author of the main "Letter" that includes it, and although I very much suspect that Defoe wrote that main "Letter," and perhaps the forged letter as well, I must frankly admit that my suspicion is based upon internal evidence that might be stronger.

(14-15.) "A Letter to a Friend in Suffolk" and "A Second Letter, etc." (1716), already mentioned in the discussion of the pamphlets on the Triennial Bill. Both were attributed to Defoe by Colonel Grant on plausible grounds.

(16.) "A Short and Sure Method Propos'd for the Extirpation of Popery, in the Space of a Few Years, by a Person of Quality" (1716). This pamphlet is the most interesting of the additions I have to propose, because, if it be accepted, it furnishes us with the earliest of Defoe's recovered publications. It consists of a preface of thirty-five pages which ushers in a tract of less than half this length, ostensibly published in 1689 for the enlightenment of the Convention Parliament. The preface is so entirely in Defoe's general manner, though marked by fewer salient peculiarities than I could wish, that I have a strong inclination to ascribe it to him. Whether the tract proper, which purports to be by "A Person of Quality," is also by Defoe, is a point about which I am a little less sure, but it, too, is strongly marked by Defoe characteristics. The attitude toward Roman Catholics and the rather chimerical plan for getting rid of them are consistent with what we know of him, and he was in the habit of putting his materials to a variety of uses. The original tract was written to influence a new monarch, William III., but had been ineffectual; now the beginning of another reign, that of George I., seemed to offer an opportunity to put the schemes into practice. It must be added that the tract proper appeared in vol. iii. of the "Somers Tracts" (1751), and that both preface and tract appeared in vol. iv. (1751). This would seem to indicate that there had really been an edition without the preface, but the point is not clear. I must add that I am quite aware that Defoe declared that he never drew his pen before his satire "A New Discovery, etc." (1691)—a statement which contradicts others subsequently made by him.

(17.) "The Mercy of the Government Vindicated, etc." (1716)—very much in the manner of tracts on the late rebellion attributed to Defoe.

(18.) "An Essay Towards Real Moderation" (1716). So many of Defoe's peculiarities are packed into this little tract that it is with great hesitation that I follow my general rule of refraining from positive attribution in the case of short productions.

These are all the suspected items that I think it best to mention at present. There are several South Sea tracts, half a dozen attributions or suggestions by Mr. Wise and Colonel Grant, and some twenty-five pamphlets on miscellaneous subjects which I wish to subject to still further analysis. It remains only to sum up briefly the results of these Notes and to append a list of *desiderata*.

From the 254 items of Lee's bibliography I have subtracted for my own purposes 23 titles of newspapers, etc., leaving 231 books and pamphlets. One of these Lee acknowledged to be an error, another he would have acknowledged had he lived, and I think six other titles should certainly be taken from his list. This leaves 223 items, and from these I should personally subtract only six of the nineteen items which I have enumerated as more or less suspicious. To the 217 items left we should add, however, two Lee accepted in his lifetime and one he would certainly have accepted, since it was excerpted from an item still in manuscript when he made his catalogue. This leaves what may be called the revised Lee list of books and pamphlets standing at 220. To these

I add positively from Wilson's list two items, and from the British Museum catalogue three others, one of which, "The Trade of Britain Stated" (1708), is proved hy the *Review* to he Defoe's. To these 225 items I add positively from Crossley's list of attrihutions at least 28 titles, and to the 253 thus obtained I suggest the addition of 36 more. This hrings the number of books and pamphlets which I feel sure are nearly all ahle to stand the attacks of any doubter who is at the same time a competent Defoe specialist, up to the enormous number of 289. But some of Crossley's attributions I have yet to find; twenty of those I have found seem most probahly to be Defoe's, although I should like to suspend judgment until I can reëxamine them in the light of recent experience; there are at least thirty of the pamphlets included in my lists of strongly suspected and of less probable, but still very possible tracts which have to he reckoned with; and finally there are a dozen or more short performances in prose and verse attributed to Defoe in the catalogues of lihraries to which I hope to give some attention later. I should not like therefore to promise that I will stop the bibliography I am preparing short of 350 items, and there seem to be almost, if not quite, as many rejections to be enumerated. I really do not know who is most at fault, Defoe for writing so much or myself for spending so much time over these musty old pamphlets. Yet, if the truth needs to be told, I enjoy the task, and I hope that those readers of the *Nation* who are willing to humor a "crank," and are able to help him, will examine the following list of *desiderata*, and give any information they have about any item. It is only fair to add that the slight and vague character of some of the titles is due to the insufficient data given in the manuscript lists I have utilized, and also that in view of the hundreds upon hundreds of pamphlets I have had to examine, I may have passed over in some of the libraries and the catalogues I have used one or more of the items I am in search of.

I. Items from Crossley's List of Sixty-One Ascriptions:

I. "Wise as Serpents, or, an Inquiry into the Circumstances of the Dissenters" (Baker, 1712). There is a copy of this tract in the Advocates' Library.

(2.) "Continuation of Letters written hy a Turkish Spy" (1718?—figures hard to make out; the publisher seems to have been Taylor, who accepted "Robinson Crusoe").

(3.) "A Brief Debate upon the Dissolving the late Parliament" (Roberts, 1722).

(4.) "Royal Progress" (Roberts, Brotherton, and Dodd, 1724). A copy of this is in the Redpath collection in the library of McGill University.

(5.) "Some Considerations on the Reasonableness and Necessity of Encreasing and Encouraging the Seamen" (Roherts, 1728).

(6.) "Advantages of Peace" (Brotherton, 1729).

(7.) "The True State of the Case as relates to the South-Sea Trade" (Baker, 1711). This last is the tract which may possihly have heen confused with another given in Crossley's list.

II. Items from other sources:

(8.) "Ways for Advancing the Nation" (1702—attributed to Defoe by Isaac Reed).

(9.) "The Patriots—a Poem" (1702, folio).

(10.) "Tempus Adest, or a War inevitahle, etc." (1702—this seems from Wilson to he against, not by, Defoe).

(11.) "The Liherty of Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland truly stated. By a Gentleman (1703—in all the chief lists, hut I can find no clear evidence that any of the bihliographers has ever seen a copy).

(12.) "The Reformer Reformed" (1703).

(13.) "The Layman's Sermon upon the late Storm, held forth at an honest Coffee-House Conventicle, etc." (1704—in most of the lists).

(14.) "The Comical History of the Life and Death of Mumper, Generalissimo of King Charles the Second's Dogs. By Heliostropolis, Secretary to the Emperor of the Moon" (1704). I should very much like to know whether this book has ever heen seen. It seems first to have heen set down by Chalmers, who got the title from advertisements in the *Review*. But Defoe indulged in hoax advertisements, and Wilson, who entered the supposed hook in his list, confessed that he had never seen a copy. I rather think that it will be found only in some lunar lihrary.

(15.) "A Letter from the Man in the Moon, etc." (1705).

(16.) "A Second Journey to the World in the Moon, etc." (1705). These are the reprints from "The Consolidator" entered as separate entries hy Lee, though he certainly did not own them, and I suspect had never seen them.

(17.) "A Declaration without Doors, etc." (1705). I have read the suhstance of this in the *Review*, hut should like to see the tract.

(18.) "The Rahhler Convicted, etc." (1706)—a copy of this is in the Advocates' Library. It is attrihuted to Defoe on the authority of Wodrow.

(19.) "The Fifteen Comforts of a Scotchman. Written by Daniel De Foe in Scotland" (1707).

(20.) "Reflections on the Lord Haversham's Speech in the Committee of the Whole House of Peers, etc." (1707). Attrihuted to Defoe by Halkett and Laing.

(21.) "Account of the Speeches in the Scottish House of Parliament for the Week preceding the Union" (1707?).

(22.) "Dr. Sacheverell's Recantation; or the Fire of St. Paul's quickly quenched, etc." (1709). Copies of this must have heen used by Sacheverell bihliographers, but I have failed to find any, and should he specially glad of information on the point.

(23.) "The New Wonder; or a Trip to St. Paul's. By the Author of the True-Born Englishman" (1710).

(24.) "Law *not* a Bottomless Pit" (1712).

(25.) "View of the Dangers of the Succession from France" (1713).

(26.) "Some National Grievances Represented" (1717)—one of Boyer's fourteen attributions—which I am anxious to see. It is in the British Museum, but I carelessly took too late a note of it.)

(27.) "An Account of the Conduct of Lord Viscount Townshend" (1717). This is the other Boyer item that I have not seen.

(28.) "Case of Poor Insolvent Dehtors and Prisoners throughout England" (1720).

(29.) "Christian Conversation in Six Dialogues, etc." (1720). There is a copy of this in the Advocates' Library.

(30.) "*Flagellum:* or, a Dry Answer to Dr. Hancocke's Wonderfully Comic Liquid Book, etc." (1723).

(31.) "Mere Nature Delineated: or a Body without a Soul, etc., (1726). Almost certainly by Defoe. I very much wish to see a copy.

(32.) "*Dissectio Mentis Humanæ:* or a Satiric Essay upon Modern Critics, etc., etc." (1730, Warner). Apparently not Defoe's.

(III.) Items not dated:

(33.) "The Lunacy—a Poem."

(34.) "Hanging no Dishonor."

(35.) "Letter to the Duke of Argyle."

(IV.) Items from the Pearson Catalogue:

(36.) "Conference with a Jacobite" (1716).

(37.) "Essay on Puhlic Industry" (1724).

(38.) "General History of Revolutions" (1712).

(39.) "Interest of Holland" (1712).

(40.) "A Layman's Vindication of the Church of England" (1716).

41.) "Le Roy sans Foi not applicable to the French King."

(42.) "Luxury, Pride, and Vanity the Bane of the English Nation."

(43.) "A Most Advantageous and Necessary Project for England" (1725).

(44.) "Narrative of the Murder of Mr. John Hayes by Catherine, his Wife."

(45.) "Proposal for Paying off Public Deht" (1720).

(46.) "Proposal for Promoting Industry" (1732).

(47.) "Regular Government and Judicious Employment of the Poor" (1721).

(48.) "Secret History of the late Ministry" (1715).

(49.) "Tavern Scuffle, or the Club in an Uproar, etc." (1726).

(50.) "To the Queen: The Treasonable Supplication of Protestant Dissenters" (1714).

(51.) "True State of Puhlic Credit" (1721).

(52.) "Two Arguments never hrought yet" (1718).

It is, of course, not unlikely, in view of the hundreds of titles I have had to search for and of the fact that some searching had to be done for me hy others, that, as I have already said, one or more of the above tracts may be found in collections I have already examined. Any information I can get will be welcome, especially with regard to items accessihle in America, and also with regard to tracts assigned to Defoe by the owners, yet not given to him by any of the chief hihliographical authorities.

W. P. Trent.

Correspondence.

REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the Presidential campaign of 1904, when long suffering housekeepers, taxpayers, and consumers cried out for tariff revision and reduced cost of living, we were told hy those having authority that undouhtedly the tariff should be revised and would be revised; hut that the tariff must be revised hy its friends. We consumers waited and hoped—more or less.

In my recollection, the tariff had twice heen revised by its friends: in Harrison's Administration, when friendly revision resulted in the McKinley tariff; and in McKinley's Administration, when it resulted in the Dingley tariff. Since which, during the last ten years, the tariff has been in the hands of its friends, its best friends, and its friends alone. One is therefore justified now in drawing conclusions upon the results of this policy of leaving it and the consumer in the hands of the friends of the tariff.

Under their guardianship we have seen higher and higher protection.

The average consumer has no idea of the amount of the tax he pays for the benefit say of the glass manufacturers.

We have seen Trusts conceived, born, and grow to monstrous proportions.

The fortunes of the favored few swell until their power has become a menace to national life.

The cost of living mounts and mounts and mounts.

Under tariff protection from foreign competition, we have seen the iron, coal, oil, and lumber of our vast territory pass almost entirely into the hands of three or four monopolies.

Do the American people understand this peril and what it means?

We have gone on waiting with what patience we might, telling ourselves that

one general crop failure (a sore price to pay for even a great lesson) would teach our remarkable people that their wealth and prosperity was founded upon a firmer base than log-rolling; to wit, natural resources, pluck, and energy, not political sleight of hand; that their wealth was in spite of protective shackles, not because of them, just as their good health is in spite of their astonishing patent medicines, not because of them. But the crops have been bountiful, and the politicians apparently able to convince the voters that this bounty was possible under protected Trusts alone, one of those necessary evils without which the good must all perish so to sneak.

Next year the United States will again be in the throes of a Presidential campaign. Can we not fight to have "the tariff revised by the friends of *the people*"?

ELEANOR H. GLASS.

Geneva, Switzerland, August 14.

BALLAD ORIGINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his notice of "The Popular Ballad," August 8, your reviewer, doubtless without design, gives his readers the impression that my "theory" of ballad origins is based on an impossible formula of the Grimms, and is a raft from the Romantic wreck to which I cling quite dolorous and alone. May I recommend to those readers, and incidentally to the reviewer, Professor Kittredge's explanation how *das Volk dichtet*, in his Introduction to the one-volume edition of Child's "Ballads"? This explanation is in expressed accord with the main doctrine which the reviewer regards as mere haze and delusion, and is set forth by a man not given to superficial studies of an important question. Taken in its Romantic form, the notion that a singing throng composed any coherent narrative ballad of the type, say, of "Robin Hood and the Monk," is as silly as to credit Johnson's Dictionary to an earthquake in the printing house. Nobody believes such stuff, nor should a modern writer be charged with believing it. Professor Kittredge has shown how a ballad like "The Hangman's Tree" could be improvised in a crowd, and by a crowd; and my object was to prove that the ballad structure itself is derived from choral repetition. Ballads themselves, however, are the outcome of tradition, which has handed down versions sprung from the most varied sources, arriving by every conceivable means at different degrees of poetic coherence and narrative art, and demanding separate lines of investigation. The inimitable note of balladry is due to the choral origins of its structure and to the impersonal tendencies of all traditional verse, but not to any miraculous or even mysterious element in its making. All poetry springs from the same poetic impulse, and is due to individuals; but the conditions under which it is made, whether originally composed in a singing and dancing throng and submitted to oral tradition, or set down on paper by the solitary and deliberate poet, have given birth to that distinction of "popular" and "artistic," or whatever the terms may be, which has obtained in some form with nearly all writers on poetry since Aristotle.

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

Haverford, Pa., August 12.

Notes.

The autumn announcement list of Charles Scribner's Sons includes "The France of To-day," by Prof. Barrett Wendell; "The Old Dominion," essays on the early life and history of Virginia, by Thomas Nelson Page; "Inquiries and Opinions," a volume of essays by Prof. Brander Matthews; "The Novels of George Meredith," a study by Elmer Ellsworth James Bailey; "Vers de Société," the fifth in Miss Carolyn Wells's series of anthologies; "The Call of the West," a presentation of America "in the process of revelation to sixteenth-century Englishmen," by Sidney Lee; "History of Babylonia and Assyria," by Hugo Winckler, translated by Prof. James A. Craig; "Paris," by Hilaire Belloc; "Chile," its history and development, natural features, products, commerce, and present condition, by G. F. Scott Elliott, with an introduction by Martin Hume; "The History of Mediæval and of Modern Civilization to the End of the Seventeenth Century," by Charles Seignobos of the University of Paris, translated, with an introduction, by Prof. James Alton James; "Marie de Medicis and the French Court of the Seventeenth Century," translated from the French of Louis Batiffol by Mary King; "Epochs in the Life of Jesus," by A. T. Robertson"; "Canon and Text of the New Testament," a new volume in the International Theological Library, by Prof. Caspar René Gregory; "The Messages of Jesus according to John," by Prof. James S. Riggs; "A Short History of the Egyptians," by Prof. James Henry Breasted; and "Source Book of Ancient Philosophy," by Prof. Charles M. Bakewell. The volumes to be added to the Original Narratives of Early American History are "Narratives of Early Virginia," edited by President L. G. Tyler of the College of William and Mary; "Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation," edited by the Hon. W. T. Davis; "Winthrop's Journal," edited by J. K. Hosmer; and "Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Savior in New England," edited by Dr. J. F. Jameson. Among Scribner's illustrated books are "Holland Sketches," by Edward Penfield; "The Arabian Nights," rewritten by Lawrence Housman; "American Birds," photographed and studied from life, by William Lovell Finley; "The Matterhorn," translated from the Italian of Guido Rey by J. E. C. Eaton; and "Pioneer Explorations and High Climbing in the Mustagh Range," by William Hunter Workman and Fanny Bullock Workman. Under the heading of fiction are Edith Wharton's "Fruit of the Tree," F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman," Prof. Henry van Dyke's "Days Off," A. E. W. Mason's "The Broken Road," Josephine Daskam Bacon's "The Domestic Adventurers," and Thomas Nelson Page's "Under the Crust." Scribner will also import "Napoleon in Egypt and the Egyptians of To-day," by Hajji A. Browne; "Rural Nooks Round London," by Charles G. Harper; "Venice on Foot," by Col. H. A. Douglas; "Studies in History and Criticism," by Prof. Pasquale Villari; and "The Life of Louis XI.," by Christopher Hare.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s fall announcement list includes "The Familiar Letters of James Howell." In two volumes, with an Introduction by Miss Agnes Repplier; Thomas Hood's ballad, "Faithless Nelly Gray," with amusing illustrations by Robert Seaver; two volumes in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx series of prize essays in economics, "The Causes of the Panic of 1893," by William Jett Lauck, and "Industrial Education," by Harlow S. Person; Part i. of vol. ii. of Charles Sprague Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs"; a new series of popular poets, in leather binding, at popular prices, including Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Emerson, Aldrich, Holmes, Lowell, Hart, and Sill; "The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt," by John Burroughs; and an autobiography by Gen. Morris Schaff. The last-mentioned book will consist of a revision and enlargement of the papers which Gen. Schaff has been contributing to the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title, "The Spirit of Old West Point."

The fall announcement list of John W. Luce & Co. of Boston includes an illustrated holiday edition of Longfellow's "Wooing of Hiawatha"; for children, "A Guide to Fairyland," by Dion Clayton Calthrop; "A Perfect Strength," a volume of poetry selected by Emily A. Maynadier; "Love Songs and Lyrics," by Jessie A. Middleton; Fogazzaro's "The Politician," translated by G. Mantellini; Petrarch's "On the Death of Madonna Laura," rendered into English by Agnes Tobin; "The Father," a tragedy by August Strinberg, translated by N. Erichsen; "From Carpathian to Pindus," by Tereza Stratilesco, a study of the Rumanian peasantry, with maps and illustrations; and "Friedrich Nietzche, His Philosophy," by Henry L. Mencken. The same firm is the American agent for the King's Classics, published in England by Chatto & Windus. This is a library of masterpieces of English literature, under the editorship of Israel Gollancz. Thirty-five titles are now ready and forty more are in preparation.

The Revell Company announces "God's Message to the Soul," the six lectures which Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") delivered in this country just before his death. The same firm will issue the "Rhodes Esperanto Dictionary," which is described as a large and comprehensive work.

Paul Elder & Co., in connection with Sisley's of London, are about to publish a handy volume series of standard works under the general title of the Panel Books. Twenty volumes will be ready in September, including "Don Juan," "Silas Marner," "Cranford," "Oliver Twist," "The Devil on Two Sticks," "Wuthering Heights," "Idylls of the King," "The Black Tulip," "The Maxims of Napoleon," the "Confessions" of Rousseau, Daudet's "Sapho," the Life of Beau Nash, Sheridan's Plays, Tales from the Decameron, "A Sentimental Journey," and Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton.

"The Quest of the Colonial" is the title of a book by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton, to be published in the autumn by the Century Company. The authors record their experiences in searching for old furniture, brass, and china. The company also has in hand for fall publication Kellogg Durland's "The Red Reign," the story of a year's

travel, adventure, and observation in Russia. It is to be illustrated with over sixty photographs.

The following additions to the World's Classics are announced by Henry Frowde as on the eve of publication: Butler's "Analogy," edited by Mr. Gladstone; Cervantes's "Don Quixote" (Jervas's translation in two volumes), edited by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly; Smollett's "Travels through France and Italy," with introduction by T. Seccombe; Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," with introduction and notes by Austin Dobson; and the first volume of the copyright reprints of Ruskin (Ruskin House editions, by an arrangement with George Allen), consisting of "Sesame and Lilies" and "The Ethics of the Dust." Galt's "Annals of the Parish" will be added to the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry, and Dr. Todhunter's translation into English verse of Heine's "Buch der Lieder" will be issued in the Oxford Library of Translations. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," with no fewer than one hundred additional poems (to the end of the nineteenth century), is being published by Frowde in the Oxford editions of Standard Authors. The whole of Fitzgerald's version of Omar Khayyám is given.

"Hymns Every Child Should Know," edited by Dolores Bacon, will be issued next month by Doubleday, Page & Co.

L. C. Page & Co. will add to their Travel Lovers' Library two volumes on Umbrian cities by A. M. and J. W. Cruickshank.

The Italian-American Directory Company of New York is preparing to issue in six large volumes, copiously illustrated, "The Catholic Church in the United States of America." The work is to appear in both English and Italian, in the early part of the coming year.

The next volume in Dr. J. Scott Keltie's Story of Exploration series will be "The Search for the Western Sea," by Lawrence J. Burpee, which the English publisher, Alston Rivers, expects to bring out in October. Mr. Burpee's book will appear in a more elaborate form than any of the preceding volumes. It will be a small quarto, with a number of special maps and about sixty illustrations, including some views of old trading forts never before published. The field covered in "The Search for the Western Sea" is that immense parallelogram forming Northwestern America, and Mr. Burpee's subject is the story of western exploration, with the long quest for a water or overland route to the Western Sea. Special arrangements are being made for a Canadian as well as an American edition of the book.

The *Century Magazine* for September contains an instalment of extracts from Horace Traubel's daily record of conversations with Walt Whitman in his old age at Camden, N. J.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have just issued five small but clearly printed volumes of Thoreau: "Excursions," with a biographical sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson; The Maine Woods," and "Cape Cod," with introduction by Annie Russell Marble; "Walden," with an introduction by Charles G. D. Roberts; and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," with an introduction by N. H. Dole.

From Lemcke & Buechner come four volumes in the tiny, yet clearly printed, Bibliotheca Romanica: Prevost's "Manon Lescaut," De Castro's "Las Mocedades del Cid." Dante's "Vita Nuova," and Villon's "Œuvres."

The Library of Congress announces a second issue of its "List of Works Relating to Railroads." This is a reprint of the list issued in 1904, with the addition of a "Select List of Recent Works Relating to Government Regulation and Government Ownership of Railroads," and the continuation of the articles in periodicals down to 1907. In this reprint are introduced some works showing the operation of government ownership in foreign countries both from a critical and a favorable standpoint. The agitation of recent years for government regulation brought forth a great body of writing, mostly published in periodicals. The present issue lists quite exhaustively these contributions to periodicals, and the select list of books gives a clue to the representative literature on both sides of the question. The legislation which resulted in the Interstate Commerce law of 1906 is represented in the Government documents listed. The List is mainly concerned with material in the Library of Congress on railroads in the United States in their economic and political relations. It embodies treatises on the theory and history of railroad combinations, governmental investigations, speeches in Congress, and reports on interstate commerce, with references to some judicial decisions. The Appendix is devoted to the Northern Securities case. The prefatory note calls special attention to the most important works on transportation, railroad combinations, and pooling, the farmer and the railroad, and legislation.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have reissued in a second edition the late Herbert C. Fyfe's "Submarine Warfare, Past and Present," revised by John Leyland. There is little to add to our notice of the first edition (1902) of this interesting and useful book. The Whitehead torpedo, in the meanwhile, has gained both speed and range, so that the later forms make over thirty knots for 2,000 yards, and are deemed effective weapons up to 4,000 yards. The submarine has increased steadily in size from the nineteen-tons of the Holland No. 3 to 800-tons in the latest French types. The additional speed thus secured, while still greatly inferior to that of the battleship, has been purchased at the cost of celerity of manœuvre, just as the porpoise is quicker than the whale. Practically no improvement has been made in the periscope by which the operator can see what is going on above the water. Subject to blurring spray, and to accident, it is yet his only means of vision when submerged. The submarine must come to the surface now and again to sight its quarry, and the latter must remain nearly stationary, else contact cannot ensue. Nevertheless, as discouraging close blockade and fostering, on the part of the non-combatant citizen, a sense of security against the enemy's naval attack, who shall say that the submarine is without value? Mr. Leyland's two chapters on "The Relative Value and Powers of Submarines" and "The Morality of Submarine Warfare" are up to date and very readable.

A popular book, "Costume: Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical," compiled by Mrs. Aria and illustrated by Percy Anderson, is published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Anderson has contributed sixteen full-page color-plates and perhaps three times as many text pictures, large and small. They are arranged, in a general way, chronologically from antiquity to the nineteenth century, and then, with a fresh start, according to the geographical disposition of the peasant costumes, the Oriental dresses, and finally the exceptional phenomena of festival dress and modern costuming. The text follows nearly the same disposition, although no special pains are taken to describe the plates in the text or to illustrate the text by the plates. The costume called the Seville Orange is a suggestive dress enough, and there is a word about it on p. 180, but this is followed by a "Botticelli dancing dress," in which one detects no special reason for the proper name, and concerning which we find no verbal explanation. Croatian peasant dresses, Greek nineteenth century costumes, and the Albanian dress for women and children are given in chapter xi., without—it may be said—an example of the Greek citizen's dress with the starched white kilt, the fustanella, but nowhere is there any explanation of the separate garments, their make and their material, how they are worn, and how they are washed. In short, the book is not a treatise on costume, nor is it of any historical authority; but it may be found suggestive. It may assist a lady to select a costume suitable to her style and to the occasion.

Excellent reproductions of some of the more interesting finds in ancient Babylonia and Assyria may be found in Dr. Albert T. Clay's "Light on the Old Testament from Babel" (The Sunday School Times Co.). The text, however, displays a vicious teudency to minimize the changes of opinion in the field of Hebrew history and religion made necessary by recent discoveries, and to gloss over the similarities and magnify the differences between Babylonian conceptions and those of the Biblical narrative. The statement that the resemblances of the Babylonian creation story and Genesis I. are "not remarkable, for we should expect them to occur in any two stories of the creation that might be written, although from entirely different quarters, and having absolutely no connection with each other," is quite too much for one's patience. Dr. Clay concludes similarly in regard to the deluge narrative that "it is not necessary to hold with certain Assyriologists that the Biblical writer must have had the Babylonian version before him," and from the parallels of the code of Hammurabi with the Mosaic laws he can conclude only "that the similarity of those laws must be ascribed to similar conditions which would give rise to them, no matter how far the one people was removed from the influence of the other." It is difficult to see how one can arrive at such conclusions.

The arguments pro and con regarding the authenticity and historical trustworthiness of the Gospel of John are stated with admirable clearness, conciseness, and impartiality by the Rev. Henry Latimer Jackson, B, D., Vicar of St. Mary's with St. Benedict's, Huntingdon, in "The Fourth

Gospel and Some Recent German Criticism" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The author has evidently kept himself thoroughly informed on all phases of the debate over what Soltau calls "das Hauptproblem aller Bibel-Kritik," and he has taken great pains to be accurate and fair in presenting both sides of the question. His temper is conservative, and he is inclined to think that the Gospel was "probably" written by an eye-witness, who may "possibly" have been the son of Zebedee. On the other hand, the large subjective element in the Fourth Gospel, and its very free portrayal of both the acts and the teaching of Jesus, are frankly admitted. Mr. Jackson has opened up the question for English readers in an admirable spirit, and with far truer appreciation of the real problem than has been the case hitherto. The book is a valuable supplement to Ernest F. Scott's essay on the theology of the Fourth Gospel, which was recently noted in these columns, and which we observe has been pronounced by Holtzmann "the most complete treatment of the Johannean theology that the new century has produced."

It is an encouraging sign of the times to find a good text-book in ethics suitable for use in secondary schools. "Everyday Ethics," by Mrs. Ella Lyman Cabot (Henry Holt & Co.), has evidently been prepared with as much care and thoroughness as if the demand made of American high schools that they teach youth how to keep the commandments and behave were as insistent as the clamor for courses in commercial bookkeeping, and "How to Know the Song Birds." The problems of philosophical ethics are, of course, left to one side, since the author has in mind pupils from thirteen to eighteen, but such moral questions as are likely to be vital to high school youth are treated with clearness of principle and aptness of illustration. The success of the author in finding examples from real life is a chief merit of the book. A "Teacher's Guide" affords useful suggestions as to methods in teaching ethics, the difficulty of which is recognized, and also references to literature.

It is noteworthy that the most Biblical of Bible lands, Palestine itself, is practically the last to become the object of systematic work at the hands of the archæologist. While the Nile valley has for a hundred years and more, and the Tigris-Euphrates valley has for fully half that time, been thoroughly searched for the remains of the ancient civilization, it has been only about eight or ten years since the Turkish Government has given the necessary firman to do this work in Palestine also. It is equally noteworthy that the different nations of the West have harmoniously coöperated in this work, especially the Germans, Austrians, English, French, and Americans. An excellent account of what has been accomplished is found in the recent work of P. Hughnes Vincent, "Canaan d'après l'exploration réccnte" (Paris: Victor Lecoffre). The Germans have been engaged chiefly near Mt. Carmel, under direction of Professor Sellin of Vienna, and more recently have begun work on the ruins of old Jericho, in immediate charge of Prof. G. Dalman. Dr. Bliss and Prof. Flinders Petrie have investigated historic sites in the southwestern parts of Palestine; and the chief result of the work has been the demonstration of the fact that civilization and culture did not begin in Palestine with the advent of the Israelites; but that, antedating this period, an older type of civilization, chiefly along Babylonian lines, was widely spread in this historic land. Strata reaching back centuries before the era of Joshua have been found, even a few cuneiform inscriptions, proving still more fully what had already been seen from the Tel-el-Amarna letters, that in pre-Mosaic times the Babylonian was the international language of diplomacy throughout western Asia and northeastern Africa.

"Ignis Ardens: Pio X. e la Corte Pontifica" (Milan: Treves) in most respects is the regulation anonymous biography, but it speaks no evil of its victim. With a superfluity of gossip, apart from the theme, it even succeeds in giving a convincing likeness of the apostolic figure in the Vatican. We see him shattering the immemorial etiquette of the Pontificate, chatting in his dear Venetian dialect with peasant pilgrims from the Veneto, eluding his custodians in order to stroll in the Vatican gardens without an equipage and an escort—in general so scandalizing the officialdom of which he is the head that he and his young secretary find themselves almost as isolated as a captain in a mutinous ship. All this is told with some exaggeration, but truly in the main. The book abounds in amusing anecdotes of "Papa Sarto," but the abiding impression is a sad one. The struggle between the brute inertia of the Curia and the geniality and simple piety of the Pope is too evidently an unequal one. Furthermore these qualities, admirable in themselves, are a sorry substitute for statesmanship, and of this indispensable accompaniment it appears that the Pope has little. To be a reincarnation of the fisherman Peter, with the world for one's parish, is a beautiful ideal, but it has no relation with the hard realities of the administration of the Roman establishment. Throughout the conclave Cardinal Sarto honestly begged his colleagues to spare him the burden of the tiara. His struggle with the difficulties of his high office, his constant foible of treating complicated situations as if they were simple, show how well he knew his own limitations. No one can read this book without profound sympathy for the genial and devout soul thrust unwillingly into the murky labyrinth of Vaticanism.

An important contribution to the bibliography of fifteenth-century literature has recently been issued by Dr. Isak Collijn of the University Library of Upsala, under the title of "Katalog der Inkunabeln der Kgl. Universitäts-Bibliothek zu Uppsala." It is the second volume to appear in the series of catalogues of incunabula in Swedish libraries, which this diligent bibliographer has in preparation. Its greatest value lies in the authoritative descriptions, here for the first time given, of more than 320 incunabula not fully described in previous bibliographies. The remainder of the 1,528 books catalogued by Dr. Collijn have received only short entries, with references to bibliographies of Hain, Proctor, and others. The catalogue has further the distinction of being one of the first, if not the first of considerable proportions to make use of Habler's Typenrepertorium. The titles are arranged alphabetically by authors and titles, with geographical index. An interesting feature is the list of previous owners, especially interesting in the case of a library enriched by Gustavus Adolphus with spoils from his Polish and German wars. Among well-known men whose ex-libris are found in the volumes enumerated in this catalogue, Copernicus should be mentioned; sixteen incunabula from his library came to Upsala with the chapter library of Frauensburg. In several of them are found manuscript notes in the astronomer's own hand.

The late Cultus Minister of Prussia, Dr. von Studt, now succeeded by Dr. Holle, just before giving up his portfolio inaugurated a complete reorganization in the management of the Royal Library in Berlin and of all the university libraries in the kingdom. He placed them all under a common library council, called Bibliotheksrat. The chairman of this body is the general director of the Royal Library, Professor Adolf Harnack of the University of Berlin, and the other members are four specialists in library matters, already selected by the minister, together with a sixth member, representing the Government. This new council has not final power, but is an advisory body. All decisions of the minister in reference to these libraries will pass through the hands of the council.

The New Yory State Library Asociation will hold its annual meeting at Stamford, Delaware County, the last week in September. The general theme is to be the place of the library in our educational system. The principal features of the programme are as follows:

"The Library and the Normal School," by Mary W. Plummer.
"Instruction in Library Economy in Normal Schools," by Ida M. Mendenhall.
Address on the general theme, by Mr. A. S. Downing.
"Libraries in the Public Schools of Manhattan," by C. G. Leland.
"Work of the New York Public Library for the Schools," by Mrs. A. J. Denley.
"Work of the State Library for Library Extension," by E. H. Anderson.
"Some Recent Books of an Interesting Type," by A. E. Bostwick.
"The Physical Care of Books," by Cedric Chivers.

In recent years the meeting of this association has asumed an importance, both in size and representative character, second only to that of the national association, and in view of the fact that the national meeting this year was at such a distance that few librarians from this State could attend, an unusually large attendance is expected.

Dr. Henry de Beltgens Gibbins, recently appointed Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Canada, died August 13 in England. He was born in 1865, and educated at Oxford. He was author of "The Industrial History of England," 1890; "The History of Commerce in Europe," 1891; "English Social Reformers," 1892; "British Commerce and Colonies," 1893; "Industry in England," 1896; "The English People in the Nineteenth Century," 1898; "Industrial and Commercial Progress of the Nineteenth Century," 1901, and "Economics of Commerce," 1905.

The recent death of the Icelandic poet and scholar, Benedikt Gröndal, at the age

of eighty-one years, removes a rather picturesque figure from the Icelandic literary horizon. Although a son of the famous Icelandic philologist Sveinbjörn Egilsson, Gröndal devoted his early life to the study of natural sciences and philosophy, later turning his attention to philological research. His best known work, the one that will doubtless live the longest, is his "Clavis poetica antiquae linguae septentrionalis," a systematic key to the periphrases employed in old Icelandic poetry, based on and forming a kind of cross-reference index to his father's famous "Lexicon Poeticum." Gröndal was a lyric poet of considerable force and merit, and it is characteristic of the manysidedness which life in a small community produces that he was also a first-rate designer, and the chief calligrapher of the island.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

The Union Cause in Kentucky, 1860-1865. By Capt. Thomas Speed, Adjutant Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

No part of the story of the Civil War deserves to be studied more attentively than the record of the conduct of the Border States from 1861 to 1865. That Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Maryland remained, in general, true to the Union, was a factor vital to Northern success. It was no doubt due to Abraham Lincoln, in the main, that these States were held to their allegiance, and in no point of his policy was his wise statesmanship more in evidence than here. But even Lincoln could have done nothing had there not been in each Border State a body of Unionists in a high degree bold and devoted. The sufferings and perils of the Border States were far in excess of those in States farther North. Not only were they scenes of conflict between the regular forces of the two combatants, but they were also constantly harried by the irregular warfare of guerrillas.

It is of especial importance that this story of the Border States should be fully and truly told; and with the conviction that the whole case has not yet been presented, Capt. Speed, a Kentucky Union soldier, belonging to a family famous as the particular friends of Lincoln, has written this book. Its value and correctness are vouched for by Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, in a cordial introduction, and it will be found useful by all who desire to understand the Civil War thoroughly. Though Capt. Speed has written other books, he has some things to learn as to bookmaking. The absence of an index is provoking; there is sometimes an introduction of irrelevant matter. Why should an entire chapter be given to a discussion of the comparative sizes of the Union and Confederate armies in general? The book does not tell a consecutive story, but is rather a not altogether well-assorted collection of fragments relating to men and events, sometimes only locally interesting. The information given, however, is often important; the reader becomes well aware that the author was a patriotic man, deeply involved in all that he describes; and that he has the worthy purpose to put in its proper light the heroism of loyal men whose work and worth have until now been inadequately celebrated.

Capt. Speed is, apparently not without reason, dissatisfied with the picture of Kentucky Unionism painted by previous historians. Among his predecessors is one man of great distinction, the late Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler of Harvard, who once wrote a history of his native State, Kentucky. Shaler was a loyal Unionist and a good soldier, but, in Speed's idea, he quite overshoots the mark in assigning merits to his foes. With an excess of candor he exalts the character of the Kentuckians who took the Southern side. Speed rejects the assertion that the "blue-grass country," the finest region of Kentucky, and the seat of the best population, went for the most part with the South, while sympathy for the North prevailed mainly among the inferior population established upon "thinner soils." He shows elaborately that the quality both of Union leaders, and also of the rank and file, ought not to be belittled in any disparaging comparison. Though men like Albert Sidney Johnston, John C. Breckenridge, J. B. Hood, and Simon Buckner stood for the South, they weigh no more, contends Speed, than the Union champions, Robert J. Breckenridge, the Crittendens, father and son; James Speed, Benjamin H. Bristow, Thomas J. Wood, and Joseph Holt. Comparing regiment with regiment, the Kentucky troops in the Confederate service showed no valor or devotion not paralleled by their brethren who fought for the Union. Among the Border States, Kentucky, perhaps, through its position and character, counted for most, and Capt. Speed's book helps one much in gaining a correct idea of its attitude and service.

The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. By William Henry Hoyt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

That a convention of "good people" of Mecklenburg County, N. C., met on May 20, 1775, and declared their independence of Great Britain in the language employed by Jefferson in the Declaration of July, 1776, constitutes the basis for the claim of the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration to historical notice. For nearly a century the claim has been discussed, and sporadic investigation has produced little result, except to leave a reasonable doubt and increase the bitterness of controversy. Local pride has fathered much evidence in favor of the convention, even to a list of the delegates, and has drawn extraordinary conclusions from that evidence. Jefferson becomes a plagiarist, his friends resort to dishonest methods to hide his theft, vital evidence is destroyed with deliberation, and a person who questions the authenticity of the Declaration had best keep away from North Carolina, where memorials in stone and bronze have been erected to perpetuate that alleged document and the memory of the framers.

Mr. Hoyt's book may be accepted as the final word on the subject. He began the study, believing that some of the reasons urged in favor of the Declaration were valid, but the results of his investigation destroy all the claims in its favor. Step by step he traces the origin of the "myth," its development, and the various stages through which it has passed in the ninety years of its existence. He has gone back to original sources, reproduces and analyzes the earliest manuscripts, and carefully applies historical tests to them. The details thus marshalled in regular sequence are so often self-contradictory that it seems strange the "myth" should have persisted as it has. No historian of note ever accepted it, but no amount of writing has convinced North Carolinians that their assertions in favor of the Declaration required stronger evidence and a better interpretation of that evidence. Even John Adams and Jefferson, when they first saw the alleged Declaration, at once recognized the weak point in the absence of contemporary evidence of either convention or its important manifesto. To this day not a line of such evidence has been produced. A sentence in a dispatch from the colonial Governor, and a general phrase in two or three letters of the day, have been used to bolster up the Declaration. Later proofs were based on the affidavits of very old men, on manufactured papers, and on garbled extracts.

No one denies that on May 31, 1775, a county convention at Mecklenburg did frame resolutions such as almost every county and town throughout the colonies were framing. They expressed discontent with ministerial measures and threatened action to obtain redress. All the real evidence used to favor a meeting on May 20 applies with equal force to the meeting of May 31, and Mr. Hoyt's summation of his studies is that the assumed resolutions of May 20 were but a "distorted record of a true manifesto of Mecklenburg County, clothed in language wholly different from that of the true manifesto, conceived in the imperfect memory of John McKevitt Alexander, and written twenty-five years after its alleged date." The book offers a very good example of an historical investigation, conducted in a judicial spirit, and carries conviction with its conclusions. The illustrations are excellent, but nothing can excuse the absence of an index.

CURRENT FICTION.

Darry's Awakening. By Dr. Helen Bouchier. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

The fate of Anglo-Indian children, more or less misused and misunderstood by relatives at home, has possessed unflagging interest, from the time of Harry and Laura, in Holiday House, to the tragedy of Mr. Kipling's Dick and Maisie. Like Clive Newcome, Harriet Manners ("Darry") has a father in India (but hers is a bad man), and, with three cousins, she is brought up by a family of elderly, repressed Scotch people.

Aunt Rhoda plays Mrs. Crabtree's rôle of tyrant, but times have changed! No taws, no dark closet! Her worst act is to eliminate the tinned salmon from an olla podrida of mixed sardines, jams, jellies, cakes, junket, and other dainties, with which the cousins propose regaling their guests at an authorized child's party. After such a piece of despotism, the young people (and strange to say, the author) consider all "grown-ups" fair game. By the time Darry is eighteen, her sweet, frank disposition has been so warped that she becomes past mistress in every kind of deceit. All the

while, however, she succeeds in preserving a high-hred girlish innocence which permits her to accept a casual diamond necklace from the young Rajah of her father's district (this is after Earnest Manners takes his daughter back to India). Mr. Manners soon proves himself just one more unreasonahle tyrant; he makes her return the jewels. Upon this, Darry concludes that she must do violence to her native candor and keep him unenlightened about all minor matters—such as her engagement to a youth who seems only introduced to be cruelly slain (by cobra hite) at a rest house, where he and Darry have stopped on the night of their elopement. On emerging from the consequent brain fever, Darry listlessly marries the man of her father's choice. Although she has shown aversion to Mr. Cunningham by every possible means, and pointedly refused him, this perfect gentleman remains convinced of her love for him. Needless to say, there is the happiest kind of ending, with that sort of after-marriage courtship which has won so many friends for the Maître des Forges and the Duchess.

This might have been an innocuous hook for girls just turning up their pigtails, had not the author apparently helieved Darry's truthfulness justifiably wrecked for life hy the tinned salmon.

The Younger Set. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

On the first page of Mr. Chambers's fluent novel Austin Gerard tosses up and catches a "glittering gold piece—souvenir of the directors' meeting which he had just left." On the second page "the boy nodded, and, drawing a gold matchbox from his waistcoat pocket, lighted his cigarette." The note which is thus struck with unmistakahle clearness at the very heginning continues resonant to the very end throughout a full symphony of dinner parties, self-sacrifice, power-hoat races, automatic elevators in new houses on upper Fifth Avenue, hridge, and hroken hearts in the tonneaus of imported motor cars. Nobody in the book has less than seven or eight thousand a year, and even the hero, Capt. Selwyn, is not poor in the ordinary sense. But he, too, towards the end, invents a terrifically effective gunpowder which the Government accepts after a prolonged test at Sandy Hook. This makes it necessary for Capt. Selwyn to take the Wall Street flyer to Sandy Hook every day.

Once only does the reality of privation enter Mr. Chambers's Phæacian pages, and that is when Capt. Selwyn's runaway wife whom he had allowed to ohtain a divorce on grounds destructive to his own character and career in the army, is abandoned hy her second husband while she is in the incipient stages of paresis. Selwyn places her in a villa with two trained nurses, a phaeton, and any numher of consulting physicians, and with hothouse grapes at two dollars a pound. As a result Selwyn is compelled to surrender his apartments, previously described as of Spartan simplicity and costing possibly eight dollars a week, for a hall hedroom costing that sum per month. Yet it would seem that the saving effected would scarcely count, in view of the enormous expense attached to that hospital villa on Long Island. However, on the last page he wins the wondrously beautiful heiress whose father and mother were directors of the American School of Archæology in Crete.

Pilgrimage. By C. E. Lawrence. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The theme of "Pilgrimage" is a variant upon the ever fruitful one which has given us "Sintram," "Ahdallah and the Four-Leaved Clover," "Everyman"—the whole literature of mystical self-conquest.

Peruel, an angel of the Army of the Lost, seeks reëntrance into heaven. Being given a chance, through the influence of Azrael, he hecomes incarnate as a foundling baby in a country called Argovie. There he grows up as Luke, swineherd to the monastery of St. Dunstan, where the situation between some of the friars vividly recalls Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister." The entire book is devoted to Luke's spiritual struggles, his persecution by bigoted monks, by outlaws, and men at arms. He is beset by recurring moral crises, devils hover about him, voices in the air reassure him. He ends, triumphant, a leper in a lazar house. The story is quite serious, including the theological discussions upon the incompatibility of divine love and divine injustice; and it satisfactorily proves that a certain vague mediæval setting, however trying in some respects, is after all better fitted to the struggles of personal devils and angels than the contemporary staging so fashionable in novels of this mystical cast.

Bachelor Betty. By Winnifred James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is an undeniahly entertaining hook in the genre of Mrs. Everard Cotes (when she was Sarah Jeannette Duncan), or the early days of Kate Douglass Wiggin's Penelope.

Coming from Australia, Betty might he twin sister to one of Miss Miriam Michelson's hreezy heroines. She rents a hachelor apartment in London and promptly acquires that throng of admirers which traditionally helongs to all young ladies who tell their soul's history in the first person. In other words, the framework of the story is perfectly hanal. What redeems it entirely from the commonplace, however, is the author's lively turn of phrase and fresh, untrammelled observation. Moreover, under thé froth of Betty's beaux and Betty's silk stockings, there is a serious attempt to picture the Australian temperament. But this effort is never allowed to he ponderous, witness the chapter where Betty reads an earnest analysis of Australian characteristics to a gathering of her fellow country people, and the humor of their outraged comments. Her view of the London dog of society (. . ."I am still rigid with astonishment at some of the things I have been learning about their private lives") tallies amusingly with certain recent English satire, such as Mr. Galsworthy's, upon the national attitude towards pets. Her snap shots are extremely happy, as the description of Mrs. Carlton Smyth, who ". . . looked like Queen Elizabeth on one of her bad days."

After relishing Betty's sallies, her racy Australian vernacular and high animal spirits, it seems the depth of ingratitude to notice that she appears to be a grossly material young person, and to confess that, if this represents the average Australian, it may not he without just cause that the old country occasionally finds the new one a trifle—common!

The Smiths. By Keble Howard. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

In "The Smiths," Kehle Howard shows a touching faith in the day of small things. Only think, what a spell Mrs. Gaskell threw over the trivialities of Cranford, and with what humhle material Jane Austen wove her masterpieccs! Consequently nothing can be too simple for the truly human-hearted novelist. One small point, however, has here been overlooked. Every one does not happen to he born Jane Austen or Mrs. Gaskell. Therefore, the record of two honest young people who marry on a small income and lead the uninspired life of the solid British middle class, may he quite as tiresome in print as it appears in its suburban villa. In treatment, "The Smiths" hark back at least to the eighteen-fifties. So old-fashioned a hook has not been written in years. The mother-in-law joke (quite free from rejuvenating touches) furnishes much of the humor, and even the satisfaction of seeing perils averted—hahy George's fever, Ralph's flyer in stocks—is denied the reader, since the most inexperienced person must see at a glance that from the very outset, "The Smiths" are hooked for a happy ending.

Devota. By Augusta Evans Wilson. New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co.

Miss Josephine Daskam once pointed out that successive generations of little hoys and girls habitually cried their eyes out over "St. Elmo." Inquiry at any circulating lihrary overwhelmingly confirms this fact. Without having read "St. Elmo," one may safely assert that not even an ornamental horder on every page, and illustrations of preternatural loveliness will quite bring "Devota" the vogue of its predecessor. It is the kind of story in which, on page one, the hostess says: "Tell Hansel to take the dog cart to the station . . . . the trap and the victoria are in the hands of the fishing party." The lady is an elegant talker! On page fifteen, she tells how "Fellow passengers shunned us as if we were lepers, and only the surgeon ventured to assist in caring for the stricken child." After this, no one will he surprised at the proud heroine's eventually surrendering with. . . "Roy, my own Roy, I am not worthy, but the world is empty and desolate for me without the love of my life."

The Human Element in the Gospels: A Commentary on the Synoptic Narrative. By George Salmon. Edited hy Newport J. D. White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50 net.

A pathetic interest attaches to this volume of the late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. It consists of notes, apparently constructed lahoriously through a period of years in the writer's old age, of whose value and prohahle fate he was himself in doubt as he penned the Introduction in which his conclusions are emhodied. Evidently the work was hrought as nearly to

completion as the author's capacity allowed, for the major part is from a second and revised draft of notes. Dr. Salmon's problem was the relation of the first three gospels to one another, and to possible documentary sources. Working at this intricate question year after year through his old age, he copied in fair Greek script the entire text of the synoptic gospels, as far as they run parallel to each other, and he ingenuously recommends this labor to students. The larger part of the volume reproduces this parallel Greek text, in small sections, with Dr. Salmon's comments on indications of priority, interdependence, mutual use of common sources, and whatever might tend in any manner to solve the problem of the literary origin of the gospels. The work is therefore an essay in the higher criticism, and not a commentary in the usual sense.

On reading the editor's Preface and the author's Introduction, one is prepared for somewhat radical departures from the usual attitude toward the evangelic narrative. The expectation is created that a scholar known for caution and conservatism will be found in his old age, in a volume published after his death, to have gone over to the opposite critical school. Dr. Salmon seems to have felt sincerely, and somewhat sorrowfully, that he had been forced to something like a revolution from his early views. However that may be, the text and conclusions of the essay itself will not afford satisfaction to even the mildest appetite for heresy and radical opinion. The most that this treatise has to advance is that much time has been wasted on verbal comparison of one gospel with another, since both may be free renderings of a common original, and that where different evangelists narrate the same occurrence, they are not to be forced into agreement, but choice must be made as to which narrative is the more probable, preference being given to the account most in harmony with our ordinary experience. Such a conclusion can scarcely be called radical, or even startlingly new. It is something, however, that a man of the cautious spirit and unquestioned learning of George Salmon was willing to maintain it.

The theory of the literary origin of the synoptics here advanced is somewhat different from that now most widely current. Instead of holding Mark to be one of the sources of Matthew and Luke, Dr. Salmon finds evidence of a common source of all three, which he entitles Q, contending that Mark abridged this source in many places. The phenomena are more simply accounted for on the theory that Mark itself is the earliest source, that Matthew and Luke both had access to a collection of teachings of the Lord, and in addition each employed authorities unknown to the other. But whatever hypothesis may finally be established, the search for sources has put the question of the credibility of the record in a new light, and it is clear that the late Provost of Trinity gave his approval to the new point of view, after very patient, independent, and conscientious study, the results of which Canon White has done well to preserve.

Deutsche Literaturgeschichte. Von Alfred Biese. In zwei Bänden. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

Just why another popular history of German literature should be attempted in a field so preoccupied by Koenig and Leixner, and so closely following the appearance last year of Engel's "Geschichte," it is hard to say, but nevertheless the attempt has been made by Dr. Biese, and evidently as a labor of love. Professor Biese is not unknown to Americans, for so recently as 1905 there was published here his rather pretentious work, "The Development of the Feeling for Nature in the Middle Ages and Modern Times." Something of the same enthusiasm characterizing those essays marks the pages of volume i. of this history (the only volume issued, the second being promised for Christmas of this year), which deals with the origin of the German language and literature, and its development through the time of Herder. One gain effected at once over the histories previously named is the size and portability of the volume; for if there are few reproductions from manuscripts and title-pages, and few portraits compared to those making up the most important feature of Koenig and Leixner, there is compensation in a book that can be held out comfortably in one's hand, and this, too, although there are twice as many illustrations as adorn Engel's quarto pages.

This necessity for condensation has affected the style of the author; in 176 pages he disposes of the whole period prior to the *Volksepos*, or "Nibelungenlied," sketching rapidly the wandering German peoples and the growth of their hero-legends, the influence of early Christianity, and the assertion of Germanic forces. In the discussion of succeeding periods, Professor Biese's aim is apparently less to find new paths than to see that what is presented accords with the latest investigation of scholars. The student used to Scherer will miss the author's expression of himself; and yet, while there is perhaps less of human interest in Biese, there are touches sufficient of the philosopher and the artist, the philologist and the author, to afford even the advanced student a relish for the modest discussions of Luther, Gottsched, Klopstock, and others. The limitations of space prevent elaborate criticism, but there is a happy outlining of the work of Lessing, Wieland, and Herder, and a sufficient insight into the *Sturm und Drang* of their day.

As a "popular" history of German literature, the illustrations command immediate attention, especially since both Koenig and Leixner, in their voluminous collation of all kinds of portrait and autographic paraphernalia, have drawn so heavily on the treasures accessible. At first sight, the volume before us suffers through its plain half-tone reproductions of illuminated manuscripts, in comparison with both Koenig and Leixner, which offer in color, among other things, the Heidelberg MS. of "Walther von der Vogelweide" and "Das Wessobrunner Gebet." What value colors may have is shown also by a comparison of the Hartmann von Aue cut in Biese with that in Koenig, as well as the title-page of the "Faust" book of Johann Spies, in Ulm, issued in 1587. The half-tone has also degraded the impression of such old-time wood-cuts as the Strassburg portraits of Sebastian Brandt and Geiler von Keifersberg, so well reproduced in Koenig and Leixner. On the other hand, Professor Biese has secured a very interesting specimen from the text of Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzifal," a couple of curiously-illustrated drinking-songs, a facsimile of MS. D. of the "Nibelungenlied"—"Daz was in einen Ziten," etc.—and a new portrait of Luther, painted by Cranach in 1525, hitherto unpublished. Some excellent portraits—many from oils, instead of the conventional old engravings—of Gerhardt, Thomasius, Leibniz, Hagedorn, Bodmer Gellert and Claudius, as well as the Graff portraits of Wieland, Lessing, and Herder, add to the value of the volume. The study of Hans Sachs in his eighty-first year does not, however, suggest the mediæval flavor of the *Holzschnitt* by Hans Brosamer, carved in 1545, and although the portrait of Martin Opitz, photographed from the oil painting in the city library at Danzig, is much better than that in Leixner, it does not equal the copper plate made by Von Heyden in 1631.

Hunting Trips in North America. By F. C. Selous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The author of this work is well known as a mighty hunter. His numerous books on Africa, which have gone through many editions, have won for him general fame as a naturalist, explorer, and sportsman. Bred in luxury, son of the chairman of the London Stock Exchange, Selous as a mere boy went out to Africa, and for years earned a good living as an elephant hunter. By his undaunted courage and his remarkable skill as a scout and explorer, he saved the situation for England in the well-known Matabele campaign. Moreover, there is one quality about all Selous's books which will win the attention of his readers: he is preëminently honest and sincere. There is no fine writing, no exaggeration; all his descriptions of adventures bear the hall-mark of truth. Though an excellent shot, he often confesses his misses and his failures. The present work on the big game of North America, while primarily a sportsman's book, will also be interesting to the general reader and the lover of nature from its admirable description of the habits of wild animals observed in their haunts by an intelligent naturalist. There are no less than sixty-five illustrations from photographs, some very good, others rather indifferent, but all interesting.

The first chapter goes over familiar ground, the hunting and shooting of some fine moose in central Canada. The rest of the book is divided between caribou hunting and exploring in Newfoundland, and very interesting accounts of trips to the Yukon and the little-known Macmillan River in northwestern Canada. Selous, as a born explorer, never cared to follow a beaten track, and in Newfoundland he laid out a line of his own into a part of the island never before trodden by the foot of a white man. Amidst these nameless lakes and vast barrens and mountains he found great herds of caribou. It is worth while to quote a characteristic

story of the fearlessness of these noble deer when undisturbed and unacquainted with man and his slaughtering gun:

While my men were bringing up the canoe, I walked three or four miles up the river. On my way I met a caribou doe and fawn coming down. At this point there was a space of about five or six yards of ground strewn with boulders and stones, between the running water and a high steep bank covered with dense forest. When I first saw the deer, they were about one hundred and fifty yards away, and as the wind was blowing down stream, they could not possibly scent me, so I sat down on a rock and waited for them. They came slowly along, picking their way among the stones, and every now and again halting to feed on the grass or the leaves of bushes growing on the bank. I sat in full view, about midway between the bank and the water, holding my rifle across my knee, and remained absolutely motionless. The doe never noticed me at all, and I am sure never for one moment imagined that I was not part of the stone on which I was sitting. She passed slowly between me and the bank, and at one time was certainly not four feet away from me. The fawn walked right on to me, and when its nose was almost touching my knees, I think must have smelt me, as it stopped and stood looking into my face with its nostrils twitching. Even when they got my wind they did not run, continually stopping and sniffing the wind and holding their absurd little tails cocked up.

One of the interesting subjects in this book is the comparisons made by the author of the several varieties of the North American caribou. Until recently, the finest specimen of the reindeer on this continent was Tarandus rangifer Terræ Novæ, the noble woodland caribou of Newfoundland. It must now, however, give way to the Osborne caribou, Tarandus rangifer Osborni, the great dark-necked caribou of the Rockies, whose distribution extends from the Cassiar Mountains of British Columbia to the Kenai Peninsula. The Osborne reindeer easily bears the palm both from its immense size and the elegance and beauty of its head and antlers. Selous had good sport in Newfoundland. He says of this almost unknown island, whose vast interior, larger than Ireland, is one great natural deer park:

I know of but one really wild country where big game is still plentiful, which can be quickly and easily reached, and where a shooting trip can be undertaken at a comparatively small cost, and that is the island of Newfoundland, while the trips to Newfoundland are comparatively easy and only involve a canoe journey up lakes and rivers with some hard walking.

Selous's expedition to the Yukon and the Macmillan River was quite a different affair—a long canoe journey of hundreds of miles and the climbing of mountains thousands of feet high. All this had to be gone through before the sportsman arrived on the real hunting grounds. The variety of game also in this far-away region is much greater than in Newfoundland. Moose, caribou, wild sheep, bears, and several varieties of wolves are all to be obtained by the daring and untiring sportsman. Poling upstream for hundreds of miles and climbing mountains six and seven thousand feet high is no work for the feather-bed hunter. Selous, though now past middle age, is, thanks to his rigidly temperate habits, able to do any amount of hard work, to carry a heavy pack all day, climb hills, and shoot straight. His experience among the great carihou of the Yukon seems a repetition of his adventures in Newfoundland. In these almost inaccessible regions of far northwestern Canada the deer were just as tame, evidently unacquainted with man. Selous seems to have had no difficulty whatever in getting his full number of fine heads of caribou. He found it harder to get good heads of moose. The complete failure was in the sheep hunting. Numbers of these most interesting animals were seen on the high mountains, but they were all ewes or lambs. One very rare specimen, the black wolf, was bagged, killed by a wonderful shot at four hundred yards.

The hardships undergone on these expeditions will not encourage wealthy lovers of ease to venture into these remote regions, but to all who are hardy and tough, like the author, who have the genuine sporting instinct strongly developed, this book will be an interesting and informing guide to Newfoundland and Northwest Canada. One last chapter is devoted to outfit, food, etc., all excellent practical hints.

A Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Edited by C. P. Lucas. Vol. vi. Australasia. By J. D. Rogers. Pp. ix., 308, 132. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

The title and appearance of this little book and the fact that it is only one volume in a series which is intended to cover the historical geography of all the British Colonies, scarcely prepare the reader for the treat in store for him when he approaches Mr. Rogers's brilliant history of the Southern Continent and the islands of the Pacific. Mr. Rogers himself has apparently taken great delight in the writing of the book. Every page seems to he a labor of love, with its clever descriptions, witty allusions, apt quotations, Biblical and classical, and swift judgments of men, of policies, and of events.

Australian history had only just begun when the eighteenth century came to an end. But Mr. Rogers is not content with a history so devoid of roots in the past, and he gives a couple of pages at the opening of his volume to proving that Pliny, in the first century, had some accurate knowledge of Australia that could only have been obtained from travellers who had been there. Whether or not this thesis can be maintained, it is certain that Australia was absolutely unknown to civilized Europe until long after Pope Alexander VI. so generously gave half the unknown world to Spain, and the other half to Portugal. In the seventeenth century various expeditions, chiefly Dutch, did a little towards exploring the inhospitable coasts of Australia; and in the eighteenth the rivalry between France and England, which was so marked a feature of colonial history in America and India, also showed itself in the Pacific. Australian history, however, can scarcely be said to begin before the loss of the American colonies had closed one chapter of British colonial history; and in its first stages Australian history was more squalid than that of any other great British colony. New South Wales was colonized in 1788 simply as an overflow jail for the English criminal courts.

Mr. Rogers lays stress on two features of this phase of Australian history—features which may afford much comfort to genealogy hunters among Australian sons and daughters of—whatever in Australia corresponds to the American patriotic societies. First, few of these early and unwilling settlers were criminals in the present day significance of the word. Under the savage penal code of England in the later eighteenth and early nineteenth century, when there were one hundred and twenty-six capital crimes, the merest peccadillo was sufficient to earn a sentence of three or four years of transportation; and as there was no provision for repatriation, these convicts, when their sentences expired, settled down and formed, according to the evidence of King, the great governor, the most useful class in the new community. The second misconception swept away by Mr. Rogers is that many, if not most of the old families, if they examine their genealogies too closely, may discover some convict ancestor. Mr. Rogers points out that owing to the fewness of the women, whether convicts or free settlers, few of the ex-convicts were able to leave any families, and that except for the work they accomplished, the whole convict class practically disappeared, "amid the execration of those whom they had benefited."

Another point on which Mr. Rogers is at variance with the popular ideas of Australian history is the influence of the gold discoveries on population and industries in the early fifties. He declares:

A chapter might be written setting forth the effects which gold is supposed to have produced and did not produce upon Australian history. The belief that these successive gold rushes suspended industry still persists, yet figures prove that during the eight worst years Australian cattle, agricultural and wool exports doubled. . . . . Gold digging was a mere passing phase. The diggers were like gleaners, selfish, unskilled, and nomadic; but unlike gleaners they preceded the harvest, which required skill, coöperation, and settled industry. . . . At the end of the transition period, that is to say, about the end of the fifties, digging sank into insignificance, mining was one out of many Australian industries, and gold-hunting became a subordinate part of the general life of the community.

Biblical and classical allusions—much more correct than the average quotations by English members of Parliament on the floor of the House of Commons—abound throughout the volume; and if Mr. Rogers is a young man, as his book leads one to suppose, they offer a proof that the enrichment of the English language and English style from these two great sources does not altogether belong to a past or passing generation.

Making a Newspaper. By John L. Given. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Writing for the Press. By Robert Luce. Fifth Edition, Boston: Clipping Bureau. Press. $1.

There are so many sorts of newspapers in the United States and they are "made" in so many different ways and under such varying conditions that no book can describe the process to the entire satisfaction of the newspaper world itself. There have been many attempts, but all of them have been either quite academic or merely an account of the methods employed on the particular newspaper or newspapers with which the author is most familiar. Certainly the impossible task has never been so nearly accomplished as in Mr. Given's

"Making a Newspaper." To personal knowledge gained on a great New York daily, he has added an extensive study of methods and conditions in every part of the country. Mr. Given's style is clear and trenchant, his phrases well chosen, and the entire book is "good reading" for any one. There is probably not a newspaper man in the country but could find many things in it he did not know before, while the layman will discover that it opens up clearly before him a world hitherto confused.

Beginning with a general introductory chapter on "The American Newspaper," Mr. Given proceeds to explain the organization of the ordinary office, and then takes up consecutively the work not only of the various editorial and news-gathering departments of the paper, but of the business and mechanical branches as well. Chapters on "Qualifications for Journalism," "Preparing for Journalism," "Getting a Situation," and "The Prizes of Journalism" may prove of service to those looking forward to a journalistic career. They are unvarnished, sensible accounts of what is expected of a beginner, and what a beginner may expect if he persists long enough to become an old-timer. They are neither so golden as to mislead, nor so dark as to serve as a warning.

Of a very different character, but also valuable in its way, is Robert Luce's "Writing for the Press," which now appears in a fifth edition, largely rewritten. The book is a manual of instruction, rudimentary and advanced, for all sorts of writers for all sorts of publications, including in its scope not only composition and rhetoric but information on such subjects as copyright, the law of libel, proofreading, illustrating, and typography.

Science.

THE INTERNATIONAL ZOÖLOGICAL CONGRESS.

BOSTON, August 24.

The seventh meeting of the International Zoölogical Congress, held at the Harvard Medical School, August 19 to 24, was successful from every point of view. Six hundred and fifty members and delegates were registered, and over 300 papers and addresses were presented. All the important countries were represented by their foremost zoölogists, who will be fêted in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington during the coming weeks. President Alexander Agassiz in his opening address emphasized the new features which have come to characterize zoölogy—physiology and mathematics. He then outlined his three famous trips in the *Albatross*, and his studies on the coral reefs and marine fauna of the Pacific. When the regular sessions began, papers followed papers with bewildering rapidity, many of great importance and interest. The impossibility of hearing more than a little of these again made it clear that in such a congress the social intercourse and the friendships formed are the chief thing.

There were seven sections, and before each an address was given by some distinguished foreigner. Of the sections, that of Animal Behavior perhaps aroused greatest popular interest. S. J. Holmes of the University of Wisconsin advanced the theory that structure is dependent on movement, instancing the regeneration of part of a planarian, during which process it seems to pull itself into shape, the portion acting as the whole animal. After many ingenious experiments with regard to the effect of light on these same animals, Dr. L. J. Cole deduced the fact which may be of wide importance, that the reaction is not to the *direction*, but to the *intensity* of the light rays. Prof. H. S. Jennings of Johns Hopkins brought out some new and remarkable facts in regard to feeding and defensive reactions in a starfish. On the upper surface of a Pacific species are some 25,000 pedicellariæ, or tiny, clasping, beak-like organs. When touched by a crab or even a fish as large as itself, these tiny organs spring upward, hold fast to the crab or fish, and do not let go until the death of the creature, or until it is drawn around to the mouth as food. In righting itself and in freeing one of its arms from a rubber band, Professor Jennings believes that the starfish shows intelligent action, not mere trophism, or trial and error. This view, of course, aroused comment from the opposing school of Loeb's followers, but the point was ably defended.

Prof. A. G. Mayer of the Carnegie Institution's Marine Laboratory at Tortugas gave considerable additional data concerning the ever-interesting annual swarming and spawning of the palolo worm in the Gulf of Mexico, at sunrise, at the third quarter of the moon in midsummer. Experiments with large masses of worm-inhabited corals in tanks proved that tidal action is not a factor in bringing about the swarming, but moonlight is. The fact is inexplicable, yet the worms remain quiescent if kept in the dark, while even diffused moonlight will stimulate them at the proper time. If the eggs are accidentally liberated even six hours before the appointed time, they fail to become fertilized. Prof. B. G. Wilder of Cornell University told of a beetle which in a space of three minutes feigned death in two very different ways. When picked up in the hand, it drew in the antennæ and legs closely, feigning death and dropping helplessly to the floor. When seized by a tree toad, it instantly spread wide all its limbs, holding legs and antennæ out stiffly from the body, making of itself so inedible an object that it was promptly ejected by the toad, and walked away in safety.

Prof. F. H. Herrick of Western Reserve gave a detailed account of a careful study of a colony of herring gulls on the Maine coast. By living among them in a carefully concealed blind, he watched them at close range and found that each pair had its well-defined range or preserve bounded by logs or other marks, within which was the nest and regular feeding place. As long as the young remained within this little paddock they were safe, but as soon as they encroached upon a neighboring preserve they were driven back or killed. When the parent flies down to feed the young, it first picks up bits of grass and twigs and offers them to the young bird. This Professor Herrick regards as a kind of education, teaching the young gulls to pick up their food from the ground, for, until they can fly, they feed chiefly on insects.

One of the most notable addresses was by Sir John Murray of the classic "Challenger" expedition. He dwelt upon the wonderful advances made by Americans in oceanography. It is now known that there are ninety-one places in mid-ocean which are more than 3,000 fathoms in depth, while more than two-thirds of the Pacific is over two miles deep. Shallow submarine ridges are known which, like lofty terrestrial mountain ranges, offer absolute barriers to the dispersal of organisms. So cold are the Arctic and Antarctic Seas, and so slowly do life processes move in these regions, that the tiny animals dredged from the sea, which in the tropics are but a few days old, may in the cold frozen seas be ten or more years old. Thus the life cycles of animals there may be many times longer than in the tropics.

"The Problem of Organic Development: Facts and Theories" was the subject of the address of Prof. C. O. Whitman of the University of Chicago before the Section of General Zoölogy. A well-maintained point was that there is no real transference of inherited qualities, as each daughter cell is an *actual part* of the mother cell. Reviewing the three main theories of evolution now in the field, Professor Whitman holds that mutation stands for gaps and no bridges; that selection follows chance advantages and cannot explain useless structures; while the orthogenetic theory gives opportunity to trace past sequences of characters and to prophesy future development. It accounts for parallelisms occurring under radically different conditions.

The lecture room was packed to the doors during the address of Prof. Jacques Loeb of the University of California, on the "Chemical Character of Fertilization." The wonderfully close approach of his researches to actual origin of life gave to them deep interest. By immersing unfertilized eggs in a hypertonic sea-water, a process of oxidation is set up which actually inaugurates and successfully completes the process of normal fertilization. Prof. R. W. Tower of the American Museum of Natural History told of his success in producing a new type of beetle *rotundus* from a brood of normal *Septinotarsa decemlineata* by a change of 12 per cent. in the humidity of the environment. The widely important fact, however, was that the change began with a very slight difference in the young larva, which gradually increased until the apparent mutation of the adult form was reached. There was, contrary to the ideas of De Vries, *no discontinuity*. Variation is a process, not a product. Another address which aroused the enthusiasm of all was that given by Prof. W. Bateson of Cambridge University of England, on "Facts Limiting the Theory of Heredity." He announced that at last the differentiation of sex in the germ had been established as a fact, for he had discovered in the female eggs of an insect an extra chromosome which was lacking in the male eggs.

Prof. H. F. Osborn of Columbia delivered an address on "Evolution as it Appears to the Paleontologist," in which he enunciated some general laws of great significance. Starting with the very beginning of the life of an organism, there are four inseparable factors which interact on each other and influence the organism. These are heredity, ontogeny, environment, and selection. A change in any one of these factors produces a change in all. A paleontologist can never prove discontinuity owing to the

chance of the intervening links being undiscovered. One of the most interesting facts thus far established is the strange directional potentiality of evolution, as, if a fruit-eating monkey should become herbivorous, cusps would appear on the molars, the position of which could be foretold.

Prof. A. A. W. Hubrecht of the University of Utrecht addressed a section on the larval envelopes of vertebrate embryos, and laid stress on the remarkable similarity of the early stages of all vertebrates. The embryos of man and the hedgehog are especially alike.

Among other valuable papers were those by Prof. E. G. Spaulding on "Postulates and Results in Treating the Problem of Conduct"; Prof. J. E. Reighard of the University of Michigan, Prof. H. B. Ward of the University of Nebraska, on the distribution of parasites, and President D. S. Jordan of Stanford University on the value of systematic zoölogy.

Among The Century Company's educational issues this autumn will be a new and revised edition of Dr. Alexander Smith's "Laboratory Outlines of General Chemistry," prepared in collaboration with Dr. William J. Hale, of the University of Michigan.

A great many interesting facts are given by Profs. Otaki, Fujita, and Higurashi, in their beautifully illustrated work, "Fisbes of Japan, an account principally of Economic Species." This has been appearing serially in Tokio, and has recently reached completion. Only a certain number of species come within the scope of treatment, and these are not taken up systematically, but their ecology is considered with unusual thoroughness, accounts being given of distribution, habits, propagation, economic value, and modes of capture. The text is in both English and Japanese. As one among many other valuable food fish, the catch of tunny in 1899, amounted to 79,124,002 pounds valued at about $1,570,000. Most interesting of all and especially esteemed for the table is the ayu, or Japanese samlet (*Plecoglossus altivelis*), a kind of dwarf salmon with delicate flesh of delicious taste and odor when fried or broiled. This fish it is which furnishes the best sport with the captive fishing cormorants. Certain places in the province of Mino have been noted for this mode of fishing for over 2,500 years.

The title of H. Charlton Bastian's "Evolution of Life" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is misleading, for instead of considering evolution on a wide scale, it is merely an elaborate and detailed attempt to prove the reality of archebiosis or spontaneous generation. The overwhelming evidence against such a theory leaves one with hardly an unbiassed mind to criticise a volume on the subject. It will suffice to state that Dr. Bastian claims that ordinary bacilli, as well as vibriones, cocci, streptococci, torulæ, and other germs of fungi, appear almost regularly in his plugged, experimental vessels after they have been heated for from ten to twenty minutes to temperatures ranging from 115 degrees to 130 degrees C. He then naïvely adds: "These organisms which we have seen to be living —which developed and multiplied—must, therefore, have been evolved *de novo*. What other answer is it possible to give?" With practically all the eminent bacteriologists of the world flatly denying such a postulate of spontaneous generation, we can only add, in deference to Dr. Bastian's evident sincerity, that his experiments must be at fault in some way; there is some loophole unguarded.

The third edition of Pyle's "Manual of Personal Hygiene" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.); is enlarged by a section of ten pages on home gymnastics, one of fifty on domestic hygiene, and another of about thirty on "hydrotherapy, thermotherapy, and mechanotherapy" (tempting the uninitiated to do too much), and also on "first aid." Much of the new matter is good, but many of the suggestions are too vague for the readers for whom the book is intended. This is particularly the case with the discussion of foods, cellars, drainage, heating, and ventilation, where decidedly more definite explanations or descriptions are needed to make the work really helpful. The advice on the management of emergencies is in the main sound, but the use of the stomach pump requires far more explicit directions to make it safe or effective, and the treatment of poisoning by oxalic acid (p. 427) is confusingly inconsistent with that of the later list (p. 429). There is also a new glossary with no indication of the pronunciation and containing not a few superfluities. A glossary that, to give one example almost at random, defines "excrescence" and omits "fomites" fails of its purpose.

In "Practical Health" (The Metaphysical Publishing Co.), L. E. Whipple, "principal of the American School of Metaphysics," seeks to simplify the application of doctrines presented for some years past in several editions of his widely read "Mental Healing." The supremacy of mind, the influence of "images" for good or ill, the fact that "the healing power of genuine ideas, thus rightly applied with definite purpose, is irresistible" (p. 193), would seem to be the central doctrine of the book. Thought transference is accepted as essential to all systems of mental healing, and is held to exist "at least sub-consciously among all people," and to be common among animals as far down as fishes "of the larger type," and even among insects. While no one familiar with disease will doubt that the essentials of mental healing may bring relief or recovery in certain special cases, by no means infrequent, it is interesting to observe the attitude of the author and his school to the larger problems of human ills. This seems to be well indicated in a single paragraph (p. 52):

> The fact that the microbe is present together with a given disease has led to a supposition that it was the cause of that condition. This, followed by experiment, has led to the acceptance of the theory. If the experiments had been conducted under a different expectation of thought it is safe to say that the results would have been correspondingly different. In subconscious action the human mind can both make and destroy microbes and bacteria as easily as it can build and animate cells in the human body, or control the thinking of other men, acts which to-day no well-informed person will attempt to deny. Bacterial parasites are not the work of God, but the legitimate outcome of man's own destructive thought. He makes and *he* can destroy them all. It only requires a knowledge of the kind of thought which produces each species.

An international conference on plant hardiness and acclimatization will be held in this city on October 1-3, under the auspices of the Horticultural Society of New York.

Drama.

In the Mermaid Series (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), volumes are in preparation containing plays of Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Bulwer. There will also be a volume of plays preceding Shakespeare.

To commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the dramatist Goldoni, the Municipio of Venice has recently published a book, "Della Vita e dell' Arte di Carlo Goldoni." This volume reflects great credit upon the Istituto Veneto di Arti Grafiche, by which it was printed, but it will not win an authoritative position for Giuseppe Ortolani, by whom it was written. It is true that Goldoni's works have not yet been properly edited (though a limited commemorative edition is now well under way); nor have we accurate information as to Goldoni's manuscripts or the printed texts; but the author of this *Saggio storico* (whom difficulties of such a sort do not concern) has failed to avail himself of the materials at hand, and has written a book in which many good ideas occur as if by chance amid countless inaccuracies. The *indice* is merely a brief list of chapter-headings; there is no genuine index; and we are asked implicitly to take the author's word for whatever statement he may see fit to make. As G. G. Coulton has so vigorously said in his book "From St. Francis to Dante" (p. 9), whatever a writer's prepossessions may be, "he can count upon a sympathetic public of his own, and upon comparative immunity from criticism; since his separate blunders, unsupported by references, can be traced and exposed only with the greatest difficulty; and in the present state of public opinion, nobody thinks the worse of him for making the most sweeping statements without adequate documentary vouchers." This is a slight exaggeration, but Mr. Coulton's invective applies none the less to the author of the present book. It is easy enough, however, to point out some of the worst errors. For instance, Signor Ortolani declares (p. 18) that the mediæval stage had not strength enough to fecundate "either here [in Italy], or elsewhere, any masterpiece." The justifiable inference is that he had never heard of "Robin and Marion," or of "Maître Patelin" (either of which will bear comparison with any of Goldoni's comedies), or of "Everyman." The author's sketch of the Italian stage before Goldoni is the work of one who gallops by night because he is not wise enough to go deliberately by day. There is still room for an accurate study of the life and works of Carlo Goldoni.

A Society for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge would find a good field of activity in the "Goethe Jahrbuch," of which the twenty-eighth volume has just been issued. Gleaners have been active so long that little but straw remains to be raked up. Some kernels of wheat, however, may

be found in eacb of these volumes, of which Ludwig Geiger is the editor. Probably the most interesting of the newly discovered documents is a letter written shortly before the poet's death, addressed to a Prussian official. He writes:

Twenty years I was director of a theatre, and my efforts were rewarded with applause, . . . But this extended experience convinced me that perhaps no other business is so dependent on what the moment brings. . . . Everytbing is so uncertain and fleeting that one never knows up to the day, and the very hour, wbat one should decide to do.

Concerning the question of autbor's royalty he makes this sensible suggestion:

He should be allowed the full receipts of the third performance, and of all later repetitions a percentage. . . . In that way both sides have an advantage; the director gives a royalty only for plays that succeed, and it is the author's affair to gain tbe public favor at once and to retain it.

The "Jabrbuch" also contains some jottings made by Goethe for the continuance of his autobiography beyond the year in which it breaks off; they were discovered in the Weimar archives by Kurt Jahn.

Music.

Simple Counterpoint in Forty Lessons. By Friedrich J. Lehmann. G. Schirmer.

The Art of Counterpoint. By C. H. Kitson. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Until about a thousand years ago, music was purely melodic. None of tbe ancient nations had what we call harmony—the deliberate sounding together of two or more tones of different pitch, other than the octave. Then came the crudest form of polyphony—the singing by monks of the same melody in parallel fourths or fiftbs. From this horrible practice was gradually developed the art of counterpoint—the free invention of counter-melodies to a given melody. The harmonies resulting from this interweaving of melodies were at first merely accidental, and it was not until several centuries later that harmony was aimed at for its own sake.

Although counterpoint thus antedates harmony, in modern courses of instruction the student of counterpoint is supposed to have previously mastered harmony. This is the case with Mr. Lehmann's book, which is also otherwise strictly conventional. He follows the antediluvian custom of classing major and minor thirds and sixths as "imperfect" consonances. However, in three- and four-part writing, he allows, "in certain ways" tbe unprepared seventh and ninth, and the six-four chord, which is really most kind. His volume was written primarily for the classes at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, and tbe autbor claims for it that it affords more than the usual practice in combining species, which is true.

Dr. Kitson's "The Art of Counterpoint," we are pleased to say, is not one of the many treatises on tbat subject wbich are based on previous treatises. He is rigbt in maintaining that in tbese text books, theory has been built upon theory and personal bias, until tbe original musical basis has been forgotten, the result being a system of counterpoint which has little connection with the past and none with the present, containing a code of arbitrary rules which do not represent the technique of any period of musical art:

To pretend that such a system has a certain disciplinary value, implies a low view of the purpose of contrapuntal study. Moreover, a discipline which forbids the student to write wbat is correct both from a relative and an absolute point of view is illogical and useless. The true province of contrapuntal study is the attainment of tbe art of pure vocal part-writing.

This art reached its perfection in tbe works of Palestrina, and it is tbence that our author directly derives his rule. After making the student conversant with the five orders of counterpoint, he shows him how to study Palestrina for himself. As a matter of course, other composers are not ignored; on p. 230, *e. g.*, references are given to modern examples of eight-part work by Parry, Lloyd, Harwood, Bach, Wesley, Mendelssobn. The concluding paragraph of this scholarly book is worth quoting:

The counterpoint of Palestrina has formed the harmony of Bach; the counterpoint of Bach has enlarged tbe harmonic resource of the modern diatonic scbool. The counterpoint of tbis school has formed the harmony of Wagner, Dvorák, Elgar, and Strauss. In this way bas the unessential merged into the essential; and tbe student may await with interest further developments of tbis nature.

Those who regard music as a factor in national development will be glad to hear of the formation of a Welsh Folksong Society, for the collecting and preserving, and in some cases for the publishing of Welsh folksongs, carols, ballads, and tunes. The first meeting in connection with it was held at Carnarvon during tbe National Eisteddfod of 1906. It resulted in the appointment of a committee consisting of the two originators, Sir Harry Reichel of tbe Bangor University College, and A. P. Graves, the inventor of "Father O'Flynn"; Sir William Preece, the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M. P., etc., to draw up a constitution and rules, these to be submitted to the subscribers at tbe Swansea Eisteddfod this autumn. In the opinion of tbe founders of the society, the study of the native melodies may be expected not only to throw ligbt on the past of the Welsh people, and to help to maintain the continuity of its ideals and culture in tbe future, but also to be a starting-point for the creation of a national school of music. Just as Grieg breatbes the spirit of Norwegian folklore, Liszt of tbe Hungarian, and Villiers Stanford of the Irish, so a school of Welsh composers, if it is to have a vigorous life, must be based on the musical genius of the Cymry, as seen in the "Alaw Gymreig," sacred and secular. That the society aims at influencing Welsh education is sbown by the fact that, besides thirty-nine from the thirteen counties, the General Council is to include members appointed by the tbree University Colleges, the Eisteddfod Association, the National Union of Teachers, the Association of Headmasters of County Scbools, etc. Intending subscribers, five shillings per annum, honorary subscribers, ten and six, should communicate with the secretaries, J. Lloyd Williams and L. D. Jones, University College, Bangor. It is hoped that Welsbmen living in America will give help both by becoming members of the society, and by drawing on the memories of other settlers from the Principality. It is noteworthy tbat a large body of Irish music was collected from Irish emigrants by Mr. O'Neill, for many years the chief of police in Chicago.

During the opera season at Covent Garden, London, which closed late in July, Wagner and Puccini were as usual in the lead. Wagner had twenty performances, Puccini nineteen. Together they had thirty-nine of the eighty-five performances. Beside their works, the list contained "Traviata," "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," "Hänsel and Gretel," "Bastien and Bastienne," "Aïda," "Lucia," "Carmen," "Ballo in Maschera," "Fédora," "Andrea Chénier," "Loreley," "Faust," "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Paris is to bave in addition to its two older opera houses, the Grand and the Comique, two more, the Théâtre Lyrique International and the Théâtre Lyrique Populaire. The Populaire is to have five hundred ten-cent seats. Tbe repertory will contain works of the French school cbiefly, such as "Dame Blanche," "Fra Diavolo," "Zampa," "La Juive," and "Le Propbète.

Art.

Glass. By Edward Dillon, pp. xxviii., 374. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.75.

Tbis book is the latest addition to the Connoisseur's Library, that interesting series which we have treated in these columns on several occasions. Mr. Dillon has contributed one previous volume, the book on porcelain, 1904; and we have for purposes of comparison these two books by the same author, dealing with two branches of decorative art, one tbe best known and tbe other the least known of all. Ceramic art, if not porcelain properly so called, is the most generally popular among collectors, great and small, the most studied, and of all the arts of decoration the most sure to interest outsiders. Glass, however—who knows anything about glass? Who collects or studies or has studied the glass vessels of antiquity, of tbe middle ages, or even of modern times? Tbere are a few enthusiasts in this way, and any one of those will tell you that he finds but little admiration for his possessions and little sympathy for his pursuit.

The museums of Europe and some of tbose of America sbow great collections of glass found in graves on the Mediterranean sbore. Tbese pieces have one admirable quality, diversity of graceful form. They have one less artistic but equally interesting quality, the charm of unexpectedness in their simple metbods of added decoration. Tbus a glass vial found in an island of the sea, or one of those brougbt to market to-day, dug up from the sands of the Asiatic Levant, is adorned by the application of from two to eight or ten handles, useful or ornamental, and by purely ornamental zigzags and scrolls, all made of thin strips of glass pulled out and applied when hot. Others, again, have no adornment further than a thread of glass wound round stem, or neck, or body. Otbers, again, are modelled in relief, probably by having been blown in a mould, whose forms the hot glass takes very readily. Again some are

decorated in color by the application to a pale blue, grayish green, or wine-colored body, of strips of more vivid color. As a general thing these ancient glasses are thought precious for the beauty of their superficial iridescence; and the result of this preference is that the lover of the classical forms and of the purposed decoration of the pieces may often buy, cheaply enough, those vases which have not suffered that decay from which the iridescence comes. This matter has been well explained in the book before us; chapters iii. and iv., with plates vi. and vii., present the simple glass vessels which we have tried to describe very briefly, and treat of the iridescence, its cause and its nature. One is glad to see, as on pages 16 and 17, the complete examination of the changes which take place in a solid wall of glass, by means of which its surface becomes brilliantly colored indeed, but also soft and pasty. This curious process of decay would be less attractive, perhaps, if it were understood how much the nature of the material had changed in putting on the brilliant hues.

On the other hand, the mention of modern attempts at procuring that iridescence by technical means and without weakening the material, has received inadequate treatment. In the brief chapter on contemporary glass the fact of such imitation is mentioned, and is ascribed to "Messrs. Tiffany, the well-known goldsmiths of New York." The artist who actually introduced and still makes the Tiffany Favrile glass would be as much surprised to hear that statement of its origin as he would be disturbed at finding no mention at all of his other experiments in coloring surfaces. Not "artificial iridescence" alone, but a whole system of decorative coloring in waves, in zigzags and scrolls, in clouds and spots, makes up the chief beauty of the Favrile glass; and this has been successfully repeated, though on a smaller scale, in Vienna and Paris at least—undoubtedly in other European cities as well. Now this modern surface decoration is not of the greatest charm, because it is not placed on the vase or the bowl with deliberate care. It is left, as it were, to expand, and the surface is thought sufficiently adorned if the clouds and waves of color spread over it without much control. In these respects this glass is as different as possible from the enamelled; nor has the process anything to do with enamelling in the strict sense of the term. And yet as a fairly representative piece of nineteenth century decoration the Tiffany Favrile glass and the similar glass made in certain European capitals are important—that century had so little to show of independent and novel design in handicraft.

Very recent experiments in glass decoration have been but slightly touched upon in this work. The wonderful effects got by Rousseau of Paris in laying coat upon coat of varied colored glass and cutting through in the manner of cameo-engraving but with curious differences which cannot be described here; the admirable enamelling on cold, or finished, glass by Brocard of Paris, and others, a process familiar to some through the wonderful imitations of famous Saracenic mosque lamps, but also to be found in wholly modern pieces intended for modern uses; the beautiful drinking glasses which were exhibited in the Austrian department at the Paris exhibition of 1900, and which, as it appears, were brought to the United States—all of these are left without mention in this volume. Now, we cannot blame a book or a work of art for not being what it does not pretend to be, but a large volume with the general title "Glass," may be called to account if it gives no hint of the interesting things which are being done in our times. Rousseau, Brocard, and, in a way, Louis C. Tiffany have, indeed, been named in the brief final chapter, and with them Gallé of Nancy, and Cros, but nothing is said to tell the reader what is really attractive about their work.

Otherwise the book is what one might expect from a conscientious workman. One collector will be disappointed, another will be pleased. The writer of this review is distressed to find that Mr. Dillon has cared so little about the Roman glass with *fiori*, as the Venetians call them, flower-like scraps of color in the translucent body. That ware also has been copied in modern times, though feebly and with limited success. Those solid pieces, thick and heavy castings as they seem, have been accused by some students of being, in their conception, foreign to the true nature of glass. They are, indeed, very different in character from the light and delicate spun, twisted, and blown vessels which for twenty-five centuries have delighted mankind; but if glass is so metallic in its nature that it may be treated in that more ponderous as also in the lighter way, why should not this way be accepted as another fashion of treating decorative glass? The same question applies to the glass vessels which are made beautiful by their spirals and zig-zags in inlay of opaque glass of vivid colors, such as are given on plate ii. of Mr. Dillon's book. That also is an art which seems contrary to the true nature of the material; but so is enamelling upon glass. In the latter process you take the transparent vessel completely shaped, and apply to it ornaments of colored paste which might equally well have been put upon a body of metal or of porcelain. In this connection it is interesting to consider what the Chinese have done in glass, for they are fond of it as of an artificial stone, semi-precious, hard, of beautiful colors, and taking a high polish. Considering it in that way, as an artificial rival to jade and to crystal, they carve it into simple or complicated forms, and one is glad to see that plate xlix. of Mr. Dillon's book is devoted to those Far Eastern pieces.

There are forty-nine plates, many of them in color. The subjects are well chosen, with some apparent care to omit all well-known individual pieces, and even well-known types. The Index, though a dozen pages long, is far from complete. The student is so often surprised by meeting, in the text, with that which he has sought in vain in the Index, that he learns to work with the list of chapters and the list of illustrations, and to find his way by slow turning of the leaves.

In the Library of Art (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) the volume "Rembrandt," by Prof. Baldwin Brown of Edinburgh will soon be ready. The new volume in the Langham series of art monographs is "Pompeii as an Art City," by E. V. Mayer.

The *Burlington Magazine* for August is largely given over to Claude, twenty-two of his drawings being reproduced, accompanied by an intelligent and pleasantly written analysis of his art by Roger E. Fry and notes on the individual drawings by C. J. H. In the result one finds Claude a more interesting and original artist than one had imagined him, many of the drawings having a surprisingly modern air as to both vision and handling. They show how much the Lorrainer could see and feel that he did not deem suitable for elaboration in his limited, if exquisite, manner. Of the other contents of the number, the most interesting is a reproduction of Van Dyck's portrait of the Marchesa Giovanni Battista Cattaneo, recently acquired by the National Gallery, a fine and sober work of the artist's Italian period, showing, so far as one may judge, little reminiscence of Rubens and nothing of his own later affectation. The section on Art in America is devoted to two Cassone fronts in the Jarvis collection at New Haven, written of by W. Rankin, and to an account, by Kenyon Cox, of the union of the National Academy of Design and the Society of American Artists and the consequent liberalization of the constitution of the Academy, concluding with an appeal for the increased gallery accommodation so urgently needed for the proper exhibition of the work of our artists.

In the course of preparation of one of his vast and comprehensive works, a "Repertoire de peintures," Salomon Reinach found himself the possessor of a number of photographs of pictures of different epochs, the reproduction of which in anything more than outline had been abandoned as impracticable for that publication. A number of these photographs he has now published, through Lévy et Fils, in a thin quarto, entitled "Tableaux inédits ou peu connus tirés de collections françaises." The fifty-six plates reproduce the complete compositions, and some parts of compositions on an enlarged scale, of forty-eight pictures of various schools, and of dates ranging from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. Many of them have a real beauty, but almost all of them have an interest of mystery—they are ambiguous productions, possessing analogies with the work of more than one master, or even of more than one school—difficult to classify, therefore, and of uncertain attribution. In many cases one is inclined to think that the puzzle interested M. Reinach more than the picture, which does not of itself present any great charm or decided merit. In his notes he is, as was to be expected, admirably lucid, and quite impartial, giving all the facts, and stating all the difficulties, hazarding a conjecture now and then, but rarely drawing a definite conclusion. The phototype plates are not all equally well executed, but most of them are at least passable. Plate xiv., however, is very poor, and it may be the fault of the reproduction, rather than that of the original, which inclines us to doubt the attribution of this Portrait of a Man to Rembrandt.

In 1896, the Macmillans brought out, in

three heavy volumes, a translation of Richard Muther's "History of Modern Painting," the most elaborate and generally useful history of painting in the nineteenth century. Now E. P. Dutton & Co. give us, in four lighter volumes, the same translation, revised by the author, and brought down to the end of the century. The revision includes omission as well as addition and rearrangement, and certain rather long-winded passages which have been excised will hardly be missed. But it is in its illustration that the new edition differs most widely from the old. This has been done entirely anew, not only as to execution, but, often, as to choice of examples. There are probably fewer illustrations in the present volumes, but they are generally larger, and, almost invariably, better done. One of the innovations is the inclusion of a considerable number of reproductions in color to which we cannot give very high praise. On the whole, however, the book is improved in its new dress.

The latest issue of the *Mitteilungen* (No. 33) of the German Orientgesellschaft is a richly illustrated report of the archæological researches in the society's two great fields of operation, Assyria-Babylonia and Egypt. Near the city walls of Assur, Dr. W. Andrae has discovered the historic New Year's Festival House, which was erected by King Senharrib after the destruction of Babylon in 689 B. C., for the glorification of the Assyrian national divinity. This structure, so famous in ancient times, turns out to be highly important for our knowledge of Assyrian architecture. In Babylon the investigations were conducted by the chief of the expedition, Professor Koldewey, who has an exceptionally huge pile of ruins to deal with. His most interesting find has been a building from the period of Artaxerxes, ornamented with many colored enamelled brick. In Egypt the society has continued its researches in the pyramid field of Abusir er-Rirah, near Cairo, and can report among other things a group of large and beautiful reliefs from the fifth dynasty. The full account of the society's excavations at the pyramid and the temple of King Ne-user-re, in so far as they belong to the old kingdom, has now been published by Hinrichs of Leipzig, as the seventh volume of the Scientific Reports of the Orient Society, prepared by the leader of the Egyptian expedition, Professor Ludwig Borchardt.

On the east side of the Theseion in Athens, one of the best preserved temples of antiquity, the Greek Archæological Society has undertaken excavations for the purpose of laying bare the old Agora of the city. Foundation walls have already been found, which probably belonged to the *peribolos* of the temple, which evidently was similar to that of the temple of the Olympian Zeus in Athens. As soon as the surrounding land can be purchased, these excavations are to be continued. Dr. Dörpfeld is of the conviction that in this neighborhood the remnants of the Royal Hall will be found.

M. de Morgan, in his report of last winter's excavations at Susa, speaks of the discovery of numerous and important inscriptions concerning the history of Elam and Chaldea, "the cradle of our civilizations." Among the art objects there is an alabaster statue of King Manichtusu, with its date (4000 B.C.) practically authenticated by an inscription. There is also a superb specimen of painted ceramics of the same century, found at the depth of twenty-five metres amid the ruins. M. de Morgan believes this, with the ante-historic pottery of Egypt, to be the forerunner of the potter's art in Mediterranean countries.

The eighteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water-Color Club will be held in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, No. 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, November 2 to 24.

Finance.

REDUCTION OF A DIVIDEND.

The reduction of its semi-annual dividend by the Southern Railway, last Friday, was an incident in the rapidly unfolding financial situation which, for several reasons, has attracted particular attention. During all of the commotion of 1903, the important and reassuring fact was that no great railway gave any sign of financial weakness. Such dividend reductions as did occur in that period, fell almost exclusively in the ranks of industrial corporations which were recognized as experiments. The announcement therefore that this important railway, which has been paying five per cent. annually on its preferred stock since 1901, had reduced its rate to a three per cent. basis created some little consternation in the market. The news was followed, naturally, by another decline in prices, which seriously dampened the better feeling, which had developed on the markets during the previous week's pause in Stock Exchange liquidation.

Before passing judgment on the exact meaning of this reduction, and especially before drawing any conclusions as to whether further incidents of the sort are likely to follow, it will be necessary to examine the circumstances which led to it. In the first place, the action was not unexpected; in the second place it occurred, not as a consequence of declining revenues, but as a direct result of the existing peculiar conditions in the money market. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, the Southern Railway, after paying the $3,000,000 called for by the five per cent. dividend on its preferred stock, reported a surplus of $2,229,000. In the fiscal year ending with last June, gross earnings were $3,016,000 greater than in the preceding twelve months, yet operating expenses increased so heavily that net receipts actually decreased $1,909,000. This decrease in net income was, it will be seen, nearly enough to offset the surplus which had existed the previous year, before payment of the dividend. When it is added that the year's payments for interest and rentals were $1,400,000 above those of the fiscal year 1906, it is plain that, in the present year, the five per cent. dividend simply was not earned. Even after the cut of last Friday, which reduced the payment for the whole past year to four per cent.—the full semi-annual rate having been paid last April—a deficit is left after paying the dividend just declared. The balance available for dividends, after paying expenses and interest, was $2,209,000, against $5,229,000 the year before, and a four per cent. dividend called for $2,400,000. A full year's dividend, at the three per cent. rate now established, would have left a moderate surplus.

Why should net earnings have fallen in this way, when gross receipts were mounting so handsomely, and when transportation rates have been maintained? The answer lies mainly in the fact that the company found itself confronted with the need of large expenditure to keep its tracks, stations, and rolling stock in order—this at a time when the money market simply refused to take new securities on reasonable terms. The result of this deadlock of credit was that the Southern Railway did what any prudent company would have done—it appropriated unusually large sums from current income to provide the money for improvements. For instance, the increase in expenditures on tracks, as compared with a year before, was $537,000, and on equipment $987,000; while to this had to be added the enormous increase of $3,130,000 in what railway men call "cost of conducting transportation"—this increase being chiefly attributable to the rise in wages. In announcing their dividend reduction, the directors gave out a formal statement that they "were influenced by consideration that the income account for the year reflects such abnormal and extraordinary conditions as may not reasonably be expected to recur." On this point there will be rather general agreement. That the present blockade of credit facilities cannot possibly last indefinitely, all experienced financiers believe. Mere accumulation of new capital will settle it in time. But the matter of higher wages, at a moment when the price of the finished product—in this case transportation—cannot be raised proportionately, is one of the formidable problems brought before the whole community by the present abnormal economic situation.

When, however, one comes to the larger question whether the Southern Railway incident is or is not likely to foreshadow similar occurrences, one may answer without great difficulty. There are doubtless some railways which, like the Southern, have been handicapped by lack of working capital, and by the poor condition into which their plant had been allowed to fall before the enterprise was established or reorganized. The Southern Railway is a salvage from one of the numerous wrecks of 1893—wrecks which involved not only companies whose financial weakness has been more or less continuous, but also railways of such present enormous strength as the Union and the Northern Pacific. Such companies as those last mentioned had the double advantage of being organized at a time when they could be so adequately capitalized as to start with a well-filled purse, and of running through a country where the movement of material prosperity during the decade past has been most decided. The Southern Railway was reorganized in 1894, before markets were fairly on their feet again; it comprised in itself a group of exceedingly ill-equipped and run-down lines, traversing a section which was the last to reap the benefits of the prolonged industrial

boom. The result was that provision for expenditure on plant was ill-made at the start, and that the need for such expenditure was greater than in most other companies of its size. But the very facts here reviewed go to show that the case of the company is by no means a fair measure of conditions in American railways generally. The majority of the greater companies have been able, during the period of prosperity, to make such provision for the future, in the way of accumulated surplus and expenditure on the line, as would easily avert even such moderate embarrassment as has been suffered by the Southern.

As to the relation of the Southern Railway's action to the market as a whole, investors need be reminded that the reduction of a corporation dividend, especially when made for temporary causes, may at times be not only prudent in itself, but may be distinctly reassuring as a sign that the management is taking no risks in a doubtful crisis. Ideas occasionally grow confused among people who look at railways from the point of view of Stock Exchange quotations and the investment list. One need, however, only ask what would be thought of a manufacturer who, when his company was short of money and improvements were immediately needed in the plant, should go on paying a maximum dividend while borrowing at extortionate prices on his notes, or while letting his property deteriorate. Nothing is commoner among private business men than reduction of such annual distribution for exactly the purposes announced by the Southern Railway.

Nor can it safely be assumed that this particular reduction, even if it were to be followed by some others, would have any serious meaning to the financial future. There need only be recalled such episodes, in the similar stringency of 1903, as the entire cutting-off of the dividend on United States Steel common stock, the abandonment for a year of the 7 per cent. dividend on Republic Steel, for two years of the 4 per cent. dividend on the American Car and Foundry, and the cutting in two of dividends on half a dozen other important companies. In these very cases, the United States Steel has restored one-half of the dividend then abandoned; the Republic Steel has in recent years not only resumed its old rate of payment, but has paid back all previous shortages from the original 7 per cent. rate; while most of the others are paying at the same rate as prior to 1903. Meantime, the general situation, far from having been injured by the prudent action of these companies, was greatly strengthened by it, and the companies placed in a position where they were able thereafter to look forward with equanimity to another financial storm.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, David P. Behind the Scenes with Mediums. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Adams, Samuel. The Writings of. Edited by Harry A. Cushing. Vol. III. Putnams. $5.
Allen, Hamilton Ford. The Infinitive in Polybius compared with the Infinitive in Biblical Greek. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents net.
Annals of Harvard College Observatory. Vol. LX. No. V.; Vol. LX., No. IV.; Vol. XLVII., Pa t I.; Vol. LVII., Part I.; Vol. LXII., Part I. Cambridge. Published by the Observatory.
Bagot, Richard. Temptation. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Baldwin, James. An American Book of Golden Deeds. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Brown, Hanbury. Irrigation: Its Principles and Practice as a Branch of Engineering. D. Van Nostrand Co. $5 net.
Brown, Katharine Holland. Dawn. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Browne, Thomas. The Religio Medici. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.
Chamberlin, Georgia Louise, and Mary Root Kern. Sunday Story Reminders.—Child Religion in Song and Story. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.
Chambers, E. K., and F. Sidgwick. Early English Lyrics. London: A. H. Bullen.
Christmas Anthology. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.
Church's Laboratory Guide. Revised by Edward Kinch. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.
Clarke, George Herbert. Some Reminiscences and Early Letters of Sidney Lanier. Macon, Ga.: J. W. Burke Co.
Coulton, G. G. From St. Francis to Dante. London: David Nutt.
Coutts, Francis. The Heresy of Job. $2 net. The Romance of King Arthur. $1.25 net. John Lane Co.
Deutsches Leben der Vergangenheit in Bildern. Lemcke & Buechner.
Dresslar, Fletcher Bascom. Superstition and Education. Berkeley: University Press.
Drummond, Henry. Natural Law in the Spiritual World. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.
Edgar, Madalen. Stories from Morris. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Erskine-Murray, James. A Handbook of Wireless Telegraphy. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.50 net.
Fanshawe, Ann Lady. The Memoirs of. John Lane Co. $5 net.
Fleming, J. Dick. Israel's Golden Age. Imported by Scribners. 45 cents.
Fox-Davies, A. C. The Mauleverer Murders. John Lane Co. $1.50.
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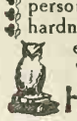

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The Week.

Certain dark oracles were uttered by Vice-President Fairbanks at the Irrigation Congress in California on Monday. He referred to unnamed "doctrinaires" who are "encouraging commercial unrest," and mysteriously hinted that "unwise policies" might result in "arresting" business. He also dwelt upon "confidence," and warned his hearers against any rash man who should try to "undermine" it. Now, whom or what could the Vice-President have meant? If he had not expressly declared that he was not talking politics, we should have known what to suspect. If a Democrat had said these things, we should have understood the references. But it cannot be that things have come to such a pass that a Republican aspirant to the Presidency should even allude to Mr. Roosevelt as a "doctrinaire." The right to hurl that adjective is exclusively reserved to the President: to apply it to him, is almost as bad as calling him a nature-faker. Can it be that the "woolly horse" of Indiana is taking his revenge? Or has Taft's complete identification of himself with Roosevelt compelled Fairbanks to stand apart? One mistake the Vice-President certainly appears to have made. He said that we have "a surfeit of politics," and now need "more business and less politics." That will seem a hard doctrine in Indiana. There they eat, drink, and sleep politics.

Speaker Cannon's interview, published very widely last week, is worth the careful attention of every man who would know what chance the President has of obtaining from Congress the "more drastic" laws which he has declared to be necessary. As Speaker, which he surely will be again if he lives, he will have enormous power in shaping the legislative action of the House, and his ideas of what that should be he gives in words that cannot fail to be taken at Oyster Bay as a threat. Premising that the session of Congress beginning next December will fall at a critical time, both financially and politically, Speaker Cannon emits this warning note:

> If Congress does not act wisely at the next session; if it is not actuated by calmness and patriotism; if it makes great mistakes and fails to meet the approval of the reasoning American public, there will not be much need for the election of delegates to the next National Convention of the Republican party.

That may seem very general and orphic, but further on in the interview Mr. Cannon becomes more precise. "It would be a crime," he declares, "if Congress should do anything at this time to upset business." This might seem only an echo of the familiar cry of the lotus-eating tariff beneficiaries: "Let us alone." But that cannot be what the Speaker means this time. It has been generally agreed by high Republican authorities, including Lodge, Taft, and the President himself, that nothing shall be done about tariff revision either this year or next. So the "crime" which is troubling the spirit of Uncle Joe cannot be the laying of a sacrilegious hand upon the ark of the high tariff. The President's thoughts are all of making old laws more stringent, and getting new ones. And there can be little doubt that all this is clearly in the Speaker's mind when he says that Congress must give its strength to the passing of the appropriations, and refrain with a holy horror from making any of the "mistakes" which would upset business and the Republican party at the same time.

If additional evidence were wanted to disprove the "absolute necessity" of our fleet's presence in the Pacific, it may be had in the growing tale of Japan's difficulties and misfortunes. Her financial condition is serious, with taxation mounting to the maximum of endurance and the national credit showing signs of exhaustion in a period of tight money markets. The two years since the close of the war have been marked by a succession of internal disasters. The treaty of Portsmouth had scarcely been signed when news of the devastating famine in the northern provinces began to replace the bulletins of Japanese victories in Manchuria. Famine, at the present moment, is again threatening the country; Hakodate, laid low by fire, has 60,000 homeless sufferers; Tokio alone shelters 80,000 victims of recent floods. Much nearer home than San Francisco or the Philippines, Korea calls for attention on the part of the Government; and the increase of anti-Japanese feeling among the Europeans in China, not excluding the subjects of friendly and allied Great Britain, is a factor which any prudent government would consider before setting out to pick a new quarrel. Japan is now busy paying the price for her new dignity as a great Power, and, in all human reason, should have had enough of greatness for a while.

The desire for a Democrat who has "carried" some necessary Northern State is partly responsible for the mention of Lieut.-Gov. Chanler as a Presidential possibility. Thus we find that, while no one appears to have anything but a good word for "New York's dark horse," the real reason for his availability is contained in the figures which show how far he ran ahead of Hearst last fall. Democrats with qualifications of this sort did not figure to such a degree in the canvass of 1904. Parker's own sweep of New York State had been in an off-year, as far back as 1897. To-day there can be enlisted, if not a regiment, at least a good corporal's guard of Democrats who have won fights in the enemy's country. While New York has a Republican Governor with a complement of Democratic State officials, there are seven States in which the conditions are just reversed. Chamberlain of Oregon, Toole of Montana, Sparks of Nevada, Burke of North Dakota, Folk of Missouri, Johnson of Minnesota, and Higgins of Rhode Island all were elected in the face of opposition strong enough to carry all or part of the other State offices. The wonder is that with this unusual, if not unprecedented, condition, any Democrat can hold the view that there is only one available candidate, and he the twice-defeated Bryan.

In his attack on the courts at the Jamestown Exposition on Monday Mr. Gompers betrayed a one-sided habit of thought. As a labor leader, he was, of course, bound to rail at the writ of injunction, yet he gave strange reasons for his opposition. He said that it deprives "the laboring men of our country of their Constitutional guarantee, before the law; it is an indirect assertion of a property right in men when these men are workmen engaged in a lawful effort; it never was intended and never should be applied to deprive men of their personal rights or the right of man's ownership of himself." These objections, even granting that they were well founded, are precisely those which the non-union worker urges against the acts of the union. It deprives him of his liberty and tells him: "Your attempt to work in opposition to our fiat is unlawful. You do not own yourself; we own you."

The decline in the price of British consols, and the high rates paid by New York city for money, are two among many symptoms of the demand for new capital. One of the best evidences of its magnitude is afforded by the statistics, just made public by the British Board of Trade, of the organization of stock companies in Great Britain during the past twenty years. It appears that the number of "going" companies, after throwing out those which have disappeared as the result of incompetent or

dishonest management, increased from 10,494 in 1887 to 23,728 in 1897, and 43,038 in 1907. The increase in numbers, however, is less significant than the increase in amount of paid-up capital. This stood at £591,508,692 in 1887, £1,285,042,021 in 1897, and £2,061,010,586 in 1907. It would be misleading to interpret this remarkable increase as an accurate measure of the growth in industry. While such a growth is a factor in the increase in corporation capital, the larger part undoubtedly represents the conversion of private partnerships into joint-stock companies. British industrial enterprises, therefore, have appeared in the money market during the past twenty years with an average annual appeal for about £70,000,000 of new capital, the actual needs being probably larger in the last few years than in some of the earlier years. It is not surprising that with this demand for company capital encountering demands from the Government for about $800,000,000 in new consols and similar securities since 1898, there was sharp bidding for the supply in the market. Consols suffered in price, and rates for money rose. This acute demand for capital has not been limited to Great Britain. The computation which is made annually by *Le Moniteur des Intérêts Matériels* of the output of new securities throughout the world placed the amount of such issues in 1906, outside the United States, at $4,350,000,000, subject to reduction by refunding and conversion operations to about $2,500,000,000. If to this is added about $1,000,000,000 for the United States, the net new issues of 1906 stood at about $3,500,000,000. These figures in themselves are a sufficient explanation of the scarcity of capital at the present time, and the difficulty of floating new enterprises. Other influences may have accentuated the disturbance in the stock markets, especially in our own; but even very favorable political conditions would be incapable of calling out capital adequate for meeting recent demands.

The action of the Erie Railroad directors, in the matter of dividends on the stock, calls for a word of comment. The case of the Erie is in some respects similar to that of the Southern Railway, which recently reduced its semi-annual dividend from 2½ to 1½ per cent.; that is to say, in each case the company was capable of earning and paying its usual dividend, provided it could borrow on reasonable terms the money imperatively needed for work on road-bed and rolling stock. Unable thus to procure the money—which would have been a proper enough charge on capital account—the Southern used for the purpose so large a part of its actual revenues that the surplus left after paying interest charges was too small to provide for the usual dividend disbursement. The Erie actually earned a surplus large enough for the purpose, though this may conceivably have been because its appropriation from earnings for improvements was less liberal than the Southern's; but it was nevertheless equally confronted with the dilemma of providing for future expenditure on property. Rather than omit the dividend, or reduce it like the Southern, Erie's directors resorted to an old-time expedient whereby dividends at the previous rate are paid to shareholders, not in cash, but in "scrip" or "warrants," bearing 4 per cent. annual interest, and redeemable in cash ten years from now. This action, we think, is open to serious criticism. The fundamental fact is that the company is borrowing to pay dividends, and at an hour when use of credit ought to be cautious in the extreme. Even if the operation is conceded to be, as Wall Street describes it, a mere forced loan from the company's own shareholders, at a lower rate than the general money market grants, that does not alter the fact that Erie is going in debt unnecessarily, and is laying on its future resources a burden of $1,600,000—the amount of the dividends declared—in order to avoid the unpleasant duty of cutting down payments to the shareholders. The expedient is no doubt ingenious, but to test its validity, one need only ask what the consequences would be if all of the railways were to adopt it. The resulting situation would be as mischievous as absurd, and it could end only in the entanglement of railway finance and the discredit of the companies.

While Gov. Hughes is explaining in speeches his idea of regulating corporations through a Public Service Commission, that Commission itself is illustrating the method by action. The orders which it has just issued for the betterment of transit conditions in New York are to be put into effect only after a hearing. If the companies can show that the increase of cars and trains is physically impossible, then the orders will not be enforced. This is reasonable and fair to all concerned. Investigation has preceded the step now contemplated, and the traction managers are, out of abundant precaution, to be allowed to consider the matter, and to present their side of the case. Anybody can see how far superior this plan is to the old one of going to the Legislature to get separate bills passed for the relief of passenger traffic in this city. That meant a struggle at Albany over two or three measures, with more or less success, and then an end for a year of all attempts at improvement. To-day, however, we have a body continuously sitting, clothed with all the power of the Legislature in transit matters, and able to hear complaints, study remedies, and issue orders, year in and year out. There is promise in this of regulation that regulates.

In deciding to contest in the courts the power of the Public Service Commission to order the Interborough-Metropolitan to open its books, the lawyers of that corporation have acted after the manner of their kind. They see "a chance" that the law may be declared unconstitutional, or that it may be technically defective as regards a holding company, and so they are for a legal fight over the question. They may be right, from the professional point of view, but we are convinced that the course they advise is exceedingly unwise? If their contest reveal a flaw in the statute, the Legislature will be certain to mend it next winter. Should the whole measure be declared unconstitutional, we should say that an investigation by the Legislature of the whole unsavory past of the Metropolitan would surely follow. But leaving all these hazards out of the account, how mistaken and impossible is the policy of secrecy as respects a public-service corporation like this. Its future stability and success will depend almost wholly upon public confidence, and how can that be won if the accounts be concealed, and the impression given that the books will not bear inspection by the Commission? Absolute frankness and entire publicity are now the only course for such companies, and counsel who advise anything else give bad advice, no matter how "eminent" they may be.

Canada is fast taking rank with the Australasian Colonies of Great Britain as an almost hysterical champion of the "all-white continent" idea. The immigration of some two thousand Japanese in the course of a year has been sufficient to throw British Columbia into a fever of protest which is said to be quite as intense as our own San Francisco upheaval. The anti-Japanese agitation tends to assume more and more the character of an epidemic, since it is inconceivable that Canada, with her vast empty spaces, should so soon begin to protect herself by raising barriers against immigration. British Columbia has a population of less than half a person to the acre; it is admitted that the Japanese would be useful in connection with the extensive railway-building operations now under way; the country has not seriously felt the curse of Asiatic immigration; yet "there is a feeling among the inhabitants generally that there is a menace behind the movement." If the menace consists in the fact that, in view of Japan's prestige, Canada will not be able to avail herself of the Japanese laborer to a certain point and then turn upon him as we have done upon the Chinese, that may

be true. But as for his underbidding the white workingman, there is ample authority to show that the Oriental quickly learns to rise to the highest prevailing scale of wages. "There was a time," so runs the complaint, "when the white man and the Indian were employed in the fisheries of the Fraser River, but they have been crowded out by the Japanese." Since Canada is conceded to be enjoying uncommon prosperity and has no threatening idle class, this can only mean that the Japanese have crowded the white fisherman into more remunerative employment.

This is a day for giving thanks that we are not like our British cousins who tolerate a war secretary who buys 400,000 horseshoes in another country, for no other reason than that they are "satisfactory, both as regards price and efficiency.". If we let price and efficiency govern our buying, Heaven only knows what would become of our government contracts. But there is something uncommonly queer about Mr. Haldane's contemptible horseshoes. They were not made in any of the countries which on the maps of our protectionists are blocked out in the tint which stands for "pauper labor." In fact, they were made in the United States of America, where wages and the standard of living are higher than anywhere else in the world. Thus, after confessing by a tariff of one cent per pound that our own horseshoemakers are unable to withstand free competition with other nations, we see these same horseshoe-makers getting the business of a foreign government—which, more than a private customer, would give the benefit of every doubt to the English bidder—in the face of that same open competition. The product in question is not a large factor in the industrial world, yet there is one famous parable which begins with a horseshoe and a horseshoe nail and ends with the loss of a kingdom.

The passage of the Deceased Wife's Sister bill was sure to cause serious trouble in the Church of England. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London have forbidden their clergy to celebrate or recognize such marriages. On the other hand, the Assistant Bishop of Manchester takes a directly contrary view, holding that any kind of social or religious boycott of those who with a clear conscience take advantage of the amended law would be unjust. In case a clergyman of the Canterbury province disregarded the warning of the Archbishop, he would incur no penalty but a reprimand for performing a perfectly legal act. If, however he followed the Archbishop's advice, he would be within his rights, as no clergyman is bound to read the marriage service on demand. Yet it surely cannot help the Church to place herself deliberately in opposition to the law of the land. And if the refusal of some clergyman to perform a legal marriage ceremony should be brought to the attention of the Prime Minister, he might imitate the letter which Lord John Russell wrote to the Dean of Hereford, who had informed him that he would not vote for Dr. Hampden (accused of unorthodoxy) as Bishop. It ran:

> SIR: I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 22nd inst., in which you intimate to me your intention of violating the law. I have, etc.,
>
> J. RUSSELL.

An all-inclusive benignance irradiates the German Emperor's address to his Westphalian subjects at Münster. Catholics and Protestants, farmers and industrialists, workmen and burgesses are told that they are equal sharers in their monarch's affection and devoted service. There is no denouncing of selfish interests, no riding down of rebellious Social-Democrats. This a great change from the purple passion of less than two years ago, when the loosened sabre was constantly being rattled in its case, the powder was continually being reëxamined to make quite sure that it was dry, and Germany, like a man suffering from the mania of persecution, was everlastingly facing the world, "hand on hip, eyes straight to the front." The Emperor's new attitude is indicative of the general relaxation in the strain of European politics. The Continent seems to have awakened from an evil dream of plots and ambuscades, the bitter aftertaste, no doubt, of the war between Russia and Japan. Passions have subsided, and why should not the Kaiser grow affable? England, instead of being the arch-plotter of Germany's ruin, has recently shown, through her King, a desire to arrive at an amiable understanding. France, with her new problem of Morocco, can harbor no evil designs. The Social-Democrats have been beaten and, chastened by defeat, promised at their recent Congress to be good in the matter of rendering loyal military service.

A sharp controversy has been raging in the European press over the question whether Gambetta secretly visited Bismarck in 1878. Francis Laur, Gambetta's literary executor, has published an article asserting that he did, and giving details (rather vague, it must be admitted) of the conversation between the two statesmen. But he offers not a scrap of documentary proof. He is not even sure whether the interview took place at Friedrichsruh or at Varzin. This is rather disconcerting, especially in view of the fact that Bismarck never made the slightest reference in his reminiscences or letters to the visit of Gambetta, if it occurred, and that the minute Busch never mentioned it. Indeed, Count Herbert Bismarck did not know of the affair, and now roundly asserts that M. Laur is building upon nothing but conjecture. That Gambetta made several tours in Germany *incognito* was well known before. It is wholly possible that he may have passed through Friedrichsruh as one of many unknown travellers. But that he actually saw Bismarck and had a confidential three hours' talk with him, cannot yet be regarded as established. What M. Laur makes perfectly certain, however, is that Bismarck came to feel more kindly towards Gambetta, as towards the French republic, and that he would have welcomed a better understanding with France. To Gambetta's credit also must be set down the fact that he discarded the policy of implacable *revanche*, and saw the advantage of getting on good terms with Germany long before the possibility of such a thing was conceded by the vast majority of Frenchmen. On the other hand, M. Laur admits that Gambetta did not foresee at all the alliance with Russia, which was so soon to become the fixed policy and hope of France.

The anti-clerical agitation in Italy, while losing nothing in effectiveness, shows signs of recovery from the hysteria evoked by the charges brought against the Salesian brothers at Varazze and against religious institutions elsewhere. Over the testimony of the boy Besson, a pupil of the Salesians who has given circumstantial accounts of the most shocking practices in the Cloister School where he was a student, a warm controversy is now in full tilt. A part of the press, supported by the opinions of "experts," asserts that the lad is the victim of his own delusions and that his stories regarding the celebration of the Black Mass were derived from the edifying "revelations" of Leo Taxil. But the more respectable section of the radical press has gone on from the discussion of isolated scandals to urge a thorough investigation of all the institutions maintained by the Salesians in Italy. These are some eighty in number, and include academic institutions, trade and art schools, and printing establishments. The vows of poverty imposed by the founder of the order, Don Bosco, are, according to the *Vita* of Rome, flagrantly violated. High fees are charged to outside pupils, while poor boys, taken in by the brothers under the guise of charity, are in reality shamelessly exploited, being compelled to perform hard labor in return for the barest sustenance. From the printing-press of the order, continues the *Vita*, issue edifying works in which Jews are represented as cutting open the veins of helpless Christians and drinking their blood.

TWO YEARS OF THE LIBERALS.

The proroguing of Parliament invites to a taking of stock of the Liberal party, after two years in power. First, as to leaders, present and prospective—always the most interesting question in politics. How are the old men faring? What new men are coming forward? Of the Prime Minister, it must at least be said that he has held his own. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was at first thought of as a mere stop-gap Premier; he has shown himself a unifying and directing force in his party, for whom it would be very hard to find a substitute. His bluff vigor, Scotch wariness, and personal kindliness have enhanced his authority. He is, however, well stricken in years, and his health is none of the firmest; so that he can scarcely be expected long to bear the burdens of the party leadership.

Next after him comes Mr. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a cool head and powerful debater; but there are both personal and political reasons why he could hardly be expected to succeed Sir Henry. Mr. Haldane, the War Minister, has shown marked ability, and has carried a bill for army reform through Parliament in a way greatly to heighten his prestige. But he is not thought of for the party leadership. No more is Mr. Birrell, who has filled two difficult offices and adorned them by witty and pregnant speech such as might have been expected from this lit'ry feller in politics. Mr. Morley has seemed almost buried in the India Office. Winston Churchill, on the contrary, has often been to the fore. His aggressive and somewhat bumptious manner, his hard hitting in debate—he is said to be the only Liberal who could stand up and give Chamberlain as good as he got from him—and his keen instinct for what is popular with the masses have given him the reputation of a man who has risen fast, but may easily go far. Another of the young men of great promise is Lewis Harcourt. He had charge of the land bill in the Commons, and conducted it to passage with such skill as to win praise from his adversaries. Lord Rosebery, as a brilliant free lance, has apparently taken himself out of the running. If the party leadership were now to fall vacant, Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, would be preferred before him.

Turning to "measures, not men," there is necessarily a sense of disappointment in weighing Liberal achievement against Liberal hopes and promises. This, however, is nearly always the case when a party comes into power with a great majority. It expects to make all things new, but the tough old world refuses to be altered while you wait. The Liberals have had two peculiar difficulties in the way of carrying out their programme of legislation—the Lords and the Irish. The former have got in the way of educational and electoral and land reform; the latter have wrecked the Irish Councils bill. Yet a calm estimate of the whole legislative record would show a respectable balance in favor of the Liberals. They have been a working government. They have put through a large number of bills for legal and mercantile and social reform. Their land bill, though but a modest beginning, may prove epoch-making. And in the conduct of foreign affairs they have been eminently successful.

Trouble is plainly afoot in Ireland, but this will not necessarily mean disadvantage to the Liberals as a party. They have tried conciliation, but it has been rejected by the Nationalists; now if they are called upon to put down sedition, they will surely do it with firmness, and thereby rob the Tories of a favorite weapon. Nor is the lot of the Irish themselves altogether happy, except as they are happiest when in a turmoil. Mr. Redmond is having to defend himself from attacks in the rear. The new Sinn Fein party in Ireland speaks as bitterly of the Irish Nationalists as the latter do of the English. The tactics of the Sinn Fein movement, which appears to be making rapid headway, is to withdraw the Irish representation at Westminster altogether, as an idle farce which merely serves to keep certain politicians in office, paid out of the Irish Fund, and to set up a sort of National Council of the people's own in Ireland. This, of course, would be extra-legal, but its decisions might be binding on Irishmen. It is proposed, also, to establish tribunals for the settlement of civil disputes, leaving the English judges in Ireland with nothing to do; to encourage a sort of passive resistance to taxation; to keep Irishmen from enlisting in the army, or taking service on the police; to buy only articles of Irish production or manufacture, and, in a multitude of ways, to make Ireland look to herself instead of to England. By such means, the leaders of the Sinn Fein party argue, Hungary attained her national recognition, and wrested the *Ausgleich* from Austria. Something of that kind is aimed at for Ireland. It will scarcely come in that way, but the striving for it will mean great bitterness and disturbance among the Irish factions. The Liberals can afford to await the outcome.

A few months ago, the Conservatives were talking with great confidence of an early Liberal break-up and their own return to office. Of this less is heard recently. The Liberals have a good deal to show, and are going about the kingdom saying, with much plausibility, that they would have had much more had it not been for an obstructive Tory House of Lords. This looks like a good card, as may be seen by the nervousness which Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne betray over its production. Furthermore, the swelling of the Socialist and Labor vote at bye-elections, if it means fresh demands upon the Liberals, bodes no good to the Conservatives. Hence the sober opinion of the cooler-headed Tories is that the Liberals are pretty sure to remain in power at least two years more.

SOCIALISM GROWING SOBER.

That Socialism is becoming conservative is a fair statement of the impression produced on the outside world by the International Congress which met at Stuttgart during the week of August 18-25. The practical spirit manifested in the resolutions adopted by some nine hundred delegates from all the six continents, is not an entirely new phenomenon in the Socialist movement, for it is no paradox to say that both the recent triumphs and recent defeats of the party have served to endow its leaders with a sense of responsibility that we are not accustomed to associate with the utterances of the extreme collectivist partisan. On the one hand, if Socialists feel convinced, as Eduard Bernstein declared at Stuttgart, that their "world-parliaments are becoming increasingly the arbiters of the casting vote," the pressure of practical considerations would act in the direction of a wise self-restraint. On the other hand, if the German Social Democrats, as frankly avowed by Bebel, have learned from this year's Reichstag elections that the spirit of nationality cannot be antagonized without serious consequences, that, too, would be a powerful argument for moderation. Evidently, the Socialists are discovering that like every other party or creed they must take public feeling seriously into account.

Of the questions which the Stuttgart Congress took under consideration, the four most important were anti-militarism, colonization, freedom of emigration and immigration, and the policy that should govern the relations between Socialists as a political party and the labor unions. The question of anti-militarism was of great importance to the French Socialists, whose ranks it has badly disorganized. Hervéism, as the movement is called in France after its most uncompromising exponent, teaches that it is the duty of the working class to make war impossible by all means in their power—refusal to serve in the army, insubordination, armed strike, and, in the case of the actual declaration of hostilities, by armed insurrection. The anti-militarist agitation has placed the French Socialist leaders in Parliament in an extremely difficult position. M. Jaurès has dared neither to break with Hervé because of the latter's powerful following, nor, for obvious reasons, openly to embrace his views. His attempts at compromise have not

been conspicuously successful, and the congress of French Socialists which met several weeks ago at Nancy adopted a resolution which is conceded to have been in part at least a triumph for the anti-militarists. "I see," a French paper makes an honest citizen say, "that Jaurès has rejected Hervé's views." "Yes," replied his neighbor, "with open arms."

Hervéism, at Stuttgart, was bitterly assailed by the German and English Socialists. To the latter it was, possibly, more or less an academic question, but to the Germans the matter was vital. If we should adopt the anti-militarist propaganda, Bebel declared in substance, our three million Socialist votes would disappear. In other words, close as the Socialist creed may be to the heart of the average German Social-Democrat, it cannot as yet venture to disregard such elementary sentiments as national and local patriotism. Hervé, with the terrible logic of the fanatic, demanded of Bebel what the German Social-Democrats would do if war was declared between Germany and France, and the French Socialists should rise in insurrection. Bebel did not reply. But when Hervé asked again, "For whom shall we, then, be fighting?" the Belgian leader, Vandervelde, responded, "For the King of Prussia!" The Congress thought so, too. It passed a resolution calling upon Socialists to exert their influence to prevent war, but—significantly—if war did exist, to labor for the re-establishment of peace; a declaration which any middle-class congress might have adopted.

The English Independent Labor party had submitted to the International Socialist Bureau an amendment abolishing the requirement that trade unions invited to participate in the international congresses must be "formally based on the principle of class struggle." The bureau recommended that the amendment be rejected. The Congress adopted a resolution declaring for the establishment of close relations between the various national Socialist parties and the labor unions. The latter, it went on to say, could not, unless imbued with the Socialist spirit, take effective part in the regeneration of the working class. This may be called a moderate declaration because it is capable of being variously interpreted. In Germany, where the Socialist party and the labor unions work hand in hand and are equally Marxian in their tendencies, it can work no particular change. In Great Britain, where the trade unions are "imbued with the Socialist spirit" without being quite prepared to base themselves "formally on the principle of class-struggle," the resolution does not compel them to a formal pronouncement, comprehensiveness, and not rigid orthodoxy, is the keynote of a policy that hopes, as M. Vandervelde declared, to conquer the world as primitive Christianity did.

In the matter of emigration and immigration, the Australian and American delegates argued for a policy of restriction. Socialists though they were, they could not escape the limitations of their environment, which in Australia calls aloud for an "all-white" Australia and in San Francisco professes fear of a yellow peril. The Congress declared against the importation of foreign laborers "as strike-breakers," a formula which the restrictionists could accept with perfect good grace on the principle that exclusion by any other name is just as sweet.

Only on the question of colonization did the radicals carry the Congress. Colonialism was condemned *in toto*, but only by a bare majority of nineteen, and after a commission had reported in favor of a moderate declaration on the subject. Both sides agreed that colonial expansion brought no direct benefit to the working class, which had to bear the cost of foreign adventure in money and lives. But whereas the minority maintained that external growth on the part of a nation was, after all, in line with the general course of history, their opponents successfully upheld the thesis that civilized society must first establish justice at home before it set out to teach justice to the heathen.

REAL UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

A notable conference was held at Oxford last month, attended by delegates from two hundred working-men's organizations, to discuss means of bringing the university into closer relations with the laboring classes. These, as the Bishop of Birmingham pointed out, are now the governing classes in Great Britain—a truth strongly emphasized by the huge Liberal majority in Parliament, and by the radical measures, such as old-age pensions, urged by the present Government. Within two generations the extensions of the suffrage have slowly but surely transferred the power from the aristocracy and the upper middle class to the millions of wage-earners in the big manufacturing cities. In the meantime Oxford and Cambridge, true to their tradition as the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, have continued to educate the youth of the nobility and the well-to-do. This aloofness of the universities from the masses of the people has recalled Lord Sherbrooke's exhortation, "Educate your masters"; and the London *Spectator* anxiously asks:

> Now that the centre of power is moved, are Oxford and Cambridge prepared to meet the new state of things as they met the old? Are they prepared to render the same service to the governing class of the present that they so long rendered to the governing class of the past? Or, rather, since it would be idle to expect them to make bricks without straw, are they willing to make the changes in their machinery which are indispensable if workingmen are to become students and to take degrees?

To turn from England to America—the problem of our universities is obviously far different. In all our States the public schools, primary and secondary, furnish to all comers a free preparation for college. Throughout the West the State universities offer the higher instruction also free, or for a merely nominal fee. In the East the privately endowed colleges grant many scholarships to promising boys and girls; so that most of these institutions can boast, as Harvard does, that no youth of intelligence, ambition, and character need stay away because he lacks money. Thus it is that our colleges are remarkably democratic. Even the richest and most fashionable of them enroll many children of poor parents; and the son of an unskilled laborer may, if he have brains and pluck, rise without great difficulty to one of the learned professions. But the very fact that a college education is within such close reach, that there is no wide gap between gown and town, has perhaps made our college authorities too easily contented with existing conditions. In spite of all, then, we may well consider this English movement and seriously put the question whether we in America have really adapted the machinery of our univerisities to the needs of the community and are utilizing it to the full.

We would not for a moment suggest that a college education is the thing for everybody. On the contrary we are persuaded that our colleges, with misdirected kindness, sometimes make it too easy for stupid or lazy boys and girls, who are incapable of profiting by advanced study, to waste four years. We should like to see more rigid standards maintained, so that the energy of teachers and the income from endowments shall not be squandered on incapacity or idleness, whether among rich or poor. Indeed, we believe that in most high schools also, too much tenderness is shown to dullards who are unable to enjoy the advantages so generously held out to them. But granting all this, we urge that every possible opportunity be afforded the ambitious and the capable; for here, as in England, we must heed Lord Sherbrooke's warning to educate our masters.

To this end it is that we have so generally established night schools for the many boys and girls who are forced to become wage-earners and work by day before they have acquired the education they may reasonably desire. The night high school—comparatively speaking an innovation—is the logical sequel of the night grammar school. The utility of this night high school is already fully

demonstrated; no important city which has once established it would think of abandoning it. Thus far, however, our colleges and universities have not taken the next step beyond the high school, but have confined their evening instruction chiefly to the so-called extension lectures. These lectures are often excellent in their way; they may be both informing and stimulating. But, as Sir Robert Morant said at the Oxford conference, what is wanted "is not mere lectures, but real solid work in small adult classes with teachers who know how to teach." In this utterance he only echoed no less an authority than Cardinal Newman, who in his "Idea of a University" denounced the common delusion that "acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons, aud attendance on eloquent lectures, . . . and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum"—that all this is intellectual discipline. In fine, extension lectures, however entertaining, are no substitute for the drill of hard study.

There is, we admit, ground for the objection that a college educatiou in the best sense of the term, can hardly be had without those years of residence, of contact with fellow-students aud teachers, of reading in the library, of play, of sauntering, and of reflection, of the almost indefinable influences which—as we grow older—seem to us so precious a part of our irrevocable youth. Yet because these pleasanter paths to the summits of learning are in the nature of the case barred to the man who toils in the shop by day and studies by night, that is no valid reason why the more laborious ways should also be shut. Hundreds of students—say at Harvard and Columbia—who are denied the joys of residence and sauntering, manage to secure an adequate education. It would therefore seem eminently fitting for universities in large cities to give well-organized night courses leading to a degree. Such courses would not fail to attract eager pupils. The experiment has, indeed, already been tried in several places; but most of the night instruction has thus far been tentative and rather unsystematic. The difficulties of the enterprise are obvious; though existing facilities in libraries, laboratories, and lecture-rooms might not require duplication, much money might be needed for a larger corps of teachers, for a night shift as well as a day shift. Here, then, is a practically untrodden field for philanthropist as well as educator. An endowment for the maintenance of a night college in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Chicago would not be thrown away, and it might achieve results of incalculable beneficence.

THE SECLUSION OF AUTHORS.

Between the traditional fate of the prophet and that of our average successful novelist there is one distinction to be drawn. The prophet carries on his work in his natal valley, and is refused honor there, while the author of a best seller enjoys honor and profit in the country of his birth, but writes most of his fiction abroad. The kinsmen of Virgil and Dante are growing accustomed to have their villas and palaces taken possession of, not only by iron, oil, and wheat kings from across the seas, but by the prosperous young story-tellers of *oltremare* who minister to the taste of the youngest of barbarian nations. The ordinary practising author or journalist of Italy, with his income approximating half the annual wages of his Calabrian compatriot digging ditches in the highways of New York, must rub his eyes and shake his head to see our Tarkingtons and our R. H. Davises flashing across their old Roman roads in expensive motor cars that Mæcenas, for all his good will, could scarcely have afforded to bestow on Q. H. Flaccus, his friend and client. John Smith, author of "Helen of Transcaspia," has a palace not so very far from where Soracte stands tall and white with snow; only Thaliarchus, instead of generously replenishing the wood fire, probably turns on the steam, when it grows too cold.

But in reality it is not osteutation that drives our writers abroad to dwell in marble halls, but quite the opposite desire for retirement. Marion Crawford, it would appear, escaping from crowds of American admirers who persist in invading his palace at Sorrento, has been compelled to flee for refuge into remote Calabria. There, in a deserted tower, in the very heart of the region made famous by the deeds of the dread bandit Musolino, he can find the seclusion so seemingly essential to his work. It is rather ominous, of course, that the reporter whom no one escapeth should have followed the novelist into his lonely tower, but that was possibly due to the relentless exigencies of the publishers' side of the business. In the same manner, Jack London, plunging independently into the mystery and charm of the South Seas, is compelled to get into touch now and theu with a cable station and to let an anxious world know about his latest fight with Chinese pirates and copra raiders. That in a way is the tragedy that ever besets the prominent writer in search of seclusion. Whether he crosses the ocean or endeavors to lose himself in the forests where rolls the Oregon, whether he avails himself of the railway or motor car or canoe, Horace's Black Care, in the form of the press agent, squats always behind him on the crupper.

The question arises, then, Why does the wielder of the pen go away at all? Why does he with blind faith strive, summer after summer, to disappear from the public eye, only to find himself dragged back within the range of that mighty organ by cable, telephone, or wireless? Here a distinction is in order. Marion Crawford and Jack London are really imperfect examples of the type, because their travels are largely undertaken in the legitimate pursuit of exotic copy. But why does Mr. Jones conceal himself in the Maine woods to write his novel, "The Earners," dealing with the life of employees in a New Jersey glass-factory? Why does Miss Robinson go to Alaska to complete the "Chronicles of Samantha," the scene of which is laid near Dedham, Mass.? Why does Henry Wadsworth Taylor leave Pittsburgh for the Adirondacks to work on his long-awaited story, "Thou Shalt Not," treating of the divorce problem? It cannot be just the desire to be alone with one's work that sends the literary craftsman into exile or back to Nature, since it is demonstrable that many an apartment in New York is more safe against unwelcome intrusion than a bungalow by the sea. Whoever invented the tradition that "Nature" is a friend to hard work, is responsible for much wasted effort. Nature is never so quiet as the four walls of a room are with the windows closed. Nature is always fidgeting, gossiping, chirping, buzzing, and moaning, chafing her leaves against each other, making her waves boom against the rocks. It is a question whether any really great books have been written close to her heart.

There is, besides, a respectable tradition in favor of pursuing one's literary labors in a crowd. The great Elizabethan drama was almost born and nurtured in the taverns where Marlowe and Greene and Nash caroused and fought and scaled the heights of poesy. And if the greatest of them all did not do his best work at the tavern, he probably did in the greeuroom of the theatre, with the actor folk crowding about him and the mob in the pit yelling for the show to begin. The age of Charles, of Anne and of the Georges did not differ in this respect from the age of Elizabeth, except that the coffee-house replaced the tavern. Villon did not write in cloistered chambers. Rabelais did not shrink from contact with the world; their descendants of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thought out their masterpieces amidst the rapid-fire conversation of the salon, and their descendants of the nineteenth century still show a remarkable fondness for the drawing-room, the foyer, the coulisses, and the cafés. So there is ample authority for maintaining that crowds and noise are not inimical to literature.

Not that there is lack of good testimony on the other side. To take two

of the very greatest contemporary figures, Ibsen lived away from Norway, his constant subject, during practically all of his productive life, and Turgenieff recreated Russia for its own people and for the outside world while a resident of Paris and the German watering-places. A strong case could be made out for the great advantage which a fair degree of remoteness from a subject may confer in the way of emphasizing outline and correcting perspective; and from that point of view our writers are quite justified in exiling themselves from the United States or from New York in order that they may understand and depict these States or New York the better. If only we could be sure that seeing a particular phase of life clearly and completely depended on distance away from it, it would be rather profitable than otherwise to have Mr. Davis write his books in the Congo, or Robert W. Chambers take his stand in Mars.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Richard Mansfield was unquestionably the most successful American actor-manager of his time. He had the good fortune to come to the front at a period when the old order of things theatrical was changing into the new and the production of first-class actors had been stopped by the gradual development of the star system. Mansfield started from small beginnings; but he was furnished by nature with artistic instincts and a resolute temper, and, moreover, had powerful financial influences back of him. His mother was Madame Rudersdorf, a great singer in her day, and it was to her that he owed the musical ability and the fine singing voice that led him naturally to seek first a career in the field of light opera.

His first great success in America was in "A Parisian Romance." The part of Baron Chevrial, which he played repeatedly for the rest of his life, he first essayed in the Union Square Theatre, under the management of A. M. Palmer, in January, 1883. Up to the evening of the first performance he was practically unknown; on the following morning he was on the road to fame and fortune. All the theatrical world was talking of the hit he had made. There can be no doubt that he turned a doubtful or very moderate success into a triumph. His make-up of the old Parisian profligate was a magnificent bit of artistry. It was difficult to credit that behind that wrinkled, pallid, leering, cynical, and hardened visage lay the rosy blooms and rounded contours of youth. Nor did the audience know that much of the Baron's manner was the manner of the actor. But the simulation of age was excellent, and the sudden death stroke interrupting the ghastly gayety of the ancient reprobate was given with a remorseless realism worthy of Novelli himself. The effect was electrical. The audience broke out into enthusiastic cheers, and Richard Mansfield's fortune was made.

We cannot trace here in detail the career which followed. Mr. Mansfield, although an intelligent, original, attractive, and popular performer, was not, except in a rather narrow range of eccentric parts, a great or even a remarkable actor. His intense egoism rendered him impatient of all reproof or instruction, and after his first triumph as Chevrial it seems never to have occurred to him that there could be anything further for him to learn in the way of acting. As a natural consequence, he soon became the victim of confirmed mannerisms and never, apparently, exerted himself in the least to veil his own individual personality beneath that of an assumed character. No matter what part he was playing, in voice, gesture, carriage, and progression, he was always Richard Mansfield, one and unmistakable. It is only fair to add that in the tricks of stage disguise he was an adept, and it was only when he spoke or moved that his identity was betrayed.

Magnificent as was his voice, his lack of elocutionary skill made him ineffective in the rendering of verse. In Shakespeare the faults of his delivery were peculiarly fatal. But he possessed in a remarkable degree that magnetic or sympathetic quality which holds an audience in thrall and renders it oblivious to technical defects or mere faultiness of impersonation. In his Richard, apart from its vigor and intensity, there was scarcely a redeeming point. T. P. Cooke himself could scarcely have expressed it in terms of lower melodrama, yet his performance of the part delighted the crowd and found favor even with more judicious observers. It is true that into characters with which he was temperamentally affiliated he occasionally threw striking and vital expression. But it was only in a limited range of eccentric character that he really excelled.

It was as an actor-manager rather than as an actor that he made himself famous. He did, indeed, make terms with the Theatrical Trust at a time when his opposition to it might have been of inestimable benefit to the American stage, and he adopted the star system in all its viciousness—except in its interminable runs—but he escaped from the hopeless groove in which most managers are caught, cut out a path for himself, and opened up to his patrons new and old fields of drama which otherwise they could never have entered. It cannot be asserted that his productions were all of equal interest or value, but most of them were distinguished by some solid qualification. A repertory that included works of Shakespeare, Molière, Hugo, Ibsen, Rostand, and Bernard Shaw was undeniably catholic. Mr. Mansfield offered much that was inspiring, little that was altogether trivial, nothing, so far as present memory serves, that was altogether base. Of few managers could so much be said. If he was not always a great artist, he sought at any rate the guidance of artistic instinct. That his death should seem to leave such a void is perhaps less a tribute to his greatness than a witness to the decline among us of the actor's art.

OUR CLASSICAL BELT.

When Secretary Wilson, the other day, ordered the Latin or quasi-Latin mottoes "Fructus," "Cereales," "Forestes," and "Flores" erased from the shields before the new Agricultural Department building, and their places filled by plain English, he probably did not realize how far he was failing in with a prevalent fashion. Doubtless, classical scholarship is achieving great results in this country; more of us than ever before are studying Greek and Latin. Yet at the same time the dead languages are losing even the last of their ceremonial uses. Banished from the college diploma and the legal document, they found, or at least Latin had found, a last refuge in the sculptured tablet, and now this is to be taken away.

The classical name in this country today is, in fact, very often a souvenir of one of the most curious periods in this country's history, the period when classicism of a sort pervaded the new country as French influence had still earlier, and was accepted with the same ingenuous enthusiasm. It is a period which has but small place in our literature. The late H. C. Bunner, however, was one who treated it with a light and sympathetic touch. An old white house, with tumble-down Greek portico, in one of his tales, "seemed to protest against modern contempt as though it said:

> I have had my day. I was built when people thought this sort of thing was the right sort of thing; when we had our own little pseudo-classic renaissance in America. I lie between the towns of Aristotle and Sabine Farms. I am a gentleman's residence, and my name is Montevista. I was built by a prominent citizen. You need not laugh through your lattices, you smug new Queen Anne cottage, down there in the valley! What will become of you when the falsehood is found out of your imitation bricks, and your tiled roof of shingles, and your stained glass that is only a sheet of transparent paper pasted on a pane? You are a young sham; I am an old sham. Have some respect for age.

That pseudo-classic renaissance in America which belonged to no particular locality nevertheless left its memorials distributed in a singular way. A population which is growing in a certain direction creates as it grows geographical zones which correspond like rock strata to the period of time within which they were developed. And so the classical obsession left behind it, like

fossils, the towns that it had named. They are not scattered at random through the country, but conform to a regular law. There are 27 cities and towns named Troy in the United States, 19 named Athens, 17 Uticas, 16 Alexandrias, 15 Romes, and 12 Carthages, not to speak of 7 Atticas and 7 Syracuses. The post-office, if nothing else, sees to it that there are no duplications within the same State. In fact, only two States, Indiana and our own New York, contain towns bearing all eight of the classical names just referred to. Ohio and Missouri contain seven each. These States are widely separated, yet if we mark off on the map all the States which have used more than half of the town names in question, they are no longer segregated, but form a compact belt or zone. A straight line drawn from Albany to Richfield, Kan., roughly measures its greatest length, and a similar line from Copper Harbor, Mich., to Memphis, Tenn., its greatest breadth. It includes Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Kansas.

Around this belt is a sort of fringe of States which have dabbled in the classical dictionary. Mississippi, Iowa, and Nebraska are almost entitled to inclusion. But the oldest States and the newest alike had no part or but small part in that enthusiasm. Six of the thirteen original States, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, do not embrace a single Carthage or Rome or Athens or Attica or Troy or Utica or Syracuse or Alexandria. In the far West, likewise, there are eight States and Territories without so much as a freckle of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. The fashion ended as abruptly as it began.

The study of place and personal names has been rather on the increase. Clues to the deepest philological, archæological, and historical mysteries are found by learned men in the homeliest bits of nomenclature. In America we borrowed our names and borrowed them frankly. Never perhaps was there in the world a heavier draft on the visible supply of any commodity. But for the very reason that the choice of names by our pioneers was always a conscious process, it has a special interest of its own. There are many obscure factors. Why, for example, did the foreign immigrants in some sections name their towns after places in the old country, and in others take the most undistinguished titles in preference because of a supposedly superior local application? Does the distribution of Indian names on the map bear any relation to the friendly or hostile attitude between Indians and whites at the particular times when settlements were made? Did the Indian wars possibly make Indian names unpopular, as we know the revolution did such titles as King Street, which was here changed to Liberty Street? What of the habit of using the names of public men in their own lifetimes for towns and streets and squares? What is the connection of our Biblical designations with the "Great Awakening"? There is quite as much to be gleaned from this field as from some of the others over which candidates for the doctorate are toiling.

ROMAN ITALY IN THE NORTH.—VERONA.—III.

Passing eastward from Aosta and Ivrea across the base of the Italian lakes, around and above which were the nests of many unsubdued tribes in early Augustan times, we reach the opening of the next great Alpine pass at Verona.

The Verona of the Middle Ages strikes so dominant a note with its S. Zeno, S. Fermo and the Cathedral, with its S. Anastasia, its castle and tombs of the Scaligers, that it takes some time to realize not only how much of the Roman period still survives, but how vividly the ruins tell the story of a really great and rich city of the Augustan age such as Strabo and Tacitus lead us to infer. The immense amphitheatre—one of the half-dozen largest and best preserved—the recently excavated theatre, the two city gates called Porta dei Borsari and Arco dei Leoni, the piers of the *ponte di pietra*, the numerous sculptures and inscriptions in the two museums, form a rather imposing if somewhat disconnected total. If Roman Verona has hardly been taken at its real value, it is possibly because its purpose and history in the light of its monuments have been misinterpreted. Its amphitheatre is early, yet has been ascribed to Diocletian (about 290); and its two city gates are assigned to Gallienus on account of his restoration—inscription of 265 A. D. I propose a far earlier date for the gates, the first half of the reign of Augustus, and propose also to resuscitate a superb "triumphal," or colony, arch of the city, which, though torn down, still lies, *disjecta membra*, under the arcades of the amphitheatre. Were this the place, I could revive, from drawings of the sixteenth century, several other monumental arches and gateways which must have placed Verona almost immediately after Rome among Italian cities in the number of its monuments of this class.

Mommsen elects to follow Pliny, who calls Verona an *oppidum* or town, rather than the inscription of the Porta dei Borsari, accepted by Borghesi which proclaims Verona a colony as early as the time of Augustus. It seems to me that there are three reasons for believing Verona to have been made a colony by Augustus: (1) The inscription of Gallienus calls it so: "Colonia Augusta Verona"; (2) the gateway on which this inscription stands has all the characteristics in plan and style of the Augustan city gates, which are unknown after him; (3) the increased importance of Verona as part of Augustus's plan in northern Italy would necessarily make it a colony; and the intimate connection of the city at that time with Drusus confirms this view.

Travellers coming from the Tyrol through the Brenner Pass are always, as they emerge into the plain, impressed with the strength and picturesqueness of Verona's situation. For a low-lying city its impregnability is remarkable. It nestles where the river Adige, as it broadens out, takes a narrow double curve; the city is contained almost entirely in the lower arm of the S which surrounds it on three sides, while the fourth is protected by the canal of the "Adigetto," which cuts across the neck. What makes the arrangement more remarkable is that across the river, where the original settlement evidently stood, is quite a hill which served as acropolis for the Augustan colony and was connected with it by a heavy stone bridge.

At Verona the commercial east and west highway intersected the road up the Brenner Pass, the shortest and best means of communication between the valley of the Po and the region of the Danube and southern Germany. About sixty miles from Verona up the Brenner road lies Trent, the ancient Tridentum, which had been founded by the Rhaeti, occupied later by the Cenomanni, but being the first city site of importance on the Italian side of the pass, was seen by Augustus to be necessary to his plans. His troops occupied it in or before 24 B. C., and he proceeded to make it the advanced point for the concentration of troops and stores in preparation for the campaign of Drusus in 16 and 15 B. C., when the Alps were crossed and the provinces of Rhætia and Vindelicia added to the Empire. In this way the neighboring Alps received the name of Tridentine Alps. Here the Brenner road was joined by the Via Claudia Augusta, coming direct from Altinum in Venetia.

Trent, therefore, at the top, and Verona at the bottom of the military road, formed a third duet similar to Aosta-Ivrea and Susa-Turin. Does not this fact give some indication of the time when Verona became a colony? It is known that in late Republican and Augustan times the granting of colonial rights was coincident with the building of walls; and it is hardly conceivable that Verona should have been on a different footing from Turin. Her foundation undoubtedly came a few years later. The name, Colonia Augusta Verona, shows it was after 27 B. C. The date of the occupation of Tridentum, 24 B. C., may be approximately that of the colonization of Verona itself. The Rhæti and the Gauls seem to have occupied the Acropolis. The Romans first came here in 89 B. C., and either then or under Augustus established themselves on the level site across the river where the bulk of the Augustan city arose. It could not, on account of having its outlines determined by the curves of the river and the preëxisting acropolis, take on the exact rectilinear form of Turin and Aosta. Perhaps, as in a number of other cases, there existed here side by side a preexisting civil municipal town and a superadded military colony. This would explain the fact that Pliny calls Verona a *municipium*, and the Borsari inscription and Tacitus a colony.

Verona was far larger than Turin or Aosta. Its amphitheatre had 25,000 seats. It stood to reason, therefore, that its strip of clear sacred ground outside and encircling the walls, called the *pomerium*, would be wider than at Aosta, to make the defence the surer and the warning of an attack the quicker. When I was in Verona

this time I decided to put to tbe test here my theory in regard to colony arches: that they were built whenever an Augustan colony was founded; that they stood outside the walls; that they were placed on the outer *pomerium* line, across the main highway, outside the principal city gate. I placed myself, therefore, at the principal gate of Augustan Verona, the Porta dei Borsari, and paced off the distance beyond it on the line of the old Roman road toward Rome, until I should reach the outer *pomerium* line, wondering if at this hypothetical point I might not find some trace, past or present, of the existence of a colony arch. Bearing in mind the 366 metres of Aosta, and supposing that the greater size of Verona implied a correspondingly larger *pomerium* strip, I reckoned the distance here should be between 500 and 600 metres. My delight may be imagined when, at a distance of about 550 metres, I found a curious tbing. Stretched across the highway (Corso Cavour) was the outline of a Roman arch marked in tbe pavement by white cobble-stones edged with black. Here stood until 1805 what was called the Arch of the Gavii, an exquisite work of Augustan art. I had found that Verona had a colony arch, and I had found where the colony arch stood, on the outer *pomerium* line. But this was not all. Of course, in preparing for my book on Roman Triumphal and Memorial Arches I had listed this destroyed arch at Verona. I knew that it had been famous for its beauty, had been drawn and copied by Renaissance architects, and had been barbarously torn down by the French soldiery while they occupied Verona in 1805. I had supposed that, barring a few fragments, the arch was but a memory, to be reconstructed perhaps from these Renaissance drawings. But when I went to the amphitheatre to look up the supposed "few fragments," what was my surprise to find many of its dark vaulted passages filled with the materials of the arch. Slowly I pieced its Odyssey. Hardly had it been torn down in 1805 when the French left the city and an Austrian archduke offered to pay half the cost of rebuilding the arch; but the Veronese, impoverished by the terrible reprisals for their rising of 1798, were unable to furnish the rest and unable to agree as to the site, so all the *disjecta membra* were carted, none too gently, to the amphitheatre, and there they have remained, unknown to archæologists. The Veronese contented themselves by marking with those black and white cobbles the plan of the arch on the original site.

I know that the few specialists who have heard of this arch or read its inscriptions in the Latin Corpus will object that this is a private family arch because on it are the names of members of the Gavii family whose statues stood on the arch and in its niches. But this is an objection easily overcome. When Cæsar and Augustus founded military colonies of veterans, the new establishment was often put under the guidance of a military leader and his family, which was henceforth associated with the fortunes of the city. Thus the Julii and their colony arch at St. Remy, the Campani and theirs at Aix-les-Bains, the Sergii and theirs at Pola in Istria. Most convincing of all is the arch of the Sergli at Pola, where we find the names of the various members of the family of the man selected as leader of the colony by Augustus, Sergius, who had been tribune of the Twenty-ninth Legion, disbanded after the battle of Actium. This exact dating of the beautiful colony arch at Pola I am also giving to tbe *Nation* for the first time. Needless to say that, later in the reign of Augustus, when the legal ritual in connection with public monuments became carefully regulated and all arches were dedicated to the Emperor, it would have been impossible to give to local authorities and beroes such a prominent place on arches. I found some superb drawings of the Arch of the Gavii by the famous Renaissance arcbitect Palladio in the Public Library at Verona: with their help and the financial assistance of a lover of art like J. Pierpont Morgan it would be easy to rebuild and restore what is certainly the most beautiful of all the Augustan arches in Italy. I will even mention, as a possibility which I am investigating, that the arch may be a remnant of the pre-Augustan colony, and if so tbe earliest known arch in the Roman world.

Hardly second in interest is the principal gate of the Augustan city, the much-misunderstood Porta dei Borsari. What we now see is a gate with two wide twin openings framed by engaged columns supporting architraves and gables, and surmounted by two stories of arched galleries. It would seem to take but a very slight knowledge of art to see clearly that we have two very different periods and styles, and that the lower arcades are early and pure, while the galleries are late and debased; the former a work of Augustus, the latter of Gallienus. It is curious that this elementary fact has not been generally recognized. The surface of the Augustan frieze was cut down and a new surface irregularly and crudely made to receive the restoration inscription of Gallienus, stating that the walls of Verona were built between April 3 and December 4 of the year 265 by order of the Emperor Gallienus. This statement is guilty of evident exaggeration. It would have been quite impossible to surround tbe entire city with walls and gates in these few months. We know, besides, from Tacitus, that in the struggle before the advent of Vespasian, two centuries earlier in 69 A. D., the strongly fortified Verona was made the military centre of the German and Gallic army. What Gallienus did was merely a work of restoration of the neglected fortifications. At the Porta dei Borsari he substituted a two-storied gallery for the Augustan superstructure and, removing the inscription of Augustus, substituted his own, destroying even part of the mouldings of the early frieze.

If any further confirmation were required of the early date of the primitive gate, it has been supplied by some recent excavations, from which I am here drawing for the first time the evident conclusions. These excavations have shown that the present thin screen-like structure, usually thought to be merely a passageway, and to be the whole of the gate, was but the forefront of a massive gateway, with central court and rear façade, more artistic than but quite similar in scheme to the other early Augustan military gates at Turin, Aosta, Nimes, and Salona. Verona not being a purely military and utilitarian foundation, but a city of wealth and size, it was natural that the gates as well as the Colony Arch should be of greater artistic beauty. Comparing now, all these various Augustan gateways, we find a varied galaxy, differing not only in materials and architectural style, but in the number of arcades: here there are two, at Aosta and Salona there are three, at Nimes and Turin four.

Of another Augustan gate, the Arco dei Leoni, less remains, but it is less marred by later restoration, and it originally had tbe same plan, which has been traced and partly uncovered under the modern street. It may have been the Porta Principalis Sinistra. There were, as I have said, other early city arches and gates: across the river, the so-called Janus arch, which, perhaps, belonged to the pre-Augustan city; tbe so-called Arch of Jupiter Ammon, that stood across the intersection of the two thoroughfares in the centre of the city; the early gate called the Arch of Valerius; and that near the Church of S. Tommaso. From a study of these monuments it is possible to reconstruct in part the plan of Roman Verona, and to see how, even at present, the city continues to follow the lines of the Roman streets, and that it contains unsuspected treasures of early Roman art.

At some time between c. 25 and 20 B. C. Verona was therefore recolonized and rebuilt by Augustus and served as base of supplies for Drusus in his great campaigns in the north, beyond the Alps, in connection with Tridentum. Still further east we reach the ultimate military route in Italy, that starting from Aquileia at the head of the Adriatic, and leading northward past the second member of this fourth Augustan duet, Emona on the upper Save, across the Julian Alps to Pannonia: this was the great military artery of communication with the Danube, and so an integral unit in the scheme of Augustan conquest. But thus far no architectural remains of his time have come to light in either, and I shall turn to other cities still further eastward in Istria and Dalmatia for the abundant traces of the great work which Augustus planned and carried out in tbis region as a sacred inheritance from Julius Cæsar even before he had worked out the complicated scheme in northern Italy which we have been studying.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, N. J.

A NEW MANUSCRIPT OF POE'S.

A recent writer on Poe, after quoting a statement from the late R. H. Stoddard to the effect that "a new and well authenticated poem" by him, it "will never be possible at this date to find," says:

> Tbe discovery of a new Shakespeariau play might be more interesting to more people, but in America, and in France, where Poe's influence has distinctly touched two groups of authors belonging to two generations, a genuine Poe discovery would, with large numbers, take precedence.

Sucb a "genuine Poe discovery" has been made. One of his manuscripts, not used, apparently, by any American editor, and in large part unpublished, has come to light, and has been acquired by S. H. Wakeman.

In the *Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835, Poe, who was then the editor, printed some extracts from a play un-

der the title "Scenes from an Unpublished Drama"; and further extracts, under the same title, appeared in January, 1836. In 1845, when he collected his verse in the volume, "The Raven and Other Poems," these extracts, rearranged and slightly altered, were reprinted as "Scenes from Politian: an Unpublished Drama." The manuscript of this drama (Poe's only play) has recently come to light. It once belonged to John H. Ingram, the English editor of Poe's works, though it passed from his hands many years ago. It is not complete, but the twenty folio pages contain nearly six hundred and fifty lines which, so far as we know, have never been printed. At the top of the first page is the heading:

Politian—a Tragedy
Scene—Rome in the Century.

The manuscript ends in the third scene of Act IV, with Politian alone in the Coliseum at night. One leaf, at least, perhaps the whole Fifth Act, is lacking. The manuscript, in Poe's autograph, is generally clean, with few alterations. There are however, occasional interlineations, and some lines have been marked out. In one place a piece of paper, about one-third of a page, has been pasted down. By separating these two sheets, the earlier draft underneath would become legible. At the head of the first extract printed in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Poe has written, in pencil: "Scenes from Politian. An Unpublished Tragedy by Edgar A. Poe. Act 2—Scene 3." showing apparently that this was the manuscript used by printer for the selections. A comparison of the published portion of the manuscript with the printed text shows, however, some variations.

Additional interest is lent to the manuscript by the fact that Poe accused Longfellow of imitating this play. In the *Broadway Journal*, March 29, 1845, Poe pointed out similarities between Longfellow's "The Spanish Student" and his own "Scene from Politian, an Unpublished Tragedy," found in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. After printing extracts from the two plays, he concludes:

> The coincidences here are too markedly peculiar to be gainsaid. The sitting at the table with books, etc., the flowers on the one hand, and the garden on the other, the presence of the pert maid, the reading aloud from the book, the pausing and commenting, the plaintiveness of what is read, in accordance with the sorrow of the reader, the abstraction, the frequent calling of the maid by name, the refusal of the maid to answer, the jewels, the "begone," the unseen entrance of a third person from behind, and the drawing of the dagger, are points sufficiently noticeable to establish at least the imitation beyond all doubt.

Several important Poe manuscripts have been sold at auction in recent years. The original manuscript of "The Bells," which formerly belonged to William Nelson of Paterson, and was included with other material in the Harold Pierce sale in 1903, brought $2,100. It was written on sheets of blue paper, pasted end to end. Spread out it formed a continuous sheet 37½ inches long. Hardly less interesting is the manuscript of "Ulalume," five sheets of quarto paper pasted end to end, which brought $1,000 in the McKee sale, February, 1905. In March, 1905, a considerable portion of an early draft of "Tamerlane" was sold with Bishop Hurst's library, bringing $801. This was written on both sides of five quarto leaves, the first page numbered 9, and the last 20. This manuscript, which differs from the printed text, is certainly an earlier version than the one printed in that excessively rare little book published by Calvin F. S. Thomas, Boston, 1827. In the Hurst manuscript there are 157 lines, while the corresponding portion of the book contains some 75 additional lines, added during revision. There are also many variations between the manuscript and the printed text. The manuscript of the prose tale, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," at Anderson's in March, 1904, brought $505. This was written on small 12mo sheets pasted together; when unrolled it formed a strip about twenty feet long. Another manuscript of similar character, "A Tale of the Ragged Mountain," forming a strip about fifteen feet long, brought $230 in the George T. Maxwell sale, 1895. These two are perhaps the best specimens extant of Poe's curious rolled manuscripts.

Correspondence.

VIRGIL OR VERGIL?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was recently looking through the Miscellanea of Angelo Poliziano (sometimes called Politian) in an attractive edition of his works published in 1498, four years after his death, by Aldus Manutius. Of the hundred chapters, the majority deal with points of literary or historical criticism and interpretation, which long ago ceased to be discussed; one, however, contains an argument more akin to the philological controversies of later times. This chapter, which Virgilian scholars even now sometimes refer to, is entitled "Quo argumento dicendum Vergilius, non Virgilius," and presents the reasons why Poliziano preferred the former spelling of the name.

He remarks that while the current spelling was *Virgilius*, the learned were disposed to favor *Vergilius*. He then offers two kinds of evidence to support the spelling *Vergilius*, that of inscriptions and that of the manuscripts. Under the latter head he cites not merely the well-known Vatican manuscript of Virgil written in capitals (R), but also codices of the Pandects, of Donatus, of Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," of Columella, and of Seneca.

The contention of the Italian humanist in favor of *Vergilius* as the classical Latin form has been abundantly sustained by the extensive and painstaking study of the manuscripts and inscriptions since his time. Ritschl (Opusc. philol., vol. ii., p. 779), summed up the case by saying that this spelling is attested both by the concurrent testimony of the older manuscripts of the poet and by the consistent use of the name in inscriptions as *Vergilius* from the second century before Christ until the fourth century of our era. By the sixth century *Virgilius* had come into vogue, for reasons which it would not be pertinent to our present inquiry to analyze; and when the vernacular languages of modern Europe began to be reduced to writing the late Latin form *Virgilius* was commonly used; hence, forms of the name in Italian, Spanish, French, German, and English came to have *i* as the vowel of the first syllable.

From other sources we know that Poliziano was by no means the only scholar of his age who broke with tradition, and, returning to the classical form *Vergilius*, used this in his writings. The author of "De Inventoribus Rerum" and the "Anglica Historia," Polydorus Vergilius (Englished as Polydore Vergil in the title of the translation of the latter work published by the Camden Society) spells his own name with an *e* in the first syllable and cites that of his great-grandfather, a teacher of philosophy at Paris, as Antonius Vergilius. Of the ninety-two editions of the complete works of the poet published in the fifteenth century and described by Copinger (Trans. Bibl. Soc., vol. ii) at least ten have *Vergilius* in the general title or in the title of Cristoforo Landino's commentary, though elsewhere they recognize also the spelling *Virgilius;* nine of these editions were published in Venice.

In the following century the two spellings of the Latin name appear side by side; there was a rivalry between *Virgilius* transmitted from the Middle Ages and *Vergilius* restored by scholars. Not far from one-third of the sixteenth century editions of Virgil in the collection of the British Museum have the latter spelling in their titles; and in the same period *Vergilio* was used in several Italian translations. After the sixteenth century the restored spelling lost ground rapidly, no doubt on account of the influence of the vernacular forms; it became increasingly rare until by the end of the eighteenth century it had almost entirely disappeared both in editions of the poet and in the writings of scholars.

Toward the middle of the last century in Germany remarkable progress was manifested in restoring the texts of several Latin authors. Jahn's Persius, for example, appeared in 1843, his Juvenal in 1851; Nipperdey's Cæsar was published in 1847, and Lachmann's Lucretius in 1850. In this period names and titles were more carefully scrutinized than in any former age since the time of the Latin grammarians, and the name of our poet received its share of attention. Already before 1850 the spelling *Vergilius* had begun to appear in the writings of scholars; and in the decade from 1850 to 1860 both the Latin form and, in Germany, the vernacular form *Vergil* became common. Nevertheless, as late as 1861 a meeting of philologians in Frankfort debated at length the question which spelling of the Latin name should be used; the form *Vergilius* was not generally adopted until after the appearance of Ribbeck's large edition, of which the first volume left the press in 1859, and the discussion by Ritschl, which was published in 1868. The corrected spelling of the Latin name has now become so fixed in philological literature that we can hardly doubt that it will remain permanently.

Altogether different is the question of the spelling of the name in English. It would be a waste of time to bring forward proof to show that from the beginnings of the English literature until now *Virgil* has been the accepted literary form. Under the impulse of the restoration of the classical spelling a number of German and American scholars and teachers, a few English and

still fewer French and Italian scholars introduced an *e* into the first syllable of the vernacular forms of the name. The experiment of changing the spelling in these languages has now had about forty years of trial, and we may properly make inquiry in regard to the results.

The convenience of classical students would, of course, be subserved by the general adoption of the spelling *Vergil;* how awkward it is to be obliged to write the Latin form with one spelling and the English with another! Many of us hoped that the revised spelling would be acceptable and would generally prevail. After four decades, however, we must, I think, frankly admit that the effort to make current in English the corrected spelling *Vergil* is a failure; the tendencies of our vernacular are too strong to be shaped by the protests and example of a group of specialists. But of classical scholars by no means all adopted the reformed spelling of the name; and it would not be fair to attribute wholly to conservatism their disinclination to recognize the innovation. In England Professor Nettleship, to be sure, adopted the new spelling, as did Robinson Ellis and a few others; yet are we to suppose that H. A. J. Munro or the late Richard Jebb were less sensitive to considerations of scholarship than they? These scholars continued to write *Virgil,* as did Sellar; and this is the spelling adopted by the Mayors, by J. S. Reid, Lewis Campbell, Haigh, and a host of other British scholars of standing. According to present indications, the use of *Vergil* is declining, that of *Virgil* is gaining ground. Leaving out of account the spelling adopted by writers outside the classical field, we may perhaps measure this tendency with the help of statistics. A rough count designed to indicate the usage among English-speaking scholars who contributed to the literature of our poet in the decade from 1887 to 1896 showed that approximately one-half spelled *Vergil;* in the decade just closed, 1897 to 1906, only about one-third used this spelling. We are able, I believe, to discern in these facts the manifestation of a tendency which is stronger than the influence of any group of specialists. One or two aspects of it seem capable of analysis.

In the first place, the change of spelling in English from *Virgil,* the historical English form, to *Vergil* is not accompanied by any change in the pronunciation. The "Century Dictionary," for instance, marks as identical the pronunciation of the first syllable of *verger* and *virgin;* even if we should try to make a distinction in pronunciation between *Virgil* and *Vergil,* the tendencies of our speech toward the obscuring of the vowel sounds would soon nullify our efforts. The distinction is therefore wholly addressed to the eye, and is not in the direction either of greater accuracy of phonetic discrimination or of simplified spelling, of which we hear so much at the present time. The use of the spelling *Vergil* has then no other motive than to teach etymology, to suggest to the reader (for the hearer cannot tell which spelling is used) that the Latin proper name has an *e* and not an *i* in the first syllable.

Again and again has experience shown how difficult it is to exempt a single word from the class or category to which it belongs and by purposeful effort to give to it, so to speak, an individual form and career. If we are to teach etymology through the spelling of English words, could we not as properly insist upon *cælestial* for *celestial* as upon *Vergil* for *Virgil*? If proper names are to be singled out for restoration to etymological forms, should we not write *Horate* instead of *Horace*, *Juppiter* instead of *Jupiter*, and *Neapolis* instead of *Naples*? The truth is that mankind has no reverence for a derivation. If our case could be left to a tribunal of scholars, there can be no doubt about the final issue. But the court of last resort in matters such as that under consideration is not the consensus of expert opinion; it is usage. Recently Dr. Henry Bradley, who is associated with Professor Murray in the editorship of the new "Oxford Dictionary," was asked whether any changes in spelling were to be introduced into the work. He is quoted as replying: "No. We take words as they stand in current literature. That is the form of spelling accepted by the people, although it may not be as it ought to be."

All will agree that the confusion in the spelling of the poet's name in editions and in the periodicals is unfortunate. In no previous period was it more important for students of the classics to present an unbroken front to the forces of philistinism. In order to compass the largest measure of good for society which we serve, our work and interest should be brought into the closest possible relation and sympathy with the life about us. On this point of classical scholarship we have appealed to Cæsar. We have offered the spelling *Vergil* because it is etymologically correct, and it has been rejected. Shall we classical teachers and students then persist in using it as a mark of erudition, as a special badge of distinction for our class? Such use would surely lay us open to the charge of pedantry; and we may perhaps not inappropriately apply to our own conditions the words penned by Ritschl forty years ago, at the close of the discussion already quoted: "May pedantry not cast over learning a shadow to bring down upon it the ridicule of the wider circle of cultivated people!" The fellow countrymen of Ritschl have not heeded his warning in respect to the spelling of the name of the Roman poet; but in matters such as this we may well believe that the literary traditions of the English are in some respects more sharply defined and persistent than are those of the German stock.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., August 24.

JOHN EVELYN ON SPELLING REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I ventured some months ago to send you an extract from Howell's Letters, expressing his desire for changes in the spell- of English, similar to those that are under consideration to-day. In reading Evelyn's Letters, I find the following passage, of like tenor. It is of the date 1665, and is addressed to Sir Peter Wyche, who was the chairman of a committee appointed by the Royal Society "to consider of the improvement of the English tongue."

> I would humbly propose . . . that a more certain orthography were introduced by leaving out superfluous letters, etc., such as *o* in Woomen, People; *u* in Honour, *a* in Reproach, *ugh* in Though, etc.

The chief interest, I think, in these suggestions, as in those of Howell, lies in the fact that we have already adopted some of them, an argument for our adopting all. We no longer write Woomen, why should we write People? GRACE NORTON.

Cambridge, Mass., August 24.

Notes.

Among the books which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for publication this autumn are "Greece and the Ægean Islands," by Philip S. Marden; "The Pulse of Asia," a book of travel and exploration in Central Asia, by Ellsworth Huntington; "Human Bullets," a soldier's story of Port Arthur, by Tadayoshi Sakmai, with an introduction by Count Okuma, translated by Masujiro Honda and Alice M. Bacon; "Memoirs of Monsieur Claude," chief of the police under the Second Empire, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley; volumes III and IV of Col. Theodore A. Dodge's "Napoleon"; "Life of William Pitt Fessenden," by Gen. Francis Fessenden; "Life and Times of Stephen Higginson," by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642," by Prof. Felix E. Schelling; "The Literature of Roguery," by Frank W. Chandler; "Personalism," by Prof. Borden Parker Bowne; "The Stannaries," a study of the English tin-miner, vol. iii. in the Harvard Economic Studies, by George Randall Lewis; the Cambridge Edition of Spencer's Complete Poetical Works, edited by Prof. R. E. Neil Dodge; "Longfellow's Sonnets," edited by Ferris Greenslet: "The Temple of Virtue," six sermons by the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham; "Mornings in the College Chapel," Second Series, short addresses by Prof. Francis G. Peabody; "Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by George Willis Cooke; "A Theory of Motives, Ideals, and Values in Education," by William E. Chancellor; and "Smokeless Sin," by Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross.

The Macmillan Co. announces as forthcoming "The United States as a World Power," a critical study of the international position of the United States to-day, by Prof. Archibald Cary Coolidge of Harvard. The author discusses the formation and growth of the United States, the composition of its white population, the colored elements; the Monroe Doctrine, the Spanish War, and the Acquisition of Colonies; the Economic Status of the Country; the relations of the United States with continental Europe, England, Canada, and the countries of Latin-America; the presence of the United States in the Pacific and its relations with China and Japan. The same firm will soon issue a revised and enlarged edition of Henry Charles Lea's "History of Sacerdotal Celebacy in the Christian Church"; the second volume of the new edition of William B. Yeats's Poems, containing dramas in verse; Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson's "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo and other Adventures in British East Africa."

Doubleday, Page & Co. will issue this month "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess," translated by Lionel Strachey; "The Uprising of the Many," by Charles E. Russell; and "Famous Stories Every Child Should Know," edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A great number of curious details of mediæval and modern criminal procedures are given by E. P. Evans in "The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals" (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Noxious beasts, such as weevils, rats, and larger animals, were summoned to appear before the civil court, where, being unable to attend in person, they were represented by a procurator appointed by the judge. Their devastations being proved by witnesses, it was urged by their counsel that they were God's creatures and therefore entitled to food, or that they were God's instruments for the punishment of the sins of the people; these pleas often prevailed, and a place was assigned the beasties, to which they were commanded to betake themselves. If they continued their depredations they were cited to appear before the ecclesiastical court, which ordered them to depart under pain of anathema. They could not, however, be excommunicated, since they were not members of the church. Pigs, bulls, and other animals were regularly tried for manslaughter, and if found guilty, were publicly executed. Punishment was regarded sometimes as retaliatory, sometimes as preventive. Distinguished jurisconsults pronounced elaborate arguments and wrote learned books on the methods and principles of the trial of animals. The questions whether they were morally responsible and whether they were lay or cleric were discussed. Injurious beasts were often regarded as instruments of Satan, possessed by demons, which might enter into human beings and must then be exorcised. This view is the attenuated form of the early belief in the divine character of animals. The worship of animals originates not as our author holds (p. 85), "in the belief that they are embodiments of devils," but in the conviction that they are gods. An additional chapter deals with mediæval and modern penological theories, and many old legal documents are given in an Appendix. The bibliographical material is valuable. The volume is the result of the revision and expansion of two essays by the author printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1884.

A few readers who have an eye for religious literature of the finer qualities may remember a slight volume of sermons of some seven years ago entitled "Dwellers in Tents," by Frederic E. Dewhurst, then a Congregational clergyman of Indianapolis. The discourses indicated a preacher of quiet manner, but of exceptional insight in religious matters, and the same qualities are evident in "The Investment of Truth and Other Sermons" (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press), a posthumous volume, with an Introduction by Prof. Albion W. Small. The sermons are of the essay type, with no attempt at oratory or immediate impression, but forceful by reason of firm grasp of essential spiritual truth, clear diction, orderly arrangement of thought, and abundant sympathy with present problems and doubts. Mr. Dewhurst's appeal is to the few, but to these he appeals strongly.

The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, the moral reform agitator, has revised his Princeton lectures on "Practical Christian Sociology," and brought to date the large mass of statistics contained in the volume (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). The theme of the lectures is "the study of society from a Christian standpoint, with a view to its Christianization." The very full notes on the text include a large number of bibliographical references, which complete indices render easily available. Some seventy-five pages are devoted to "chronological data of humane progress." The book is a repository of sociological facts, chiefly arranged with a view to agitation against intemperance, impurity, and gambling, and in favor of the observance of Sunday.

The interest now being evinced in a modern conception and interpretation of the Scriptures can be seen from the fact that the new condensed commentary on the New Testament, strictly along critical lines, edited, with the coöperation of other experts, by Prof. Johann Weiss of the University of Marburg, the first edition of which appeared not many months ago under the title "Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments neu übersetzt und für die Gegenwart erklärt" (Goettingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht), is already appearing in twelve sections, at one mark a piece, in a second edition. About one-half of the second edition has come out, covering Mark, Matthew, and Luke, together with the Acts. It is significant that the Gospel of John is not yet included, but will be found later among the Apostolic Epistles as a *Lehrschrift*, and not as an historical account of the life of Christ. The whole is preceded by an introduction, "Geschichte des Neuen Testaments," by Professor Jülicher, the contents of which are largely a condensation of the author's views found in his "Einleitung in das Neue Testament," one of the best in the set that makes up the Grundriss der theologischen Wissenschaften, published by Mohr, of Tübingen. The fundamental conception of the gospels here elaborated is that the Scriptures contain reliable, historical data concerning both the sayings and doings of Jesus, but in addition also not a little unhistorical accumulation of fable, fiction, and the like. To separate these two elements is the critic's chief business. Works like this new commentary, the Grundriss series, Marti's Old Testament commentary, and others show to what a remarkable degree the Germans have learned to condense and to popularize for the general reader the results of their vast critical researches. It is scarcely a dozen years ago since such scholars as the late Professor Stade of Giessen lamented that England and America understood the secret of the condensation of learned theology and Germany did not.

Prof. E. Sellin of the University of Vienna, who has had charge of the archæological researches made by the Germans in Palestine in recent years, and under whose direction the German Archæological School at Jerusalem began its work on the site of the Biblical Jericho, has just sent his preliminary report to the Vienna Academy of Sciences. The excavations are being made by about one hundred natives at five different places near the Elisha fountain. In the northern section were discovered the ruins of an old castle, which consisted of a tower twenty feet high, and a structure of four stories, connected with stone steps. In three of the rooms were bake-ovens. Utensils of various kinds were discovered, as also reliefs, with a picture of fleeing gazelles pursued by a lion. Another structure, with utensils of various kinds, was laid bare in another portion of the grounds. In still another some remnants of the old city wall of Jericho were unearthed, at one place a section of a brick wall as much as forty feet thick, built on a foundation of hewn stone two feet high. At another place, the searcher found private houses in different strata, built one upon the other, and evidently representing different stages in the history of this famous city. Most of the houses belonged to the old Canaanitish and prehistoric age. Among the finds are lamps, plates, weights, needles, handmills, and the like, some of clay, others of bronze. Professor Sellin will continue his researches next season.

"Systematische Philosophie," constituting Teil I., Abteilung VI., of the excellent series, Die Kultur der Gegenwart, ihre Entwicklung und ihre Ziele, edited by Prof. Paul Hinneberg (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner), is the seventh volume of this set. The purpose of the series is to present from the pens of leading authorities in every department of scientific research a brief, yet complete, account of the results, present status, and problems, the whole to constitute a collection, a *multum in parvo*, from which the thoughtful reader can get a clear conception of the factors and forces that enter into the composite of modern intellectual and spiritual life. This latest volume is the combined work of nine recognized specialists, chiefly from the university circles of Germany. Wilhelm Dilthey writes the Introduction, "Das Wesen der Philosophie" (1-72); Alois Riehl, "Logik und Erkennsnistheorie" (73-102); Wilhelm Wundt, "Metaphysik" (103-137); Wilhelm Ostwald, "Naturphilosophie" (138-172); Hermann Ebbinghaus, "Psychologie" (173-246); Rudolf Eucken, "Philosophie der Geschichte" (247-281); Friedrich Paulsen, "Ethik" (282-348); Wilhelm Münch, "Paedagogik (313-348); Theodor Lipps, "Æsthetik" (349-388). The concluding discussion, "Die Zukunftsaufgaben der Philosophie," is by Friedrich Paulsen (309-422). Each of these surveys is opened with an Introduction, containing generally an historical account of a discussion of principles and problems, and a helpful selection of the best literature on the subject. Of the six volumes which have preceded this on Systematic Philosophy, five belong to Teil I., and are entitled "Die Allgemeinen Grundlagen der Kultur der Gegenwart," from seventeen authors, Paulsen, however, appearing twice: "Die Orientalischen Religionen," from nine authors; "Die Christliche Religion mit Einschluss der Israelitisch-Jüdischen Religion," from fourteen authors, including not only such advanced leaders as Wellhausen, Jülicher, Harnack, Troeltsch, but also conservatives like R. Seeberg and Bonwetzsch, and even the lately deceased brilliant Catholic historian of Tübingen, F. X. von Funk; Die Orientalischen Literaturen," from twelve authors, among them Erich Schmidt, Erman, Bezold, Gunkel, and the prince of German Orientalists, Nöldeke; "Die Griechische und Lateinische Literatur und Sprache," by six authors, among them Wilamowitz-Moellendorff and K. Krumbacher. Teil II. is so far represented only by a single volume, namely "Systematische

Rechtswissenschoft," from twelve authors. The cost of these volumes is from nine to eighteen marks, according to size. In many respects these discussions remind the reader of similar articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," but in this case they are the work of German scholarship alone, and not the outcome of an international co-operation of savants. So far, the undertaking has received the warmest welcome at the hands of critical journals in Germany.

Louis Franklin Snow has published his thesis for the degree of Ph.D. at Columbia, "The College Curriculum in the United States." This volume, containing 186 pages, is an elaborate study of the development of the curriculum from the founding of Harvard to the present day. Dr. Snow has laid under contribution a large mass of books and documents, many of them not easily accessible; he has consulted not merely printed catalogues, rules of government, and committee reports, but also the private records of various boards of trustees and faculties, as well as diaries and memoirs of students and professors, some of them still unprinted. To this material he has given clear and orderly arrangement in six chapters, supplemented by a bibliography. "The history of the college curriculum in the United States," says Dr. Snow, "might well be written from five formal documents." These are: The Laws of President Dunster of Harvard, 1642; the Programme of the First Provost of Pennsylvania, 1756; the Report of the Yale Faculty, 1828; the Report of the Committee of Ten, 1892; and the Incorporation Papers of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1902. To the analysis of these documents and of their effect both on the colleges for which they were specially prepared and on other institutions. Dr. Snow very properly devotes much of his space. Subordinate matters, however, receive suitable attention. The thesis is fully annotated; and both text and notes contain many curious and interesting facts gleaned from the history of higher education in this country.

Those familiar with Prof. Friedrich Paulsen's life-long activity in the educational world centring at Berlin, and his masterly handling of the history of the German universities, will feel that no one could discuss "Das deutsche Bildungswesen in seiner geschichtlichen Entwickelung" (just published by Teubner in Leipzig) so well as he. He is not dismayed by the limitations of space imposed by the plan of the series Aus Natur und Geisteswelt, for if he must pass numerous details unnoted, he is able to sketch with firmer hand and in nobler outline the main figures in the development of a system that, long before the world paid homage to German arms, excited the admiration of mankind. Professor Paulsen takes large views of human society and the part played by his countrymen in it; he sees that the forces at work in the German school system do not act independently, but that the German world of culture is controlled by the ebb and flow of forces in the wider circle of *Kultur* in various lands. The work is divided into four books: the first dealing with the first half of the Middle Ages, A. D., 600—1200, when cloister and cathedral schools predominated, and the second half, A. D., 1200—1500, when universities and city schools were established; the second book carries the reader on through the Renaissance and the Reformation; the third outlines the ruling tendencies of the times following 1650 and the new *Bildungsideal*, showing the penetration of modern forces in the educational systems, and the status of affairs at the end of the eighteenth century; the fourth is devoted to the development of education in the nineteenth century, with a modest but satisfied retrospect of the whole, and a glance far out, and beyond the seas even, into the future. There is no index, but there is a bibliography of nearly forty titles, none of which shows that any American scholar has yet commanded attention abroad for a consummate study of the educational methods of the Germans. With this little volume, Professor Paulsen rounds out an exhaustive study of German educational conditions, begun long before his "Geschichte des gelehrten Unterrichts" which, in its second, enlarged edition of 1896, attracted such wide attention.

The centenary of the independence of Mexico will be celebrated in 1910 by the opening of the new University of Mexico. A large amount is to be spent on the building and equipmeut, and this is only one symptom of a general demand expressed by all classes for educational advance. A federal educational department has been created, and the authorities of the various States are also taking a warm interest in the question.

Perhaps the most important contribution of the year to Scandinavian philology is Prof. A. Kock's "Svensk Ljudhistoria"—History of Swedish Sounds—of which the second part has just been issued from the press of C. W. K. Glurup, Lund, Sweden. The first volume, which covers only the vowels, contains 504 pages; vol. ii., which is to deal in a similar way with the consonants, is to be issued in the near future. Professor Kock traces historically Swedish sounds from the Primitive Germanic period through Old Scandinavian and the Middle Swedish period down to the present time. While this work is intended primarily, of course, for Scandinavianists, it forms also a distinct contribution to general Germanic philology, and even contains many hiuts on Indo-European conditions.

G. Steichert & Co. of this city import a "Geschichte der Vereinigten Staaten," by Dr. E. Daenell, professor at the University at Kiel. Professor Daenell is usually well informed, and as kindly disposed toward us as any German could be who perceives that in 1898 we threw to the wiuds Washington's good advice about mixing up in other people's affairs, and that, as a consequence, we are now scrambling for our share of the world power. Like many Germans who handle our statistics at more than arm's length, he has a touch of sad humor. For example, he gives a list of the Presidents of the United States, and finds among them Jefferson Davis! There is a bibliography of seventy-five books bearing on America, of which thirty-four are in German; but one fails to see how such a work can be practical without an index.

Recent movements in Germany for the training of women in library work, and the increasing proportion of women employed in both the scientific and popular libraries of that country, are made the subject of a special investigation and report by the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekwesen*. From this report are summarized the following facts: Two schools for the special training of women in library economy are now in operation in Berlin. One, founded in 1900, by Hottinger, has a course covering three years of study, including four foreign languages, science, history, literature, as well as the practical technique of library work. For admission it requires a high school certificate or its equivalent. The other school, planned along somewhat different lines, was founded in 1902 by Professor Wolfsteig. It admits no one under nineteen years of age, and requires for its final certificate of graduation, not only a theoretical knowledge of library science, but satisfactory service for at least six months in a library or publisher's office. From this school, seventy-five women have already received certificates, of whom twenty-six have found places in scientific libraries, and eighteen iu public libraries. On the general question of the suitability of women for library work, the report is conservative, particularly in regard to positions in the more scholarly libraries, pointing out, however, that even in these there are occupations for which women may be well qualified, such as the arrangement of cards and the copying of titles for the catalogue. For work in popular libraries, a much wider sphere for women is recognized. The report, while not assuming that they are fitted to be heads of large city libraries, yet admits that in these libraries there are many important positions to which women may legitimately aspire; and that in many smaller cities the libraries, if properly grouped under the supervision of a man, might be treated as coöperating branches of one system with a woman at the head of each branch. The hope is expressed that with the increase of the number of women in the profession much may be doue for the extension and improvement of the people's libraries.

In Portsmouth, N. H., the early home of the late T. B. Aldrich, a committee, headed by the Mayor, has formed the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Association, with the following board of directors: Mayor Wallace Hackett, Alfred Gooding, E. P. Kimball, C. A. Hazlett, and Wallis D. Walker of Portsmouth; Talbot Aldrich, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Francis Bartlett, George H. Mifflin, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George E. Woodberry, Prof. Bliss Perry, and Ferris Greenslet of Boston; Samuel L. Clemens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, William Dean Howells, Edward H. Burlingame, Henry M. Alden, and F. P. Dunne of New York; H. W. Mabie of Summit, N. J.; Prof. Henry van Dyke of Princeton; Thomas Nelson Page of Washington, D. C.; and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. The association proposes to acquire by purchase the old house in Portsmouth which belonged to Mr. Aldrich's grandfather, Thomas Darling Bailey, the house in which Mr. Aldrich spent his boyhood, and which is endeared to readers of "The Story of a Bad Boy" as the "Nutter House," and to preserve it as a memorial museum. Mrs. Aldrich and Talbot Aldrich, the poet's surviving son, have agreed to deposit there his

collection of first editions, manuscripts, and autographs, together with other literary relics of interest, and have undertaken to restore the interior of the house as nearly as possible to its old-time appearance. The present representatives of the Bailey family have offered to replace in the house much of its original furnishings. It is hoped to raise by popular subscription among admirers of Mr. Aldrich the sum of $10,000 for the purchase and maintenance of the house. Contributions may be sent to the treasurer of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Association, care of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., No. 4 Park Street, Boston.

In twenty-seventh annual report of the Peoria Public Library, the librarian, E. S. Willcox, condemns the "open shelf" system as confusing to readers. He adds:

Wherever inventories have been taken, and they are frequently shirked, the library boards are amazed at the losses by theft and by mutilation of many of their most precious volumes. Of the few who have had the courage to take an inventory, one library reported 1,000 volumes a year for four years, and went back to the old way. The Boston Public Library reported in 1905 a loss of 1,693 volumes in one year; the Providence Public Library the same year, 1,796; the Los Angeles Public Library, 4,044 a year for two years, and 2,988 the last year reported. They are at their wits' end. They begin to realize that the open shelf is only another word for self-slaughter.

A GOOD INTRODUCTORY HISTORY.

An Introductory History of England, from Henry VII. to the Restoration. By C. R. L. Fletcher. London: John Murray.

Mr. Fletcher's work has but two defects. That any candid critic except himself would have described his style as "crabbed, tortuous, and elliptic English," we doubt; but there is a real danger that Mr. Fletcher, though writing with attractive vigor and spirit, should too often indulge in allusiveness. Young people, even the cleverest, are ignorant. No teacher should ever presume that they will catch an out-of-the-way allusion. Then, too, if they are children worth writing for, they like to be told a tale with directness and plainness. Mr. Fletcher, we admit, has to meet an inevitable difficulty: he has got so much to tell, and his mind is so filled with his subject, that he naturally longs to press as much into his pages as he can. He hates therefore to waste words, but he must sedulously avoid the temptation to make use of allusive compression. In the next place, there exists a possibility that our author may fail, as most of us do, to see exactly where his own strength lies. It is to be found not precisely in picturesqueness, though his words are often full of life. It does not lie exactly in philosophic generalization, though his thoughts are always worth attention and frequently pregnant and luminous. It consists in the gift, for which it is hard to find the right name, of bringing into view and at the same time of illustrating, in the strict sense of that much-abused word, the features of a given time or situation. This natural eye for important facts is the rare talent on which he safely may, and ought to, rely. It is an endowment of special worth to a teacher who can command an audience of ingenuous and intelligent youths. How excellent is Mr. Fletcher's workmanship when he gives full play to his peculiar power will be appreciated by any one who notes the skill with which our author sums up and displays to his readers the salient features of a given political crisis. Let us examine, for instance, the few pages—they are not more than thirteen or fourteen—in which he describes the condition of things under which Charles I. opened the civil war.

The first fact to be noted, and one of the most important, is that England, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, was physically, so to speak, a different England from the country inhabited by modern Englishmen:

It was a far more open country than it is at the present day. The Tudor enclosures had affected perhaps one-third of the southern, eastern, and midland counties. The rest of the cultivated land still lay in hedgeless, open fields; and far more than half of the whole acreage was still moorland, down, marsh, or wood.

This, it will be said, is obvious. So be it, though things which are obvious are constantly forgotten. But then this obvious fact leads in the hands of a true historian to weighty conclusions. Almost all the traffic of the country was sea-borne. It was in one sense a country through which it was difficult to move about, yet the contending armies occasionally moved at an astounding pace:

The explanation probably is that horses (not forage) were cheap and abundant, and munitions of war, and even cannons, very light. Cavalry was the main branch of the service, and in an open country cavalry can move anywhere; even in the enclosed country the scanty hedges were not very formidable to a race of ἱππόδαμοι.

A physical fact affects, then, the whole mode of fighting; and with this consideration must be linked a second fact, namely, that the mechanism of modern warfare had, as Mr. Fletcher convincingly shows us, been in the middle of the seventeenth century but imperfectly developed. The pikeman was still forced to use a two-foot blade on a sixteen-foot ash staff. He wore a half-cuirass of steel, and on his head a steel cap on a leather foundation; he carried a sword, which was seldom used, girt to his side. One comes to wonder as one reads these and other details as to the pikeman's armor, how he ever marched at all. The position of the musketeer who had no defensive armor, and in case of a charge by the enemy had to fall back behind his brother pikemen for defence, was little if at all better than that of his defender. The mode of loading and firing his gun was so awkward that if you had the calamity to be a musketeer "you often blew up yourself and your front-rank man with the powder and match with which you were laden." We must omit many of Mr. Fletcher's details, but we must bear in mind his general statement that "what we call the scientific branches of the service, engineers and artillery, were wofully behind; the war was fought under such conditions that of entrenching there was virtually none." The moment that these and the like characteristics of warfare in the seventeenth century are impressed on the reader's mind, he begins to understand what must often have perplexed him: how it came to pass that cavalry was to be the deciding arm of the war.

If the physical condition of the country and the imperfect development of the machinery of war count for much, Mr. Fletcher makes clear the importance of another circumstance which often escapes the attention of even intelligent students. The population of England was both in numbers, in distribution, and in character, completely different from the 32,000,000 or so which crowd, if they do not overcrowd, the England of to-day. At the beginning of the Civil War, the people of England may "have been between four and five millions, of whom all but a million would be persons engaged in agriculture. Of that remaining million, London would account for three-eighths. During the war its population increased rapidly, if for no other reason, just because it was the safest place. . . . Norwich and Bristol may have held 50,000 between them; the small manufacturing towns of the eastern counties, of Somerset and the West Riding of Yorkshire, another 50,000. Not much is left for the other towns." England, in short, was an agricultural country, in which were scattered up and down two or three large towns, and not, as now, a land of cities separated here and there by stretches of country. Englishmen were squires, yeomen, and farmers; they were not for the most part merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, and artisans. Yet in this country of agriculturalists London, with less than a million inhabitants, exercised far greater power than does the London of to-day, with its population of from four to five million.

Add to all this that "the activity and intelligence of all except the lowest class was probably never greater at any period of English history," and one sees at once that the English Civil War of the seventeenth century was a phenomenon totally different from almost any other armed conflict among citizens with which the world was then acquainted. The nearest historical parallels in subsequent days are presented by the War of the Swiss Sonderbund and the War of Secession. All of these three civil conflicts present at least three points of similarity. They were each fought out between civilians, who were turned into soldiers of conspicuous bravery and efficiency from the necessity of deciding by the use of force a political issue which could not be determined by any other method. In each war, though in different degrees, men who had been trained in country life played a great part. In each war victory at last fell to the party which commanded the largest physical resources. Nor need any moralist sigh over this result. The power of material wealth—to keep the mind fixed upon the English Civil War—represented on the whole the thought, the energy, the intelligence, even in a sense the religious earnestness, no less than the mercantile resources of England. How this should be so must be learned from a study of Mr. Fletcher's pages and the books, such as S. R. Gardiner's History, which he encourages his pupils to read.

The aim of a reviewer must be to insist that our author brings into light, with the utmost skill and in a way which will impress youthful readers, the true conditions which govern the course of the contest between Parliament and Crown, and shows more distinctly than almost any writer with whom we are acquainted how from these conditions flowed two marked characteristics of the conflict between Roundheads

and Cavaliers. The first is that the war was carried on with conspicuous humanity, and this, as Mr. Fletcher points out, is the more remarkable because such trained soldiers as served on either side had been trained amid, and, one might have feared, corrupted by, the reckless barbarism of the Thirty Years' War. That this humanity was in part due to the moral earnestness of the leaders and soldiers on both sides one may well believe. It was also in part attributable to the absence of foreign intervention. Wherever foreigners, or men whom Englishmen deemed foreigners, took part in the contest, Englishmen began to show the savagery natural to civil conflict. The second characteristic closely allied to the first is that neither party could claim any monopoly of patriotism or righteousness. We are most thankful to Mr. Fletcher for having made this fact as plain as day. It is very rare for an author who feels with so much vehemence to write with so much fairness:

> We may well be very proud of our ancestors on either side in the great civil war. Never was a war undertaken more soberly, more seriously, or with greater regret; never was peace more ardently desired by the best elements on each side; never were higher ideals upheld, and never by more religious and righteous soldiers.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Lone Star. By Eugene P. Lyle, jr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Lyle has chosen to open his novel with a few pages of rather aggressive smartness; but once in motion, he flings aside spangles and rides gallantly to the close. His tale is a captivating one. The history of the making of Texas has not often been told in story, and it is a thrilling subject. The writer's enthusiasm for the early Texan heroes gives his pages a personal warmth which possibly the casual reader never expected to feel for Stephen Austin, for Sam Houston, or for Jim Bowie. These loom large, yet come very close in a tale that begins with the Mexican exclusion of Americans and ends with the battle of San Jacinto. The brawls, the battles, the divided policies, "the personal equation between race and race," form a drama of stern, often terrible, interest. Over against the pioneer figures stands that of Santa Ana in no glorious light. "A more distracting riddle in the way of a Latin-American has never, to my knowledge, toyed with the destinies of his country. To try to explain him is vexation."

Young Harry Ripley, who tells the story, is satisfyingly differentiated from the usual autobiographic hero of fiction by his human weaknesses. He is morally brave, and physically as well when nobility constrains him. He figures as blunderer and sometimes as dupe, but always retrieves himself by candor and a high courage. And so, like all the characters in the book, we find him a most lovable boy. The "little Catamou't" heroine plays her part attractively, and not too conventionally. But the Texan struggle for existence is the pith of the book, and the interesting thing is to find it made into dignified fiction, and not into the blustering "cowboyism" of a Wild West Show. Not that there is any lack of cowboyism or of horrors, but they form a contributory part, and not the essence of an historical record, good for young and old Americans.

Barbary Sheep. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Admirers of Mr. Hichens will perhaps be disappointed to find so little actual reading matter between the covers of this fair-sized volume. A somewhat slender rill of text flows between the decorated borders, and the paper is of the thickest. One's attention is almost diverted from the fact that Mr. Hichens has at last told his tale with compactness and restraint. It is the old tale of East and West, white love and brown love, circumstance and the desert. This writer has the art of being erotic, even neurotic, without offending the ordinary reader; his taint, if taint there be, concealing itself beneath a rosy and perfumed cloud of sentiment, after a fashion rather Gallic than English. Maupassant might have told this story—only he would not have begged the question. The woman is a pretty, spoiled young English wife, who lives only to be amused, yet quickly tires of any given form of amusement. The inevitable two men are her husband, complaisant and dull, a hunting beef-eater; and an Arab of European education, now a *spahi* in the French army. A sudden whim of the woman to see the desert brings the English pair to Algiers, and to a little inn on the very edge of the waste. Here the husband, who is not in the least impressed with the desert, discovers that there are Barbary sheep to be potted; and here, while he pots them, the *spahi* turns up. Well, nothing much happens, though great preparations are made; and with the reduction of our romantic son of the desert to a mere thief, the whole affair comes rather lamely to an end. To be frank, the story is marked by that species of emotional impotence which has been noticeable in so much of Mr. Hichens's work. As for the style and proportions of the narrative, they suggest, we have hinted, a distinct advance in the art of the novelist. The purple passages of description are few and not over-long; and there is a general abstention from "piling on the agony."

Lonewood Corner. By John Halsham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

One of the marvels of English rustic life lies in the rich material it still affords, after such reapers as Walton, Borrow, Jeffries, Hardy, and the whole host of outdoor chroniclers have loved and described its mind and aspect. A poorer field would offer scant reward to the most patient gleaner. In dealing with this life, "Lonewood Corner" arrives at a certain charm from its impregnation with the quality—so grateful to some palates—of being unutterably, deeply English. The author respects tradition; he enjoys looking back. It is highly characteristic that he despises Marcus Aurelius ("Stodge" is the epithet he applies) as "one of those people who can only think of infinity in one direction, as if it didn't go both ways, behind as well as in front." He treasures ancient words, ancient methods of husbandry. Modern education fills him with darkest forebodings. Perhaps his happiest moment is when Dempster, the village schoolmaster, London bred and trained, gives "nature study" lessons to his youthful hinds, and is, himself, unable to identify a cockchafer. And as for the government, "all the Virgilian plagues," he asserts, "the blights and weeds and birds and weather, one can face with a stout courage, but let a man begin to see behind the primordial contest the new odds of legislative interferences, municipal smoke-plagues, economic weed plagues and bird plagues, and it may go near to break his heart."

His friend, the Warden (who, like Trollope's, lives in an almshouse for ancient bedesmen), feels more hopeful:

> We are getting out of the frozen slush of science by degrees; . . . when we are tired of splitting up the atom we may get back to the real mysteries—such as humor, for instance, and the thing we call vulgarity.

The analysis of humor occupies the author greatly. It is, he thinks, "the admission of the incalculable, something elastic in the brain which will stand the shock when two and two don't make four." Much pleasant speculation of this nature blends with pictures of his quiet hamlet in all weathers, with slight touches of rustic character and quotations ranging as far afield as from Plato to Cobbett, and with a steady allegiance to Montaigne, in whom he finds constant comfort for the shortcomings of the modern world.

Under the Pompadour. By E. W. Jennings. New York: Brentano's.

When a romance begins with an eighteenth century smuggling misadventure on the south coast of England, the normal reader prepares to settle back on ground made comfortably familiar in a hundred novels. But there is no settling back for him till this book is closed. Though many such stories have been full of events, this outstrips them all. The hero, who runs away to avoid seeing his family disgraced, has no space to breathe, how short soever, till in the last chapter he comes home again, chased to the penultimate by his ultimately vanquished or vanished foes. On his first flight to London he naturally encounters pistols and a lady, and it is hard to say whether his friendships or his enmities bring him into more exciting situations. His brief career in London is a picture of the city's life. The French and the English Jacobites are plotting together. Gambling and duelling are the industries of the day. At a rout may be met Selwyn, Walpole, Lord Chesterfield. In Fleet Street one may see Dr. Johnson and Reynolds. The "Fleet marriages," that enabled a bride to transfer her debts to a bridegroom, were among the amenities of the slums. It was the day when gentlemen wrote poems, minced their steps, and said "Sink me!" and "Strike me windy!"—when princes and 'prentices rubbed shoulders at Vauxhall, and sailors were carried off from Bartholomew Fair by press-gangs.

But London's experiences are but kindergarten play compared with those that await young Bradninch in Paris. The tool of designing courtiers, male and female, he is made Jacobite secretary to the Pompadour. Disguised for a love-tryst as a Jesuit priest, it is he who unwittingly made history by estranging Louis XV. from the

Dauphin. And, still making history, he overheard the conspiracy which entrusted to Damiens the attempt on the King's life. He is himself destined to the Bastille, but by a lucky mistake is sent to another prison, whence he escapes by a rope shot to him by a fair lady's arrow. He conveys to her news of his safety by a carrier pigeon, with which she has thoughtfully provided him, not forgetting a nun's costume and some luncheon. Finally, he sails back to England under fire from a pursuing vessel, a double duel occurring, on the way, while both the boats are aground on a sand bar.

This is a mere outline; it is filled in with marvels of combat, kidnapping, smuggling, besides court cabals, true love and false love, blood-letting, and treason. The plot is fairly thick, but the incidents far thicker. At times one scents the novel of manners, so detailed are the millinery and furnishings of the drama. But this is only a consistent feature of the general lavishness; for the things that happen are in due proportion to the atmosphere they happen in. Everything that had been invented down to 1757, from customs to stratagems, has been here put to use. And when all is said, if at times quite preposterously opulent in material, it is still a very entertaining, even plausible and suitably told story.

Behind the Scenes with the Mediums. By David P. Abbott. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

If Mr. Abbott is not already a member of the Society for Psychical Research, he should be straightway elected. In this book he shows himself a clever "performer," one who is not likely to be deceived. As a performer—for that is the name given to the professional medium—he can do all the tricks of the séance; and as an observer he keeps cool. He has, indeeed, never received any of those thrilling messages which have been the joy of Mrs. Piper and her satellites; nor have any whispers from departed psychologists reached his ears. He writes chiefly of those wonders upon which the "scientific" spiritualist looks with undisguised contempt. He has been about among the mediums and explains all their devices. Sealed envelopes, slate messages, tappings, and luminous clouds have no terrors or mysteries for him. And all those who have a kind of shamefaced desire to know just what spiritualists do and how they do it will be entertained by his exposures. Even those who go full of faith to consult palmists, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, and other modern sorcerers, will find him interesting. The lady who shudders when the prophetess gives her name and address with her eyes shut, and the gentleman who reads with avidity the letter written by his deceased mother-in-law, can here discover the *modus operandi*—and go back for more.

One of the most diverting parts of Mr. Abbott's book is concerned with fashions in spiritualism:

> As soon as the first mediums could induce the spirits of the departed to return to earth and rap on tables and furniture, the fashion rapidly spread, and mediums all over the country sprang up with exactly these same powers. . . . As soon as a leading medium spoke of his magnetic powers, all of the mediums in the country had magnetic powers, which, strange to say, could act on wood, and could also act in ways in which magnetism was never known to act. As soon as a leading medium started the fashion of having an Indian guide, all of the mediums in the country had Indian guides.

From what the author says, it may be inferred that belief in the genuineness of spirit manifestations, clairvoyancy, and other forms of magic is induced in two ways; first by the skill of the performer, and second by the inability of the victim to observe what really takes place. Even the initiated have to be on their guard to avoid being taken in. Indeed, a part of the mediums' skill consists in producing that confusion of mind which makes the visitor an easy prey. It is possible, for example, for one person to pretend to have both his hands in contact with those of another, while all the while one of them is free to fan the air, to move musical instruments about, and to strike the dupe on the face and head. Extraordinary pains are taken to prearrange the manifestations of the séance. Many of the audience-chambers of the spiritualists are fitted with elaborate contrivances — curtains, trap doors, and concealed entrances which hide or admit confederates. One medium uses "many elegant costumes, all made of the finest silk." He has one piece "consisting of twenty-one yards of the finest white French bridal veiling, which can be contained in a pint cup." This, after having been painted with a luminous fluid, brings the spirit world into the most dingy hall. And in all performances the means employed to confuse and distract the witness are varied.

Then, too, clairvoyants often have a detective system by which they learn the circumstances of their clients. When in doubt about what to say they may make assertions with a rising inflection of the voice; and in this way they get involuntary answers. The visitor will probably deny afterwards that he has made any response:

> Systems of pumping or fishing are an art with mediums, and they grow very expert at it, and do it so naturally that it takes an expert to detect that he himself is giving the medium information.

Apparently also spiritualism is a profitable business:

> A medium once told me that the public never knew half of the money that is gathered by mediums. . . . He also said that it is not the common people who are the best patrons of mediums, but doctors, lawyers, merchants, teachers, and the more intelligent class of persons.

The author's disclosures should make any unbiassed reader more than ever skeptical as to even the best authenticated stories of modern miracles. The professional medium may not earn his money honestly, but he earns it by great cleverness and industry. Men who have had a limited experience of the world are unfitted to outwit such shrewd and nimble-fingered men and women.

The Khasis. By Major P. R. T. Gurdon, with an introduction by Sir Charles Lyall. (Published under the orders of the Government of Eastern Bengal and Assam.) Illustrated. London: David Nutt.

Three years ago the Government of India ordered the preparation of a series of monographs on the more important tribes and castes of Assam. The object was to give a systematic account of the people, their manners and customs, their ethnological affinities, their laws and institutions, their religious beliefs, their folk-lore, their theories as to their origin, and their language. This volume on the Khasis is the first of the series, the author being deputy-commissioner of the district in which they dwell, as well as superintendent of ethnography in Assam. He does not attempt to write for the casual reader, but the result is, according to Sir Charles Lyall, "an important contribution to the data of anthropology."

The Khasis, numbering 176 614, are an exceptionally interesting race, because of their isolation in the midst of a great encircling population, all of whom belong to a different stock; and because of the remarkable features presented by their language and institutions. Their social organization presents one of the most perfect examples still surviving of the matriarchate, carried out with wonderful logic and thoroughness. The mother is the head and the source and only bond of union in the family. In the most primitive part of the hills she is the only owner of real property, and through her alone is inheritance transmitted. The father has no kinship with his children, who belong to their mother's clan. On marriage, it is usual for the husband to live with his wife in his mother-in-law's house, but in some of the clans he only visits his wife there:

> In Jowai, some people admitted to me that the husband came to his mother-in-law's house only after dark, and that he did not eat, smoke, or even partake of betel-nut there, the idea being that, because none of his earnings go to support this house, therefore it is not etiquette for him to partake of food or other refreshment there.

The principal deities worshipped are females, and a woman is high priestess. The sun is a woman, the moon a man, while in their language, which, so far as known, is the only member of the Mōn-Khmēr family having a grammatical gender, the feminine nouns immensely predominate.

Another remarkable custom, which prevails to this day, is that of erecting stone memorials, very similar to the menhirs and cromlechs which are found in western Europe, northern Africa, and western Asia. One of the most surprising experiences of the traveller, unprepared for the scene, is to find himself on a plateau surrounded by great groups of standing and table-stones, exactly like those at Stonehenge:

> The table-stones are always placed towards the centre of the group, generally in front of the great central menhir. These groups of stones are usually situated alongside roads or close to well-known lines of route, where they readily attract the attention of the passers-by. They do not necessarily face in any particular direction, but are to be found fronting all points of the compass. There is nothing, therefore to show that they were erected so as to face the direction of the sunrise, or of any particular planet's.

A method of divination for ascertaining the causes of misfortune and the remedies to be applied is identical with that employed by the Romans, the inspection of entrails. Another, which seems to have been known to diviners in ancient Hellas,

consists in throwing an egg violently in the middle of an "egg-breaking" board and judging by some established rules, which are given, together with a diagram of the board, the good or evil prognostics, according as the fragments lie.

Major Purdon's book leaves a pleasant impression of the people, who are cheerful, industrious, good-tempered, moral, and trustworthy. They are fond of nature:

A Khasi loves a day out in the woods, where he thoroughly enjoys himself. If he does not go out shooting or fishing, he is content to sit still and contemplate nature. He has a separate name for each of the commoner birds and flowers. He also has names for many butterflies and moths.

These are traits rarely found in the people of India. The author gives an interesting selection from the folk-tales, of which the Khasis possess a considerable number. A sketch of the history of the race, so far as it can be traced, their origin being still undetermined, is contributed by Sir Charles Lyall. The illustrations are colored plates, pictures of the natives, and reproductions of photographs, three of which are of the memorial stones.

Science.

Foods and Their Adulteration. By Harvey W. Wiley. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $4 net.

The mustering out of Dr. Wiley's much-talked-of "poison squad" at Washington nearly coincides with the publication of this book, which is itself to be followed, according to the publisher's announcement, by a companion volume on "Beverages." The long-fought campaign for the Pure Food law has made the name of the Agricultural Department's chief chemist one to conjure with at this country's dinner-tables. The Congressman who gave up iced tea because Dr. Wiley, in testifying before a House committee, had incidentally spoken against its use as a summer beverage was in the class with many thousands of unofficial persons. Unscrupulous packers and canners might furiously rage together, but a public, concerned as never before about its diet, continued to feel confidence in the official "food men."

In more than six hundred octavo pages, Dr. Wiley goes through the catalogue of substances used for human food, beginning with beef and ending with invalids' food, giving the chemical composition of each, the sources, methods of preparation, and the forms of sophistication against which the consumer should be on his guard. Occasionally, as in the directions for making soup stock, it touches on the field of the cook-book, and in other places on those of technical manuals, but in general it furnishes information which the person who desires, so to speak, to eat scientifically, ought to possess but rarely does.

The doctrine of *caveat emptor* has no place in the philosophy of modern food-reform. Full and accurate information for the consumer is its key-note. On this Dr. Wiley is insistent. For the use of artificial colors and preservatives he has no tolerance. Admitting the "great temptation" to use boric acid or sulphite of soda to preserve beef juice, he considers both these substances "objectionable on the score of possible injury to health." In meats he holds all preservatives "are highly objectionable because they keep meats apparently fresh while in reality changes of the most dangerous character may be going on." Even the plea of the tomato ketchup manufacturers that their wares, which are used gradually from the bottle, will spoil before it is finished, he dismisses as "not of sufficient value to warrant the exception of tomato ketchup from the ordinary regulations respecting pure food." The coloring of butter "is open to suspicion with respect to unwholesomeness." The "floating" of oysters to fatten them is "reprehensible in every respect."

On other points Dr. Wiley is more tolerant than the man in the street. Thus he calls horse-meat "wholesome and nutritious," and for the proverbially distrusted sausage has only the mildly-phrased criticism that "much which is not eaten under its own name may be found in sausage."

This is not the book of a crank, and Dr. Wiley's views regarding the future of the American food-supply are in general optimistic. Thus: "It seems quite certain that in the near future practically all the milk that is sold upon the market will be of certified quality." Of meat, he only says, "It is hoped that the new methods of inspection established by the Secretary of Agriculture will secure the desired purity of meat products." He foresees high reputation, on their own merits, for fancy cheeses of American origin. Dr. Wiley's prediction of an increased use for vegetable oils and fats in place of lard and suet is interesting to the housewife, but it is to be feared that the scientific imagination runs away with the scientist when he remarks that "now that the use of horses for draught purposes has *practically been superseded* [our italics] by the automobile and the trolley, . . . the production of real koumiss from mare's milk might become a very useful field of industry in the United States."

A series of appendices containing the texts of the pure food law and other Federal statutes relating to food products, as well as a summary of administrative decisions under these acts, including the food standards established, is a valuable feature, which will become still more valuable if a later edition should be issued after the rulings, statutes, and court decisions have been worked into a coördinated body of laws and regulations on this most important subject.

"Useful Birds and their Protection," by Edward Howe Forbush (Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture), is a large volume containing a surprising amount of information, valuable both to the ornithologist and the farmer. If the people of Massachusetts do not hereafter discriminate between useful and harmless birds, and do not benefit from the encouragement of the former class, it will be because they wilfully refuse to be advised by this competent ornithologist and entomologist. The first one hundred pages contain a thesis on the value of birds to man. Then the most useful birds of the State are taken up in respect to their usual habitat—orchard, woodland, garden, and marsh. A clear and terse description is given of each species and a brief résumé of its habits, with a full account of its feeding. This forms the most valuable part of the volume, and brings together a host of hitherto widely scattered and uncorrelated facts. Checks upon the increase of useful birds are then considered, such as man, cats, squirrels, rats, hawks, owls, shrikes, and English sparrows. Mr. Forbush accuses not only the proverbially carnivorous red squirrel, but also the gray and the chipmunk, of devouring eggs and nestlings. Evidence is furnished that cats are perhaps the greatest enemies with which our native birds have to contend. The protection of birds is the subject of the final chapter, and every phase is admirably treated. Many of the illustrations are excellent photographs of living wild birds. The style is interesting.

The physical condition of the school children of Glasgow has been the subject of a recent interesting and valuable report by the school board. It is based not only on records of physical measurement, but also on investigations as to the housing and physical surroundings of the children. For purposes of examination, seventy-three schools, with 72,857 pupils, were divided into four social grades, including the poorest and wealthiest districts of the city. The report states that at each age, from five to eighteen, the average weight and height were uniformly below the standard of the anthropometrical committee, with the exception of those in the highest grade. They were in weight practically identical with the standard, and in height a shade over the standard. "It cannot be an accident," it says, "that boys from two-roomed houses should be 11.7 pounds lighter on an average than boys from four-roomed houses, and 4.7 inches smaller. Neither is it an accident that girls from one-roomed houses are, on the average, 14 pounds lighter and 5.3 inches shorter than the girls from four-roomed houses." The conclusion is inevitable that the poorest child suffers most in nutrition and growth. This is the most extensive investigation ever undertaken in Britain as to the heights and weights of school children in primary and higher-grade schools, and the report has just been issued as a Blue-Book.

Drama.

THE CAREER OF MANSFIELD.

Richard Mansfield, who died at New London last Friday, was born on the island of Heligoland in 1857, and was educated chiefly in England. At first he was designed for the Indian Civil Service; later he turned his attention to painting, even going to the length of opening a studio in Boston. Before long he returned to England and went on the stage. His first appearance was in a little piece by Alfred Cellier, called "Charity Begins at Home," which won temporary popularity. Not long afterwards he became associated with some of the earliest successes of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas. Report credits him with a capital performance of Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore," and the Major-General in "The Pirates of Penzance." As a singer he was always remarkably effec-

tive, having a baritone voice of great power and richness, and an admirable method. After a season of obscurity and occasional privation, he secured an engagement with the London Royalty Theatre Company, appearing in a variety of parts, among which were those of M. Phillips, in "Out of the Hunt"; Herbert Elwyn, in "Dust"; the Burgomaster, in "Geneviève de Brabant"; Old Sherman, in "The Fisherman's Daughter"; Brigard, in "Frou-Frou"; Ashley Merton, in "Meg's Diversion"; and Theophilus Woolston, in "Not Registered." Then in May, 1882, he played Laurent, in "The Mascotte."

In the autumn of that year he came to America and played first Dromez in "Les Manteaux Noirs"; next Nick and Jan in Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle," and the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe." While the "Iolanthe" company was in Baltimore he sprained his ankle and returned to New York. It was a lucky accident, inasmuch as it gave him a chance to volunteer for the part of Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance," at the Union Square Theatre, in January, 1883. After that memorable evening he steadily grew in popularity. In "Prince Karl" he found a character which long displayed some of his most attractive gifts. Other parts in which he won favor before he set out on his career as a star were those of Von Dornfield in "Alpine Roses"; Von Schnitzel, in "La Vie Parisienne"; Babolena, in "Gasperone"; Kraft, in "In Spite of All," and Baron de Mercas, in "Victor Durand."

His first tour as a star was made in 1886, when he started out with "A Parisian Romance" and "Prince Karl." In the following season he produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Theatrically, beyond question, this was a very striking performance, but it was a great belittlement, if not a positive vulgarization, of the original. In Stevenson's sketch, of course, it was only some strange and indefinable suggestion of uncanniness about Hyde that made him so repulsive, whereas Mansfield invested him with all the horrors that paint and hair and green lights could express. A more artistic performance was his André Rossini Mario de Jadot in "Monsieur" in 1887. He was then preparing for the invasion of London. After a preliminary appearance in "Jekyll and Hyde" at the Lyceum Theatre, he leased the Globe Theatre and there produced "Richard III." in a magnificent manner, so far as the scenery and costumes were concerned, although he took terrible liberties with the text. His Richard was received with scant critical praise and faint public approval. His London season, in fact, resulted in heavy loss. For this, however, he soon found compensation in his rapidly increasing fame at home.

His earliest important success after his return from England was in the "Beau Brummel" of Clyde Fitch, produced in New York May, 1890. Although his impersonation conspicuously lacked some of the essential characteristics of the exquisite of the period—notably ease of manner and artificial "graces" of deportment—it nevertheless was often exceedingly effective in its rigid individualism, its calculated insolence, and its drawling imperturbability. For many years it ranked among his most popular characterizations. His Don Juan, his Emperor Nero, and his Tittlebat Titmouse, 1891-1892, are illustrations of the laudable ambition which impelled him to undertake the most widely diversified parts without much regard to his own personal or artistic qualifications. In Arthur Dimmesdale, the hero of "The Scarlet Letter," he found a part better suited to his abilities. In 1893 he attempted Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," avoiding failure, but falling far short of triumph. His performance was marked by unfailing intelligence and vigor, but it was feeble in tragic power when compared with the embodiment of Edwin Booth, and tame and unimaginative in contrast with the romanticism of Irving. From Shakespeare he descended to the glittering shallows of George Bernard Shaw, being one of the first to discern the theatrical possibilities of "The Arms and the Man." In Captain Bluntschli he interpreted the cynical and paradoxical humor with brilliant effect. He added nothing to his reputation, though detracting nothing from it, by his Napoleon or his Don Pedro ("King of Peru"), but his intense acting in the grim Russian drama, "The Story of Rodion, the Student," made a strong impression. Soon afterward he won another success as Dick Dudgeon in Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple."

All this time he had been steadily building up a reputation as an actor of high ambition, artistic purpose, rare intelligence, and strangely interesting if rather monotonous personality, and a manager of great liberality, wide experience, and excellent taste. His scenery was always of the best, his costumes rich and accurate, his company well-trained and fairly competent, and his orchestral music admirable. A new production by Mansfield came to be regarded as a notable theatrical incident. Thus expectation was raised to a higher pitch than usual when it was announced in 1898 that he would produce Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." To the general public Mr. Mansfield's Cyrano seemed to be a source of unalloyed delight, but to more discerning observers it brought disappointment. Able as it was, it nevertheless lacked true eloquence, the real fire of passion, full nobility of pathos, and poetic elevation. It was inferior to the impersonation of Coquelin, who played the last act with genuine inspiration. Mr. Mansfield next essayed the character of Shakespeare's Henry V., with only moderate success. In this one character George Rignold, an actor of far lower intellectual calibre, greatly excelled him. In "Beaucaire" he once more exhibited his finished skill in eccentric and romantic comedy. This impersonation will always be accounted among the best of his lighter achievements. His Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar," was sadly deficient in dignity and moral elevation, and further was blurred by elocutionary faults, long habitual to him, but especially conspicuous in such a part. It was not worthy to be compared with the Brutus of either Edwin Booth or E. L. Davenport. A more notable impersonation was that of his Czar Ivan, in "Ivan the Terrible," a minute and powerful study of senile suspicion, superstition, and savagery, blended with the consciousness of despotic authority. In this the actor manifested a clear conception, finished technical skill, and indisputable emotional power, albeit of a rather low order. In 1906 he furnished another proof of his enterprise, and intelligence by producing an English version of "Le Misanthrope," a representation which was received with general favor, although it cannot be said that his own contribution to it was one of his most brilliant efforts. He followed this with a version of "Don Carlos," and then in the winter of 1906-7 put forward the elaborate representation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," which is said to have caused his physical breakdown.

Duffield & Co., New York, and Chatto & Windus, London, have arranged for the publication of a series to be called the Shakespeare Library, in which will be included various volumes indispensable to a thorough understanding of the author, but never before issued at reasonable prices. The library will be divided into four parts. Part first will include "The Old Spelling Shakespeare," published in forty volumes and in the orthography of the poet's own time, the text under the editorship of Dr. Furnivall; part second, The Shakespeare Classics, under the general editorship of Prof. I. Gollancz, will include the various romances, histories, plays, and poems used by Shakespeare as the originals or direct sources of his plays; part three, Shakespeare's England, will include volumes illustrative of the life, thought, and literature of England in the time of Shakespeare. A fourth part, to be called the Lamb Shakespeare for Young People, will be based on Charles and Mary Lamb's Tales, in which an attempt will be made to put into prose those passages from the plays with which the young reader should early become acquainted. The first of the volumes in the second part will be Lodge's "Rosalynde," the original of "As You Like It," edited by W. W. Greg. Other volumes to follow shortly will be Greene's "Dorastus and Fawnia," the original of the "Winter's Tale"; Brook's poem of "Romeus and Juliet," "The History of Hamlet," "The Play of King Leir and his Three Daughters," and various other source books. Among the first volumes to appear in Shakespeare's England will be "Robert Laneham's Letter," describing part of the entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth in Kenilworth Castle in 1575; Shakespeare's "Holinshed," edited by the late W. G. Boswell Stone; the Shakespeare Allusion-Book, in which the allusions originally collected by Dr. Ingleby, Miss L. Toulmin Smith, and Dr. Furnivall will be for the first time arranged in chronological order and supplemented with further material. The whole library is expected to be completed between September, 1907, and 1909.

It is now five years since the world has been talking about the new poem and play of Edmond Rostand—"Chantecler," in which animals were to speak as in the mysteries of the Middle Ages. The play was promised to Coquelin as a fit successor to "Cyrano de Bergerac." Since then Coquelin has had consecutively two Paris theatres, but he has been unable to present the new masterpiece. Stories are told of the poet's reading his work to the actor through a night, only to tear it up fastidiously in the morning. Now it is announced, semi-officially, as the result of a visit of Jean Coquelin to Rostand in his solitude at Cambo, that a contract has been signed by which "Chantecler" is to be delivered into the hands of Coquelin this coming autumn.

Music.

PLANS FOR THE OPERA.

Heinrich Conried has practically completed his plans for the winter at the Metropolitan Opera House. The season will be the longest ever attempted at the Metropolitan, beginning Monday, November 18, and lasting twenty weeks. Thursday evenings have been included in the series of regular subscription performances. The company engaged is as follows:

Sopranos—Mmes. Bessie Abott, Lina Cavalieri, Emma Eames, Geraldine Farrar, Rita Le Fornia, Olive Fremstad, Johanna Gadski, Anne Girard, Martha Leffler-Burckhard, Lucille Lawrence, Lucy Lee Call, Marie Mattfield, Berta Morena, Marie Rappold, Marcella Sembrich, Marion Weed.

Mezzo-sopranos and contraltos—Mmes. Louise Homer, Josephine Jacoby, Frida Langendorff, Kirkby-Lunn.

Tenors—Messrs. Julius Bayer, Alessandro Bonci, Alois Burgstaller, Carl Burrian, Enrico Caruso, Andreas Dippel, Heinrich Knote, George Lucas, Riccardo Martin, Giovanni Paroli, Albert Reiss, Charles Rousselière, Giuseppe Tecchi.

Baritones—Messrs. Bernard Begue, Giuseppe of Campanari, Eugene Dufriche, Otto Goritz, Adolf Muehlmann, Antonio Scottl, Franz Stiner, Riccardo Stracciari, Anton Van Rooy.

Basses—Messrs. Raffaele Barocchi, Robert Blass, Theodore Chaliapine, Marcel Journet, Vittorio Navarini, Pol Plançon.

Conductors—Messrs. S. Bovy (opera in French), Rodolfo Ferrari (opera in Italian). Aldred Hertz (opera in German), and Gustav Mahler.

Berta Morena, a dramatic soprano, has been singing with success at the Wagner festival at Munich. She has in her répertoire all the Wagner operas, as well as "Fidelio" and several operas in Italian. Martha Leffler-Burckard, from the Berlin Opera House, will be heard during the latter part of the season, as she has only a short leave of absence. Frida Langendorff, contralto, is from the Prague Opera House. Rita Le Fornia will be heard in light soprano rôles. For the German operas, Heinrich Knote will return for the first two months of the season, and will then be followed by Carl Burrian; while Alois Burgstaller will join the company in the latter part of December, and will remain until the end of the season. Enrico Caruso will sing for the entire season, and Alessandro Bonci, who was at the Manhattan Opera House last year, has also been engaged. George Lucas, who has been singing first tenor at the Paris Opéra and at Nice, will assume the rôles formerly entrusted to Jacques Bars, in addition to appearing in French and Italian opera. Riccardo Martin is a young American tenor. With the addition of Giuseppe Campanari, the list of baritones will be the same as last year. He will be heard, after an absence of several years, in his favorite parts. Among the bassi the interest will centre in Theodore Chaliapine, the Russian, who has been warmly received in Paris and Monte Carlo. Pol Plançon will come to America for the last three months of the season. Raffaele Barocchi, an excellent basso-buffo, will take the place of the late Archangelo Rossi.

Among the new productions will be "Iris," by Mascagni, in which the principal rôles will be assigned to Emma Eames and Signor Caruso. Caruso will also sing in the revival of Verdi's "Otello," in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," by Cilea, perhaps in "Andrea Chenier," and in Verdi's "Trovatore." Besides "Iris," Mme. Eames will add the rôle of Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni" to her répertoire. Boito's "Mefistofele," with Chaliapine in the title rôle, and Mme. Cavalieri or Miss Farrar, will be produced on a great scale. Chaliapine will also appear as Basilio in Rossini's "Barber of Seville," as Mephisto in Gounod's "Faust," and possibly as Leporello in "Don Giovanni." To the German répertoire will be added a completely new production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," and, later on, under Mahler's direction, Weber's "Freischütz" and Beethoven's "Fidelio." Mme. Fremstad will sing the rôle of Isolde, and will also be ready with "Fidelio." "Die Meistersinger" will be revived early in the season. The rest of the Wagner operas, including "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and "Parsifal," will be given as usual. Mme. Gadski will appear in her usual répertoire, including Elvira in "Don Giovanni," and, it is hoped, Leonora in "Trovatore." Kreutzer's "Das Nachtlager von Granada" will, in all probability, be offered. Knote will add to his répertoire "Otello" in Italian.

The Macmillan Co. is about to publish "The Evolution of Modern Orchestration," by Louis Adolphe Coerne. The basis of this book is a thesis, which together with the orchestral score of the opera "Zenobia," was accepted by Harvard University when the degree of Ph.D was conferred on Mr. Coerne in 1905.

There will be no dearth of violinists in our concert halls the coming season. Among those expected are Fritz Kreisler, Maud Powell, Jan Kubelik, Mischa Elman, Marie Nichols, Hugo Heermann, Florizel Reuter, and Francis Macmillen.

The neglect of Massenet in New York is difficult to explain. In Paris he is far more popular than Puccini. No fewer than ninety-three performances of six of his operas were given at the Opéra Comique last season. The six operas were "La Navarraise," "Marie Magdaleine," "Griseldis," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Manon," and "Werther."

Art.

Art Primers of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia. By Edwin Atlee Barber, A.M., Ph.D., Curator. Tin Enameled Pottery, Maiolica, Delft, and other Stanniferous Faïence; Salt Glazed Stoneware, Germany, Flanders, England, and the United States. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net each.

The latest handbook of pottery usually reflects in epitome the taste of collectors of thirty years ago—a defect, if it is such, from which Dr. Barber's monographs are not free. Particularly the little work on "Tin Enameled Pottery" avoids present-day enthusiasms in favor of those which have become traditional. The stanniferous pottery of the near Orient, for example, immensely more interesting in the sight of advanced collectors than Delft, or its English imitations, is dismissed thus:

It is a well-established fact that the bricks of Babylonia and Assyria were coated with a white stanniferous enamel many centuries before the appearance of maiolica in Italy. At a later period tin enamel was in use by the Arabs, and early in the fourteenth century this method of glazing was extensively employed by the Moorish potters of Spain.

No space whatever is given to the superb creations of the Persian potters and of their contemporaries on the northern slopes of the Caucasus, although scholarly investigation has been particularly concerned of late years with this Oriental development. Mention is not made of recent controversies as to the so-called "Rhodian" enamelled pottery, which has turned out—so most scholars are convinced—to be a product of Anatolian shops and not to have been made on the island of Rhodes at all. Yet the best of this Levantine pottery, marked with conventions obviously derived from far Eastern sources, is so beautiful that it makes nearly all the productions of the potter's art in lands of western Europe—excepting perhaps some of the finest maiolica of the Italian Renaissance—seem ineffectual and unimaginative. To ignore it is to follow the habit of practically all collectors of a few years ago, and of too many collectors of to-day. Some of the books, it is true, which are cited by Dr. Barber as those to which he is especially indebted for facts presented, have similarly failed to give any adequate account of the works of artists whose art came down directly from potters contemporary with Omar Khayyám. Such a work, however, as the little handbook on "Majolika" by von Falke of the Kunstgewerbe Museum of Berlin does not evade this newer enthusiasm of the amateurs.

Within limits, then, imposed evidently by personal judgment and predilection rather than by collation of the latest judgments, Dr. Barber has prepared a safe little book. A particularly valuable portion discusses the Mexican maiolicas, regarding which many facts not hitherto published are brought out. On apparently good grounds Dr. Barber discards the theory that the presence of Oriental design in much Mexican pottery is due to an importation to this continent of Chinese potters. He contends that Oriental wares came into Mexico through the port of Acapulco, and that their designs were copied by native artists. In support of such a view it is notable that Orientalism frequently appears unexpectedly in one and another of the European applied arts. In early Italian maiolica it is not surprising to find ornamentation that is clearly derived from near or far East; but it is sometimes startling to note, around one of the realistic representations of the high Renaissance, decoration that is unmistakably Chinese.

In other respects Dr. Barber's book is judicious and accurate. Considerable space is given to Delft and to the English stanniferous potteries. These are unquestionably the wares which are of especial interest to the class of amateurs for whom a manual of this character is likely to be valuable. The numerous attempts to produce stanniferous faïence in the United States are described. The illustrations are drawn mostly from the collections of the Pennsylvania Museum, of which the author is curator; though objects from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Trumbull Prime collection at Princeton University,

and the private collection of George Cuthbert Gilespie are included. The treasures of faïence, valuable but not yet judiciously weeded out, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are not even mentioned.

The primer on "Salt Glazed Stoneware" invites less criticism on the ground of what is not comprised, because this product belongs to the countries with whose industrial arts Dr. Barber is particularly familiar. Since the invention of the process of glazing by throwing common salt into the superheated kiln immense quantities of highly fired, partially vitrified stoneware have been put upon the market by German, Flemish, French, English, and American potters. Comparatively little of it has high artistic merit—as compared with Chinese porcelains or with Persian enamelled tiles and pottery. It is more adapted to containing beer, say, than rose leaves or tea leaves; and its ornamentation, when this is worth anything at all, is in character. The English, imitative in this as in other branches of ceramic art—for their sole original achievement was the creation of Wedgwood—did not sensibly improve upon the quality of the Grès de Flandres or of the wares of Grenzhausen and Bunzlau. At the same time the potteries of Albion, in full blast for many years, have made the different varieties of salt glazed stoneware—Fulham, Nottingham, Staffordshire, and Lambeth—very well known, and, for historical reasons at least, interesting. The modern Doulton ware Dr. Barber describes with evident enthusiasm, and he names Miss Hannah B. Barlow, who draws spirited animal pictures on prosperous-looking and substantial British vases, as a close second to Rosa Bonheur.

As regards American pottery, Dr. Barber writes authoritatively, for he has given more attention to the subject than, probably, any other American. His account of the establishment of stoneware potteries in the American colonies as far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century and of recent developments of the art in a number of our cities is particularly enlightening. The tributes to the work of Charles C. Benham of Brooklyn and of Mrs. S. S. Freckelton of Chicago are well deserved.

The next volume in Doubleday, Page & Co.'s Art Primers, by Professor Barber, is "Artificial Soft Paste Porcelain." It includes the Frit Porcelain of France, Italy, and other Continental countries, and England, with a chapter on Marks.

The F. A. Stokes Company will issue this autumn "The Story of American Painting," by Charles H. Caffin. The book is to contain reproductions of 143 paintings of American artists. The same firm will publish a series entitled "Masterpieces in Color." Each volume will treat of the life and work of a painter, and will contain reproductions in color. The volumes for this autumn are on Velasquez, Reynolds, Romney, and Turner.

The comparatively neglected subject of Roman sculpture is treated by Mrs. Arthur Strong, in a volume published in this country by the Scribners. Mrs. Strong follows Wickhoff and others, for the most part, and while we detest the jargon of "illusionism," "frontalism," and the rest, in which the criticism is couched, her book will be found useful and even interesting, while it is unusually fully illustrated. Partly on account of the abundance of illustrations, the volume is much larger in bulk than its fellows, but the text is also near a hundred pages longer than the average.

W. Roberts's volume on Sir William Beechey, in the same series, is a very dull book, the text consisting of little more than an expansion of the list of works that is given at the end. The illustrations are well enough done, but the seeing of a number of Beechey's pictures together is not calculated to enhance one's estimate of his importance as an artist.

Another artist who does not gain by a collection of his works is Murillo. One can stand one Immaculate Conception, but not a dozen and a half of them, each more sickly-sweet than the others. The glory of Mr. Calvert's volume on that artist in the Spanish Series (John Lane) is that it contains reproductions of more than 165 of the Spanish painter's pictures. The result is surfeiting in the extreme.

Alfred E. Jones's handsome volume on "The Church-plate of the Diocese of Bangor" wil be regarded as distinctly encouraging by the historian and the antiquary. Judging from the descriptive list, this district can still boast of a considerable number of curious and beautiful pieces. The Pre-Reformation and Elizabethan examples are, of course, the most valuable. Among the earlier group special mention should be made of the Llandudwyn chalice, one of two still left in Wales, which escaped turning "into decent communion-cups," and the fifteenth-century Mazer bowl at the church of Clynnog in Carnarvonshire. Elizabethan chalices appear to be more rarely met with in these regions than in the diocese of St. David's or of Llandaff. The surviving examples exhibit few differences of form, but no small variety of decoration even when they are from the hand of the same artist. The volume, which is richly illustrated, has been put out by Bemrose & Sons.

The house of Alphonse Picard & Fils begins a series of complete reference books in art-history by the "Manuel d'Art Musulman," comprising Egypt, Syria, North Africa, Spain, Sicily, Persia, Turkestan, Asia Minor, Turkey in Europe, India, Birmania, and the Far East. The first volume—Architecture—is by H. Saladin, a member of the archæological commission of North Africa. After a general introduction, he takes up systematically the various schools—Syro-Egyptian, Mogreb, Persian, Ottoman, with the monuments of India, China, and the Far East. The second volume—Plastic and Industrial Arts—is by Gaston Migeon, curator at the Louvre Museum. He begins with a brief history of the Mussulman civilizations, and then takes up in succession painting and miniature, sculpture, wood carving, ivories, goldsmith's work and jewelry, coins, brass incrustation, bronzes, and iron, arms, ceramics, glass enamels, rock crystals, and engraved stones, tissues, and carpets. Each volume is 500 pages 8vo., and has about 800 illustrations, with the very moderate price per volume unbound of thirty francs. Those who know the difficulty of finding the information essential to an understanding of art-history, or even of history in general where art is concerned, will appreciate the value of such volumes. The series is to continue with three volumes on prehistoric, Celtic, and Gallo-Roman art; and others on Byzantine art by the well-known specialist, Prof. Charles Dichl; on Primitive Christian art; and two further volumes of C. Enlart's archæology of the Middle Ages, comprising furniture, industrial arts, sculpture, painting, stained glass, and iconography.

John Belcher has been president of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and he is one of the two authors of an important book published six years ago, "Later Renaissance Architecture in England," a folio with photographic plates. He has now issued a thin octavo, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, and entitled "Essentials in Architecture: An Analysis of the Principles and Qualities to Be Looked For in Buildings." It is fully illustrated, with a photogravure frontispiece and half-tone prints, seventy-four pictures in all, of which about half are full page. The subjects are chosen from all parts of Europe and all periods since the tenth century, with at least one ancient Grecian temple to illustrate what no modern building would explain so well. The text is a brief examination of the general principles of design which the author finds in his architectural examples. "Balance and Symmetry" (p. 122) are exemplified by fig. 55, the front on the Embankment of Somerset House, London. The next plate is the east front of the Louvre, the famous colonnade; and two paragraphs of the warmest praise are given to the design of Perrault for other merits than symmetrical arrangement alone. A third plate shows Greenwich Hospital, which is announced to be "a more extended example of fine balance and symmetry." The author is stanch in his advocacy of the sound doctrines of verity, simplicity, and realism of design. He shows a half-finished steel-cage-built skyscraper as an example of what ought not to be, because violating this essential requirement of truth. The Fuller building at Twenty-third Street is shown, and we are told that it "stands condemned as pretending to be what it is not." And so the examples praised, Newgate, the Palazzo Quaratesé, the lovely renaissance narthex of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Arezzo, and the famous monument of Mastino II. della Scala, are chosen to present different forms of truthful expression. One likes particularly the author's frank advocacy of a visible tie-rod in cases where the arch cannot be solidly held by its abutments. He is inclined to denounce the devices used in the case of the Albert Memorial, where a concealed structure of iron prevents the spreading of the great arches. In these ways the book may be useful, and one has only to regret the too obvious and every-day tone of the criticism. It is an odd fault to find with the a book devoted to analysis—but one does really long for a little more subtlety, a little finer splitting of hairs, and here and there something unexpected.

The Chauchard collection of French paintings of the school of 1830 has long been an object of curiosity to art-lovers. In the July promotion of the Legion of Honor the French Government has recognized the collector's patriotic merits by

conferring on him the highest grade of the order. It is a belated recompense for saving the Angelus of Millet from its American purchasers. The occasion has been taken to publish some interesting details of the magnificent collection. It is housed at present in the owner's Paris residence on the Avenue Velasquez; but it is understood that it will eventually become national property by legacy. The collection numbers some 150 paintings of its special school. Of Millet, besides the Angelus, there is the standing shepherdess, La Bergère—knitting, with her sheep browsing behind her; the Vanneur (winnower), exhibited at the Salon of 1848; the Fileuse, a spinning woman seated by the roadside; a Petite Bergère; a notable pastel La Fermière; and finally the wonderful moonlight scene, La Rentrée des Moutons dans le Parc (a shepherd driving home his belated flock). There are not less than forty paintings by Corot, most of them masterpieces and, together, forming a complete exposition of his art. There are several Mornings and Evenings, with characteristic sky and water; a Danse des Nymphes and Danse Rustique in woodland glades; the Chevrier (goats and goat herd in a forest amid moss-grown rocks); and L'Amour Désarmé—a nude woman holding up the bow which she has taken from the pleading Cupid at her feet. Troyon has almost an equal place. Besides the numerous paintings of oxen and cows in his usual style, there is a Return from the Market and a Gamekeeper with his Dogs. Of Théodore Rousseau—*primitif* and leader of 1830—there are two forest roads—La Charrette and L'Avenue de la Forêt de l'Isle Adam—and the very fine Orage (a storm over Bas-Préau; and other important canvases of this painter, whose work is not easily accessible to students. There are good examples of Daubigny and Jules Dupré; ten paintings of the best time of Ziem (Venice and Constantinople); and, among other specimens of Diaz, the particularly noteworthy Sous-Bois (forest at Barbizon) and the picturesque sorceress Maléfice. To another group belong the Tiger Hunt of Delacroix; a Fantasia of Fromentin; good examples of Decamps; and a half-dozen superb feudal scenes of Isabey. A special list would have to be made of the works of Meissonnier—paintings, sketches, and studies. It is in the Chauchard collection that Frenchmen will have to study this master. This by no means exhausts the treasures of the collection even in painting. It is also rich in art objects, some of historic interest. There is the famous drawing of Moreau le Jeune—La Revue dans la Plaine des Sablons—bought at the Goncourt sale. And there are extremely rare series of Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries.

Finance.

THE AUTUMN TEST OF THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

It is a tradition of the money markets that, in a year of uncertainty, September is the time when the real nature of the situation is tested. For this the sufficiently familiar reason is that the crop shipments ordinarily start on a large scale with the opening of September, and that the communities from which the crops are moved begin at that time to call heavily on their own outlying reserves of currency. A decade or more ago, the cause of what were then and are still called the interior remittances of currency was that the West, then a community ill-provided with capital, came to the Eastern banks to borrow.

Such needs are normal result of harvesting and shipping the agricultural products of the year. In the first place, the harvest transforms a vast district from a comparatively inactive trading community, with no great demand for ready cash, into the busiest part of the United States. Hundreds of thousands of laborers are employed in gathering, storing, and shipping the grain; there must, therefore, be an exceptional amount of actual currency for wages. Furthermore, in anticipation of these supplies of cash in the purses of the laborers, merchants throughout the crop country provide themselves with goods, and must have money for making small change and carrying their stocks. Behind all this stand the interior banks, which have been able, during the dull season which ends about this time, to conduct their affairs on a fairly narrow margin of reserves, but which now find it necessary to respond to expanding trade with largely increased local loans, and which are therefore compelled to add to their reserves in order to support the resultant fresh liabilities.

Thus there is no mystery about the much-discussed "harvest movement"; it is, in short, a natural flow of capital and currency to the part of the country which peremptorily needs them. The only difference now, as compared with a dozen years ago, is that the great wealth of the prosperous West, since the turn in agricultural prosperity during 1897 and 1898, has cancelled that section's debts to the East, and placed it in a position of lender rather than borrower. In other words, where, in such a year as 1890, the Western banks came to the East in September to borrow, they now send their own money to the East in the inactive seasons, leaving it on deposit with banks at New York and elsewhere, to be drawn home at harvest. The money they call for is their own. This is the condition at the present time; it explains why even the urgent demand for money in the East, and the very low level touched by New York bank reserves, cannot prevent the movement of money in quantity to the West.

A month or two ago, unquestionable uneasiness existed as to how New York could meet these calls. The New York bank position was weak, and, what was more to the point, European markets, which usually provide the capital in gold to replace currency sent West, were generally taking the attitude that the usual remittances to New York could not be spared. Had this policy been pursued, conditions during the three or four coming weeks would have been seriously embarrassing. A fortnight ago, something like panic broke out in financial London, based primarily on belief that New York would draw such quantities of gold as to place the Bank of England in an awkward position. The bank had already, with such expectations in mind, advanced its own discount rate to a much higher level than is usual in August; following this, the private banks of London started to take the unusual protective measure of refusing to discount American paper sent forward to relieve pressure on New York institutions. But at this hasty and unwise procedure the Bank of England promptly entered the breach, accepted all the bills and, in fact, taught the private bankers that caution was one thing and unreasonable timidity another. At the same time London began to realize what it had certainly not realized before—that in the markets for international trade, the United States was by no means as weak as events of the past two years had led the foreigner to imagine.

The outcome of the world's harvests, which determine largely international credit, has been remarkable in many ways. As will be remembered, there was an acute apprehension through many weeks in the early summer of an actual harvest failure in at least half a dozen countries. The upshot has been that, although our own wheat crop will certainly be much reduced from a year ago, it never-

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theless will in all probability be large enough to spare a handsome surplus for export. This happens at a time when crops of Continental Europe have run so far short of normal as to increase largely the requirements from other countries. The Liverpool *Corn Trade News* not long ago figured out that, while in 1906 the wheat requirements of importing nations were 67,500,000 quarters of eight bushels, and the export supplies available were 67,680,000, at the present time requirements are 71,700,000, and supplies only 62,500,000. The bearing of these facts on American export trade—supposing even a moderate surplus from our wheat crop of 1907—is sufficiently obvious. The situation has already been reflected in the advance of wheat to a price 25 per cent. above that of a year ago—which means that, even with a heavy reduction in the export surplus, the aggregate value of our grain exports may approach, if it does not actually equal, that of 1906.

In the end, therefore, the United States would be able to command from Europe the usual remittances, even if Europe should refuse to follow the usual practice of remitting in advance through the medium of bankers' drafts. But that under such circumstances Europe would refuse the advance of capital, which in any case it would have to surrender later, is not probable. The process has begun already, and presumably it will continue a legitimate factor of relief throughout the autumn. At the same time, through the medium of our wholesale Stock Exchange liquidation during August, the burden on New York banks has been so far reduced that the surplus reserve, though still below what might be desired, stands nearly four times as high as it did a year ago, and exceeds by 50 per cent. the figures even of this date in 1905. It is with this very fortunate preparation that the markets enter the trying period of the autumn.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrieux, Jean S. Mélanges Littéraires. Henry Frowde.
Brown, Arthur Judson. The Foreign Missionary. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Burrell, David J. The Wayfarers of the Bible. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Campbell, Wilfred. Ian of the Orcades. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Demosthenis Orationes. Edited by S. H. Butcher. Henry Frowde.
Esther. Edited by A. W. Streane. Putnams.
George, Henry, Addresses at the Funeral of. Compiled by Edmund Yardley. Chicago: Public Publishing Co.
Goodell, Charles L. Pastoral and Personal Evangelism. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Gunsaulus, Frank W. The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army. Vol. XII. Washington.
Koch, Max. Richard Wagner. Lemcke & Buechner.
Michelet, Jules. La Mer. Henry Frowde.
Montrésor, F. F. The Burning Torch. Dutton. $1.50.
Newton, Charles B., and Edward B. Treat. Outline for Review in Roman History.—Outline for Review in Greek History. 25 cents each. American Book Co.
Podmore, Frank. Robert Owen. 2 vols. Appleton.
Rich, Charles Edward. A Voyage with Captain Dynamite. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.
Richardson, Frank. 2835 Mayfair. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
Stern, Daniel. Les Journées de Juin, 1848. Henry

Darwinism To-Day

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1907.

The Week.

Secretary Taft has accepted as an honor Mr. Bryan's designation, "The Great Postponer," and at Tacoma he has reiterated his belief that the Republican party will without fail revise the tariff the year after the election. Revision will be a good thing; he wants it; the country must have it. But not now. Though a great wrong is being done to the consumers, something in the very nature of revision is so dangerous that grave harm might be done were the remedy applied prior to the election. Of such stuff is always the counsel of compromisers, of men who, admitting the wrong, do not dare do right for fear of hurting somebody or something now profiting by wrong. If Mr. Taft can show no firmer fibre than this, his candidacy for the Presidency is not likely to sweep the country. "I am a party man," he declares, and his attitude on the tariff makes that fact sadly clear without his assurance. He knows the history of his party on revision. The Republicans can show enough good intentions and broken promises to repave hell.

Though not a word comes from Albany to show that Gov. Hughes is even aware that we are to have a Presidential election in 1908, strange, unreasoning politicians all over the country persist in bringing forward the name of a man who bears the aureole of no august approval, who stands for no policies but his own, who finds it unnecessary to prove that he did not filch his most popular principles from the Democrats. Now it is Gov. Floyd of New Hampshire who declares that if Gov. Hughes succeeeds in making the record of his second year in office tally with the first, New England will be strongly for him. But conservative New England is not alone. Kansas is responding with amazing warmth to the appeal of silent efficiency and independent achievement.

The result of the New York *Herald's* canvass of Congressional sentiment regarding the Philippines is astonishing in view of the pitifully small number of Republican votes which it has been possible to obtain in Congress for bills or resolutions that looked toward Philippine independence. Out of 138 Senators and Representatives of all parties, only 27 put themselves on record in favor of the retention of the Philippines. Since members of the Opposition are naturally somewhat readier than those of the majority party to air their views, one might suppose this minority to be the Republican element in the poll. On the contrary, more than half of the Republicans whose opinions are here cited oppose the retention of the Philippines. Some declare themselves ready to support any reasonable way of getting rid of our Oriental burden. "I would be in favor of getting out to-morrow if there was any honorable way of getting out," is the expression quoted from Speaker Cannon. Where the declaration for independence is qualified, it is usually by the statement that we should give the Filipinos more time to prepare for self-government. Moreover, the sentiment favorable to giving up the islands is not localized. Republicans are quoted on this side from the States of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and Washington. But the most remarkable revelation is that enough Republican Representatives are desirous of leaving the Philippines now, or at some future date, to hold the balance of power in the House, and, if they are willing to act with the Democrats, to outvote the Imperialists. These facts are not, of course, to be taken as indicating unanimity in regard to particular policies. The sale of the islands, which few friends of the Filipinos would consider seriously, receives more attention than the project of neutralization. But that the time is at hand for giving the Philippine cause a hearing in something more than the barren "general debate" of the House is becoming apparent.

The return of Senator Depew from Europe with his solemn talk about a third term for President Roosevelt and his evident attempt to resume his old position in the public eye serves no other useful purpose than to recall afresh the pitiful Senatorial plight of the Empire State. How long must Republicans and Democrats alike writhe under such misrepresentation as that of Platt and Depew? How much longer will the leaders of the Republican party permit it to continue? So far as Platt is concerned, no honest Republican conceals his disgust at the latest scandals in which this tottering old man has been enmeshed. And Mr. Depew need not deceive himself as to his own status. No lapse of time, no midsummer circulation of his speeches, no desperate clinging to his office, will restore to him such popularity as he once possessed. So far as actual weight in the councils of the nation is concerned, they have none. New York in all truth is without representation in the Senate. In the solution of all the great political problems of the day this commonwealth has only such influence as is wielded by Representatives in the House from the upper part of the State. The plight of the city of New York is particularly grievous; save for a couple of Republican Congressmen, it might as well have no one in Washington. To say that the Republican party is helpless, that it cannot force its Senators to get out, is the humiliating apology made for the apparent indifference of those of its leaders who still lay claim to moral standards and ideals. A petition headed by such names as those of Joseph H. Choate, Gen. Horace Porter, Seth Low, President Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Albert Shaw, Henry W. Taft, ex-Gov. Morton, and ex-Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn, or resolutions in local party conventions, could not fail to get beneath the skin of both Platt and Depew.

The perennial subject of desertions from the army is engaging the attention of the Acting Inspector-General, Major Galbraith. The figures of the last fiscal year have not yet been published, but there is every indication that the evil is growing rather than abating, while the number of soldiers who are buying themselves out increased greatly during 1905-1906. The Acting Inspector-General reports the most important causes of desertion as due to the constant changes among company commanders, the deterioration of the regimental spirit, tyrannical sergeants, and lack of home interest and encouragement such as help to cheer and sustain volunteer regiments. Major Galbraith urges a first enlistment of one year only, after which the soldier who was satisfied with the service could reënlist for three years. Since his opinion is the result of an exhaustive inquiry, the experiment might well be made with a few selected regiments. But a more serious fact is that few men who now serve out their enlistments think of reënlisting or of making a career of the army. So far as home ties are concerned, we name our battleships and cruisers after States, but never our regiments. In the English army, however, territorial designations are rigidly adhered to. Thus there are such historic names as "The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment)," "The Royal Warwickshire Regiment," "The King's (Liverpool Regiment)," "The Manchester Regiment," "The York and Lancaster Regiment," and "The Gordon Highlanders." It by no means follows that all the enlisted men in a regiment to-day come from London or Liverpool or Warwickshire

or Lincolnshire; but the town or territorial connection is still regarded as of value. If we should follow this plan, as Major Galbraith would have us, we could assign the First United States Cavalry to New York, the Second to Massachusetts, the Fourth Infantry to Ohio, etc. Then the War Department could see that, so far as feasible, officers appointed and men enlisted from a State should go to that State's regiment. Finally, a distinctive uniform might be adopted. But after all, the problem is whether the native American can be made to soldier in time of peace as a livelihood. In our opinion, the American character being what it is, the restraints of military life and its emptiness and non-productiveness will never make a strong appeal to young Americans, save in war-time and periods of industrial depression.

The work of restoring the frigate Constitution is said to have been accomplished with exceptional success. But the Secretary to the House Naval Affairs Committee insinuates that Boston can be weaned of its love for "Old Ironsides" by receiving his solemn assurance that there is not a piece of wood the size of a toothpick in the present vessel that was in the Constitution of 1812. There are evidently two ways in which people can look at inspiring relics. Mr. Bonaparte, when Secretary of the Navy, saw no objection to using the old ship as a mark for target practice, though if she had been the original "Old Ironsides" he would doubtless have shared the reverence of the Bostonians. We think that to most people the fact that a vessel has always retained its name and individuality, even though every separate bolt and timber has been replaced once or more, is enough to carry on traditions glorious or inglorious. It is not always the authentic memorial that is most inspiring. The original Declaration of Independence is a sheet of blank parchment, Perry's unreconstructed flagship, the Niagara, is, we believe, a knot of timbers discernible at the bottom of Lake Erie. But Hull and Stewart would recognize in the Constitution of 1907 the ship whose decks they once trod, and that ought to be enough to satisfy our generation.

Mark Twain has declined to stand at the wheel of the steamboat which brings President Roosevelt to the Waterways Convention at Memphis next month. The presence of this former pilot was only intended, however, as a mere incident of the project for interesting the rest of the country in a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Half a dozen States directly interested are still smarting with their grievance against the Congress which adjourned last March without giving them the appropriation they asked. The plan is of just the sort to stimulate the imagination. The trade of the entire west coast of South America, according to John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics, belongs to the Middle Western States, if only the Lakes-to-Gulf waterway is completed in time to supplement the Panama Canal; "otherwise it will be for Japan, Germany, and England." Western river cities are looking forward with the utmost complacency to the time when transatlantic steamships shall regularly load and unload cargoes at their wharves. There is, we believe, no other engineering project now under way so costly as the construction of the proposed inland waterway. A great amount of Congressional inertia remains to be overcome, but the promoters doubtless feel that they will never have a better opportunity to overcome it than now when Theodore Burton, who so long counselled slow progress on the Mississippi work, is at last to retire from the Rivers and Harbors Committee chairmanship.

On the Pacific Coast no form of Saturday night and Sunday diversion can compare in popularity with the baiting of Asiatic laborers. Vancouver, in British Columbia, has now given evidence of a determination on the part of its citizens not to let San Francisco and Bellingham, Wash., retain their laurels unchallenged; and it must be admitted that for a mere beginning the expulsion of 2,000 Chinese from their homes is not a bad showing. Great Britain's difficulties in this matter of growing conflict between her colonies and her Asiatic subjects and allies continue to increase. Australia will not admit either Hindus or Japanese. Canada seems to be ready to go a step further and adopt rough-and-ready methods of restricting immigration. Probably the Chinese were the only victims of Saturday's rioting, because, as we are told, of extra exertion on the part of the police to protect the Japanese quarter. Had an attack been delivered on the latter, the British Government might find it hard to allay the irritation of Japan. As it is, the famous Anglo-Japanese alliance is showing signs of strain, and western Canada only has to keep up its agitation by word and deed to place Great Britain in the same awkward situation with ourselves in regard to that Empire.

The action of the Interborough-Metropolitan directors in passing the dividend on the $45,000,000 preferred stock should have caused no surprise. When this so-called merger of the subway and street railway lines of New York City was put through in January, 1906, every vicious expedient known to modern finance was adopted in the process. Among these interesting devices was gross overcapitalization of the property as a whole, and the promising to the preferred stock of a "cumulative dividend" which there was no reasonable prospect that the company could earn. A company which fixes a cumulative rate higher than its earning capacity has a burden of charges rolling up, year by year, and is almost invariably forced to reorganize its scheme of capitalization. In one notable instance, that of the United States Leather Company, an 8 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, issued in 1893, never paid more than 6, and often less. By 1905 41½ per cent. in back dividends had accumulated, and the whole enterprise had to be reorganized through issue of bonds and scaling down of dividends. As for the Interborough-Metropolitan, the mere scratching of the surface by the Public Service Commission has already established *prima facie* evidence of something so close to embezzlement that it will be difficult to keep the matter out of the criminal courts. The complacent testimony of its officers that the Metropolitan's books, covering this critical period, were sold as junk, will hardly help the suspected parties. It is a highly appropriate irony of events by which the very expedient of 1906, through which these people hoped to escape the light of day, is bringing their exploits into publicity and the courts.

British domestic politics of late have been absorbing enough to withdraw public attention from the far-reaching measures which the Government has been engaged upon with regard to the unrest in India. Advance reports of the contents of the Anglo-Russian agreement, which has been or is about to be concluded, make it practically certain that the two Powers have entered into an arrangement which tends to remove England's chronic anxiety about the northwestern frontier of India. Within the peninsula great reforms are at hand. A document issued by the India Office in the last days of August announces the impending creation of an Imperial Advisory Council, "which, without impeding the free action of the Executive Government of India in the general conduct of affairs, would in some degree associate the great ruling chiefs and territorial magnates of British India with the Governor-General in the guardianship of common and Imperial interests." Provincial advisory councils are to be created for the discharge of analogous functions within narrower limits. The Imperial Council is to consist of about sixty members for the whole of India, including some twenty native chiefs. In the provincial councils the great and small landowners and the professional classes will be represented. In addition to these new bodies, the existing Indian and provincial legislative councils are to be ex-

tended, in what precise manner it is not yet stated, but probably in a direction that shall result in giving the native population a far more important influence than at present. The leaders of the popular movement will not be satisfied with these concessions, inasmuch as their aspirations reach towards a parliamentary form of government, if not complete independence. Even of the former, however, there can be little hope, in view of Mr. Morley's declaration that the Government of India "is, and must inevitably remain, absolute and personal."

President Castro of Venezuela characterizes as "an insult cast in the face of the smaller nations," the proposal to constitute the international prize court and arbitration court on a basis of graduated representation. He says:

> The nations in this case must not be classified by appearances, as their standing as free, sovereign, and independent nations makes them equal, one with the other.

Passing by the fact that at the time of the boundary dispute Venezuela was very willing to recognize our Government's claim to superiority by letting us espouse her cause as that of an inferior nation, there is still excellent material on this continent for an answer to Castro's argument. The equality of the great and small States is one of the postulates of the American Union. Nevada and New York are equal in the Senate, and sovereign within their fields. But that does not mean that their influence is equal in the affairs which they undertake jointly. Even aside from the House of Representatives, where the differences of population are expressly recognized, the greater States make their superior importance felt. In practice, our Supreme Court, for example, is constituted almost exactly on the plan suggested for the new Hague tribunals. Some of the larger States have been almost continuously represented on the Supreme Bench, while the majority have furnished a justice only at intervals, if at all. If that plan is accepted without protest by States which were, in the beginning, at least, intensely jealous of their privileges, it is hard to see a burning wrong in giving the great Powers rather more than their share of places in a court that will deal largely with causes of a kind which the smaller nations are unlikely to bring up at all.

Morocco is getting very much into the condition of a Donnybrook Fair, with Moors knocking each other's heads, and France as the police constable who will ultimately gather the rioters in to receive a sentence of so much indemnity and so many days—or years—under French occupation. There is the Sultan at Fez, there is the Sultan lately proclaimed at Marakesh in the south, there is the Pretender in the northeast, Raisuli in the northwest, and various Saintly Fathers of the Faith, of the People, and of the She Ass, promiscuously distributed over the empire. Official opinion at Paris still clings to the assertion that nothing beyond the restoration of peace and the enforcement of the provisions of the Algeciras Convention is contemplated. The French press, however, generally perceives that the situation is one approximating a state of war, and the demand is growing for a summoning of Parliament, which shall deal with the needs of the case in a proper way. Meanwhile, we have the rather amusing spectacle of French official authority insisting, "We don't want to conquer Morocco," and German official authority, through an inspired press, clamoring, "Go ahead, and do it." Bismarck is said to have looked with favor upon the beginning of French colonial enterprise, because it tended to dull the memory of Alsace-Lorraine. The policy would be far sounder in the present instance, since Morocco offers not only a field for expansion, but a chance for keeping France actively engaged for years to come.

Like the traditional testator, the date of whose probable demise is a subject of eager speculation for his heirs, the Dowager Empress Tsu-hsi may yet go on baffling diplomatic expectations for years to come. The question of the appointment of an heir to the throne is said to be agitating the Peking court and the ranks of the Manchu governing classes. But the matter is by no means so important now, from the point of view of international politics at least, as it would have been only three years ago. Then China's fate hung in the balance, and the personality of its ruler would have been undoubtedly an important factor in any crisis that might have arisen. To-day China's national integrity is guaranteed by an imposing series of compacts to which Japan, Great Britain, Russia, and France have subscribed. The choosing of a successor to the weakling Emperor Kwang-hsu is of importance chiefly to the Chinese themselves, in so far as it will affect the relations between the mass of the people and their Manchu rulers. To Japan alone the possibility, or at least the hope, may be open of swaying to some extent the action of the present Government in its plans for the future; for Japan has now undoubtedly means of exercising pressure, peaceable or otherwise, which the other Powers lack. Dread of Japanese interference, strengthened by recent events in Korea, may be partly responsible for the reported growth of anti-Japanese feeling in China.

In the London *Times*, Paul Sabatier criticises severely the reactionary policy of the Pope, especially his attitude towards "modernism." He declares that more should be conceded to the liberal Catholics. The representatives of "two mentalities, two civilizations" confront each other, and modernism must prevail. So Pius X. should give up the futile struggle and become reconciled to the champions of progressive thought. Moreover, Sabatier begs the Pope to "hear the silent prayer of so many millions of human beings who hunger and thirst and wait." They are not looking for any supernatural manifestation or revelation, but only "a word of human truth, of living reality." Even if it were possible for the Pope to break with the traditions of the Latin Church, and encourage a crusade in behalf of liberal thought, he could take no such step without being wholly inconsistent with his formal utterances, such as his letter to Cardinal Svampa, in 1905, prohibiting the Congress of Bologna and his recent bull directed against Biblical critics. If modernism is to prevail soon, it must be without, not within, the Catholic Church.

In spite of the mass of affirmative evidence that mental processes may be localized in the brain, there is still skepticism among men of science. At the recent Congress of Anthropology at Strasburg, Prof. Alfred Stieda of Königsberg read a paper on the convolutions of the human brain. Although the cerebrum of the lower animals is smaller and simpler in structure than that of man, the professor denied that complexity is a sign of superior psychical powers. He made a report of his examination of the brain of the Swedish linguist Sauerwein, who, besides being a sort of *doctor universalis*, was master of fifty-four languages. If, he argued, physiologists are right in regarding the second frontal convolution as the centre of speech, one might expect to find some peculiarity about this part of Sauerwein's brain; but, as a matter of fact, it was quite ordinary. Moreover, in deaf mutes, there is nothing abnormal in Broca's convolution, as that region is called. Professor Stieda opposed the generally accepted idea that the anatomist can distinguish a diseased from a healthy brain, and scoffed at Lombroso's doctrine of the "criminal type." That which alone differentiates one brain from another, he held, is the amount of gray matter present. Since the time of Goltz there have always been a few neurologists who doubted localization, and they have usually been able to make out a strong case by presenting a number of "negative instances." The evidence in favor of localization is, however, well-nigh overwhelming.

PRESTIGE OF THE MAYORALTY.

Representative Burton's consent to stand for the mayoralty of Cleveland, against Tom L. Johnson, will attract national attention to the ensuing political contest. This will be because of the issues as well as the personalities involved. The event will also give us a new measure of the political importance of the mayoralty of a great city. Mr. Burton has conquered a distinguished place at Washington. No man in the House carries more individual weight. A studious, independent, and useful legislator in the national field, he now turns aside, at the urgent call of the Republicans of Cleveland, to accept a local office, if the voters decide to confer it upon him. This fact of itself challenges to a comparison of the opportunities offered by these two forms of public service.

Mr. Burton does not conceal his reluctance to take the step. He yields only to an almost overwhelming appeal. It is a dubious battle to which he is summoned; but in his statement of the conditions under which he is willing to assume the leadership, he marks out the lines upon which he means to conduct the fight. In stipulating that the rest of the ticket shall be made up of men commanding public respect and acceptable to him, he guards against the great handicap under which Edward M. Shepard labored, when he took the Tammany nomination for Mayor of New York. Mr. Burton does not propose to be himself a good candidate pulled down by bad associates. And in demanding that the platform and the campaign be entirely free from domination by the traction interests of Cleveland, he does all that he can to meet in advance the charge that he is put up by the companies to beat their great enemy, "Three-cent Tom." Cleveland has for years been convulsed by the street-railway issue. On it Mayor Johnson has repeatedly ridden into power. The question has been made a football of, both politically and financially; and Mr. Burton puts it as a condition of his candidacy that a definite plan of settling the relations of the companies to the city be proposed and carried out during his term of office, if he is elected.

When we read further that the financial affairs of Cleveland are disordered, it is clear that Representative Burton will be able to make a peculiar bid for support. He is both a student of finance and a man versed in practical financial administration. In his long service as Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee he has had to deal with large matters, and has done it in a large way. Of national expenditure in general, he has made careful analysis, and his speeches on that subject in the House have shown a grasp comparable to Garfield's. If Cleveland is looking for a Mayor well equipped to grapple with details of debt and expenditure, and to put her finances on a sound basis, Mr. Burton is the man.

It is now fully twenty years since the mayoralty, in American cities, began to take on a new significance. This was partly because the office seemed to offer new possibilities of political advancement. Mr. Cleveland's march from the mayoralty of Buffalo to the Governorship of New York and thence to the Presidency, fired the imaginations of many. All over the country mayors began to rear their heads as fair marks for political lightning. In this respect, however, the seeeming promise of the mayoralty has not been fulfilled. The office of mayor has been the tomb of many political ambitions. New York mayors have been peculiarly unlucky in this regard. After the recent examples of Hewitt and Van Wyck and Low and McClellan, an inscription might well be placed above the door of the Mayor's room in the City Hall: "Leave all political hope behind, ye who enter here." Taking the country by and large, there have been a few exceptions: Gov. Higgins of Rhode Island began as mayor of Pawtucket; but the mayoralty has not, as a rule, been a stepping-stone to political advancement. Neither "Golden Rule" Jones of Toledo nor Tom Johnson of Cleveland was able to become Governor of Ohio. Nor was Mayor Quincy of Boston promoted to be Governor of Massachusetts; Harrison of Chicago failed to be made Governor of Illinois, and so on. "There's them as has done it," said the mayor-elect of a small town, when gravely told that he was in the right way to become Governor and then President. So there are; but they are as few as the righteous men in Sodom. As a means to the gratification of political ambition, the mayoralty cannot be said to make to-day the appeal that it once made.

Yet the real importance of the position of mayor has been heightened, year by year. This has resulted inevitably from the great municipal movement in this country during the past two decades. A city-consciousness has been developed. Cities throughout the land have set themselves with new earnestness to the task of making themselves more sanitary, more safe, and more beautiful—more worthy, in a word, of the increasing millions who inhabit them. As an aid in this vast work, the office of mayor has been clothed with more power. The tendency of all the new city charters is to centre responsibility in him. In that aspect Cleveland's charter is one of the most progressive, and if Mr. Burton is chosen mayor, he will have a free hand in moulding the municipal administration. All told, then, if a man desireth the office of a mayor, he desireth a good thing. It is no bed of roses; it is a very uncertain basis for expecting even the gratitude of one's fellow-citizens, to say nothing of their political rewards; but it furnishes a chance for doing a large work which may well appeal to any man sure of his capacity, as well as of his public spirit.

A SUGGESTION TO LABOR LEADERS.

On Labor Day at the Jamestown Exposition Samuel Gompers paid his respects to "rampant, vindictive, and greedy employers." Within ten days his words have been followed by swift and sharp comment. Strikers at San Francisco have assaulted non-union employees of the United Railway; strikers at Antwerp have set fire to warehouses and burned up property worth several millions of francs; and both in this country and Europe there have been a number of minor outrages upon workmen and employers who prefer not to submit to the dictation of labor unions. Now, no one will deny that there have been and are to-day employers to whom the adjectives "rampant, vindictive, and greedy" justly apply. For such men we share Mr. Gompers's abhorrence. Furthermore, no one will deny that certain capitalists, relying on their wealth and power, have defied the civil and criminal authorities and broken our laws; and Mr. Gompers is no more anxious than we are to see such men receive exemplary punishment—not mere fines, but imprisonment.

We conceive, however, that Mr. Gompers, as president of the American Federation of Labor, can at the present moment render his greatest service to the community in general, and wage-earners in particular, not by indulging in cheap denunciations of employers and "injunctions as issued against workmen," but by instructing the members of his Federation in certain rudiments of economics, and showing what they can and cannot legitimately attempt. The movement for the open shop is steadily spreading throughout this country; and it is spreading simply because the demands of the men for whom Mr. Gompers is spokesman are so preposterous and unjust. The labor unions often impose conditions under which it is impossible to conduct a manufacturing enterprise, conditions that must ultimately result in ruin of the labor union itself.

We do not now refer to the crimes or violence which have marked this last week. For destruction of property and assaults upon person there is no conceivable excuse. These, however, are the regular and trusted weapons of labor unions throughout the United States. The leaders and the walking delegates sometimes make half-hearted professions condemning disorder; but in their heart of hearts these leaders place their reliance on brickbat and dynamite. They

know that if the life of a non-union worker and the buildings of an open shop were perfectly safe, many of the unions would fall to pieces in twenty-four hours. More than one labor organization lives simply and solely because it can terrorize both employer and employed. But the resort to violence, though secretly encouraged, is publicly disavowed.

Our criticism is rather of certain avowed policies which are almost as indefensible as rioting itself. Let us illustrate by one or two typical instances. Not long ago, Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers, of this city, installed machinery which will feed paper to printing presses with greater regularity and at greater speed and consequently with greater economy than men can feed it. Thereupon the Feeders' Union in New York insisted that as many men should still be employed as would be required if no mechanical feeder had been invented; in short, that a number of men should be kept on full wages, with nothing to do but sit around and see the presses fed better by machinery than by hand. When Doubleday, Page & Co. refused to grant this crazy request, the feeders—and the pressmen, who had no grievance—struck; and, according to last accounts, they are still out. Fortunately, the firm is strong enough to fight its battle through. Far different has been the outcome of a similar contest in Berkeley, Cal. Three young men started there a small daily paper, the *Independent;* having carried on their project successfully for several months, they scraped together all the capital they could lay hands on and invested over $15,000 in a modern press and stereotyping machinery. Such a plant had been operated elsewhere by two men, or at most two men and an assistant, with an expenditure of between $40 and $50 a week for wages. But the local Web-Pressmen's Union insisted upon four pressmen at $30, $24, $24, and $15 a week, and two stereotypers at $30 and $24. The payroll would thus be $147 a week. Since the six men were forbidden to do any other work except that for which they were specifically engaged, they would not have had over two hours of work apiece daily. The proprietors of the *Independent*, seeing in such terms nothing but bankruptcy, refused to start their new labor-saving machinery. The union then revised its schedule, and cut the wages down to $96 a week. That was still twice as much as necessary; the union remained obdurate; and the publishers of the *Independent* have been forced to sell out.

To multiply examples is useless. We might refer to the silly rules against handling non-union material though that material—say a carved mantel of the fifteenth century—is made under conditions in which the unions cannot have the slightest interest. But the point which we wish to emphasize is that, from New York to California, the unions are still busy resisting the introduction of labor-saving devices—as busy as if that cause had not been hopelessly lost a hundred years ago. The progress of invention has been marked by a thousand bitter struggles in which labor has invariably been defeated. The cruel hardships endured by displaced workers and the methods of ameliorating their sufferings are topics for separate discussion. But if the history of the factory movement proves anything, it proves that the economic forces which impel men to use machinery whenever it is cheaper than hand-labor are absolutely irresistible. If there is any one fact with which a labor leader should be familiar, it is that. If there is any one truth which Mr. Gompers and his associates should spend their days and nights in impressing upon their followers, it is that those who contend against the immutable laws of the development of civilization, like those who appeal to violence instead of reason, are foredoomed to defeat.

MISSIONARIES AND COLONIAL RULE.

Dispatches from London speak of a serious strain between the American Congregational missionaries in Natal and the authorities. The Government's hostility is based on the alleged fact that in the formidable Zulu insurrection of 1906, the spirit of disloyalty was particularly strong among the natives connected with Christian missions. The Congregational system of erecting churches under native pastors is specially objected to, on the ground that it tends to inculcate in the natives a spirit of independence which is incompatible with the safe maintenance of European control. The charges of disloyalty have been denied by the Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who asserts that out of the thousands who participated in last year's uprising in Natal, "our converts showed loyalty to the Government by jeopardizing their lives," and altogether "less than fifteen did anything that could possibly be interpreted as disloyalty."

The situation in Natal is typical of the growing hostility with which colonial administrators the world over look upon the white missionary. He is unpopular throughout British South Africa and in India, King Leopold does not love him in the Congo, Germany has had trouble with him in Southwest Africa and the Cameroons, and he has been described as a general nuisance in China. And the reason is everywhere the same. The native convert, "spoiled" by too literal an interpretation of the gospel and excessive humanitarian coddling, becomes restless, insubordinate, and imbued with ambitions that are totally at variance with political expediency. The Rev. James L. Barton's reply that less than fifteen Christian converts took part in the Zulu insurrection may, for instance, turn out to be a fairly damaging admission, if it should be shown that these fifteen were among the prominent leaders of the revolt. That is precisely the grievance of the various colonial administrators, that the educational work of the missionaries serves to create a class of native leaders who in turn act upon the mass of the population. Thus in Natal the Government insists that native pastors be replaced by white clergymen, or, in other words, that no African be allowed to attain a position of prominence.

We fail, however, to see why the missionaries should think it necessary to assume an apologetic attitude in the matter. Rather, their position should be the militant one. For they must know that not only have they been in large measure the pioneers who have built up colonial realms for Europe, but they are still a powerful instrument for the prosecution of that civilizing work which the military commander and the trader would so greatly like to have out of the way. It is really an open question whether, for every native uprising that missionary education can be made responsible for, you would not have a dozen uprisings if the missionary influence were not present to act as a restraint upon political and economic oppression on the part of the dominant whites.

Practically, what the Jingo Imperialist says to the mission worker is this: You may show the way to us by exploring and mapping virgin country, as Livingstone did; you may compile native syllabaries and accounts of customs and modes of thought, so that we may communicate with our subjects in the performance of our duties; you may build hospitals, orphanages, and houses of refuge, and preach physical cleanliness and sanitation; you may occasionally offer a victim to the fury of the mob; you may even erect schools, if you will see to it that the knowledge imparted is in direct line with the preordained subjection of the colored man to the white, and raises no difficulties about such necessary phenomena as hut taxes, forced labor, and judicial floggings. Once you have imbued the native mind with these fundamental ideas of Imperialist evolution, it were best if you stood quite aside and let us manage things. We can imagine the extreme official view as taking the form that the only good missionaries are dead missionaries. In that state they are worth huge indemnities and entire Chinese provinces. Alive, they are only in the way.

From the days of Las Casas it has been the province of the Christian minister among subject peoples to fight

against their unscrupulous exploitation by foreign masters. The rôle is difficult and unpopular, but essential to the conception of the missionary's office. Without it, he would be defenceless against the charge that his advent has been only the heralding of a "civilization" that has come unasked upon the native, and come upon him for his enslavement and destruction. With it, the missionary vindicates his position as one who seeks to introduce the benefits of a higher civilization, while mitigating its evils. Missionaries may be called busybodies or disguised political agents, or self-seeking, or anti-patriotic. As a matter of fact, we do not believe that the American missionaries in Natal fomented sedition among their converts; or that E. D. Morel, the agitator for reform in the Congo, draws a subsidy from the British Government; or that the Catholic brethren in the Cameroons wanted to make themselves absolute masters of the colony. On the other hand, what the world has learned about Zulu taxation, or the rule of King Rubber in the Congo, or the amiable practice of German officials in cutting off the limbs of insubordinate servants and tying women to the trunks of trees until death by starvation ensued, is of distinct value. We owe it almost wholly to missionaries.

"RECONSTITUTING" HISTORY.

Continued skepticism and criticism respecting Francis Laur's account of the secret meeting between Bismarck and Gambetta in 1878, have at last drawn an explanation from the latter's literary executor. Challenged to produce his authority and his documentary evidence, if he had any, M. Laur writes a long letter to the London *Times*. In it he exhibits a most engaging frankness, combined with a simplicity which few historians could hope to rival. Documents? *Dieu vous garde*, he hasn't a scrap of written evidence. Bismarck left no record. Gambetta never wrote about the affair. But his companion, Mme. Léonie Léon, shortly before her death told M. Laur about the secret interview (place and time both indefinite), and thereupon, "with the aid of my notes, I was able to reconstitute the narrative."

Such a justification of the original story is really its destruction. M. Laur has shown himself so inaccurate in many of his details that it is fairly open to doubt if he correctly understood or remembered what he heard from Mme. Léon. This is the more probable when we find him admitting that she "did not attach importance" to her revelations. But if Gambetta actually did meet Bismarck and discuss with him for three hours the question of limitation of armaments, and a general good understanding between France and Germany, it was an event of the highest importance. No one could have been more keenly aware of this than the gifted woman with whom Gambetta shared for years his political secrets and ambitions. If she slighted her story, as given to M. Laur, it is altogether probable that he did not at the time catch its true drift, and afterwards greatly exaggerated both facts and inferences.

One touch in M. Laur's defensive letter is exquisite. Taking up one of the formidable objections to his whole narrative, he undertakes to show why Bismarck himself never spoke of the historic scene with Gambetta, why he concealed it from everybody, "even from posterity." The reason lies in Bismarck's extreme delicacy of feeling. Count Henckel-Donnersmarck had before sought to arrange an interview between Gambetta and Bismarck, but his efforts had failed. Therefore, writes M. Laur:

> Bismarck did not want—and the sentiment is one for which we can only do him honor—to wound Count Henckel by letting him know even by posthumous revelation that the interview for which he had taken so much trouble had actually taken place and was kept from the knowledge of so devoted a friend as himself.

But this is a revelation to the world more startling than anything M. Laur had divulged. If Bismarck was not a rough man, trampling with his military boots upon the tenderest susceptibilities, and strewing his conversation, letters, and reminiscences with brutal references to men and women, but was truly a being all compact of the finest consideration for the feelings of others, then, indeed, it was time that M. Laur set about "reconstituting" the biography of the German Chancellor. But his attempt to set up such a Frenchified Bismarck will cost him more labor, and cause more hilarity at his expense, than his account of the covert meeting between Bismarck and Gambetta at Friedrichsruh or Varzin or somewhere else, some time in 1878, or some other year.

In fact, Bismarck did not simply conceal the interview; he denied that it had ever taken place. This is made clear by Lucien Wolf, in his destructive analysis of M. Laur's explanation. The Donnersmarck letters established the fact of the effort of Count Henckel to bring about an interview. But Mr. Wolf now reports:

> The *démenti* of the 1878 interview appears as a note to the correspondence with Count Henckel in the "Briefwechsel" (vol. ii., p. 505). Here it is distinctly stated that "eine Zusammenkunft hat nicht stattgefunden." When I quoted this in my letter to the *Times* of the 21st inst., I was under the impression that it was only an editorial statement of Prince Herbert Bismarck. Dr. Horst Kohl, who performed the editorial work under Prince Herbert's supervision, has now informed us that the statement was made to him by the Chancellor himself when he confided to him the *carton* containing the Henckel-Donnersmarck correspondence.

After that, we scarcely need the round denial of the Hamburg *Nachrichten*, still inspired by the Bismarck family and tradition, to make us believe that the famous interview never occurred.

With the main edifice destroyed, it may seem hardly worth while to look at the ornamentation, yet M. Laur's vivid "reconstitution" of the conversation between the French and the German statesman has its suggestion for historical writers. His method might be said to be, in its way, an imitation of Thucydides, who must have invented many of the speeches he put in the mouths of Cleon and others. The contrast is between the picturesque school and the dryasdust. A passion for documents of any or all kinds has long dominated historical research. This was highly necessary, and yielded important results, but it did often lead to terribly dull writing. Sainte-Beuve exclaimed against the "déchiffreurs de chartes et de parchemins d'archives," whom he said he loved and revered for their learning, but who had wrought the evil of introducing into literature the worship of old papers. We have suffered many things from that cult, and could welcome a reaction in favor of histories which would not necessarily be untrustworthy simply because they were interesting. But M. Laur's unhappy plight shows us that the "reconstitution" of history must be done only by a man sure of his facts, who has himself done the requisite grubbing down among the dead men, and comes up, not with skeletons, but living human figures.

THE ETHICS OF TOYS.

A clergyman having attacked the Teddy bear on the ground that its substitution for the doll is undermining the maternal instinct, one of the magazines of "new thought," *The Stellar Ray*, comes forward with a qualified defence of that popular toy. "Perhaps," it suggests, "the love of the Teddy bear tends to dispel the fears that formerly haunted the dreams of childhood, perhaps it tends to broaden the sympathies of the little mother to the animal kingdom, cultivating a spirit of protective love for all creatures."

A friendly disposition toward bears is an excellent thing to have, especially in a community which is not infested with real bears that might take unfair advantage of a child's advances. The bear which waits around the corner to devour naughty little boys and girls loses its terrors when the child knows by experience what an amiable, comfortable beast it is. Thus the toy may have robbed childhood of one of its terrors. Those "conflicting impulses toward fearing and fondling" which, according to the psychologist, beset the child in presence of

a new animal, are intelligently directed. The fear of wild animals being no longer in civilized countries an aid to the survival of the race, it is just as well that bears should be regarded as friends of humanity.

In fact, there is no reason why other ferocious beasts, like the lion, the crocodile, and the shark, than which no creature is more feared by the children of inland towns, may not be admitted to a similarly intimate footing in the family. We speak of intimate footing, because these beasts have been actually present in the nursery for generations. But the Noah's Ark bear and the Teddy bear are not close kin. The Noah's Ark animals are no more capable of inspiring affection than Shem, Ham, and Japhet, or their indistinguishable wives. The Teddy bear's vogue—if that astonishing phenomenon, which would so greatly perplex the archæologist who might dig up one of our cities buried this year, can be explained at all—is due to the touch of quaintness and humor with which the little beast is portrayed. We do not mean to say that that same touch would insure popularity to another toy animal, but merely that popularity would doubtless be very hard to obtain without it.

Moreover, it is not the part of reasonable and foresighted men to discuss the ethics of the toy that is with us without considering also those that are still to be designed. The American rabbi who recently returned from an unsuccessful mission to persuade the Nuremberg toymakers to give up the manufacture of toy soldiers did thus look to the future. The interest of the small boy in martial trappings must, in his view and that of other well-meaning people, breed a temper favorable to future wars. Toys connected with the arts of peace will, conversely, interest the father of the man in the pursuits which make nations really happy and great. It is somewhat singular in this connection that the toys which do concern the arts of peace, like miniature engines and toolboxes, are among the most dangerous in the whole toy-shop. That Tommy, while safeguarded from the unhallowed influences of the tin soldier, may be blown up by a tin boiler or saw off his fingers, is one of the factors that make this whole problem so complicated. We can barely refer to the historical argument that from the ruins of the most martial civilizations of antiquity, like those of Rome and Assyria, our archæologists are perpetually digging up children's toys, not in the shape of soldiers, but of dolls and cats and little clay pigs.

Beneath and behind all these charges of demoralization by playthings is the more comprehensive anxiety lest modern toys may be destroying the child's imagination. As the scenery now provided has destroyed in theatre audiences the faculty of seeing forests and castles and palaces on a bare stage, so, it is charged, the perfection of our "practicable" toys has inhibited the child's invention. The train that runs by real steam, on a real track, with real switches, furnishes nothing like the stimulus of "playing train" with blocks of wood. Thus we are developing a generation of Peter Bells, which can see only what is before its eyes, and which therefore is painfully open to literal impressions. The old-time child to whom a clothes-pin might be at one moment a soldier and the next a pillar for a cantilever bridge, could not be much harmed. But the new, to whom a toy soldier is a soldier and nothing but a soldier, will have the suggestion impressed upon his consciousness till he goes to Congress and votes an appropriation for 50,000-ton battleships and an army of 500,000 men.

We think, however, that this theory is unjust to childhood. Juvenile imagination has not been killed. Made unnecessary in some of the mechanism of play, it has expressed itself in new channels. And nowhere is it more active than in counteracting the dangerous suggestions of the toys themselves. It can make a twenty-dollar mechanical toy as protean as a lump of coal. The Teddy bear, having supplanted the doll, is put to bed, invited to tea, and engages in all manner of other evolutions familiar to dolls, but utterly foreign to the nature of bears. The toy soldier, despite the fact that every button of his uniform conforms to the latest edition of the army regulations, will go to tea with the same bear, become a savage or a farmer, or take any other part his commander chooses for him. On the other hand, the nursery *Kriegspiel* involves the impressment not only of civilians, but of building blocks and crayons. The child can play at war without military toys; he can also play at peace though he has nothing but martial equipment to do it with. It is the clear perception of this fact that gives the alarmists of the toy-shop such small audiences.

THE SITUATION OF HISTORY IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

It is less than nine years since the American Historical Association, in the report of its Committee of Seven, submitted a carefully framed plan of historical study for secondary schools. The essential features of that report were: first, the indication of four historical fields — ancient, mediæval and modern European, English, and American—in which instruction should be given, and which, singly or in combination, should be accepted by colleges as part of their admission requirements; and, second, the repudiation of the exclusive devotion to the textbook, which, up to that time, had generally obtained, and the insistence upon the vitalization of historical instruction by enlarged and systematic use of collateral reading, informal lectures, special reports, map drawing, historical pictures and objects, and student note-books.

The wide and vigorous discussion of this report, not only by special bodies like the New England History Teachers' Association, but by educational organizations of a more general character as well, has resulted in a very considerable acceptance of its recommendations, in whole or in part, by leading colleges and universities. The specification of requirements in history adopted by the College Entrance Examination Board is that of the Committee of Seven. So far as any scheme of historical instruction in secondary schools, whether with or without reference to preparation for college, may now be regarded as a standard, it is the one formulated in the report in question.

In the light of the experience of these nine years, it seems worth while to consider once more the recommendations of this epoch-making report. No one individual, of course, can have close personal knowledge of more than a few schools, nor has the present status of history teaching in the United States been comprehensively inquired into. It may be proper for me to state, accordingly, that the observations here made are based mainly upon my experience as a college teacher, one of whose duties is the preparation and conduct of certain entrance examinations in history; upon inquiries systematically pursued during the past six years at summer schools at Harvard, Cornell, the University of Chicago, and the University of California, where the students include teachers from a large number of States; and upon two years' service as chief examiner in history for the College Entrance Examination Board.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the methods of teaching history in secondary schools have undergone, within the brief period under consideration, fundamental and praiseworthy change. Formal use of the textbook, with its inevitable insistence upon verbal repetition and the dry memorizing of dates and names, has much declined, and in most of our best schools would not now be tolerated. The content of the subject, too, has changed: less time is spent on military events and incidents of romance or adventure, and more on the social, economic, and international aspects of the field. History, in other words, has come to be looked upon less as a body of chronological facts to be learned outright, and more as the interesting story of vital social development. Reference libraries in schools, though still far from adequate, have multiplied and improved, and the public library has lent its aid. There is general insistence upon map drawing, and increasingly generous provision and use of illustrative material, notably pictures. As a direct result of these new methods, there has arisen a demand, largely unknown hitherto, for specially trained teachers, a demand which the history departments of colleges and universities, by changes in their own methods and programmes, are endeavoring to supply.

These are substantial gains, and of the right sort. They testify to the vitalization of a subject from which an unintelligent formalism had squeezed most of the breath of life. On the other hand, there have been some failures and reverses, to-

gether with some persistent criticism of the fundamental plan. For one thing, the delimitation of the field of ancient history by the Committee of Seven is strongly, and on the whole increasingly, objected to. As bounded by the report, ancient history is made to include not only the history of Greece and Rome during what is often called loosely the classical period, but also the history of Egypt, Babylonia, and other Eastern nations on the one hand, and the history of western Europe from the end of the line of Western Roman Emperors to the time of Charles the Great on the other. I must confess never to have been able to see the propriety, on historical or other grounds, of the delimitation in this case recommended by the committee; and I am sure that a very large number of our best teachers, in both colleges and secondary schools, are of the opinion that the history of Greece and Rome, with the story of Rome ending not later, certainly, than the latter part of the fifth century, is the portion of ancient history most suitable for secondary schools.

A more serious criticism has to do with the method of instruction which the present requirements presuppose. While it is generally agreed that the pupil should read as widely in historical literature as possible, anything more than incidental use of collateral reading has been found, in practice, so time-consuming as to be well-nigh out of the question. Undoubtedly the difficulty here is less with the method than with the excessively crowded curriculum of the average school; nevertheless, with conditions as they are, it has not yet been proved generally possible to secure from a class any considerable use of books other than the textbook, without giving to history a disproportionate amount of time. In other words, books of biography, of travel, of reminiscence, and the like, besides formal histories, may now and then be dipped into as pleasant and useful expansions of the textbook narrative, but their systematic use as a really substantive part of the instruction is impracticable with the time available. Moreover, the developed use of collateral reading presupposes library facilities, and especially provision of duplicates, such as few schools yet possess; nor can most public libraries supply the demand which the needs of large classes inevitably create. As for the preparation of student notebooks based upon reading or research, that has frankly become a farce, most of the creditable books being those which the teacher, rather than the pupil, has made.

The character of the pupil's attainments in history, too, has changed, if examination questions and answers are a safe criterion. There is a striking lack of orderly and exact knowledge, even of elementary matters, and a pervading reliance upon the general and the vague. Examination questions have often tended to become general rather than specific, and to demand a breadth of knowledge and maturity of judgment beyond what most young people possess. The colleges having insisted that the schools shall not teach dates exclusively, many schools have responded by not teaching dates at all. As a consequence, it not seldom happens that an answer in an examination book contains little specific error, and yet fails entirely to show whether or not the writer really knows anything about the subject. I do not think that this unsatisfactory condition is to be ascribed to any lessened use of textbooks; for textbooks, notwithstanding the reprobation of them, continue to multiply, the best of them are infinitely better than the best of twenty years ago, and there is scarcely a history class anywhere that does not make systematic and predominant use of them. Certainly teachers of history are not to be indicted for lack of zeal or industry, nor, in the larger and better schools, for less fitness for their task than teachers in other departments. The cause, I am convinced, lies chiefly in the fact that the amount of work involved in the recommendations of the Committee of Seven cannot, as a rule, be satisfactorily accomplished in the time generally available, if the method which those recommendations also propose is to be followed. In other words, the prevailing requirements in history for admission to college cover too much ground, and cover it in a manner beyond the powers of the average pupil and the resources of the average school.

I venture to suggest three steps which, it seems to me, it would be helpful to take under the circumstances. The first is a reconsideration of the requirements, especially those in ancient history, and, by consequence, in mediæval and modern European history. This is appropriately the work of the American Historical Association, which gave its sanction to the recommendations of its committee, and which should be asked to approve any proposed changes. The second is the abandonment of the attempt to test collateral reading or general historical knowledge, as such, by means of examination questions, and the restriction of examination questions to topics specifically dealt with in the best text-books, and to historical geography. This is a matter for the colleges and universities, and for such bodies as the College Entrance Examination Board. The third is the radical simplification of the crowded curricula of secondary schools, in the direction of fewer subjects at a time, and those more thoroughly taught, together with the provision of facilities, such as books, maps, and illustrative material, for the teaching of history as adequate in all respects as the facilities admittedly necessary for every other subject in the study programme. This is a matter for school authorities and the public, as well as for teachers everywhere.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Providence, R. I.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The interest in first editions of Kipling, which fell away a few years ago, seems to be reviving. He is the ideal author for the collector. His early books were printed in India in small numbers and in fragile paper covers, and two, at least, were suppressed. His later books have been printed in large editions, and can never become scarce, but in some cases, at least, he has prepared good hunting for future collectors by printing several poems and some prose articles in exceedingly small numbers, mainly for copyright. Just how many of these privately printed pamphlets have been prepared we do not know. Of his poem "Cleared," which appeared in the *Scots Observer* in 1891, some copies were pulled off separately as a broadside. Of "White Horses," which appeared in *Literature* October 23, 1897, a few copies were printed as a pamphlet of ten pages in a lilac paper cover. Of "Captains Courageous," which ran as a serial in *McClure's*, a few copies were printed from the types of the magazine as an octavo pamphlet before the appearance of some of the instalments. The text of this pamphlet issue was slightly revised for the first edition of the book, published here by the Century Company, and in London by the Macmillans, 1897. These pamphlets, though rare, are not unknown to collectors, and several have been offered at public sale. The seven following pieces have not, we believe, been described before. They are all handsomely printed small 12mo. pamphlets, except "The Islanders," which is an octavo. We give a line for line transcript of the titles and a short collation of each piece:

Cruisers | A Poem | By | Rudyard Kipling | Copyright | MDCCCXCIX | By | Rudyard | Kipling | All Rights | Reserved | The Doubleday And | McClure Company | MDCCCXCIX

9 leaves, cover lettered "Cruisers."

The Reformer | A Poem | By | Rudyard Kipling | Copyright | MDCCCCI | By | Rudyard | Kipling | All Rights | Reserved | Doubleday, Page | And Company | MDCCCCI

8 leaves, cover lettered "The Reformer."

The Lesson | A Poem | By | Rudyard Kipling | Copyright | MDCCCCI. | By | Rudyard | Kipling | All Rights | Reserved | Doubleday, Page | And Company | MDCCCCI

10 leaves, cover lettered "The Lesson."

Bridge-Guard | In The Karroo | A Poem | By | Rudyard Kipling | Copyright | MDCCCCI | By | Rudyard | Kipling | All Rights | Reserved | Doubleday, Page | And Company | MDCCCCI

11 leaves, cover lettered "Bridge-Guard | in The Karroo."

The Islanders | A Poem | By | Rudyard Kipling | Copyright | MDCCCCII | By | Rudyard | Kipling | All Rights | Reserved | Doubleday, Page | And Company | MDCCCCII

8 leaves, cover lettered "The Islanders."

The above, which are all in verse, are printed upon one side of the leaf only, and the leaves, not pages, are numbered. They are all interleaved with blank paper, for the purpose, apparently, of giving more bulk. The two following pieces are in prose, and the leaves are printed on both sides, the pages numbered:

Railway Reform in | Great Britain | By | Rudyard Kipling | New York | Doubleday, Page & Co. | 1901

Title p. [1]; copyright and imprint of Norwood Press, p. [2]; text, pp. 3-27; blank, p. [28]. Cover lettered "Railway Reform in | Great Britain | Rudyard Kipling."

Below the Mill Dam | By | Rudyard Kipling | New York | Doubleday, Page & Co. | 1902.

Title p. [1]; copyright, p. [2]; text, pp. 3-29; blank, p. [30]. Cover lettered "Below the Mill Dam | By Rudyard Kipling."

According to pencil inscriptions in the copies described twenty-five copies of "The Islanders" were printed, but there were twelve copies only of each of the others.

The books known among collectors of Americana as "captivities" are attractive, and early editions always excite interest in the sales-room. They are the narratives of experience, often very curious, of persons who in the early days were taken captive by the Indians. The writers were sometimes actuated by religious zeal and a spirit of thankfulness in publishing the accounts of their adventure. The H. R. Huntting Company of Springfield, Mass.,

has just reprinted in old style as a "dumpy" little volume (350 copies) the "Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson," first printed at Walpole, N. H., in 1796. There were other editions printed at Windsor, Vt., in 1807 and 1814; Lowell, Mass., in 1834; New York, in 1841, etc.

Correspondence.

MISS COLERIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sudden death of Miss Mary Elizabeth Coleridge on August 25 has left a void in literature as well as a dear memory with many friends. It is just ten years since the publication of her best novel, "The King with Two Faces," announced the advent of another Coleridge to that world of English letters where her family had filled so large a part, and of another Coleridge gifted with the same fine quality of intangible romance, and with much of the same "shaping spirit of imagination," as had haunted and distinguished the greatest of them all. Miss Coleridge had already published before that a characteristic book, "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" (1893), in which her friends had realized her strength. But in this earlier book a certain want of definiteness, an inclination to love half-shadows overmuch which her novels did not always escape, prevented any popular recognition of her work. With more than a touch of her great-uncle's genius, she had inherited some of his elusiveness, too. "Coleridge's poetry," a considerable critic once wrote, "leaves too much of the feeling of a walk through a fine country on a misty day"—peeps of great beauty with tantalizing shadows interspersed; from this perplexing quality Miss Coleridge's earliest book, like some of her latest books, was not quite free. But in "The King with Two Faces" she came into her own. She struck at once a note of high romance: and the story and its setting were such as all the world could understand.

Miss Coleridge was not a rapid worker, and the claims of family and friendship always with her came before her own. It was some years before this success was repeated. Her next novel, "The Fiery Dawn" (1901), with its brilliant sketch of the Duchesse de Berri and her forlorn high-spirited enterprise among the Legitimists of France, original, characteristic, and full of fine romantic interest as it is, was less clear and striking than its predecessor; and the slighter sketches of modern life which followed it, unconventional and imaginative as they are, were less suited to the genius of a writer who worked best upon a high, ambitious theme. But "The King with Two Faces" stands apart. As a historical novel, it has had no rival of late years. Its treatment is in the highest degree original. Its canvas is singularly large. The art which can carry the reader without effort through some of the most stirring scenes in the life of Gustavus of Sweden—that crowned knight-errant, half hero, half demented dreamer, but always impressive, wayward, picturesque—and which, unsatisfied with that full theme, can plunge him into the heart of the French Revolution, and reproduce the touching gallantry of Fersen and the brilliant egotism of Madame de Staël, without losing the romance of the story in the larger romance of the history it enfolds, is art of no ordinary kind. Mystery and adventure are ever present in the air; and mystery, touched with a rare imagination, is the atmosphere which it seems natural for the Coleridges to breathe. The dramatic opening of the book, the charm and wonder of the early chapters, the haunting sense of calamity impending, the fresh and captivating movement of the tale, the picture of Gustavus appearing on a gaunt hack, worn, draggled, imperturbable, alone, after midnight, at the gate of Gothenburg, the picture of Marie Antoinette, a stately and beautiful woman sitting by the fire, holding a little child in her arms, and singing to it low and wearily, while yet a touch of irresistible gayety in the soft, sweet voice brought tears into the listener's eyes—

> Ah, que je fus bien inspirée
> Quand je vous reçus dans ma cour!—

touches and pictures such as this help to make up a story which lovers of good literature will not allow to die.

But admirable as this great novel is, and full of charm, of fancy, of discrimination as are the essays which Miss Coleridge occasionally published, and the criticism of books which she contributed to the *Monthly Review* and to the literary supplement of the London *Times*, her most characteristic work was in her verse. Literary criticism was a form of writing which gave her great pleasure, and which she did specially well. Literary counsel and encouragement, things which she appreciated greatly, and which perhaps to some extent she needed for herself, were gifts she never grudged her friends. Henry Newbolt and Robert Bridges, who were for years among her literary intimates, and other writers not less known and distinguished, delighted to exchange opinions and confidences in literature with her. And many who knew her closely owed almost as much to her fine taste and to her fastidious judgment, as to the example which she unconsciously set them of a beautiful and an unselfish life. She had the power which Carlyle attributed to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a signal power of "attracting brave souls." But the two little volumes of exquisite verse which she published anonymously, "Fancy's Following" and "Fancy's Guerdon," small in bulk as they are, contain the most delicate and finished work which she produced. Imagination of a rare intensity, a sense of melody most finely tuned, and a fancy touched in no small degree with that magic and enchantment which have led Shelley and Swinburne to speak of Coleridge's lyrics with almost exaggerated praise, stamp these little volumes with a quality which only high poetry attains. Sympathy and understanding fell to Miss Coleridge in a measure in which they fall to few. Her critical faculty, always watchful and illuminating, perhaps aroused self-criticism which checked her in creative work. But in her short literary life she has left us enough to justify a great tradition, and to win the admiration of the public as well as the hearts and the homage of her friends. M.

West Horsley, Leatherhead, England, August 30.

Miss Coleridge also published two other novels, "The Shadow on the Wall," 1904, and "The Lady on the Drawing-room Floor," 1906; and a volume of essays, "Non Sequitur," 1900.

GERMAN METHODS OF STUDYING LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been much interested in Professor Kuno Francke's letter (*Nation* of August 15) in defence of Lamprecht's "Germany in the Eighteenth Century," and especially in their common opinion of the methods of the literary historian who thinks he has explained everything when he is able to point to some foreign literary influence, and to whom the tracing of the formal influence of one writer upon another is the chief end rather than one of many means. But what does Professor Francke mean when he says: "Fortunately, we may add, such views are not held by any one worth considering"? Is it not a fact that such views are the almost unanimous opinion of the academic scholars of Germany? Though in the study of modern German literature itself there may have been some advance, there are a hundred or more university professors whose special fields lie in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian, or mediæval literature; I challenge Professor Francke to mention more than half a dozen whose point of view is other than the one he condemns. Thousands of doctoral dissertations in these fields, the results of the university training of their authors, have been published in the last decade; I challenge him to mention half a dozen whose point of view is not the same. When he says that "such views are not held by any one worth considering," does he mean to bring a general indictment against the literary training of the German universities? J. E. SPINGARN.

Leedsville, N. Y., August 29.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very glad indeed to find in Professor Spingarn an ally against the soulless and spiritless methods of studying literature which prevail to-day, not in German universities alone. If he were t press me, I should feel bound to admit tha of the doctor dissertations on literary jects, either from Germany or Amer which have come to my knowledge during the last ten years, the bulk seemed to me hardly worth serious consideration. As to living literary historians of repute, I certainly could not name more than half a dozen who approach a work of literature from within rather than from without. But is not this a good many? Does not in this respect also the old saying hold good: Εἷς ἐμοὶ μυρίοι? KUNO FRANCKE.

Gilbertsville, N. Y., September 4.

INFANT MORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading the interesting review of Dr. Newman's "Infant Mortality" published in your issue of August 1, (p. 104), I felt a suspicion that the statistical foundation for the author's argument was not beyond challenge. Can you grant me a little space in which to raise the question?

Dr. Newman states his subject as follows:

> The infant mortality rate . . . is not declining, and this is the broad fact which constitutes the problem to be considered. Children under twelve months of age die in England to-day, in spite of all our boasted progress, and in spite of an immense improvement in the social and physical life of the people, as greatly as they did seventy years ago (p. 18).

Elsewhere he generalizes his results for England in the statement: "The infant mortality rate, as a rule, is stationary or even increasing" (p. 7).

Every one knows that deaths of very young children constitute a great proportion of all deaths, but to be informed that they constitute an increasing proportion, that the steady and rapid decline of the death rate at nearly every age does not extend to infants, but that they, almost alone in the community, are not profiting from the medical and sanitary progress in which we take pride, may have aroused in the minds of others of your readers, as it did in mine, both surprise and incredulity.

The question not considered by Dr. Newman, but of primary interest to your readers, Is infant mortality in the United States increasing? may be considered first. The best answer to it is found in the rates for the registration area. These were 206 deaths per 1,000 infants living under one year of age in 1890, and 165 deaths per 1,000 infants in 1900. The conclusion from these figures is supported by evidence from Massachusetts, our most important registration State. In that State the average death rate under one year of age to 1,000 births for 1890 to 1894 was 16.3, for 1895 to 1899 was 15.2, and for 1900 to 1904 was 14.1. This evidence points to a marked decline of infant mortality in the United States.

Let me ask in the second place whether Dr. Newman is correct in his general statement of "the problem to be considered," whether it is true as a rule that the rate of infant mortality "is not declining," but "is stationary or even increasing." The French Government has recently made a compilation of the vital statistics published by the several European countries from the earliest period, and has analyzed the results. In the section dealing with deaths, published in 1906, the conclusion regarding infant mortality is stated as follows: "In almost every country, infant mortality is decreasing, the exceptions being the United Kingdom, Ireland, Denmark, and Belgium," and the tables preceding this discussion show a decrease of infant mortality in fourteen countries of Europe, and an increase in only five, three of which are England, Scotland, and Ireland. Apparently a decrease of infant mortality is the rule in Europe, and not the exception.

Let me ask, finally, Does England constitute a real exception to the general fact? Does the country at whose feet in matters of registration and of sanitary legislation the world has been sitting for three-quarters of a century stand almost alone in showing no decrease of infant mortality? The evidence offered by Dr. Newman, seemingly conclusive as it is, fails to convince me. When he probes that evidence carefully he finds that "there has been an *increase* in the deaths in the first trimester, accompanied by a *decrease*, or at least an almost stationary position, in the last two trimesters of the first year of life"; and that "within the first quarter the rise has been almost wholly in the first month, and within the first month almost wholly in the first week" (p. 15). He does not hold then that there has been any significant increase of infant mortality in England after the first week of life.

Nearly forty years ago one of the leading statisticians in France, Dr. L. A. Bertillon, published the following statement:

> In England we cannot hope to measure infant mortality accurately, because there are many omissions in the registration, both of births and of the deaths of infants.

In support of this statement he pointed out that an interval of six weeks was, and I believe still is, allowed to elapse between a birth and its registration instead of the three days usually prescribed in the Continental countries; that no registration of still-births was required; and that the rates of infant mortality in France and England after the first month were almost identical; but that for the first month the rate in England was only half that in France, showing clearly "that many deaths of children occurring during the first month are not registered" (sc. in England). I am not aware that this criticism has ever been answered. Certainly it is accepted as valid by the French publication of 1906 already quoted. A committee of the House of Commons reported in 1893: "There is reason to think . . . that the number of children buried in the United Kingdom annually as still-born is enormous"; that is, that many children born alive, but dying within the forty-two days allowed for registration, are buried without registration of the birth or death. Now we have only to assume that these violations of law have become a little less frequent during the period covered by the figures in order to find in that change a complete explanation of the apparent increase in the mortality of very young infants in England.

WALTER F. WILLCOX.

Cornell University, Ithaca, September 2.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co's fall announcement list includes a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, "Arethusa," a tale of Constantinople; "The Gulf," an American story by John Luther Long; new translations of Björnson's "In God's Way" and "The Heritage of the Kurts"; "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man," classed as a "juvenile," by James Morgan; "The Iliad for Boys and Girls," by A. J. Church; "Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa," by Edward Hutton; Highways and Byways in Kent," by Walter Jerrold, illustrated by Hugh Thomson; "Rivieras of France and Italy," painted and described by Gordon Howe; "The Seven Ages of Washington," by Owen Wister; "My Life in the Underworld," by Jack London; the Memoirs of Alexander Dumas, translated by E. M. Waller; "The Gentlest Art," an anthology of the most entertaining letters in the English language, edited by E. V. Lucas; "Philosophical Essays and Discussions," by Frederic Harrison; "A Self-supporting Home," by Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur; "An Artist's Reminiscences," by Walter Crane; the Letters of the late Dean Hole; the second volume of Prof. Edward Channing's "History of the United States"; "British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765," by George Louis Beer; a new volume of poems by Alfred Noyes; "Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism," selected by Prof. William T. Brewster; "England," a discussion of the organization and construction of its government, general, local, and colonial, by Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell; "Essentials of Economic Theory," by Prof. J. B. Clark; "The Rate of Interest," by Prof. Irving Fisher; "The Government of European Cities," by Prof. William Bennett Munro; "Essays in Municipal Administration," by Prof. John A. Fairlie; "The Outlook for the Average Man," by Dr. Albert Shaw; "Primitive Secret Societies," by Prof. Hutton Webster; "Negro Races," by Jerome Dowd; "British State Telegraphs" and "Public Ownership and the Telephone in Great Britain," by Prof. Hugo R. Meyer; "Railway Corporations as Public Servants," by Henry S. Haines; "Principles of Taxation," a volume in the Citizens' Library, by Max West; "Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion," by Frank Byron Jevons; "the Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by President Henry Churchill King; "Religion and Social Reform" and "New Theology Sermons," a companion volume to "The New Theology," by the Rev. R. J. Campbell; volume ii. of Edward Westmarck's "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas"; "Life in the Homeric Age," by Prof. Thomas Day Seymour; "Linguistic Development and Education," by Prof. M. V. O'Shea; "Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading," by Prof. Edmund B. Huey; "Pupil Self-government," by Bernard Cronsom; "Theories of Style," by Prof. Lane Cooper; "Educational Woodworking for School and Home," by Joseph C. Park; and "Economics for High Schools," by Prof. Frank W. Blackmar. The works of Byron, with a biographical sketch by the late Sir Leslie Stephen, will be added to the Globe Poets.

The Century Co. will issue this fall a new series of books made up of stories and sketches reprinted from *St. Nicholas*. There will be six of these books of adventure, travel, and description, the scenes laid in different sections of the United States; the books will be called: "Western Frontier Stories," "Stories of the Great Lakes," "Island Stories," "Stories of Strange Sights," "Sea Stories," and "Stories of the South."

The Baker & Taylor Company will publish soon the Memoirs of Frédéric Mistral and "The Story of Joseph"—the Joseph of the Old Testament—by George Alfred Williams.

Harper & Brothers are publishing immediately "In Wildest Africa," illustrated with many photographs by the author, C. G. Schillings; and "Discoveries in Everyday Europe," an illustrated volume of humorous sketches by Don C. Seitz.

Frederick McCormick, a war correspondent for the Associated Press, has written the story of the struggle between Russia and Japan as he saw it. The Outing Publishing Co. will issue the book under the title "The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia."

The Burrows Brothers Company has just issued Dr. Bernard C. Steiner's Life and Correspondence of Dr. James McHenry, Secretary of War under Washington and Adams,

which was awarded the John Marshall prize at Johns Hopkins for 1907. The work presents a number of letters, hitherto unpublished, from men of the Revolutionary period. The Birch miniature portrait of Washington is used as frontispiece.

"The Story of a Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson," by Edward A. Moore of the Rockbridge Artillery (New York: The Neale Publishing Co.), is a "plain, unvarnished" narrative of a private soldier of the Confederacy, a narrative as full of incident and adventure as any novel ever penned. He who likes to read of hard fighting will be more than satisfied with it, for the Rockbridge Battery of Artillery was one of the two or three best-known artillery companies of the Confederate armies. Enlisted at Lexington, Va., in Rockbridge County, the site of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), and of the Virginia Military Institute, in which Stonewall Jackson was a professor until called to the field, this battery was composed largely of Washington College students and sons of prominent families, including after a while, as a private, a son of Robert E. Lee. The Rockbridge Artillery followed Jackson until his death and then fought on until Appomattox Courthouse. Mr. Moore, owing to his youth and the previous enlistment of his brothers, did not join the Rockbridge Corps until March 10, 1862. After that he shared its fortunes save when at home from wounds or disability. He makes no effort to describe or comment on the campaigns, but he has remembered so many details of camp and battle, so many comic, so many moving and tragic incidents of his service and of his comrades, that the book possesses genuine value despite occasional eccentricities of style which careful editing would have avoided. Certainly, no one can read Mr. Moore's homely but bright narrative without receiving a vivid picture of what the civil war meant to the Southern private. For this reason it deserves a place in all libraries of that war, particularly as it includes a roster of what was a singularly gallant and well-commanded organization among many such in the Confederacy. Introductions by Robert E. Lee, jr., who served with the artillery, and by Harry St. George Tucker add nothing to the value of the volume.

Albert Stickney's "Organized Democracy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is one of those radical pleas for political reconstruction which, however little likely to be adopted or even seriously considered, are not without usefulness as criticisms of existing political evils. Mr. Stickney is convinced not only that we have not true democracy in this country, but also that we cannot have true democracy so long as the present electoral and administrative systems prevail. Under popular election of all officials for fixed terms, joined to the party system, all that the voter can do is to vote for the candidate of this or that machine; his own personal choice, if he have one, he cannot possibly register. The remedy Mr. Stickney urges is the establishment, in local, State, and Federal Government, of a system of single-headed administration, with the heads of departments controlled directly by a Legislature the members of which are popularly chosen by *viva voce* vote. For tenure during short terms there would be substituted tenure during good behavior. Congress, for example, would become a body of one house with the power of removing the President, but without control over subordinate appointments. We fear that Mr. Stickney is too optimistic, and too little appreciative of the difficulty in this country of achieving reforms by wholesale; but his shrewd observations and obvious seriousness make his book not uninteresting. Incidentally, we commend to the curious the extraordinary punctuation of the volume.

President Nicholas Murray Butler's "True and False Democracy" (Macmillan Co.) comprises three addresses, the two besides the title paper dealing respectively with "Education of Public Opinion" and "Democracy and Education." There is here no exposition of a novel theory, nor yet a plea for revolutionary changes in political machinery or organization. To President Butler, the bases of political health are in personal right thinking and right acting, in clear intellectual perception and sturdy moral conduct. With the fundamental errors and still more dangerous half truths of socialism in mind, he insists that true democracy can never mean equality, save of opportunity, but that its essence is liberty, exercised with due regard for the rights of others and instinctive respect for law. There is an earnest plea for better political education, for wiser leadership, and for the repudiation of the boss, who does not lead, but drives. The papers are admirably phrased, and merit thoughtful reading.

"Races and Immigrants in America," by Prof. John R. Commons (The Macmillan Company), is a worthy addition to the literature of a subject whose significance is, we fear, too little apprehended as yet. Beginning with a brief survey of the historical relation of race to democracy, Professor Commons goes on to consider somewhat in detail the varied race elements in the American colonies, including the negro, and the geographical and social sources of the nineteenth century additions. With this foundation, he then takes up the combined questions of race and immigration as related to or affected by labor demand and supply, industrial opportunity and efficiency, rural and urban life, literacy, poverty and crime, suffrage and political status, and amalgamation and assimilation. Well fortified throughout by statistics, and evidencing a wide range of observation, the great merit of the volume is its sensibleness. Professor Commons points out, for example, that the "race hostility" of which much is said is not primarily racial in character at all, but rather "the competitive struggle for standards of living"; and that it appears to be racial "because, for the most part, different races have different standards" (p. 115). "Race suicide" among the masses of wage-earners is one of the natural results of such a struggle; and while Rooseveltian exhortation is well enough for those who can act upon it, multiplication of offspring for people to whom young children must be an economic burden amounts, in Professor Commons's opinion, to an attempt to cure race suicide by race deterioration. On the other hand, the preponderance of adults among immigrants, together with the intense desire of the immigrant to rise in life, has helped to bring about the "feverish overproduction" and consequent collapse which have characterized American industry. As regards the future of the negro, to whose unhappy lot the volume devotes a good deal of space, Professor Commons seems pretty pessimistic, though the situation is admittedly bad enough. We cannot enter into the details, however, of any of the author's conclusions, and can only commend the book as a thoughtful and enlightening contribution to the understanding of a serious subject.

In the third volume of the Student's Old Testament, "Israel's Laws and Legal Precedents" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), Prof. Charles Foster Kent reaches a field where classification and rearrangement of the Scripture text is of great value to the student of the development of Hebrew religion and social usages. The legal portion of the Old Testament is arranged in five general divisions: (1) personal and family laws; (2) criminal laws, comprising injuries to persons, property, and society; (3) humane laws, emphasizing the duty of kindness to animals and men; (4) religious laws, defining obligations to God; and (5) ceremonial laws, containing minute directions regarding worship and the ritual. This classification is both logical and, in a rough way, chronological. The history of the development of Hebrew legislation, its wide range, and remarkable ethical and religious significance, are by this means brought graphically before the reader. The relation of the legislation to the work of the prophets is set forth clearly, and the dependence of the Hebrew codes upon the older Babylonian enactments is frankly acknowledged. Professor Kent declares:

> Nowhere in all legal literature can the genesis and growth of primitive law be traced so clearly as in Israel's codes thus restored. They also represent the most important cornerstones of our modern English laws and institutions, and therefore challenge and richly reward the study of all legal and historical students.

One who has had experience of the mass of facts which lie ready to one's hand when one undertakes to describe any of the great religions, will appreciate the forbearance and skill with which Prof. Karl Marti of Bern has brought out the distinctive features of Hebrew piety in "The Religion of the Old Testament," now translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann (G. P. Putnam's Sons). So far as we are aware, no one has gathered more successfully into brief compass the more vital matters in the modern understanding of Old Testament religion. The special inquirer on a particular subject, *e. g.*, the ark, the Levites, might be disappointed to find his topic treated so summarily, but the beginner in scientific and comparative study of the Old Testament would be correspondingly grateful that a rapid glance over the whole field is afforded, with those features in the foreground which more thorough research will prove to be essential. The development of Hebrew belief is analyzed in four periods, the Nomad religion, the Peasant religion, the religion of the Prophets, the Legal religion. The general understanding is that of Wellhausen, with recognition of a large original element in Hebrew piety despite near relationship at many points to faiths of the nearer East. Professor Marti has avoided idiosyncrasies of opinion to such an extent

that one might use a phrase common among critics, and describe his work as the "product of a school," without detracting in the least from his independence of research and of judgment. As to the translation, it is usually possible to see the author's meaning, but such phrases as "it is thanks to the prophets," "religiosity" (in a good sense), "Babel" for Babylon, indicate careless editing.

Cæsar's Civil War with Pompeius has been translated with introduction and notes by the Rev. F. P. Long, for Henry Frowde. Since the masterly reproduction of Cæsar's account of his campaigns in Gaul by Holmes, we have needed a similar treatment of his Civil War; and the appearance of this translation, though very different in style, is a matter of congratulation to students of the most interesting period of Roman history. The translator prefixes to the narrative a thoughtful and well-written introduction, in which he summarizes the conditions at Rome which rendered the rise of Pompeius and Cæsar inevitable; he shows with great clearness that it is quite unjust to regard Cæsar as a rebel against a state which had practically driven him to the measures he adopted. The text on which the translation is based is that of Du Pontet, in this regard marking a refreshing change from the servility to German editions, which has characterized most English, as well as American, work in recent years. The translation itself, while not free from occasional inaccuracies or even mistakes, shows, in the main, the hand of a master of English, as well as of Latin; it is full of the dash and vigor of the original and only occasionally shows that it is a translation. In some respects, perhaps it is too English; *e. g.*, English technical terms of a rather special meaning are sometimes employed, which an American would find it a little difficult to understand, as the rendering of *consules* by *Government* in the narrow Parliamentary sense.

In his "Volkschule und Lehrerbildung der Vereinigten Staaten in ihren hervortretenden Zügen"—the fairest and most interesting book concerning American schools yet written by a German (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.)—Dr. Franz Kuypers of Cologne disclaims any thorough study of our institutions and presents what he has to say rather as "impressions of travel." Yet he saw a great deal in the few weeks that he was here in 1904, the assembled exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition assisting him materially to get a comprehensive view. His tabulated facts, penetrating criticism, and hearty praise are brought home to the teacher by not less than forty-eight engravings, illustrating many phases of American school life from the kindergarten to the high school, as seen in New York, Boston, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and elsewhere. In a *Vorwort* of ten pages, Dr. Kuypers contrasts the *Schulmonarchie* of the Germans with the *Schuldemokratie* of the Americans, and finds that though we may fail in idealistic training while excelling in the practical, the Germans may learn much from us, particularly by way of suggestion. A bibliography calls attention to German as well as English books on American school affairs.

Another book just imported by Stechert & Co. is Georg Kerschensteiner's "Grundfragen der Schulorganization," a collection of addresses and essays by the Munich school commissioner, dealing with the period of the German *Jungc* between school and army service, professional and general training, productive labor and its educational value, the fundamentals in the organization of high schools, the training of teachers, the reorganization of the industrial schools in Munich, and various matters pertaining to the advanced schools for girls and the relation of the municipality to the schools. Though almost exclusively German, and specifically Bavarian, in its point of view, the book will be suggestive to intelligent American teachers.

Modern archæology in Japan may almost be said to have been begun by American scholars, when A. S. Bickmore declared the Ainu of Yezo to belong to the Aryan race, and Prof. E. D. Morse discovered and opened a shell heap on the line of the Tokio-Yokohoma Railway in 1875. Now, the Japanese pursue the work themselves, having opened over four thousand tumuli, dolmens, or megalithic chambers. Besides endowing professors' chairs of ethnology, they are creating museums of the highest anthropological interest. On Yezo Island, the Rev. John Batchelor has for thirty years made the Ainu his special study, demonstrating their language to be Aryan. In a recent paper in the *Japan Mail*, he retracted his formerly expressed belief in the existence of a dwarfish and pre-Ainu race of pit-dwellers. These were called Koropokguru, and about them a voluminous popular and pseudo-scientific literature has gathered. The recent writings of Japanese archæologists are uniform in discrediting the existence of any such race, besides proving that the Ainu themselves were pit-dwellers and that they made pottery, used paint and flint knives, and lived in the stone age. Their conquerors, continental and possibly of Semitic origin, used metal, and were in other respects more perfectly equipped for conquest, which was completed only after a struggle of two thousand years. In Part I, Vol. i of the Transactions of the Sapporo Natural History Society is a valuable brochure on the *chasi*, or forts enclosed by fences or embankments used by the Ainu in defence against their Japanese conquerors. Traces of these are found not only all over Yezo, but in northern Japan, while the geographical nomenclature on both islands is in harmony with the conclusions of the archæologists, that the Ainu, speaking an Aryan tongue, once inhabited the whole archipelago.

One of the "Morning Stars of the Restoration" in Japan, was Dr. Hashimoto Sanai, horn in Fukui in 1834. The celebration in 1908 of the fiftieth anniversary of his death is to be marked hy the publication of his complete works, with a new biography. Besides being a master of Chinese learning, he studied Dutch, and through this medium knew much of the history, literature, and science of the world. He foreshadowed in his writings much that has become fact in the modern government, national policy, and education of Japan. Besides practising medicinc he founded the school of modern sciences and languages in Fukui, which was, after 1870, conducted by American teachers. He was among the first to secure steamships, develop mining on modern principles, and to adopt vaccination, modern hygiene, and European military drill and arms. When his feudal lord of Echizen, was, with other liberal minded daimios, imprisoned in the agitations which arose after the signing of the Townsend Harris treaty, Hashimoto, with nearly fifty other upright and loyal men, was seized and put to death by the arbitrary Yedo premier Ii.

Acting on the recommendation of the New York Library Association, at its last annual meeting, the New York State Education Department has undertaken the publication of a quarterly journal in the interest of the libraries of this State. While news of general library interest will be touched on briefly, and one or more articles dealing in a broad way with questions of library policy will be contained in each number, the design of the new quarterly is specifically to deal with local or State matters, with the idea of developing among the libraries of the State a stronger sense of unity and a more effective coöperation. The first issue will appear on or before the first of October, and will have as its chief topic the selection of books for small libraries. The following papers dealing with this question will be included: "Principles of Book Selection," by Corinne Bacon; "What Can We Get Out of a Henty Book?" by Caroline M. Hewins; "The One Hundred First Books for the Children's Library," by Clara W. Hunt; "One Hundred Dollars for a Reference Collection," by J. I. Wyer, jr.; "Some Useful New York State Documents," by J. I. Wyer, jr.; "Subscription Books"—advice of the American Library Association committee on book-buying. Other features of the first issue will be a paper on simple methods in library work by Mrs. E. E. Ledbetter; a "Question Box," dealing with some homely library details; "What New York Does for Libraries," and "News and Notes of New York Libraries." The journal will be sent free to all libraries and members of library boards in the State who make application. To others the cost will be twenty-five cents a year or ten cents a copy.

The project recommended at the international meeting of librarians at St. Louis in 1904, to aid public librarians in American cities in selecting current books in foreign languages by the publication of select lists made up for this purpose by expert librarians in different countries, has now been realized in the case of Italian books by the publication in English of a small serial called "The Best Italian Reading," by Dr. Guido Biagi, director of the Laurentian Library, Florence, issued as a supplement to the *Revista delle Biblioteche e degli Archivi*. The first issue, treating only of reference books and history, contains twenty-five titles. Other classes of books will be taken up in subsequent numbers. Brief but helpful annotations in English are given for each title.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh has at the Jamestown Exposition, an interesting exhibit of the methods and appliances in operation at that library. As for several years this library has been known particularly for its specializations in children's work, the main interest of the exhibit attaches naturally to its showing of the details and results of this work. The following are some of the items of interest

brought out in the prospectus of the exhibit: The library maintains 168 distributing centres from which children may draw books. These include 66 schools, 50 reading clubs, 29 "home libraries," 12 deposit stations, 6 branch libraries, 4 summer playgrounds, and 1 special children's room. The attendance in the various children's rooms last year was 322,239, and for the nine years that these rooms have been in operation the total attendance is 2,280,536. Last year the library circulated among children 376,559 volumes, and during nine years the circulation among children has reached a total of 2,125,660. In 1901, a school for the special training of children's librarians was instituted, the only one of its kind in the world. During the six years of its operation, it has sent out 70 skilled workers to fill positions in children's departments, and such has been the demand for these workers that many more positions could have been filled had the supply been sufficient.

The varied educational activities of a typical city library in Great Britain are well illustrated in the annual report of the Liverpool Public Library. Ten circulating branches with reading rooms are operated —in addition to a large central reference department. With a total stock of 280,000 volumes, there were issued during the year 1,362,000 volumes for home reading, and 1,410,444 for reference use, making a total of 2,773,436. This means an average of about ten issues for each book in the library, rarely if ever equalled in a library of its size. A feature of work much emphasized in this as in most other British libraries is the free lecture, covering all sorts of educational topics, designed specifically to introduce hearers to different classes of books in the library. During the year 178 such lectures were given in nineteen centres, with a total attendance of 97,426 persons. To these lectures much of the popularity of the library is attributed.

According to the British Museum Return for 1906, 246 books, mostly of German and Italian origin, printed before 1500 have recently been added; and, in addition, the Museum has, through gifts from Lord Strathcona, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, and others, received 158 works or editions hitherto unknown. The Museum has now, exclusive of duplicates, 9,088 books printed before 1500. During the year 28,498 volumes and pamphlets have been added to the library, and 64,977 parts of volumes, issues of periodicals, etc. The Department of Manuscripts has received two Greek papyrus rolls from Herculaneum, twenty papyri from the Egyptian Exploration Fund, two manuscripts of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and a volume of English metrical romances dating from about 1400.

The crowding of Russian students, particularly Jewesses, into the Swiss universities has become so serious a problem that at a conference of Swiss university rectors, held recently in Lausanne, it was decided to make the entrance requirements so stringent as to exclude a large percentage of this element. Berne, in particular, has suffered, because this university has been especially liberal in admitting foreigners. As a consequence, its enrolment of Russian students in the summer semester just closed was 709, as compared with 614 during the preceding half-year. Of these 709, the women numbered 430. The authorities of the Zürich University took steps in this matter last year, with the result that its Jewish-Russian enrolment decreased by more than fifty in a single term.

The commission appointed to prepare the programme for the coming International Archæological Congress next spring in Cairo, has sent out from the Egyptian Museum of that city the preliminary announcement. The experience of the last congress, held in Athens in 1905, convinced the majority of the participants that the work had been too minutely divided. Accordingly, the next congress is to have only six groups: (1) Pre-classical Archæology; (2) Classical Archæology; (3) Papyrology; (4) Christian Archæology; (5) Numismatics and Geography; (6) Byzantine Archæology. This arrangement, however, does not meet with universal approval. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, for example, while expressing pleasure at the fact that the new science of papyrology has attained to the dignity of a separate section, regrets that Inscriptions has been assigned to a subordinate place; as also that Christian Archæology has not been united with Byzantine Archæology.

René François Armand Sully-Prudhomme, the French poet and critic, died suddenly September 7 at his villa, near Chatenay. He was born in Paris in 1839, the son of a merchant. After completing the courses in science and philosophy at the Lycée Bonaparte, he began work in the office of an ironmaster at Creusot. This employment he abandoned with the intention of entering the legal profession, and he actually began as a notary's clerk. But his inclinations were in the direction of literature; and in his twenty-sixth year he published his first volume, "Stances et Poèmes," which secured the enthusiastic recognition of Sainte-Beuve. One poem, in particular, "Le Vase Brisé," was singled out as a little masterpiece, equally noticeable for its exquisite finish and its delicacy of sentiment and style. Fortunately, a modest patrimony enabled him to devote himself to literary work without wholly depending on it for a livelihood. His second collection of verse, "Les Épreuves," appeared in 1866; in it he expressed the sadness of unbelief. Three years later followed "Les Solitudes" and his rhymed translation of the first book of Lucretius, "La Nature des Choses," in which he wrote a brilliant and widely discussed preface. "Impressions de Guerre" (1870) dealt with some of the phases of the Franco-Prussian War; "Les Destins" (1872) and "Vaines Tendresses" (1875) are of a more personal nature. These writings established his reputation as one of the most vigorous and exact of contemporary French writers, and one of the most distinguished for lofty sentiments and philosophic ideas. His first great philosophical poem, "La Justice," appeared in 1878, and to it he owed his election to the French Academy in 1881. In this poem he insisted upon the justice which he found in universal nature. His next work, "Le Prisme: Poésies Diverses," published in 1886, was a return to the more personal style. His best-known poems, however, and those on which his reputation most firmly rests, embodied idealized philosophical conceptions, such as solitude, justice, and happiness. "Le Bonheur," 1888, is a sort of vision of the progress of humanity toward the ideal state of supreme happiness. M. Sully-Prudhomme's "Testament Poétique," 1901, won the Nobel prize over such competitors as Ibsen, Tolstoy, Frédéric Mistral, Sienkiewicz, Ossip-Lourié, Hauptmann, Rostand, D'Annunzio, Freitag, and Echegaray. Although by no means a rich man, the poet devoted a considerable portion of the prize to establishing an annual award for excellence among the younger French poets. As a critic he published two volumes, "L'Expression dans les Beaux Arts" and "Reflexions sur l'Art des Vers." He wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, among other articles an important study of Pascal. For many years before his death, a sufferer from rheumatic gout, he had lived a quiet life in his country house.

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

A revised edition of Myers's "General History," and "A Short History of Ancient Times," by the same author, extracted from the former work, are published by Ginn & Co. Mr. Myers's text books have long been popular with schoolmasters, and require no extended comment. The chief feature of these new editions is that they are brought up to recent investigations in early Oriental civilization. The same firm publishes "Outlines and Studies," by Florence Leadbetter, a series of brief notes and questions intended to be used with Myers's text books. These three books all belong to that class which aims at reducing history as nearly as possible to tabular statements, for the specific purpose of answering examination questions.

School histories of the United States still continue to be published with great regularity. Three recent ones are by Prof. J. B. McMaster (American Book Co.), R. L. Ashley (The Macmillan Co.), and Professor Prince (Scribner's). The first two are well illustrated and produced; the latter is very short, not illustrated, and aims at presenting a "bird's-eye view." None of these books is of exceptional merit, and a search for novel features discloses little beyond the fact that Professor Prince is rather more Southern in his views than his two competitors.

A successful English text book is the "History of England, for Use in Schools," by Arthur D. Innes (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The three volumes in which it previously appeared have now been united in one. The book is well supplied with outline maps, there are good summaries and tables, but illustrations are wanting. The standard of accuracy is reasonably good.

"Outlines of Roman History," by H. F. Pelham, Camden professor of ancient history at Oxford (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is well known from the previous editions. The new version differs from its predecessors chiefly in the larger space given to the history of the Flavian Emperors and of Trajan, to the annexation of territory beyond the Rhine effected by the former, and to the Dacian and Parthian campaigns of the latter. Since Professor Pelham belongs to the school of Niebuhr and Mommsen, he is decidedly skeptical concerning the traditional account of Rome under the kings and

in the early Republic. Yet, back of all this, he admits, lie genuinely ancient Roman beliefs which frequently afford a clue to the truth. He grants, for example, that a Sabine invasion of Rome took place in very early times, but argues that after all the Sabines exercised little, if any, influence upon the development of Rome. Since Professor Pelham holds such views concerning the early history, he is naturally able to carry us down to the beginning of the struggle with Carthage in 113 pages. Pages 201-512, more than half of the whole book, deal with the period which extends from the tribunate of the elder Gracchus (133 B. C.) to the death of Nero (69 A. D.). A book which gives in 600 pages a good general survey of the whole course of Roman history deserves at once a hearty welcome; when to such comprehensiveness are added scholarship of a high order and familiarity with modern writings on the subject matter as well as first-hand acquaintance with the ancient authorities, we have a highly valuable work. The numerous references in the footnotes to the authorities, ancient and modern, constitute a valuable feature. Four maps give the increasing extent of Rome territory in 486, 134, and 49 B. C., and in 69 A. D. A map of Roman territory in Trajan's time might, however, have been added, and the loss of Roman territory might well have been traced. The printing of this new edition seems to have been rather hasty; there are too many typographical errors, as Arcananians (for Acarnanians), Timacus (for Timæus), Ennius ap. Testum (for Ennius ap. Festum).

"A Source Book of Greek History," by F. M. Fling (D. C. Heath & Co.), is intended for high-school pupils, and presents a selection of extracts of Greek authors from Homer to Pausanias, which stand in the same relation to a narrative text on Greek history as photographs, casts, or originals do to a text-book on art, or citations from Greek literature to a text-book on that subject. Without such illustrations, the one would be an absurdity, and the other an insufferable bore. But is the same thing true of Greek history? Is the student to grasp the subject (for which, unfortunately, only the very briefest time is allowed in high schools), by using a fluent narration, such as that of Botsford, who merely refers to his sources, for the sake of those teachers who may have the time or spirit to consult them; or should he study the sources themselves, and so construct his own narrative as an independent investigator? The author is not sure. He prophesies that "by the majority of teachers these sources will probably be used as illustrative material." He may be quite sure, however, that practically all teachers who make use of the book at all will use it in this way. The critical study of sources, as a stimulus to which he has completed this book, is not for high school pupils, or even for college freshmen. It is for those maturer minds who are devoting particular attention to history. For such as these, whether student or teacher, this book is important. The knowledge of Greek itself has practically disappeared from our colleges, except in the narrow circle of the Greek department. And even here it is doubtful whether any but the most advanced would be able to sift out their sources, as it is done for them in this book. But for the ordinary student, whether of history, art, or literature, the narrative account is the only practical method of treatment, supplemented by suitable illustrative material. Moreover, narrative history does not to-day "take refuge behind the dogma of infallibility," for which Professor Fling seems to have conceived a needless fear; else it falls into immediate oblivion. With all that is ancient of days in Grote, it is his splendid narrative, bulwarked by the ancillary props of source citations, that saves him; and the same is true of Gibbon. But Professor Fling will line up with students like Hicks and Hill, who, without making an attempt to reconstruct Greek history themselves, or beget in their students the critical attitude, content themselves with appending the illustrations necessary to make more vivid the facts that the narrative embodies.

What is needed more, perhaps, than anything else just now for the study of English, is a well-edited set of classics to take the place of the generally unsatisfactory run of reading-texts by prentice teachers, who have in many cases no better qualification for their task than an inordinate desire to advertise themselves. Such a model set of classics should be annotated for reading exclusively, and above all should be accompanied by first-rate critical introductions, to awake as far as possible the student's literary observation and judgment. To some extent Henry Holt & Co.'s English Readings conform to these specifications, although the individual volumes are of unequal merit. The latest addition to the series, in particular, "Selections from Addison," by Edward Bliss Reed, is distinctly inferior from the literary point of view to the best of its predecessors. The introductory essay on the "Writings of Addison" is by no means what one has a right to expect in this connection. It is meagre and inadequate, and shows too clearly the coldness and reserve of the day toward the writers of our Augustan period. In other respects, however, and particularly in comparison with the great mass of its kind, it makes a much better impression. At all events, it is as good a piece of work in its way as the year has produced. The selections are well made to exhibit Addison on his various sides; the notes are fair and without too much "scholastic" apparatus; while a general bibliography is in a way to supply the editor's own critical lapses.

Quite out of the dull and plodding way of ordinary text-books lies a new "Composition-Rhetoric," by T. C. Blaisdell (New York: American Book Co.). Not only is it a text-book with a style, though that would seem distinction enough in itself; but it aims directly at the creation of original literature within the unpromising pale of the classroom. "The aim of art is to convey feeling from one soul to another," says the author at the outset; and the remainder of the volume consists of an elaborate analysis of the means by which the soulful schoolboy may bring about this happy result. Among them appears such cryptic devices as "Mood Hints," "Visualization," "Word Meanings," "Environment," "Subordination." It is impossible to say exactly how many there are in all; for the author seems occasionally to have confounded his *procédés* with his *genres*, and such an effect as "atmosphere" appears rather incongruously foisted in between a chapter on "Book Reviews" and another on "The Prose Poem." The climax of the volume, however, is reserved for chapter xviii., "Literature: a Definition," in which the writer, gathering up his resources, arrives at a sort of universal formula or recipe, so simple, so illuminating, that it can hardly fail to commend itself to the veriest little Philistine that ever bit a lead pencil:

> The artist finds himself tingling with inspiration. This feeling clamors for expression. He applies chisel to marble, brush to canvas, bow to strings, or pen to paper, and the world is richer by a masterpiece.

What could be easier? With every tingling schoolboy transmuting his experiences into the refined gold of art through the medium of Mr. Blaisdell's "literary touch," what abundance of intellectual riches may we not hope soon to possess!

There is much that is obvious in Miss Albright's book, "The Short Story, its Principles and Structure" (The Macmillan Co.); but such a result is probably unavoidable, if matters of the sort are to be seriously studied. Provided the student of English is to be exercised in original literary construction as distinguished from the mere practice of language, such a form as the short story furnishes no doubt as good a discipline in composition as any other literary *genre*. In such a case Miss Albright's book is likely to have its uses. Though there is the usual inevitable tendency to create a special terminology about the subject by the use of manufactured terms and phrases, yet on the whole the great merit of the volume consists in the fact that it does not reduce the story to a single inflexible formula. "The analysis of literary effects into mechanical devices is always arbitrary and, in a sense, profitless," says Miss Albright justly enough; though as a matter of fact it may be doubted whether the text-book can possibly do more for the student. Indeed, the sentence contains a kind of condemnation of the whole ulterior aim of the writer. For what after all is the advantage of encouraging the production of a merely imitative and second-hand literature of which we have altogether too much already? It is to the reader rather than the writer that such a book is really useful, and to the former it may be mentioned as a more or less flexible and suggestive discussion of a topic whose importance is rather exaggerated at present.

In "An Anthology of German Literature," Professor Calvin Thomas, long and favorably known as a student of modern German, adds another volume of value to the library of German. The work is intended to give in compact form and modern German an intelligent idea of German literature of the early centuries. Max Müller edited two volumes of the German classics to accompany Scherer's history of German literature; but Müller is compendious and his chips are all from original German blocks. Professor Thomas feels that to make friends for mediæval German poetry he must provide a text that can be used by those who never studied, or may never care to study, Old or Middle German, and he must select only those specimens that show the literature in its strength and beauty. Although students seldom agree as to just what should be included in an anthology, these selections indubitably show taste and judgment. Whenever he could not

find a good translation of the text he wished to present, Professor Thomas has made an excellent one himself. About half of the translations he gleaned from Bötticher, Behringer, Simrock, and others. Doubtless considerations of space as well as the aim to make the book an aid to literary, rather than linguistic study, excluded original texts, but there are many who will wish that here and there an extract had been given, to suggest the *Geschmack* of the old and strange. It is to be hoped that both Professor Thomas and the publishers, D. C. Heath & Co., will be encouraged to follow up this first volume with one or two more, bringing the German literature down to date.

In "A German Science Reader," prepared by Dr. William H. Wait (The Macmillan Co.), the selections have been taken from the works of German specialists, and have been so grouped as to form masses of related reading, giving to students in several fields fifty or more pages of matter that they may well absorb for the content, and that in style and vocabulary will suggest the German investigator in his laboratory. Limited but essential notes accompany the text, and there is a complete vocabulary. The book will be of value especially to students of science, who often find themselves miserably at sea because their hard-won vocabulary of the poets does not help them in reading the works of chemist and physicist. Inasmuch, however, as all scientific matter is not printed in the Latin letter, it would seem better if a few pages of this German reader had been set in German type.

Joseph Wright is editor of a student's series of historical and comparative grammars in English, published by Henry Frowde. Mr. Wright himself, who has had a free hand since the completion of his contribution to the "English Dialect Dictionary," undertakes the first volume, an "Historical German Grammar," and a thorough piece of work it is, with its index of 4,000 words. The book will meet the wants of the steadily increasing number of people who take a real interest in the scientific study of language. Of course, no one ignorant of modern German can get much out of this historical grammar, but while its use presupposes an acquaintance with the later forms, the indefatigable labors of the compiler render a knowledge of Old or Middle German unnecessary.

Those who prefer a combined reader and drill book like Lange's "German Method" will no doubt welcome Dr. Paul V. Bacon's "German Grammar" (Boston: Allyn & Bacon). It is not, however, a reference grammar, and can never take the place of either Thomas or Joynes-Meissner. Some fourteen pages are devoted to the alphabet, vowels, and consonants; and ninety-seven pages of prose and poetry—from Goethe, Heine, Uhland, and others—are followed by 320 pages of syntax. Considerable pains have been taken to give a vocabulary of grammatical terms, such as the German for "vowel," "pronoun," "gender," "accusative," etc., but almost no provision is made in the German sentences for using the words and idioms thus required. Typographically, the book is all that could be desired.

D. C. Heath & Co.'s "German Lesson Grammar," by Dr. Edward S. Joynes of the University of South Carolina, should prove of little less value than his well-known Joynes-Meissner. Professor Joynes has been assisted by Prof. E. C. Wesselhoeft of the University of Pennsylvania. Inasmuch as the method of this new German grammar is already more or less represented in the Joynes-Meissner, it might puzzle the critic as to why another grammar had been attempted; the authors, however, seem to have aimed at opening a middle path between the lesson book on the one hand and the rigidly systematic grammar on the other.

Dr. Carl Edgar Eggert of the University of Michigan has edited for publication by Henry Holt & Co. Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's "Der Heilige," giving notes and a rather extensive biographical and critical introduction. There is a bibliography of German, English, and French works pertaining to Meyer, and also a spectacled portrait of the story-teller.

Ludwig Fulda's growing popularity in America should pave the way for a hearty reception of "Das verlorene Paradies" (Ginn & Co.), edited by Prof. Paul H. Grummann, under authority from Fulda and Heinrich Conried, the American owner of the play. Fulda's plays are particularly rich in colloquial German, and Professor Grummann has profited by the opportunity to provide some twenty-six pages of *Fragen* for the discussion of the text in German. There is an introduction, in which the editor points out what he believes to be the influence of Sudermann, rather than Hauptmann, upon Fulda.

Dr. R. Clyde Ford of the Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, has edited Sudermann's "Teja" for D. C. Heath & Co. As a one-act historical drama (first appearing eleven years ago as part of "Morituri") "Teja" has deserved the favor shown it at home and abroad. A biographical sketch based on Kawerau and Meyer, and a brief history of the Goths in Italy, should make the book serviceable to beginners.

"Lessons in French Syntax and Composition" (Henry Holt & Co.) is an attractive little volume of 178 pages devised by W. U. Vreeland and William Koren of Princeton, who believe in brief doses of syntax, plenty of idiomatic phraseology, and a direct application of the principles of syntax. The sentences are not connected discourse, and the subject matter is not all French, but there is compensation in the attempt to prevent mechanical translations.

The "Elementary French" of Fred Davis Aldrich of Worcester Academy, and Prof. Irving Lysander Foster of the Pennsylvania State College, is expanded from "Foundations of French"; and the logical arrangement of topics in the original has been retained, while a greater variety of exercises and full vocabularies have been added. An effort is made to secure unity and system by grouping the lessons around a common topic, such as the verb, the pronoun, etc. Whether the placing of the phonetic reproduction of the earlier portions of the French text in a remote appendix is as good a plan as giving some phonetic transliteration in the early pages themselves is an open question, but the student will find a concise and useful outline of elementary French inflection and syntax in a syllabus of questions and answers by Prof. Roscoe J. Ham of Bowdoin College. The book is published by Ginn & Co.

Dictation has long been a part of the French public school system in the teaching of language, and it is surprising that such a work as Mary Stone Bruce's "Dictées Françaises" (D. C. Heath & Co.) should have been so long in appearing. The book has forty-six pages, divided into simple anecdotes from four to fifteen lines in length, sentences to illustrate agreement or non-agreement of past participles, well-known proverbs with English equivalents, and quotations from distinguished French writers.

Judged by the several issues of the Oxford Modern French Series (Henry Frowde), edited by Léon Delbos, which have already appeared, the new undertaking is full of promise. The editor has little use for the "natural" or "direct" methods of teaching, at least in so far as they have laid too much emphasis on the study of modern tongues for utilitarian ends, and he is plainspoken in his advocacy of the study of languages in order to appreciate the literatures they convey. The texts thus far chosen are Balzac's "Le Colonel Chabert," edited by H. W. Preston; De Bourrienne's "La Jeunesse de Bonaparte," edited by A. Canivet; and Michelet's "Louis XI." and "Charles le Téméraire," edited by E. Renault. The volumes are among the best-printed and best-bound school books put on the American market by British publishers. The introductions are short, and in concise, clear English, with none of the marks of a German laboratory. The notes are literary and historical, seldom grammatical, and there are no vocabularies. An equally well-made edition of Balzac's "Pierrette," edited by Theodora de Sélincourt, of Somerville College, Oxford, also comes from the Clarendon Press, being one of the first of a more advanced series, and supervised also by Léon Delbos. Elementary matters are passed over in the notes, and only the most interesting points are treated. A portrait of Balzac, supposed to represent him at the time he wrote "Pierrette," is given. A companion volume from the Clarendon Press is Sand's "Jeanne," edited by Cécile Hugon of Oxford, and having an old-time print of Sand. Besides a critical introduction, there is a biographical note.

There is no over-done introduction to Prof. R. L. Sanderson's "Le Père Goriot," by Balzac (D. C. Heath & Co.), for there are only 32 pages of notes for 327 of text, but what has been done is well done. There is a bibliography, without, however, one work in English, and the questions arise whether every student equipped for Balzac is able to handle reference French easily, and whether every college library possesses most of the reference volumes listed.

Alexandre Dumas's "Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge," one of the most powerful works of fiction dealing with the French Revolution, has been abridged and edited with notes and vocabulary by L. Sauveur and E. S. Jones of the Allen School of West Newton (American Book Co.). In their preface they endeavor to answer the questions, "Is the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge an historical personage? Did he ever exist?" They review the labors of the enthusiastic investigator, M. G. Lenôtre.

Prof. George N. Henning's "Polyeucte, Martyr," by Corneille, is a modest little volume (Ginn & Co.), but it contains sev-

eral features out of the ordinary. There is an introduction discussing the tragedy before Corneille, Corneille and his contemporaries, the religious drama, "Polyeucte, Tragédie Chrétienne," the sources and historical elements, the dramatic structure, characters, and literary value. Then, in addition to a bibliographical note and about thirty-five pages of annotation, there is an appendix presenting forty subjects for composition in French, a note on the tercentenary celebration of Corneille's birth, and a series of jottings made at the Comédie Française, June 10, 1906, offered as an aid to visualize the play.

Henry Holt & Co. issue "Le Cid, Horace, and Polyeucte," by Corneille, edited with an introduction by Prof. William A. Nitze of Amherst, assisted by Stanley L. Galpin, who has supplied the notes. There is no vocabulary. The volume is really a companion to Professor Warren's "Racine," with which it agrees in plan and arrangement; and it is probably because the study of Corneille necessarily precedes that of Racine that the general introduction to the former has been made so full (xxvii. pp.).

In Jean Rotrou's "Saint Genest and Venceslas," edited for Ginn & Co., with an introduction and notes by Prof. Thomas Frederick Crane of Cornell, we have the first edition of any work of Rotrou's ever published outside of France, although Rotrou may well be mentioned after Corneille and Racine in French literature of the seventeenth century. Rotrou seems to have imitated Corneille in his "Polyeucte," and this stimulates the curiosity of the reader. The two plays being based upon Spanish ones, and Spanish being now so generally studied, Professor Crane gives copious extracts from Rotrou's sources, in the hope of awakening an interest in the Spanish drama of the same century. The volume contains an introduction of 135 pages, a bibliography, and two indexes, making in all a scholarly work.

Racine's "Les Plaideurs" (D. C. Heath & Co.) finds sympathetic treatment at the hands of Prof. Charles H. Conrad Wright of Harvard, who begins his introduction with a compact chronology of Racine's life. There is a summary of all three acts, which should readily give the reader his bearings—one of those guide-posts that might well accompany every play or story edited for class use—and notes, interspersed with frequent quotations in English. There is no vocabulary.

The revival of the study of Spanish in America is marked by several new publications. There is a "Spanish Reader," edited by Dr. Carlos Bransby of the University of California (D. C. Heath & Co.), who has tried to meet the wants of the beginner and the more advanced student by arranging progressively short and easy anecdotes and stories from the classics. This selection of sketches has enabled the editor to introduce much useful information regarding the geography, history, manners, and customs of Spain. There are several hundred specimen questions for conversation and sentences for prose composition based on the first three stories.

Another work from Heath's press is "Cuentos Alegres," by Luis Taboada, whose facile pen ceased to move only last year. Taboada was successively a government clerk, a playwright, and a satirical journalist. The editor of this book, Murray Anthony Potter of Harvard, has done wisely in selecting those narratives that place the American student face to face with life and types met with in Spanish streets, government bureaus, humble households, and cheap boarding-houses, for therein Taboada is at his best.

More advanced and heavier reading, but nevertheless a story full of Spanish atmosphere, is "El Sombrero de tres Picos," by D. Pedro A. de Alarcón, which Prof. Benjamin P. Bourland of Adelbert College has edited, from the thirteenth Spanish edition, with commentary and glossary (Henry Holt & Co.) This story first appeared in 1874, and one has but to read its admirable dialogue and note the skill of construction to understand its enduring popularity and its high rank as one of the best two works of the struggling Alarcón.

The same author's popularity is further attested in nine or ten stories grouped together by Prof. W. F. Giese of the University of Wisconsin, under the title "Novelas Cortas" (Ginn & Co.), and accompanied by a frontispiece portrait. A vocabulary is supplemented by notes, and there is a novel idiomatic commentary, designed to encourage the student to observe and commit to memory certain expressions peculiar to everyday Spanish.

"Principles of Secondary Education," by Prof. Charles DeGarmo of Cornell University (The Macmillan Company), is the first of two volumes which aim to present in a systematic way the fundamental principles of American secondary education. The present volume is devoted to the curriculum. The studies are classified into convenient groups, and the function and the relative educational value of each group and each study are discussed. Upon the basis of this analysis the author endeavors to find the best possible combination of studies for the various curricula which our complex modern society demands. Curiously enough, considering the wide extension of secondary education in this country, this is the first effort to present in any complete or comprehensive form the principles which should underlie it. It is a fact that the teaching in the average secondary school is less efficient than in the elementary; and this in spite of the fact that most secondary school teachers have a much better equipment of education. They are, however, generally specialists along some narrow line. They know their own subject matter; but they know little and concern themselves less with the place which their subject should have in the general scheme of secondary education, with its relation to the other parts of the curriculum, and with the aims in teaching it. The provision which our colleges and universities are now more and more making for furnishing professional training for prospective teachers in secondary schools, similar to that which the normal schools furnish to teachers in the elementary schools, is encouraging to those who are interested in American education. Professor DeGarmo's book, which is designed as a text-book for students of secondary education, is a welcome addition to the increasing facilities for this special training.

"Methods in Teaching," by Rosa V. Winterburn (The Macmillan Co.), furnishes in some detail an exposition of the methods employed in the public schools of Stockton, Cal. The book grew out of a series of monographs on the various subjects of the curriculum accompanying the exhibit made by the Stockton schools at the St. Louis Exposition. It has the merit of telling in a clear, definite way just what is being done in each grade and in each subject in an admittedly good system of schools. It is a record of experience, of the deductions made by a body of practical teachers working together for a considerable period. As such, it is of value—of greater value perhaps to many teachers than a more profound statement of theoretical pedagogy. While the work does not contain anything that is especially new or original, it is thoroughly sane and is in harmony with the most rational ideals of present-day educational thought. English teaching forms the subject of about one-third of the book.

CURRENT FICTION.

2835 Mayfair. By Frank Richardson. New York: Brentano's.

It is interesting to discover from the press notices prefixed to this book that Frank Richardson is not only, according to Clement K. Shorter, "the eminent publicist and profound thinker," but, by the testimony of other authorities, is "the satirist of the hour," "the eminent whisker-expert," and "the wittiest of all Anglo-American authors." The third-named of these characterizations happily throws light upon the otherwise cryptic "Notice to the Reader," which prefaces the narrative: "This work does not deal to any great extent with the subject of whiskers. Certain concessions, however, have been made for the benefit of persons interested in the topic." What follows would be called, we suppose, a psychological extravaganza. A noted London physician conceives the idea of so merging his personality with that of some woman as to become in effect a woman. Three days in the week he is himself in his own body; and three days he is a feminine version of himself in the body of his victim. The Mayfair house connects by a secret passage with a house in another street where dwells (three days at a time) "Miss Clive," his beautiful and brilliant feminine embodiment. The body which is not in commission is locked in a cabinet of which the active body keeps the key. He becomes fascinated with the experiment, and keeps it up much longer than he has at first intended, the woman of him becoming engaged in a love affair with his best friend. Eventually, "Miss Clive" is the victim of a serious accident, and the masculine body, not being released in time, perishes. Follows a revelation of the facts to the astonished and not altogether delighted friend and lover. She (or he) is, on the whole, content to be a woman. "I have come out of it very well," she says reflectively. "I have only lost a leg, and . . . Miss Mingey's soul—which was scarcely an asset." This cheerful theme is developed and embroidered upon with much careless and apparently spontaneous humor.

Clem. By Edna Kenton. New York: The Century Co.

"Clem" is a story recognizably Jacobite in manner, and indeed in method. The heroine is a young barbarian cast into the

midst of a group of sophisticated and, with all their amenity, rather ineffective persons. She has innocently got herself engaged to the boy of them, and becomes the subject of a disciplinary experiment on the part of his mother. She becomes, that is, a member of a very select house party, and is presently made to feel that what these people have and she has not forms an insuperable obstacle not only to her taking up a new life with them, but to a resumption of the old one on the old terms. Their ways are not her ways; their talk, "subtle and polished, filled with brilliant hiatus," half allures, half affronts her:

Sometimes she felt all but smothered in the webs of verbal finesse which this sort of people wound skilfully, delightfully, yet so futilely, it seemed to her, about trivial happenings and worse than trivial emotions. No motive seemed simple any longer; double after double was presented to fleeting view, and was then buried beneath some light shaft of wit as an inconsequent thing, over which it was absurd to spend further time.

Clem herself has been reared in a very different, and indeed a most unpromising atmosphere. Her mother was a third-rate actress who eventually went the way of her kind; her father was a financial adventurer who did not "make his pile" till the girl had passed her teens. Some smattering of education she picks up thereafter: a little French, a little music, hardly more. She has beautiful clothes and jewels, and is surrounded by men wherever she goes, since she is herself beautiful and has the charms of perfect spontaneity and unassailable good humor. She cares little for women or for the formal society which is the invention of women. Her experience among this group of well-bred people cruelly embarrasses not so much her pride as her sense of the harmony and desirableness of things. But whatever is finest and strongest in her own nature comes through unscathed. She, rather than the boy lover, the cold hostess, the middle-aged gentleman adorer, is really magnanimous, really human. Inevitably her path converges with that of the only man of her acquaintance—even more man than gentleman—who is worthy of her. Let her be slangy, let her be conspicuous, let her be socially improbable or impossible, there is yet something in her to justify the homage of the man who becomes her mate. "She looked the primitive woman," he says at the beginning of the story, ignoring a feminine slur; "she might have been the primeval woman walking untrodden sands, pressing the springing earth when the world was young."

The Serf. By Guy Thorne. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

This book, dedicated to the members of the National Liberal Club, is written with a certain animus which differentiates it from the merely literary historical fiction of the day. The author seeks deliberately to strip the tinsel glories from mediæval romance, and to paint feudal society for us as it really was. He has a decided theory of history:

The only certain way in which it is possible to get at the inner meaning of a period of history, is by comparison of the attitude of an individual brain toward his time, and the attitude of a general type of brain. The individual with the point of view must, of course, be a known quantity.

Our enthusiast goes on to say that this is a method of extraordinary possibilities, concluding somewhat quaintly: "It combines the pleasures of the laboratory with the pleasures of psychology, and never was Science so happily wedded to Art." The point is that we are to study the feudal institution through the eyes of a single serf, a man of natural nobility and form.

Having just finished reading a feudal romance *à-la-mode*, full of mediæval lingo lugged in for effect, and with an atmosphere obviously as false as fair, the present reviewer rubbed his eyes incredulously after a few pages of this forthright narrative. Realism and the middle ages had seemed as far asunder as the poles; yet here they met, or seemed to meet. The author has had, no doubt, his own romantic impulse; to celebrate those humble and forgotten masses who have been at best the footstools of all accredited mediæval heroes and heroines. He frequently leaves the straight path of his narrative in order to preach a modern doctrine of brotherhood. But what strikes one most is his ruthlessness in presenting the sordid and distressing aspects of the life of the mediæval baron. It was, he declares, "a bestial, malignant, inhuman time." Brutal manners and filthy habits of living were common to the aristocracy and the herd. "A dog-kennel would hardly have suffered any one of our heroes and heroines. That is one reason why it is so difficult for the veracious historian to present his characters as they really were. It is hard to explain them, people are too accustomed to romance." Apart from its didactic quality the story has a good deal of force; Hyla the serf and his fortunes are worth following for their own sake.

The Old Home House. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

In these entertaining yarns Mr. Lincoln succeeds in expressing the true salt humor of the Cape-Codder. His skippers have not quite the reality of Mr. Wasson's Down East worthies; or rather have not their innocent indigenous quality. And, indeed, it is hard nowadays to find a Cap'n Jonadab or a Cap'n Barzilla on the Cape whose bloom has not been more or less rubbed off by contact with the accursed summer boarder. The 'longshore skipper who spins these yarns has long since ceased to skip, except as an incident in his chosen trade of "amputating the bank accounts of the city folks"; and city folks, in their appointed part of victim, really constitute the burden of his song. The mutual relation between native and "summerer" is sufficiently pregnant with a humor which the present writer has happily expressed. It is not surprising that the book has run into several editions in the course of a month or two.

Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College, with Annals of the College History. Vol. IV. July, 1778—June, 1792. By Franklin Bowditch Dexter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5.

Under a modest title, this volume contains a mass of important historical and genealogical matter, clearly and pleasantly presented. Professor Dexter is well fitted for the work by an exquisite habit of accuracy, which makes men of experience hesitate to question any of his statements, by a sense of proportion, and by a memory which has aroused the wonder of many college generations. He has been in the service of Yale University longer than any other officer of the institution, and his offices of secretary, professor of American history, and assistant librarian, have all aided him in these researches. The first volume of this work was published in 1885—the very year in which appeared the third and last volume of Sibley's "Harvard Graduates." Mr. Sibley's work doubtless suggested Mr. Dexter's; the form, as well as the plan, is nearly the same, though the biographical sketches now before us are rather more condensed, allowing on the average only about a page and a half to each graduate. Professor Dexter is more fortunate than Mr. Sibley, in that the latter lived only to bring his work down to the graduates of 1689, and no successor has been found for his task, while Professor Dexter is within sight of the completion of his work, and is younger now than Mr. Sibley was when he published his first volume.

The fifth volume, the preface tells us, will include classes from 1792 to 1805. The gap which remains between these "Biographies" on the one hand, and "Obituary Records" (published annually since 1860) and modern "Class-books" on the other hand, is not very broad. Two members of the Yale class of 1797 published half a century after graduation a thin volume of biographical sketches of their classmates, and this has had many successors. The first published "Obituary Record," prepared for the Yale alumni meeting in July, 1860, opens with a sketch of the life of the Rev. T. M. Cooley, who was a member of the class of 1792, and thus almost admitted to the volume before us. Mr. Dexter's work has now reached a period where family traditions and papers are fairly abundant. For example, three children of a member of the class of 1787 are now alive, the son being himself an honored graduate of the class of 1836.

The years included in this fourth volume are the first of President Stiles's administration, a period particularly familiar to Mr. Dexter, as the editor of Dr. Stiles's voluminous "Literary Diary." The learned president clearly had the confidence of the community, and Yale was then the largest college of the country, as, indeed, it continued to be through most of the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century. The numbers varied curiously. In 1785, 70 were graduated at Yale, and only 32 at Harvard; but in 1790, only 24 were graduated at Yale, and 42 at Harvard. The total number of graduates in these fourteen years, however, was distinctly larger at Yale. The beginning of President Stiles's administration was in troublous times. For six years no public commencement was held. In the year 1778-79, the winter vacation, "instead of covering the usual three weeks, continued for seven weeks and a half, on account of the difficulty of obtaining flour and other provisions for the supply of the College Commons." In July of the same year, the British troops landed in the suburbs of New Haven. The students were dismissed,

and although a company of them assisted in checking the British advance, they were not assembled again for study, and lost about two months of the college year. The first sketch of this volume is of Joel Barlow, author of "The Vision of Columbus," "The Hasty Pudding," and important political works, and United States minister to France at a critical time. Many other familiar names meet the eye as one turns the pages—Jeremiah Mason, Abiel Holmes (father of the poet), Joshua Meigs, Noah Webster, Jedidiah Morse, Judge Lyman of Northampton, Judge Gould of the Litchfield Law School, the Rev. Joseph Badger, Chancellor Kent of the "Commentaries," Edward Dorr Griffin, Peter B. Porter of Niagara Falls, and so on. In one class, that of 1785, were Samuel Huntington and Return Jonathan Meigs, each of whom, in turn, was first chief justice and then Governor of Ohio. Indeed, this volume bears abundant evidence of the close relations between Connecticut and the Western settlements, and families in the Central States will find a personal interest in it. Of the 543 graduates here included, 443 were born in Connecticut, but only 256 of the class made their home there; the rest went West or South. College men a century ago were not so plentiful that their light was to be hid under a bushel, but when we think how many of our college acquaintances disappear and are not to be found by even the most persistent class secretaries, we may well wonder that Mr. Dexter has had to confess himself wholly foiled in only two of the 543 Yale graduates between 1778 and 1792. Both of these men came from Dartmouth College, near the close of their course, and evidently did not long continue their relations with Yale. In spite of the large number of persons who inspire no special interest, Mr. Dexter's style does not become perfunctory, but justifies the degree of doctor of letters which Yale conferred upon him at her bicentennial.

The "Annals" of Yale College between 1778 and 1792 contain little of importance. The steward's detailed bills for commencement dinners are interesting for the information which they give, and for the comparison of prices with those of our own day. Fowls at ten shillings a dozen do not seem expensive. Two delightful extracts are given from a letter and a journal of freshmen, in 1781, and in 1790, affording glimpses of their daily routine of college life. The bell rang for morning prayers at half-past five o'clock, but the reader is relieved to learn that (if not presented too often) excuses were accepted, such as *non audivi campanam*, *habui amicum*, or *habui speciale negotium*. Manasseh Cutler, in 1785, just before he was occupied with organizing companies for the settlement of the Northwest Territory, visited Yale, and set down in his diary an interesting account—here given—of the college and New Haven, comparing both with their condition at his graduation in 1765.

Yale College is happy in having such a historiographer as Professor Dexter. His work is of more than local interest and is valued by all who care for New England history and genealogy.

A Book of the Pyrenees. By S. Baring-Gould. With twenty-five illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Through Portugal. By Martin Hume. With thirty-two illustrations in color, by A. S. Forrest. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Rarely is a book of this kind so fascinating as Mr. Baring-Gould's. It is brimful of facts, historical and otherwise, yet not a bit prosaic or dry. It indulges in none of those rapturous descriptions which carry in their very superlative a warning of disappointment to the reader who proposes to follow the author's footsteps. On the contrary, a quiet charm lies over every landscape. One is sure that this charm of the book is also that of the country. Moreover, there is none of the personal experience, the attempt to tell the traveller how he ought to feel when he himself shall stand before the shrines of Pyrenean nature and history, which give to so many books of travel the disagreeable features of the "personally-conducted" tour. There is absolutely no pretension to fine writing. The wonderful histories of Bearn and Navarre, Gascony and Rousillon, open naturally before one like the valleys of their mountains, and the intrinsic interest of both leads one on through a wealth of anecdote and story to a real familiarity with the region and those who have made it famous—that familiarity which comes from the reading of old French chronicles and memoirs, but rarely from the standard history. It is refreshing to find an author who so credits his readers with imagination.

Mr. Baring-Gould does not belong to the guild of those who, having discovered a country which everybody knows, feel bound to record a personal impression. Those who know the Pyrenees will be inclined to say as they turn the pages that they know them less well than the author. In the approach from Bayonne one takes his hand with confidence, and parts company with him regretfully at Perpignan. Naturally, we journey along the northern slopes, for Spain has not yet made the southern valleys inviting to those in search of rest or pleasure; but so far as history and romance are concerned, the author's survey embraces both sides of the chain, and he occasionally crosses the watershed into Spanish territory. There are chapters on Gascony, Bayonne, Orthez, and Pau, Oloron, the Lavedan, Luz, and Tarbes, Bagnères, Luchon, Couserans, and Foix, the valleys of Ossau and Aure, and an interesting account of the origin and growth of the Lourdes legend. The book can be heartily commended both to those who travel and those who stay at home. If one must find a fault at all hazards, it will certainly be with the map, which is a mere sketch, noting not the tenth of the places touched upon, and therefore wholly inadequate for reference.

Major Hume, the editor of Spanish State Papers, and author of "Philip II.," "The Year after the Armada," "Spain, its Greatness and Decay," etc., etc., was educated in Madrid, where branches of his family have long resided, and where it seems he imbibed the Spanish prejudice against things Portuguese, for he tells us in the preface of "Through Portugal" that he "had been brought up in the stiff Castilian tradition that Portugal was altogether an inferior country, and the Portuguese uncouth boors who in their separation from their Spanish kinsmen had left to the latter all the virtues, while they themselves had retained all the vices of the race." Having chosen Portugal, however, in the search for change and health, after seeing with his own eyes he declares his book "my apologia as a self-prescribed penance for my former injustice toward the most beautiful country and the most unspoilt and courteous peasantry of Southern Europe." Those to whom Portugal is unknown, or for whom it means only Oporto and Lisbon, may challenge this statement, but certainly not those who know the interior of the country. Where in Europe, indeed, can be found a lovelier spot than Bussaco? A hotel built for a royal residence, in the Crown domain, six miles in circumference, formerly belonging to the Carmelites, bowered in a wood of palms, Lebanon cedars, oaks, oranges, acacia, cork, and fig trees, the most luxuriant forest on the continent, if not anywhere outside of Brazil. The author's description of this retreat, which two hundred years of monkish care have made famous for the rare trees and plants sent by the Carmelite brethren from wherever the flag of Portugal once waved, and of the views from its cloistered terrace, makes one feverish for instant travel. The truth is, only the inaccessibility of Portugal can explain its neglect. It is difficult to reach, and, being on the road to nowhere, is difficult to leave—a true *cul-de-sac*. Yet the hill towns of Italy surpass only in their art treasures this land of hill-top strongholds.

Thomar, with its castle-monastery of the crusading knights of the Order of Christ; Leira, overshadowed by its cyclopean mediæval fortress and Sanctuary of the Incarnation; Batalha, Alcobaça, Cintra, Setubal, Troya, and Evora—each is embosomed in scenery of unsurpassed beauty and contains objects of genuine artistic and antiquarian interest. Unlike the "Book of the Pyrenees," "Through Portugal" is the record of personal impressions. Its first word is the personal pronoun. It ought to be a revelation to those who know Portugal only from a guide book, or who think of it only as an unimportant strip of seashore to be neglected for royal Spain. Major Hume has succeeded in passing on to one reader at least the enjoyment of an appreciative traveller. The attractiveness of the book is greatly enhanced by a series of thirty-two charming illustrations in color, and closes with an excellent chapter of practical hints.

Poesie raccolta completa con note e glossario. By Salvatore Di Giacomo. Naples: R. Ricciardi.

It is doubtful whether dialect prose and verse, however admirable, can ever claim admittance on an equal footing with literature of a national tongue. Notwithstanding the natural directness and spontaneity of dialects in general, few or none out of the scores which to-day are being used as channels of literary effort can satisfactorily meet the reasonable tests of charm, conciseness, and eloquence capable of enduring beyond the local enthusiasms of the

hour. Of the Neapolitan dialect one need say only enough to make intelligible a brief notice of what is perhaps the most important volume of Neapolitan poems ever published.

Prof. B. Croce, authority on all matters Neapolitan, tells us that formal literature in the dialect of Naples dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. Before this period, sporadic fragments occur here and there. For example, we have various bits of prose dating from the earliest part of the Arogonese usurpation of southern Italy; and there are not a few poems of slight importance printed in this dialect. Obviously there were Neapolitan poems and folk songs in great number which have never been printed and of which only the bare influence and tradition exist. Unless we know them on their own ground we find it difficult to understand how stubbornly even such serious and intelligent people as the Piedmontese, for instance, cling to their dialect in face of all national feeling. We recall how Cavour himself to the day of his death in addresses preferred French to his clumsy Italian. Now the Neapolitans, who are much the most un-Italian of all the provincials, hold to their dialect with insistent fondness; and not only in conversation but in their plays and reading care solely for their vernacular idiom. Moreover, there are those who doubt whether, with the possible exception of Provençal, one can find any dialect so completely convincing and melodious as Neapolitan. We must judge this not upon any superficial experience of listening to street traffickers; for, indeed, we are not so apt to find pure Neapolitan in Naples as in such outlying towns as Nola. There we are far less confused by the interpolations which always creep into the lower class idiom of large seaports.

The Neapolitan of to-day is a strange conglomeration of mixed Levantine types. His is a voluptuous nature, replete with cozenry, superstition, pornographic vulgarity, smallness in scandal-mongering, and a thousand petty traits. But despite the repulsive grotesqueness of these native humors, there is a persistent vein of poetry, a liveliness and dashing wit that go far toward reconciling us to this composite character, especially on the printed page. One reason, perhaps the chief one, for our unqualified admiration of the volume before us, is that, besides his abundant qualifications, both in technical skill and inspiration, Di Giacomo is a highly representative Neapolitan; that is, although of an upper middle class family, he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit dominating the poetry and prose of the infinite subclasses all the way from the fisherman (by day scudding over his matchless domain, the Bay of Naples, by night steering his craft among the shoals off Posilipo) to the stripling novitiate in the monastery on the hill, whose craving for the freedom of his secular days often comes near to toppling over his vows. Di Giacomo knows them all, has been with them and of them his life long. He sympathizes with them as only an unpatrician poet may do. But in addition to this, he enjoys the advantage of such long acquaintance with lettered people that his sensitiveness is tempered with a juster sense of perspective than is given to such of his most popular followers as F. Russo and the host of young writers of Neapolitan songs.

Born in Naples in 1862, Di Giacomo began his career by contributing poems in dialect to the local newspapers. From time to time they have been gathered into little volumes which pass from one edition to another far more rapidly than do the several prose works from his pen, some of which exist in French and German translations. His verse is quite untranslatable. Even in Italian it loses the marvellous aroma of the original. Is this in itself not the strongest superficial proof of its excellence? Italian authors of repute detest Neapolitans as a thriftless band of erotic lotus eaters; and yet they have nothing but praise for these poems of Di Giacomo which so perfectly mirror the Neapolitan spirit, and in such wise as to draw rather than repel one's sympathies.

In the main this collection consists of love lyrics, many of which have for years been sung on the streets and in coffee houses where the popular music of Naples is most in vogue. But they are not all of this sort. There is an amazing range of theme, comprising countless rhapsodic though faithful vizualizations of the life of the Neapolitan in all its multitudinous phases. Besides the note of intimacy running through his poems, there is a tone of sincerity which would have given the volume, in the eyes of such a critic as Taine, a value quite incalculable for its documentary importance, its evidence as to the kind of folk the Neapolitans are and are ever like to be.

Although intuitively so accurate and minute a summarist of the life of Naples in detail and in the aggregate, although so supersensitive to the scenic exquisiteness of sea and sky and land to the feelings of the scene—despite all this it is not as themselves forming a significant component of the scene—despite all this it is not as a historian of local manners and customs that Di Giacomo appeals to us, nor yet as a landscapist; but rather it is his power to fuse these two elements harmoniously into a melodious counterpart of what actually is there. This makes his sway over us well-nigh complete. There is in these poems the exact proportion of sunny gaiety and the sub-conscious sense of *lachrymæ rerum*, which is a dominant trait of southern peoples in general and Neapolitans in particular.

The Psychology of Religious Belief. By James Bissett Pratt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The questions which Professor Pratt has set for consideration are: Why do men believe? On what do their religious creeds actually rest? In what region of our psychic life is faith mainly intrenched? The answer, in brief, is that while many individuals believe from mere inertia and on unquestioned authority, and others because of the real or imagined force of a particular course of argument, the actual foundation of faith in the case of the large majority is an inner emotional experience, an irresistible personal intuition and conviction. The author takes pains to demonstrate that a large share of the most worthy and practical beliefs of mankind in other spheres than the religious are founded upon insight rather than upon demonstration, and his chief contention is that the faith of the present, based as it is upon emotional experiences which have their seat in the "fringe" rather than in the "centre" of consciousness, has a foundation upon which it may build securely. He contends that, as a matter of fact, spiritual insight is the present basis of belief with the large majority of thoughtful men, and the faith which is based on reasoned argument as well as unthinking credulity, is destined to grow less and less. But this fact, he holds, is not a discouraging one for the friends of religion; for upon this foundation a stronger piety than the past has witnessed is destined to be established.

One will be reminded of Schleiermacher's definition of religion as the feeling for the eternal, and it may perhaps be said that Professor Pratt has merely reached by labored psychological investigations results which prophets and mystics have long since declared in forms of rare beauty and with the larger carrying power of intense personal conviction. It is something, however, to have the passionate vision of Augustine, "Thou, O Lord, hast made us for Thyself, and our souls are restless till they rest in Thee," declared in the duller speech of the schools, which possibly some may hear whose ears are dead to the prophets. Professor Pratt labors painstakingly with the machinery of a questionnaire, and his review of religious belief in India, Israel, and the Christian Church, conveys the impression that the results of his observations of these faiths have been colored somewhat by conclusions from his own experiments; yet his answer to the question why men believe does not differ greatly from that which students of humanity have found most nearly true.

Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, 1781-1814. Edited from the original MS. by Charles Nicoullaud. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Comtesse Osmond de Boigne was, during the first half of the nineteenth century, a clever and attractive woman, whose salon was frequented by many distinguished persons. She is not to be ranked with Mme. Récamier, and though Sainte-Beuve, in a brief obituary notice at the end of the tenth volume of the "Nouveaux Lundis," gives her a few paragraphs of the same sinuous and lambent appreciation which he devotes in a longer essay to the greater social queen, the relative posthumous glory of the two women is probably what they deserve.

The Comtesse de Boigne, however, could use her pen as Mme. Récamier could not. She wrote a couple of novels, and she will be for a brief period the subject of renewed interest because of her recently published "Memoirs," edited by Charles Nicoullaud, of which the earlier portion, from 1781 to 1814, has appeared in English. Mme. de Boigne lived until 1866; consequently we have here only the first experiences of a long career, but they include a time of great social change, the last years of the old monarchy, the upstart Napoleonic court, and the régime of the Restoration, when Louis XVIII. tried to return to traditions of etiquette which had already become an anachronism. Her childhood was spent at Versailles, and she remembered many strik-

ing customs of court manners and precedence. No less vivid are the descriptions of the feelings of the Parisians at the arrival of the Emperor Alexander and the allied armies, the lack of breeding of Louis XVIII. towards his benefactor, and of tact on the part of the whole royal family towards their new court.

For the rest, the volume is made up chiefly of anecdotes concerning persons of more or less notoriety in France, Italy, and England. In this last country the writer's family lived as *émigrés*, and there at the age of sixteen she was married to a man of forty-nine, a successful soldier of fortune, but a man whose temperament, affected by a life largely passed in the East Indies, made the marriage scarcely a union of Strephon and Phyllis. Mme. de Boigne gossips about Lady Hamilton, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Récamier, Mme. de Talleyrand; and the names of various decorous and indecorous dukes, marquises, generals, cardinals, bishops, and abbés, are sprinkled over her pages. She is more successful in her pen portraits and brief character sketches than in her allusions to the historical events with which she was indirectly concerned. The work contains much distinguished trifling, and is interesting for desultory reading or as a mine for quotation. But much is in the order of newspaper reporting, and it is clear that Mme. de Boigne's influence upon her friends was more through the heart than the head.

Science.

Plant-Breeding. By Hugo de Vries. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

In this volume of 360 octavo pages, over eighty pages are given up to full-page illustrations, some of which are by no means required by the text. Hence the first impression is likely to be unfavorable. But, aside from superfluous illustration, the volume has sterling merit. It records in graphic and untechnical language the results obtained by three investigators in different but adjacent fields of study, which are of great interest at the present time. The author is a professor of botany in Amsterdam, who first distinguished himself as a contributor to plant-physiology, especially in connection with vegetable cells. Of late he has been occupied with one of the most important questions in evolution. The greatest difficulty which has confronted the theory of evolution as applied to organisms on our planet, is the fact that the time demanded for the development of their specialized parts, by the slow accumulation of structural differences, is far greater than the physicists can honestly concede to have elapsed since the surface of our earth was cool enough to become the abode of life. The period which the physicists appear to be willing to grant is from twenty to forty million years. But to most biologists the allowance of forty millions of years seems hardly enough for the production of such complicated types of organisms as now live on our earth. If the exceedingly minute variations have succeeded one another without here and there a leap or bound to shorten the time, the two classes of naturalists remain hopelessly at odds. If, however, sudden changes of considerable magnitude can be found at any points in the progress of development, the whole question becomes freed from some of its embarrassments.

It is at this portion of the field of inquiry that Professor de Vries has been conducting his investigations. He has subjected to careful examination the statement by Darwin, that "we have no evidence of the appearance, or at least of the continued procreation, under nature, of abrupt modifications of structure." Darwin recognized the occurrence of abrupt modifications, but held that only under the hand of the cultivator could these be perpetuated. Those who have of late years studied variation in organisms have reduced the subject to a system and have with one accord abandoned the old and vague descriptive terms used by Darwin and others at the outset, such as "slight," "considerable," "great," and have applied to the research sound methods of statistical investigation. Arithmetical and geometrical devices are freely employed, and, at the present time, tables and curves are important aids in precise description. Of the new school of students of variation De Vries is one of the most accurate. The author sketches his theory of sudden changes in the following manner (page 9):

Species are derived from other species by means of sudden small changes which in some instances may be scarcely perceptible to the inexperienced eye. From the first appearance they are uniform and constant, when propagated by seed; they are not connected with the parent species by intermediates, and have no period of slow development before they reach the full display of their characters. They do not always arise, but only from time to time. A parent species may produce its offspring separately at intervals, or in larger numbers during distinct mutating periods. After this production the old species is still the same that it was before, and it subsists in the midst of its children. . . . Some young species will be better fitted for their life conditions than others, and the struggle for life will induce a selection among them by which the fittest survive.

Professor de Vries has devoted a great deal of time to the examination of a comparatively few plants which have lent themselves to this sort of work, and he interprets all of his results as favorable to his theory of "Mutation." There are some weak places in his arguments, but even these, by the discussion they have raised, have increased the interest in the whole subject. All the work of de Vries, whether weak or strong, is stimulating. The present volume contains an interesting account of the methods which have been employed by Nilsson, Burbank, and others in the improvement of plants, and, as may be surmised, the results of these methods are largely and not unfairly appropriated by De Vries as strengthening his position. When one remembers that certain varieties, under ordinary cultural conditions, come "true" to seed, and when one keeps still further in mind the fact that some species manifest a remarkable tendency towards "race" variation, the conviction becomes very strong that the field of investigation, although it has of late been most assiduously cultivated, has a great deal more to yield.

This volume can be heartily recommended as an interesting and safe guide to amateurs who desire to examine more closely the variant plants around them.

The Macmillan Co.'s fall announcement list contains the second volume of the "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey; "Text-Book of Southern Agriculture," by Prof. F. S. Earle; "The Physiology of Plant Production," by Dr. B. M. Duggar; "Types of Farming," by Prof. L. H. Bailey; "Agriculture for High Schools," by Dr. G. F. Warren; "Crops for the Southern States," by Prof. J. F. Duggar; "Bacteria in Relation to Agriculture," by Dr. J. G. Lipman; "Forage Crops," by Edward B. Voorhees; "Practical Textbook of Plant Pathology," by D. F. Macdougal, Prof. F. S. Earle, and Prof. H. M. Richards, "Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes," by Dr. Richard Spruce, edited by Dr. Alfred R. Wallace; "The Dancing Mouse: a Study of Animal Behavior," by Robert M. Yerkes; "Lectures on the General Properties of Immunity, from the physico-chemical point of view," by Prof. Svante Arrhenius; "Nursing Technique," by Isabel McIsaac; "Vagino-Peritoneal Operations," by E. Wertheim and Th. Micholitsch, translated by Dr. Cuthbert Lockyer; "College Physics," by Prof. Henry Crew; Volume II. of "Elements of Electrical Engineering," Alternating Currents, by Prof. William S. Franklin and Prof. William Esty; "The Differential and Integral Calculus," by Prof. William F. Osgood; "Introduction to Higher Algebra," by Prof. Maxime Bocher and E. P. R. Duval; "Graphic Algebra," by Prof. Arthur Schultze; "Computation and Mensuration," by Prof. Preston A. Lambert; and "Larger Types of American Geography," by Charles A. McMurry.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon issue a "History of Nursing," the evolution of the methods of care for the sick from the earliest times to the foundation of the first English and American training schools for nurses, by Lavinia L. Dock and M. Adelaide Nutting.

In a handy little volume, "Introduction to Infectious and Parasitic Diseases, including their Cause and Manner of Transmission" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.), Dr. Millard Langfeld gives an admirable brief survey of the various organisms now recognized as distinctly harmful. The book was originally intended for nurses, but the author was persuaded to alter the plan so as to adapt it to the requirements of medical students and physicians. As to nurses—the result is another argument for those who contend with growing insistence that the training of these most useful persons is already too complex and needs to be much simplified and abridged. For other readers, and even for the general reader, however, it would be hard to find a better concise statement of the more modern view of micro-organisms in their relation to disease. Particularly interesting are the almost too brief sections on immunity, including a discussion of the opsonins, those remarkable substances which seem to many to be a sort of master key for all these protective processes; but the classification of the non-specific and specific bacteria (p. 51) is somewhat obscure, and the terminology, although justified by numerous precedents, is inconsistent. There is a chapter on disinfection too vague for practical

application, and another on the examination of secretions and excretions which contains decidedly too much or too little, according to the point of view.

Dr. R. W. Lovett's little book, "Lateral Curvature of the Spine and Round Shoulders" (P. Blakiston's Son & Co.) is quite too special for the general reader except perhaps in the few pages devoted to the bearing of school life and school furniture on these defects. While nothing particularly new is brought out, the discussion and incidental references may also be helpful to the better class of teachers and to "educators."

The *National Geographic Magazine* for August opens with a summary, by N. H. Darton, of the mineral resources of Mexico, which goes far to justify Humboldt's statement that "Mexico is the treasure house of the world." A description of the work of our Forest Service is given by one of its officials, H. A. Smith, in which there are numerous facts and figures showing the uses to which the reserves are put and the income which they bring to the Government. He closes with an impressive plea for the creation of national forests in Tennessee and New Hampshire. D. C. Falls contributes a vivacious account of the great national festival of St. Stephen, the founder of the Hungarian monarchy—who died in 1038, it may be noted, not 1036, as stated in the text—celebrated in August at Budapest. Each of these articles is profusely illustrated with full-page reproductions of interesting photographs. The other illustrations are well-chosen selections from the remarkable flashlight pictures of C. G. Schillings of the big game of Equatorial East Africa.

The most noteworthy of the contents of the *Geographical Journal* for August is Lieut. Boyd Alexander's account of his remarkable journey from the Niger to the Nile. Its chief geographical result was the demonstration of the existence of a wonderful system of waterways connecting the East with the West, the boats of the expedition having been carried but fourteen days during the three years' trip. Another valuable contribution to science was his collection of the fauna of the region traversed, which included eighteen new species of mammals, and proved the continuity of the fauna from Senegal across the Sudan to Abyssinia. His observations on Lake Chad showed that it really consisted of two lakes, separated by twenty-five miles of marsh and bush. He has a good word to say for the Congo Free State, having found the conditions of a numerous river people on the Welle "greatly improved since the Belgian occupation, for its protection shields them from the raids of the fiercer forest tribes." E. C. Young describes an interesting journey from Yün-nan to Assam to determine whether or not a trade route between China and India, south of the Tibetan frontier, was practicable. Some of the region passed through was dense forest, and much difficulty was experienced in crossing the mountain ranges, but there were districts, both fertile and populous, with physical characteristics rendering them suitable for the construction of roads and railways.

Drama.

Memoirs and Artistic Studies of Adelaide Ristori. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

The career of Adelaide Ristori was so full, so dignified, so triumphant, so thoroughly representative of all that was best in Italian dramatic art during the latter half of the nineteenth century, that it certainly deserves some more adequate and attractive literary monument than these ill-edited memoirs, with their excess of trivial and uninteresting detail and their plentiful lack of salient observation or comment with regard to incidents—professional, social, or political—in which the life of the actress must have been peculiarly rich. Not only is the arrangement of the matter slovenly—a defect, probably, for which Madame Ristori herself is mainly responsible—but the English translation supplied by Signor G. Mantellini reflects but little credit upon the original composition. That the book is inspired by a spirit of naïve egotism is not surprising. It is a manifestation common to most theatrical autobiographies, but it is a pity that Madame Ristori, a woman of indisputable genius, and with a capacity for sound judgment in many directions, should not have taken counsel with some competent literary advisers.

It must not be supposed, however, that the book is without substantial value. With all its crudities and imperfections it will reveal to the intelligent reader the character of the woman herself and the secret of her great success. To aspirants after stage honors it ought to be especially valuable, for the plain moral of it is that she owed her triumphs quite as much to conscientious and indefatigable labor as to the qualifications, mental and physical, with which she was endowed by nature. Almost born on the stage, she first attracted public attention by her girlish beauty and occasional flashes of natural dramatic power; but the mature impersonations upon which the secure foundations of her fame were laid were the result of minute and protracted study. In the case of each of her most famous parts, Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, Phædra, Myrrha, Medea, etc., she consulted every available authority which could throw light upon the character to be portrayed or the dramatic situations in which it is made to figure. She sought eagerly for illuminating hints concerning personal characteristics, traits of disposition, methods of expression, nice details of costume, and so forth. To prepare herself for the impersonation of the older classic heroines she first familiarized herself with all the different versions of the ancient myths, that she might comprehend more clearly the elemental passions which she was to interpret. She examined the masterpieces of Greek art for information concerning the proper pose and gesture, the correct folding of drapery, the right coiffure, appropriate ornaments, and other minor points. Over and over again she insists upon the infinite importance of trifles and the inestimable advantages of beginning at the bottom and working up. Her chief aim, she says, was to preserve a "colored naturalness." While recognizing the importance of classic traditions in the representation of classical plays, she could find nothing admirable in the rhythmical chant employed at the Théâtre Français. It was an article of faith with her that the rules of the higher Italian tragedy, in recognizing the value of personal impulse and romantic coloring, offered more encouragement to inspired interpretation than the inflexible laws of a venerated tradition; and it was the ambition of her life—an ambition most fully gratified—to demonstrate to the whole civilized world the wondrous potency, if not the absolute superiority, of Italian dramatic art. She was still a young woman when, in the very heyday of Rachel's tragic reign in Paris, she forced the reluctant Parisians to forget their prejudices and acclaim her Myrrha as one of the most brilliant achievements of the age. Madame Ristori's long story of her now forgotten trouble with the great French actress is to-day rather superfluous, but her remarks on the difference between French and Italian acting are acute and sound. Her criticism of Rachel's Phèdre is at once appreciative and discriminating.

No attempt need be made here to recapitulate the well-known facts of her triumphs in all the chief cities of the world, from St. Petersburg to Buenos Ayres, from San Francisco to Constantinople. Perhaps the most remarkable representation in which she ever took part was that of "Francesca da Rimini," in Florence in 1865, when Salvini was Lanciotto, Rossi Paolo, and she herself Francesca. It is difficult to imagine a better cast. It was in 1882, in London, that she first played Lady Macbeth in English. This was an extraordinary feat in the circumstances, but one that has been accomplished also by Janauschek and Modjeska, while the latter was also the finest Rosalind of her time. Madame Ristori's serene confidence that her English enunciation was perfect is just a little pathetic, but her performance was one of great power and intelligence, along rather conventional lines. Being the star, she depicted the character as an almost demoniacal monster, by whom Macbeth was utterly dominated. She ought to have had Henry Irving as her associate.

The latter half of her book is largely occupied by what she calls analyses of her leading characters. These illustrate, to a certain degree, her system of study, but are in no sense analytical, and are particularly disappointing, inasmuch as, while indicating the points at which she strove to create her most striking effects, they say nothing about the technical means which she employed. She describes clearly enough the mood or passion to be expressed, but is generally silent as to the best means of expression. Few of her impersonations were more vital than her Mary Stuart and her Elizabeth, and the differentiation of them, in an artistic sense, was masterly. But she did justice to neither Queen. Mary was in her eyes a sainted martyr, Elizabeth the embodiment of all that was unscrupulous, hypocritical, and tyrannical. Her study of each was a model of consistency. The innate purity and deep pathos of her Myrrha, in Alfieri's terrible play, blinded her hearers to the horror of the story. In Medea she attained to splendid heights. And it must not be forgot-

ten that she was as much admired in the comedies of Goldoni and in still lighter pieces as she was in the deepest tragedy. She was, in short, a great actress, as well as a finished artist. Moreover, she was a good and large-hearted woman, who was an honor to her profession. If her literary ability and instinct had been equal to her histrionic power, she would have given us a better book. Her judgment of her contemporaries was generous and just. She is enthusiastic in her praise of Duse, but deplores the neuroticism of which she is the victim. Bernhardt, she thinks, has degenerated, owing to her passion for climaxes. Novelli is a brilliant actor, but "abysses" below Salvini. D'Annunzio is not fit for the stage—all of which is most potently true.

"Le Voleur" of Henri Bernstein has had a great success in Paris, has been much discussed, and has provoked active rivalry among English and American managers. A version of it produced in the Lyceum Theatre of this city, on Monday evening, under the name of "The Thief," shows that it is by no means a great play, although it is an uncommonly clever and interesting bit of theatrical work. It has no high motive, or purpose, touches no vital problem, is not inspiring or instructive, and is not valuable as a human study, but it tells a melodramatic story with much skill and point, and with striking realism. Thus the entire action is supposed to occupy only twelve hours, and practically takes no longer on the stage than it would in actual life. The theme is the self-sacrifice of an infatuated youth who confesses himself guilty of theft to shield the honor of a married woman, who has persistently—in the English piece—resisted his advances. His sacrifice is in vain, as the woman falls under the suspicion of her husband, whom she adores, and is compelled at last to make a clean breast of it. The story, in its details, is as improbable as it is artificial, but in representation it is interesting and exciting, the scenes between the suspicious husband and the guilty wife, in the second act, being especially adroit, realistic, and effective. In these some excellent work was done at the Lyceum by Kyrle Bellew and Miss Margaret Illington, and there seems to be no doubt that the play will have a long run. The general presentation and management of the piece were competent to a degree not common in recent New York experience.

The programme for the coming season at the Irving Place Theatre is at all events rich in promise. In addition to works of German authors, ancient and modern, classic and popular, it includes specimens of French, Belgian, Italian, Spanish, and Russian drama. The British theatre is represented by Shakespeare and Oscar Wilde.

Music.

EDVARD GRIEG.

Edvard Hagerup Grieg died at Bergen, Norway, on September 4. He was born there in 1843. On his father's side, he was a descendant of a Scottish merchant, who emigrated from Aberdeen soon after the battle of Culloden. His musical talent he inherited from his mother, who appeared as a pianist in concert, and also sang agreeably. She it was who taught him the rudiments of his art, and who imbued him with that ardent national spirit which informs all the work of his maturity. As a boy he thought of becoming a clergyman, but at the age of twelve or thirteen he had already tried his hand at musical composition. He showed no passionate interest in the subject, however, until he was fifteen. At that time Ole Bull came to visit the boy's parents. Grieg himself has left us the record of that experience:

> When he heard I had composed music, I had to go to the piano; all my entreaties were in vain. I cannot now understand what Ole Bull could find in my juvenile pieces. But he was quite serious and talked quietly to my parents. The matter of their discussion was by no means disagreeable to me. For suddenly Ole Bull came to me, shook me in his own way, and said, "You are to go to Leipzig and become a musician."

His parents readily fell in with the proposal. At the Leipzig Conservatory, his life was hard in many ways, and his peculiar talent was not always recognized by his instructors. Hauptmann, however, appreciated the boy's work and encouraged him. Wenzel, Richter, and Moscheles also taught him much. One of his fellow-students was Arthur Sullivan. While he was at the Conservatory he suffered from a severe attack of pleurisy, resulting in the complete loss of his left lung. From the date of his entrance in 1858 till his graduation with honor in 1862 his talent developed steadily but slowly.

After graduation he went to Copenhagen, where he pursued his studies informally under Gade and Emil Hartmann. He was also much influenced by the young Norwegian composer, Richard Nordraak, in company with whom he entered upon a crusade for fostering the purely national spirit in Norwegian music. Even his early works show his strong feeling for a musical style based upon the traditional ballads of his native land, and differing sharply from the classical German art. In 1871 Grieg founded a musical society in Christiania, which he continued to lead until four years later, when he established himself once more at Bergen. By this time he had composed his two great violin sonatas, F-sharp, op. 8, and G-sharp, op. 13. In regard to Opus 8 Franz Liszt wrote to him from Rome in 1868:

> It bears witness to a strong talent for composition, a talent that is reflective, inventive, provided with excellent material, and which needs only to follow its natural inclinations to rise to a high rank.

The letter had momentous consequences, for the Norwegian Government granted Grieg a sum of money which enabled him to go to Rome and see Liszt personally and draw inspiration from him. Grieg's account of that meeting is full of interest. He played his own compositions to the great master, who continually interrupted him with exclamations of approval and delight, and strongly urged him to "keep steadily on" and cultivate his peculiar vein.

Despite impaired health, Grieg had succeeded by 1880 in establishing his fame in all musical cities as a composer, and in many also as a conductor and a pianist. At Bergen, during the seasons of 1880 to 1882, he conducted the Harmonien. He was deeply interested in these concerts, although his orchestra was, of course, not of the best. From this time on he gave occasional concerts in England, France, and Germany. In England, in 1889, at a Philharmonic concert, he led with great success the "Peer Gynt Suites," which London had heard for the first time the year before. In Paris, also, Grieg was equally popular. His originality and nervous charm were qualities to which the French music-lovers readily responded.

Rural life always had great attractions for Grieg, and from the spring of 1877 he was domiciled for several years in a cottage built by himself which overhangs the Hardangerfjord, amid scenery made famous by the Norwegian poet Wergeland. After some years passed in Christiania and abroad, he returned to the Norwegian fjords and established himself near the old city of Bergen, where he built the house known to musical pilgrims as "Troldhangen." Here he dwelt in close communion with nature in its most characteristically national phase. Here also his accomplished and devoted wife continued to aid and inspire him as she had done since the early years of their marriage. It was for her that the famous song, "Ich liebe dich," was written during the days of her betrothal to the struggling young composer, then too poor and unpopular to marry and support the woman he loved. After their marriage Edvard and Nina Grieg visited a few cities and gave recitals of his music, for Mrs. Grieg was a remarkable interpreter of her husband's songs.

Indeed, it is in his lyrics that Grieg reaches the height of his genius—both in content and form. His *Lieder* number one hundred and twenty-five, and among these are few that fall below the standard of his greatest work. They are a mine of melody, surpassed in wealth only by Schubert's, and that only because there are more of Schubert's. In originality of harmony and modulation he has, according to competent critics, only six equals, Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, and Liszt. Though most of Grieg's works are songs and piano-forte pieces, there is yet a fair amount of orchestral and chamber music. The "Grieg Katalog," printed by C. F. Peters in Leipzig, contains a list of nine works for orchestra: Overture, "In the Autumn," op. 11; "Two Elegiac Melodies," for string orchestra, op. 34; "Norwegian Dances," op. 35; "Holberg Suite," for string orchestra, op. 40; "Peer Gynt Suites," I. and II., op. 46 and 55; "Two Melodies," for string orchestra, op. 53; "Sigurd Jorsalfar," op. 56; "Two Northern Melodies," for string orchestra, op. 66. Of these the "Peer Gynt Suites" are perhaps best known to the general public in this country. They were popularized in the first instance by Anton Seidl. Several of them, such as "The Death of Asa," "Anitra's Dance," and "In the Palace of the Gnome King," were always received with enthusiastic applause. All this "Peer Gynt" music was intensely national in its characteristics, and was extraordinarily felicitous in reproducing the moods of the particular parts of the text which it illustrated. Of this fact the late Richard Mansfield was fully aware when he caused most of the music to be played during his presentation of the play.

Volume IV. of J. Fuller Maitland's revi-

sion and enlargement of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" will be issued this fall by the Macmillan Co.; also "The High School Song Book," by Edward J. A. Zenier.

"Job," a dramatic cantata by F. S. Converse, has just been issued in vocal score by the H. W. Gray Co. (Novello & Co.). It was written for the fiftieth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association, 1907.

The prospectus of Oscar Hammerstein for the coming season at the Manhattan Opera House contains a number of light operas never before heard in this country. Among his productions will be:

Berlioz, "Le Damnation de Faust."
Bizet, "Carmen."
Boito, "Mephisto."
Breton, "Dolores."
Charpentier, "Louise."
Donizetti, "Lucia di Lammermoor."
Debussy, "Péléas et Mélisande."
Giordana, "André Chenier."
Gounod, "Roméo et Juliette."
Leoncavallo, "Pagliacci."
Mascagni, "Cavalleria Rusticana."
Massenet, "Thais," "Jongleur de Nôtre Dame," "Manon," "Navarraise."
Meyerbeer, "Le Prophète," "Les Huguenots."
Mozart, "Don Giovanni."
Offenbach, "Contes Hoffmann."
Ponchielli, "Giaconda."
Puccini, "La Bohême."
Saint-Saëns, "Hélène."
Verdi, "Aïda," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Trovatore."
Wagner, "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde."

At the opening of the Paris opera in January, Rameau's "Hyppolyte et Aricie," produced in 1733, is to be revived; "Götterdämmerung" is to be given for the first time in Paris; and "Monna Vanna," by a young French composer, Février, is to be presented.

In Rome the opera season is to begin December 26, with Wagner's "Maestri Cantori," known elsewhere as "Die Meistersinger." The repertory will also include four operas new to Rome—the "Salome" of Strauss, Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," Cilea's "Gloria," and "Sperduti nel buio," by a young Neapolitan composer named Donaudy. At Milan the list for the coming season is headed by Wagner's "Götterdämmerung, with Mme. Litvinne as Brunnhilde.

Art.

Letters to a Painter By W. Ostwald; translated by H. W. Morse. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents net.

Wilhelm Ostwald is a man of science who has amused his leisure with the study of painting, and in this volume he discusses the theory and practice of the art from the scientific point of view, with results worthy of the attention of all professional painters. He is not much concerned with the chemistry of pigments, which has been elaborately treated by others; rather he deals with the laws of optics, with the scientific reasons for those differences of effect between opaque and transparent colors on which traditional methods are founded, and with the proper use of various mediums—pastel, water-color, tempera, oils, etc.—and their different adaptability to the rendering of natural effects.

No page of the little volume is without its interest, and his discussion of fresco painting may be especially recommended to those who are inclined to regret the modern disuse of that very imperfect method; but we have been most impressed by his treatment of oil painting, the least understood to-day, as it is the most practised, of all technical methods. Of the effects to be obtained by glazing—effects peculiar to painting in oil—he says that they "appear to be disdained to some extent; perhaps because artists are not sufficiently acquainted with them, and also in part because their application demands a more complicated technique than the easy laying on of previously mixed colors." For heavily loaded or "pasty" painting he can find no justification, remarking that "colors . . . are usually made so opaque by their content of lead white that a layer a tenth of a millimetre thick prevents underlying colors from appearing at all," while the only optical effect to be gained by thick painting is that of "a bright spot of light on the smooth surface of a drop of color." While there is thus little to be gained by heavy painting, except in small spots, there is a great deal to lose, for "in the course of time an oil painting goes to pieces the more certainly the thicker the paint has been laid on." "I will not deny," he humorously adds, "that this prospect has very often been somewhat of a comfort to me in visiting exhibitions of paintings."

Not only in this matter but in a hundred others the serious student of the technical art of painting will find a clear reason given for what he has painfully learned in practice, or a necessary correction or amplification of his imperfect conclusions. And if some problems are admittedly unsolved, yet a clear view of what these problems are, and of the method by which their solution should be attempted, is afforded. The placing of the book in the hands of every art student would do more for the cause of sound education than any number of lectures on æstbetics.

The Macmillan Co. expects to issue this autumn "Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them," Norman Architecture, by Edith A. Browne; "Pottery and Porcelain Marks," by W. Burton.

In October the Century Co. will issue Timothy Cole's "Old Spanish Masters."

Otto Walter Beck's "Art Principles in Portrait Photography" (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is an attempt to apply certain ideas of pictorial composition to the photographic portrait. It is elaborately illustrated and, for the most part, clearly enough written. Mr. Beck's "principles" are generally very good, but we cannot say as much for his practice. His method is to take the plainest kind of plain photograph, as literal and uninteresting as possible, and by manipulation of the background, and even of the figure and head, to bring it into some sort of composition. This he does with a good deal of intelligence, and easily proves that the resultant pictures are more artistic in effect than the "straight" photographs with which he started. They are also distressingly woolly and formless. Accessories and bits of costume created with a brush, to be tolerable, demand a knowledge of form and of light and shade in their creator which the practice of photography does little to cultivate. Any one able to make successfully such changes on his photographic plates as Mr. Beck recommends would know enough to dispense with photography altogether, and to create real, not bastard, works of art. The juries, composed entirely of professional painters, of the photographic salons of the last two years, almost invariably preferred "straight" to "manipulated" photographs, and there were many examples in these salons of what could be accomplished by careful selection and arrangement of subject and lighting, almost, or entirely, without subsequent retouching. The time for the application of Mr. Beck's "principles" is before, not after, the negative is made. It is true that it requires more knowledge of composition to arrange costume and background beforehand in view of a determined result than it does to lick these elements into some kind of shape afterwards, but if photographers wish to be considered artists they should be willing to take some fraction of the pains that other artists take. While we cannot, therefore, recommend any one to follow Mr. Beck's precepts, yet a photographer who is willing to apply ideas of composition in the more laborious manner of previous thought and care in the selection and arrangement of his material, may learn a good deal from this book.

Close on his "Church Plate of the Diocese of Bangor," E. Alfred Jones has produced a no less valuable volume, "The Old Church Plate of the Isle of Man." Of Pre-Reformation plate the island can still show two examples, the chalice at Kirk Patrick and the paten at Kirk Malew. The former is parcel-gilt, with the date-letter 1521-2. It has a shallow conical bowl and a sexfoil foot with an engraving of the Crucifixion. On the stem is a "knop" with six diamond-shaped projections adorned with angel faces. The paten, which Mr. Jones places circa 1525, has on its rim the inscription, "Sancte Lupe ora pro nobis." As to the identity of this saint there appears to be some doubt; some believe him to be the well-known disciple of St. German, others see in him an Irish saint, Moliba or Molipa, and suppose his name to have been Latinized into Lupus. Owing, it is suggested, to the tenacity with which the Manx people clung to the "reliques of Popish superstition," "the decent communion-cups" and paten-covers of the time of Elisabeth are conspicuous by their absence. The only example of this period still extant is the stemless drinking-cup or "beaker" at Kirk German. This is dated 1591-2, and was intended, no doubt, for secular purposes. The lip has a handsome decoration of strapwork and rose-sprays.

The Engineering Experiment Station of the University of Illinois has just published as Bulletin No. 13 "An Extension of the Dewey Decimal Classification applied to Architecture and Building." This greatly extended classification has been in use in the department of architecture for many years, but it has never before been published. In its present form it is believed that this bulletin will prove useful to architects, engineers, and constructors in classifying books, pamphlets, articles in periodicals, and all other material relating to architecture and construction. Copies

may be secured upon application to the director of the Engineering Experiment Station, Urbana, Ill., L. P. Breckenridge.

The addition of a Corot to the National Gallery in London is something of an event—a concession, it might almost seem, to the great *entente cordiale*, about which so much is heard just now, and which is to reach its climax next summer in the Anglo-French, or Franco-British, exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. The French rooms have long been a discredit to the National Gallery. The art of no country is so poorly represented there as that of France. Until quite recently, there was next to nothing to show that French art had not come to an end with Claude. It was because of this inadequate representation that one regretted the conditions under which the Wallace collection was bequeathed to the nation; if the pictures, instead of being kept together, could have been distributed to other collections where they were most needed, the French rooms in Trafalgar Square would have ceased to be the disgrace they still are. Lately, a few more modern pictures have crept into them—a Boudin, an Isabey, a Diaz, Fantin's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards. And now, at last, comes a Corot, left as a legacy to the National Gallery by Mrs. Edwards, who, some years ago, gave the portrait by Fantin. It is neither a very important, nor very characteristic Corot; a small sketch of marshes under a gray sky, cool, gray, pleasant, suggestive, but by no means a work that would explain to the ignorant the reason of Corot's reputation, or satisfy those who understand and would like to see justice done to him among the masters. However, it may be the thin end of the wedge, and certainly its presence at the National Gallery—for which hitherto Corot and the men of Barbizon never existed—is a fact to be noted. With it, Mrs. Edwards bequeathed another picture, an unusually fine painting of flowers by Fantin, to whom for years she and her husband were good friends. It is simple—a bunch of roses in a tumbler, but it is dated 1864 and was done at Fantin's finest period, before he reduced his flowers to a formula and turned them out year after year, until each new version seemed little more than a replica of the last. It is by his portraits and early pictures, like this, that he will be best remembered.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF TRADE REACTION.

Ever since the severe strain on the security markets, reflecting an equal strain on the world's supplies of capital, assumed the foremost place in financial calculations some months ago, practically all the markets have accepted the conclusion that genuine relief could come only through decided reaction in general trade. The reason for this belief was simple. A good part of the disorder arose, no doubt, from the absorption of money by stock exchanges, notably in the United States, where the extravagant Wall Street speculation which began a year ago had most unfortunate results. But it was recognized all along that these speculative demands were only a partial cause of the abnormal situation. It is, in fact, quite possible that had the natural drafts of trade on the world's money supplies been no greater than three or four years ago, the demands for stock exchange speculation might have been easy to provide for.

The real underlying phenomenon, recognized by all experienced observers, was that the enormous volume to which the transactions of ordinary trade and production had risen had in itself directly stimulated the demand on capital beyond available supply. How much these exceptional trade requirements were a consequence of the unusually high prices, which called for more money than ever before in the conduct of commerce and manufactures, and how much was due merely to the feeling of the whole community that this was a time to spend *ad libitum* and take no thought of saving, is an open question. Undoubtedly each influence has played an important part. Not only was it true that a given enterprise, which was able to keep going half a dozen years ago by borrowing, say, half a million dollars, now had to borrow twice that sum; but the number of such enterprises, and the number of separate communities which were engaged in trade on the same large scale, had passed all precedent. Therefore, it was a natural argument that, since the fundamental difficulty was the inability of accruing capital to overtake the steady increase in requirements, these requirements must themselves be reduced. This could be done in only two ways—by such a sudden cutting-down of commodity prices as could hardly be looked for immediately, or by reduction in the volume of industry itself.

Precisely the same view was taken in 1903, when a warning similar to this year's was given by the New York Stock Exchange. The prosperous interior communities, on which the activity in trade and production then as now converged, expressed at the start complete skepticism as to the possibility of such reaction. After the middle of the year, and after several months of collapsing Stock Exchange prices, industry began to be affected, notably through the falling off of orders in the iron trade; and during the last half of 1903 there were unquestionably extensive curtailments of business throughout the United States.

The result was interesting. In the first place, it was found that in the preceding business activity such unusual sums of ready cash had been used in ordinary hand-to-hand circulation that even the moderate check to the movement which occurred toward the end of 1903 turned into the banks of every community a mass of currency no longer needed in the lighter trade. This currency was shipped to the large financial centres of the East, where the banks, if they chose, could place it at the disposal of Stock Exchange speculators or of investors. It will be recalled that, as a consequence of this eastward flow of currency, the New York banks, by the middle of August, 1904, were able to report a surplus reserve of $58,600,000, a figure never exceeded except in the absolute trade paralysis of 1894. Then the wealthy speculators of New York, borrowing on easy terms these enormous supplies of money, and believing that the industrial situation was at bottom sound, began to pave the way for the extravagant stock speculation which reached its climax in the autumn of 1906.

Now, it was natural that when warnings such as those of the earlier half of 1903 resulted thus, and when curtailment of plans not only led directly to superabundant supplies of capital, but placed the merchants and manufacturers in a position where, a few months later, they were unable to fill the demands of their own customers, some rather broad inference should have been drawn for future occasions. This perhaps explains one phenomenon of the present season—financial markets throughout the world predicting that trade activity must be reduced, and trade itself making practically no response to such predictions. In a few centres where inflation of prices had been conspicuous—such as copper—prices have fallen somewhat rapidly; but even the cut of six cents a pound in the price maintained for copper by the American producers brought the quotation to a level still far above the normal height of recent years. In other industries, such as iron, the fall, whether in prices or in trade activity, has been extremely slight—no more, in fact, than has been duplicated in a number of quiet and normal years.

In the American iron industry at the present time, notwithstanding all predictions of reaction, the output is sold up to the end of 1907; stocks on hand are very small, and for many branches of finished material delivery cannot be promised earlier than eight months hence. Exchanges of checks last week at the banks in the United States, though much decreased from this period in 1906, still ran beyond the total of two years ago this month; and as to 1906, it must be remembered how greatly the volume of bank exchanges was then affected by the stock speculation, of which hardly any sign is seen to-day.

In Europe, almost the same state of affairs seems to exist. Recent reviews of trade from Germany point out that the electrical manufacturers have orders for months ahead; that the textile industries are active, and that orders for iron and steel still come in on an extensive scale. France tells the same story. How great the normal demand of our own railways is for material of this sort may be judged from their issue of no less than $800,000,000 new securities during the very period of money stringency since the opening of last December.

Such a response to the warnings of the spring, by the industrial markets of the world, adds interest to the question whether the problems of our recent finance can be solved without the industrial reaction such as is seemingly not yet in sight. This is a question to which an off-hand answer is not easy. On the one hand, it is undoubtedly true that in recent years so much capital has been absorbed in Stock Exchange operations pure and simple that its release may possibly make good a deficiency which seemed to require far more drastic measures. The money markets at New York and London have eased quite unexpectedly this past week, at the very time when a rise in rates was naturally expected; this may or may not be a sign of permanent relief. For the rest, it will be necessary to await the action of the financial markets later in the season.

One thing may safely be said, that if the feeling, out of which the recent extravagant inflation of values and expansion of trade activity have grown leads to resist-

ance of all normal processes of reaction and rest, and if, in consequence, speculators resume their plans on the narrow margin of free capital which the world is able to offer to them, even now, the result might go far toward bringing the more serious consequences which were predicted by not a few competent observers when the troubles of 1907 began.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual Report of the Henry Phipps Institute. Edited by Joseph Walsh. Philadelphia: Published by the Institute.
Auringer, O. C. Friendship's Crown of Verse. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.
Bigelow, Frank Hagar. Studies on the Thermodynamics of the Atmosphere. Washington: Weather Bureau.
Blair, Louisa Coleman, and Robert Findlater Williams. Nathaniel Bacon: A Play in Four Acts. Richmond, Va.: The Hermitage Press.
Bourke, S. Ten Eyck. Fables in Feathers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Buckham, James. Afield with the Season. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. The Blue Ocean's Daughter. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Calendar of Letter-Books of the City of London. Letter Book H. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe. London: John Edward Francis.
Calhoun, Mary E. Dorothy's Rabbit Stories. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Canfield, William W. The Spotter. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Dante Society, Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Fuller, Caroline. Brunhilde's Paying Guest. Century Co. $1.50.
Genung, John Franklin. The Idyils and the Ages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Graham, Harry. Familiar Faces. Duffield & Co. $1.
Hawkes, Clarence. The Little Water-Folks. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
Herbert, William. Houses for Town or Country. Duffield & Co. $2.
High Living. Compiled by L. L. McLaren. Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.
Holleman, A. F. A Text-Book of Organic Chemistry. Translated by A. Jamieson Walker and Owen E. Mott. John Wiley & Sons. $2.50.
Humor, A Book of American: Prose.—Humor, A Book of American: Verse. Duffield & Co.
Ibsen, Henrik, The Collected Works of. Vol. V.: Emperor and Galilean. Edited by William Archer. Scribners. $1.
Illinois Historical Collections. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. Vol. II. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois State Historical Library.
Jefferson, Charles E. The Old Year and the New. 75 cents net. The New Crusade. $1.50. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration and First and Second Inaugural Addresses. Duffield & Co. 60 cents net.
Marden, Orison Swett. The Optimistic Life. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.
Omar Khayyám, The Rubáiyát of. Duffield & Co.
Parker, Franklin E. Capital Punishment. Published by the author. 10 cents.
Peple, Edward. Semiramis. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Phelps, William Lyon. The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Poe's Poems. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. Duffield & Co. $1.
St. Francis of Assisi's Canticle of the Sun. Duffield & Co. 60 cents net.
Salvarona. The Nervous System of Jesus. Langhorne, Pa.: H. G. Walters.
Saunders, Marshall. Beautiful Joe. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25.
Schaff, Philip. History of the Christian Church, Vol. V., Part I. Scribners. $3.25 net.
Sinclair, May. The Helpmate. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Symons, Arthur. William Blake. Dutton. $3 net. Frowde.
Thirtle, James William. Old Testament Problems. Henry Frowde. $2.40.
Van Norden, Charles. Yoland of Idle Isle. Appleton. $1.50.
Viereck, George Sylvester. The House of the Vampire. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25.
Wells, Carolyn. Rainy Day Diversions. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Wheeler, Albert Harry. First Course in Algebra. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.15 net.
Winckler, Hugo. The History of Babylonia and Assyria. Translated by James Alexander Craig. Scribners. $1.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907.

The Week.

The Northwest's enthusiasm for Roosevelt is the theme of an interview which Senator Clapp of Minnesota has given to the press:

> The people . . . are inclined to accept the President's statements that he is not a candidate, and does not wish the office again, as the sincere desire of the President at the time he made them; but they have great hope that the President may be brought to a point where he will change his views and heed what undoubtedly seems to be the sentiment of the masses of the American people—that he should once more be the candidate.

In this way, entirely aside from the element which would force the nomination upon a reluctant Roosevelt, the man's popularity operates as a discourager of other candidacies. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin all have favorite sons, to be sure, but all or most of them would be abandoned overnight if Roosevelt spoke the word. Evidently, a great deal of the sentiment which gave Mr. Roosevelt his unprecedented popular plurality in 1904 has survived three years of his administration with unabated, if not augmented, strength. An attempt to stampede the next Republican Convention for him would find ready support among Western delegations if the Convention were to be held next week. This is not saying that the feeling toward Roosevelt is absolutely stationary and unmodified. The President's temperamental defects are recognized more than formerly. The "Ananias Club," for instance, is not taken so seriously as it would have been at one time. Yet the loyalty of the West to Roosevelt is, in a sense, all the more impressive because it is tempered more than formerly by a realization of the defects of its object. The fact that must be recognized is that Roosevelt is, in the eye of the West, the champion of the people against the powerful corporations which were exploiting them. Hence the implicit belief in the man's soundness and the urgency of his policies—a belief which has enabled him to pass without sensible diminution of popularity through episodes that would have gravely affected the career of any other politician. As for the rival candidates now showing themselves before the Republican voters, it is hard to see why the earnest Roosevelt man should be expected even to become interested in them. When the best of the open aspirants avows that he is only an excellent copy, is it a wonder that many Republicans should demand the "real thing"?

Signs of growing discontent with the proposed Pacific cruise of the battleships continue to manifest themselves within the ranks of true believers. Representative Weeks, a Republican member from Massachusetts, is the latest to condemn the project, and that from the point of view of one who in principle is not opposed to war and naval expansion. The argument against proceeding with reckless haste in so important a matter is one of the strongest objections yet raised. Says Mr. Weeks:

> The result will be a demand for increased dockage and other facilities on the Pacific, which may be necessary, but which should come after judicious and careful selection of sites, rather than as the result of this particular movement.

In other words, mere administrative efficiency requires that, if dockyards and naval bases are to be constructed on our Western Coast, the work should be carried out in accordance with some deliberate scheme, and not in all haste, as the result of a single unnecessary cruise to the Pacific. So the work of building a certain great canal was entered on with a jump, and found to entail something more in the way of preparation than unlimited optimism.

The census of Oklahoma, now finished, shows that from a total population of 790,391 in 1890, Oklahoma and Indian Territory have grown to a population of 1,408,732. The obvious comment on these figures is that Oklahoma, when suffered to enter at all, will enter the Union with a larger population than any other State had at the time of admission. It is a more remarkable distinction, however, that the population determined by actual count is larger by several thousands than was estimated for this year's "World Almanac" by the Territorial Governor. Whereas the enabling act provided for five Congressional districts in the new Territory, there is more than population enough for seven. On a basis of the populations estimated by Governors for the current year, Oklahoma is in twenty-fifth place, below Maryland and above South Carolina. Only twenty-two States in 1900 had larger populations than Oklahoma has now. The people of both Oklahoma and Indian Territory rank high in point of literacy, and the proportion of native-born is larger than in almost any other section. We give emphasis to these facts because it is in the face of them that the effort is being made to defer Statehood for another year or two.

People are not so excited as they were two months ago over the conflict of Federal and State authorities, yet the question of "States' rights" continues to present itself in new forms. On Monday the Missouri Secretary of State was enjoined by a Federal judge from revoking the license of the Santa Fé Railroad to do business within the State. At the same time, Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, in an interview in the *Wall Street Journal*, calls attention to the interesting legal situation of freight rate legislation in his State. The fight in Minnesota has been carried on without such fulminations as made the North Carolina cases conspicuous, but at bottom the conditions appear to be decidedly similar. Gov. Johnson charges that the railroads chose to test the new law by injunction proceedings, instead of by a mere refusal to comply with it, "because they believed the State courts would lean toward the State's side of the case." The railroads evidently prefer to have their cases brought to the United States Supreme Court from inferior Federal courts rather than to the highest State courts. Thus few of the leading cases growing out of the 2-cent fare and other recent State activities will have passed through the State Appellate Courts at all. Whether the Supreme Court is really more likely to favor the railroads under this procedure, is a question no one can yet answer. There is no doubt, however, that this policy has tended to offend and antagonize still further the various State authorities.

Writing in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, Lieut.-Col. R. L. Bullard, Eighth Infantry, makes some gratifying statements about the bearing of the American troops now in Cuba for purposes of pacification. He says:

> In this Cuban intervention, the American soldier has thus far again dignified himself and justified the faith of his friends. A surpassing excellence of conduct toward the Cubans and an unusual worthiness of conduct as a soldier have characterized him everywhere in Cuba.

So far as the officers are concerned, there has been even with the youngest a remarkable absence of mistakes and errors of judgment, or of conflicts with the civilian authorities. Col. Bullard is also properly proud of the rapidity and thoroughness with which the army mapped the island. It had no sooner landed than this work was undertaken, and whoever suggested it deserves high praise. It not only puts this Government in possession of valuable information in the event of future trouble in the island, but performs a great service for the little Republic if the maps are published as they ought to be. More than that, the making of the maps was the valid excuse for sending troops into

every nook and corner of the island, and letting the inhabitants see just what kind of men the American soldiers are. All the reports which have come to us confirm the complimentary statements made by Col. Bullard, save as to the appearance of the troops. Far from being neat, clean, and soldierly, they are much inferior to the marines in all the outward signs of the well-disciplined soldier.

One of the first arguments put forward by the supporters of Theodore E. Burton for the Cleveland Mayoralty is premised on a former criticism of his Congressional career. The Cleveland *Leader* tells us:

> In Congress, Mr. Burton has been criticised by his party associates for being too fond of sticking for abstract principles, too unwilling to yield a little to expediency. It has been said of him that he is too stiff-backed in standing out against the judgment and wishes of the majority on what is to him a point of conscience. Isn't that the ideal guarantee for justice in the Mayor's office?

It is a natural thing to glory in the taunts of the enemy, but here is a case in which the criticisms had come from men of the candidate's own party, and yet they are held up as points in his favor. Are we, as a practical people, undergoing a change in our attitude toward the theorists in politics? Are we willing to do more than tolerate the man who applies abstract standards to the acts of his public life? The politician of the other type has been with us for generations. We have ferocious fights in national and State conventions over alternative planks or resolutions, neither of which—because they were drafted with the idea of hurting no one's feelings—means anything in particular. The word "practical" as used of a politician implies a willingness to yield and concede systematically. The "main chance" of the bad politician is the "larger good" of his more reputable ally. That political life is necessarily a structure of compromises, becomes an article of faith. We even have a paradoxical breed of politicians who hold their ideal of compromise itself intolerantly and uncompromisingly. Now, nothing has been more clearly demonstrated by recent political history than that this is not the kind of statecraft which will permanently satisfy the people. We have spoken of Congressman Burton. Gov. Hughes is perhaps the leading example just now of the executive of academic ideals. A "practical" Governor who secured by "dickers" half as much from a semi-hostile Legislature as Gov. Hughes did last winter by sheer sticking to principle would be indeed a curiosity. The doctrinaire—a name which gets itself applied to many men who dissent but feebly from purely "practical" policies—has evidently a little more comfortable place in our political world than he had a few years since. It is an encouraging thing that doctrinaires are to-day looked upon as an especially "available" class of candidates.

The view has been expressed that the anti-Asiatic outbreak in British Columbia must tend greatly to facilitate the settlement of our own misunderstanding with Japan by emphasizing the serious nature of the opposition with which the Mikado's Government must reckon. But if it should prove to be true that Asiatic exclusion agitators from Seattle were prominent among the Vancouver rioters, our relations with Japan will become only more difficult. Our citizens would then be in the apparent position, not merely of refusing the Japanese fair treatment within our own jurisdiction, but of deliberately seeking to create bitterness of feeling between Japan and her powerful ally. Nor would Great Britain or the Dominion Government have any particular cause for gratitude towards these uninvited American labor champions. Following the attack on the Sikhs at Bellingham, the irruption of the Seattle agitators into Canadian affairs may easily develop into an unpleasant "incident" between the British Government and our own. But, then, white supremacy, like love and justice, knows no boundaries.

Last Saturday's further cut in the price of copper to 16½ cents a pound, coupled with the intimation that the Amalgamated Copper Company is preparing to shut down some of its mines with a view to checking the fall in the price of the metal, is interesting for many reasons. It was copper which, more than any other commodity on the list, typified the extraordinarily rapid rise in prices during 1906. As lately as 1905, a year of great industrial activity and prosperity, the average price of copper in New York was 15⅞ cents per pound, and since copper had sold at 12⅜ in 1904, the price of 1905 was justly regarded as high. Indeed, the price fixed by the Amalgamated Company in its disastrous effort to corner the market in 1901 was only 17 cents. By a series of advances during 1906 and in the early months of 1907, copper was forced up by the Amalgamated to no less than 26 cents, much above anything reached in the American market since the autumn of 1873. With the disordered conditions which befell the money markets last spring, resistance of consumers to this extravagant price naturally began. But the company made no concessions. It held to its "pegged price" from March to July; ridiculed the lower quotations given out on the floor of the Metal Exchange; declared the heavy decline in London to be a mere device of speculators; shut its eyes to the decrease within five months of 20,000 tons in the export of copper from the United States; and answered all protest and remonstrance by asserting that consumers would be forced to buy at the producer's price. Even the news that the great electrical manufacturing concerns, the chief users of copper, were reducing their working force because of the tight money market seemed to have no effect. On July 5 the president of the Amalgamated Company gave out this statement regarding the price:

> I don't know why it should change; certainly not for lower values. Europe is short of our copper and the world's demand is greater than the world's supply.

We leave it to the average business man to pass judgment on the sagacity of this conduct. When, in the middle of July, the producers began to see the light and offered copper at 22 cents, followed by a cut to 18, they found that their concessions came too late. The consumer had not been asleep while the producer slumbered, and he naturally waited to bring the Amalgamated to his own terms. That such an episode should be followed by the threat of shutting down production, and by the apparently official statement that supply is now vastly beyond demand, and that "there is no use in accumulating copper when it cannot be sold at 18 cents," is a fitting commentary on this whole story of commercial bungling.

Whether or not the Moroccan tribesmen are really prepared to make peace as suddenly as they began hostilities, the state of affairs that prevailed before the attack on Casablanca cannot be restored, and the gains which France has made in the course of the last few weeks she will in all probability keep. It is now planned to make use of the French and Spanish troops at Casablanca as a police for the eight ports, with the protection of which the Algeciras Conference was so greatly concerned. But whereas the Act of Algeciras provides for a native police under European officers, the talk is now of an arrangement that is not far removed from actual foreign occupation. While French troops may be entrusted with the protection of the coast towns only, it needs merely raids like that on Casablanca to extend the field of French activity into the interior; and it is not at all improbable that the pursuit of marauding bands might some day carry the European forces as far as Fez. Before peace can be really regarded as reëstablished, there is still the question of the new aspirant for the throne to be settled. Mulai Hafid's progress does not seem to have been so rapid as was expected at first, but unless his candidacy utterly collapses, there will be turmoil enough in Morocco to make the presence of an European army of observation far from

superfluous. It will be of interest to see whether the conclusion of peace at Casablanca will be followed by the reshipment of any of Gen. Drude's 8,000 men.

The Papal encyclical which has just appeared deals with "modernism" in the faith. Two aspects of this movement are especially disquieting to the Catholic authorities. In the first place, modernism arrays itself against ecclesiastical authority, criticises the Bible and tradition, and stands for subjective opinion. It is the Roman counterpart of the Protestant new theology. The serious side of such radicalism is that it affects the ideas of the priests, and is dangerous to faith and discipline. To counteract it, the Pope, like his predecessor, Leo XIII., will insist once more upon the importance of teaching philosophy and scholastic theology at the colleges and seminaries. Yet in spite of the prestige of Thomas Aquinas among Protestants as well as Catholics, it must be very plain to every one that his system is not flexible enough to be pitted against the various forms of infidelity which have lately arisen. As a *Summa Theologiæ*, it is imposing; but its apologetical value is of less importance. In the second place, modernism allies itself with Christian Socialism, which is constantly gaining strength in Italy as well as Austria; and against it the scholastic authors cannot be of much use.

The figures which the St. Petersburg *Slovo* gives for the casualties of the Russian revolutionary movement of the last three years have to be taken with caution, but, even if only approximately true, they illustrate both the nature and intensity of the struggle that is still under way. Counting the victims of riot, open insurrection, assassination, judicial murder, and legal execution, over 47,000 persons have suffered death or wounds since the first dramatic overture on Gapon's Red Sunday, January 22, 1905. Of these, the dead are given as 19,144, of whom nearly 13,000 fell in combat between the populace and the soldiers and police. The number of executions is set at 2,381, but this is supplemented by no less than 1,350 cases of suicide, an almost incredible total, if it were not for the fact that many opponents of the Government are women and youths who may prefer suicide to waiting for execution. Nevertheless, when we compare the total number of victims on the revolutionary side, 3,731, with the number of Government officials of all kinds reported to have fallen by assassination, 8,223, we find that the autocracy has had ample reason for complaining that its servants were being slaughtered with far greater vindictiveness than the Government displayed towards the revolutionaries. Yet in the face of such great losses on both sides, the lesson that still strikingly stands out is that the policy of revolutionary terrorism has been a failure. The revolutionaries have killed nearly three servants of the Government for every one who has fallen in their own ranks; but 3,700 is a large percentage of the entire revolutionary force, while 8,000 police constables and soldiers are but a drop in the vast resources of a Government drawing on a population of 140,000,000. To speak in terms of cold-blooded commercialism, 1,000 lives sunk in an open insurrection as at Sveaborg or Sevastopol or Moscow are a good investment, because such public events shatter the confidence of the autocracy and gain the sympathy of the world. But the same number of lives expended in removing twice as many Government officials is only wild-cat speculation.

President Fallières, in commuting the death sentence imposed on the perpetrator of a peculiarly atrocious murder, has, it is generally admitted, virtually abolished capital punishment in France. There have been street demonstrations in Paris, and certain newspapers have criticised the Government, but inasmuch as these newspapers would with equal readiness seize upon an earthquake or a tidal wave as an indication of the Government's criminal incapacity, their opposition can be largely discounted. The sense of the country has for some years been decidedly in favor of the abolition of the death sentence. Indirectly, this object was attained some time ago, through the suppression in the budget of the item providing for the maintenance of the guillotine and its presiding genius. At the present moment the Chamber has before it a bill dealing explicitly with the subject. That such action should be contemplated at a time when Paris is said to be suffering from an unprecedented outburst of crimes of violence, and that President Fallières should have exercised clemency under aggravated circumstances, is quite in consonance with the doctrinaire strain in the French blood. If capital punishment is wrong, what matters it how bestial an assassin we have to deal with? On the contrary, if public clamor and the passion of the moment can be overcome in this particularly irritating case, how much more easily will the principle be accepted when applied to the ordinary criminal?

Germany is in the midst of an unprecedented period of industrial development. Factory chimneys spring up on all sides like mushrooms, and unemployed labor has ceased to exist. A striking illustration of the movement may be found in Frankfurt on the Main, where a project for expending $14,372,500 on a large harbor is under consideration, and will probably be carried out. Every precaution has been taken for making the undertaking successful. To prevent speculators from charging usurious rates, the community has bought up all the land intended for the harbor works and for the factories that are to be built in the vicinity. Everything is to be on a large scale; the space set aside for the project covers 350 hectares, including water basins, streets, and railway tracks. There will remain about 192 hectares for factories, as compared with the 100 hectares in Mannheim and Kehl, 59 in Strassburg, 46 in Mainz, 41 in Düsseldorf, 26 in Cologne. Frankfurt thus expects to place herself, in no distant future, in the van of all these cities, and become, what it has never been before, a real industrial centre. Whether the change of the old exclusive *Reichsstadt* to a modern noisy factory town will make the inhabitants any happier remains to be seen.

The progress of reform in China is still far from that unmistakably hopeful phase which it is the custom now to insist upon. As for judging from the ups and downs in the fortunes of various Chinese politicians, we might as well give up all hope of attaining any definite knowledge. For every reactionary degraded from office at Peking we find one exalted in the provinces; and every triumph of the liberal-minded Yuan-shih-kai apparently leaves him weaker than before. We have still to depend on the conclusions drawn by Europeans on the spot, and from that source undiluted optimism does not flow. The Shanghai *Mercury* finds in the present condition of China cause for serious anxiety. There are three phases of existing discontent. First comes the purely revolutionary movement, which aims at the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty by violent means, and which, though as yet unsuccessful in its attempts, is growing in influence. Second is the reform movement, which is described as "a struggle between the bureaucracy and Yuan-shih-kai with his henchmen," with the chances on the whole favoring the latter. Finally, there is the purely lawless element of the population ready for any mischief, half-beggars and half-banditti, who, in Manchuria especially, are to be reckoned with. The danger rests in none of these three parties alone, but in a coalition of them; and of such an amalgamation the possibilities continue to increase, since the Government's hesitant attitude in the face of reform is driving the progressives into the arms of the revolutionaries. Some economic happening might hasten the welding process and bring about a repetition of the Taiping rebellion—such as the failure of a harvest with which the Yang-tse valley is threatened.

SUPREMACY ON THE OCEAN.

The superiority of the new Lusitania over any other ship afloat is manifest in spite of her failure to break all records on her maiden trip. To have done so would have been nothing less than phenomenal, for the best of machinery requires a shaking-down, and the ablest stokers must become acquainted with their boilers in order to get the greatest power out of them. Moreover, many a fine ship has suffered from being driven too fast on her early voyages. But the significant thing is that the ocean has been crossed in just about five days, and that even greater speed is in sight. No one believes that the resources of naval architect and naval engineer are exhausted. Gustav H. Schwab of the North German Lloyd Company is quoted as saying that the reciprocating engine has about reached the limit of development; but the turbine obviously has not, and the gasolene engine is merely at the beginning of its evolution. With the British Admiralty considering plans for a gasolene battleship, the day of the thirty-knot gasolene liner may not be far off.

Be that as it may, the British may well take pride in the Lusitania, even though it represents to many an unhappy alliance between the government and a private mercantile enterprise through the construction subsidy which made this ship and her sister, the Mauretania, possible. That the German shipbuilders, with all their cleverness and adaptability, would permanently take front rank, we were never prepared to believe. German blood is still too conservative, as is clearly illustrated by the German attitude towards the marine turbine. This invention has only just been adopted for certain types of vessel of the Imperial navy; for mercantile purposes it is still under a ban, despite the success of the turbine predecessors of the Lusitania and the appearance of that ship herself. The German naval architects feel that the new engine is still an experiment, and they are appalled by the coal consumption of the new Cunarders. Hence, to the English are left the honor and advantage of developing the turbine. As long as the English are willing to take up new inventions and run their chances, other nations will continue to learn of them and follow in their footsteps.

But, after all, supremacy on the ocean does not depend upon owning the fastest ship afloat. Britannia has continued to rule the waves throughout these ten years, when the Atlantic speed records belonged to the Germans. Nor are the British superior merely because they have the largest navy afloat. It is to the enterprise and shrewdness of her merchants and shipowners and to the liberal shipping laws that her ascendency is due, and it is owing to similar traits that the German shipowners have become within thirty years such mighty factors in the carrying trade of the world. Subsidies have, of course, helped in both countries, but, after all, to a comparatively slight extent. The great fleet of the Hamburg-American Company has, for instance, been created without the aid of a single Government grant of money. The Empire has generally lent only its moral aid and encouragement, and permitted its shipowners to buy their vessels wherever they could get them best and cheapest.

This fact alone ought to make Americans hang their heads. Indeed, the arrival of the Lusitania should be a mortification to all our citizens who wish to see the American flag restored to the place among the world's fleets which it occupied in the fifties, when our clipper ships were in every harbor on the globe. The rivalry for the Atlantic laurels is not between the English and the most enterprising people in the world, the Americans, but between the English and the Germans, who have but a short coast line and four or five harbors. The American trade is fought for by everybody save ourselves. There are no reports of projected American ships to surpass the Lusitania, no rumors that American invention is busy with a plan to develop a vessel that will cross within four days. To France or Germany we must look for the reply to the English challenge. Our chief American line is precisely where it was in 1892, when by act of Congress it was given the special privilege of placing two of its foreign-built ships under the Stars and Stripes, on condition that it build two others in American shipyards. Its ships are now far from modern, and it clings desperately to its mail-subsidies; but as a factor in the development of our European trade, it hardly counts, save to remind us of our humiliating position.

Just what has caused our downfall and what keeps us from entering into competition with Englishmen and Germans has recently been set forth afresh by Franklin Pierce in his book, "The Tariff and the Trusts." There are three reasons: our barbarous navigation laws, the increased cost of shipbuilding materials because of the tariff, and the direct impairment of our commerce with other countries by reason of prohibitive tariffs, which prevent both importation and exportation. So far as our navigation laws are concerned, they have come down to us with but few changes from the eighteenth century. No American can buy a vessel abroad and fly the American flag on it unless he be the millionaire owner of a steam yacht built on the Clyde and used for pleasure only. Then he can get an American registry. If he wished to earn an honest dollar through that craft, he would be compelled to hoist the British flag. The theory is that this law will compel American shipowners to build at home; instead, it means that they will not build at all; or, if they build, they must charge such prices that the Washington Government hires a fleet of British ships to carry its coal to the Pacific or its supplies to Panama. Not even the payment of a duty permits an American to buy a foreign vessel and hoist his own flag on her. Far different is Germany's policy.

So far as the tariff is concerned, Mr. Olcott, the president of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, testified before the Mercantile Marine Commission in 1904:

> There is a difference of about 40 per cent. [in the cost of shipbuilding], on account of the tariff. . . . It is not only the steel that forms the hollow of the vessel that is affected in price; it is every conceivable item that goes into a ship.

Thus we deliberately make impossible the regaining of the shipping honors of which we were once so proud. The achievement of the latest ocean greyhound is but a fresh reminder that the United States, the richest country in the world, the greatest producer of coal, steel, and iron, with the largest and finest sea-coast of any nation, is throwing away the opportunity of becoming mistress of the seas.

INDIA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

One of the difficulties before the Secretary of State for India is that he has to face the perplexities of rule in isolation, and without that daily help which the politician dealing with home affairs can get from his colleagues, or can absorb, as it were, from the political atmosphere around him. In home matters the general trend of public opinion, or, at any rate, of the opinion of the wiser minds in the nation, is of enormous help to the statesman. . . . No such help is forthcoming for the Secretary of State for India. . . . Hore he must for the most part act alone. The minds of his colleagues are turned away from India and things Oriental, and it can very rarely happen that they are willing or able to take the responsibility of giving advice. Even those who have been viceroys or secretaries of state have in all probability lost touch with India. In the same way, little help is to be got from what we have called above the general trend of public opinion. That is a stream which does not flow into the Indian channel.

This passage is from an article in the London *Spectator* of August 31 on Mr. Morley's conduct of Indian affairs. No American can read it without being reminded of our own difficulties with the Philippines. The parallel is obvious; it has often been drawn. But the return of Secretary Taft to those unhappy islands and the renewed discussion of our relations with them lend point to a fresh examination of issues, which, to us at least, can never be trite, for on them

depends the welfare of millions of mankind.

The disadvantage under which Mr. Morley labors is nothing more than another illustration of perhaps the oldest and hardest problem of personal as well as international ethics. The man who is unjust, oppressive, cruel, to a slave, a servant, or a neighbor, fails, we say, to understand that this slave or neighbor is a creature of like passions and aspirations with himself, is alive and human. This is the burden of Shylock's pathetic cry, "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses affections, passions? . . . If you prick us, do we not bleed?" And therefore it is that moralists of all ages and races have warned us that our essential error lies in our obtuseness. We do not treat men as if they were real; we regard their desires as dim and cold and pale beside our own. We cannot comprehend that we are all children of one Father.

This example from the life of the individual is not irrelevant, because, as Burke put it, "the principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged; and," he added, "I neither now do, nor ever will, admit of any other." Nor can we in America set up any other standard of judgment. We know that it is the combination of brute selfishness combined with almost invincible ignorance that always has made the phrase foreign rule a synonym for exploitation. We need not cite instances, for every schoolboy can name a hundred. The *Spectator* assures us that England does not understand India, and is not much interested in it. England has never understood India or been interested in it. That was the trouble when Burke tried to bring Warren Hastings to justice. Macaulay in a famous passage explains Burke's vehement advocacy of the cause of this "emptied and emboweled land." To Burke, says Macaulay, "India and its inhabitants were not, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people." This is why Burke felt that "oppression in Bengal was the same thing as oppression in the streets of London."

The century and a quarter that have elapsed since Burke first urged reform in the government of India have not enabled England to develop a group of administrators possessing a statesman's imagination like Burke's. Thousands of Englishmen have lived in India in the military and the civil service; thousands more have visited India for pleasure or commercial profit. The ties between Great Britain and its province have been extremely close, and yet in the whole history of the management of India crime has trodden on the heels of blunder. After all this bitter and costly experience, after the sacrifice of innumerable lives by disease and by battle, it is still true that the minds of the governing class are turned away from India, and public opinion does not flow into the Indian channel.

What, then, can we expect for the Philippines? So far as one can foresee, our relations with them, commercial and social, can never be as intimate as those between England and India. The Filipinos are remote in space, remote in language and habits of thought. For most of us, the region is and must continue to be a mere name, a colorless picture of frail huts, tropical vegetation, and half-clad savages. Our own Southern States complain angrily that the North, lying next door, connected by a network of rails and wires, speaking the same tongue, does not grasp the peculiar problems of the South. But the politicians of the South are as ready as those of the North to thrust their clumsy fingers into a delicate mechanism, which lies beyond the trackless ocean, and concerning which they know nothing whatever. There is no country in Europe with which we are not relatively familiar through trade, travel, and immigration. But any man who should suggest that we could ever become so well acquainted with the people, say, of Italy and so sympathetic with them that we could set up a successful government in that peninsula would be clapped into a lunatic asylum. The folly of the attempt would be unspeakable; but it would be wisdom in comparison with our venture in the Philippines.

There is, then, but one course for us—to get out of the islands as quickly as possible. We may execute an agreement with the Powers of Europe and Asia that the Philippines shall remain independent, under a joint protectorate for a time, if need be. But the empire in the tropics about which we heard so much a few years ago would mean nothing but vexation and violence. The thorns of that jungle have already stripped from us the last shred of illusion. England's example, fortified by our own painful experiment, is proof that among the bulk of our citizens public opinion will not flow into the Philippine channel. Under such circumstances, our representatives in Congress and our executive officers will inevitably be careless and indifferent. While the vast majority of us remain apathetic, the Philippine interests will, as a matter of course, be attended to by our manufacturers of sugar and tobacco—men whose swinish instincts have been so cultivated by a protective tariff that rather than grant the Filipinos a fair chance to trade they would let them starve.

THE FINANCES OF JAPAN.

The present condition of the money markets of the world will prevent Japan from realizing her hope of issuing a refunding loan under favorable conditions in the near future. During the active demand for stocks and bonds which followed the flush of Japan's victory in 1905, hope was entertained that all the war debt could be refunded at 4 per cent., and at a price near par. The first refunding loan was well taken, but quotations have declined to about 85, and the recent failure to float a small amount for the Manchurian railways is a warning that in the way of refunding nothing more can be done at present. That is, the heavy interest charges imposed by the necessities of the war must continue to be borne by the Japanese people for a considerable time to come.

The effect of this burden of debt upon the economic progress of Japan will furnish an interesting problem. The general budget was swelled in 1906 by extraordinary receipts of 154,140,983 yen ($77,000,000), derived from such sources as increases in the land tax, income tax, excise duty on sugar, and stamp taxes, and the assumption of the tobacco monopoly. From these taxes the people are apparently to get little relief; for, in spite of the large revenue which they afforded, the outstanding debt grew in the fiscal year ending March 31, 1907, by about 115,000,000 yen ($57,000,000) as the result of continued outlays for strengthening the military and naval establishment and meeting the expenses growing out of the war with Russia. The issue of new loans in time of peace in order to maintain a great military establishment is not an encouraging feature of the situation, although such a course is by no means unusual among the governments of Western Europe.

Comparing the relative burden borne by Japan with that of other countries, we find that the position of Japan is not worse than that of other powerful states. Definite comparison is not easy, however, because of the wide difference between the economic power of the Western and that of the Oriental nations, as well as differences in the organization of the Government. The real burden of debt in the United States could be found only by adding the amount of State and municipal obligations to those of the Federal Government; but these local obligations were small here in 1861, and they are small in Japan at the present time. The national debt of Japan on March 31, 1907, stood at about 1,987,720,000 yen, or nearly $1,000,000,000. This was regarded as a staggering load when it was imposed upon France by Germany in 1870, but it was easily thrown off by a people so rich in savings as that of France. The United States, at the close of the Civil War, with a population which was considerably less than that of Japan to-day, labored under a war debt of $2,221,311,978. Our productive power per capita,

moreover, was at that time nothing like what has been attained with the development of machinery and the extension of railways within the past generation. The per capita debt of Japan on March 31, 1907, was 45.012 yen, or about $22.60. The per capita debt of the United States at the present time is less than $11, but in 1865 it was approximately $63.50. Judging by these figures, the people of Japan are only a little more than one-third as heavily burdened as were those of the United States at the close of the Civil War. If economic power is taken into account, however, it is probable that we, even at that date, were superior in producing capacity to the Japanese at the present moment.

There is no reason to fear the inability of Japan to meet her obligations. The interest charge per capita cannot exceed materially $1.15, or 5 per cent. upon the outstanding debt. What is more to be feared than inability to meet interest charges just now is the increase of the debt to meet annual deficits caused by extraordinary expenditures for military and naval purposes, such as have at various times nearly emptied the treasuries of France, Spain, and Italy. Everything relating to the fiscal situation in Japan teaches the lesson of conservatism and the peaceful development of the large territories already won in Formosa and on the Asiatic mainland, rather than reaching out for new conquests at the expense of binding upon the backs of the Japanese people burdens too grievous to be borne.

THE SCIENTIFIC GUESS.

Before the Chemical Section of the British Association, the chairman, Prof. Arthur Smithells of Leeds, recently complained that science was going too fast. By this he meant not that knowledge is being accumulated too rapidly, but that men of science, by rash theories, are often in danger of being forced to retrace their steps. "A steady head is required," he said, and we may well ask, "whither are we going and where is the path of progress and safety?" Yet he added, "there is no reason for panic," in spite of "sensational language" employed by certain physicists. These remarks were evidently directed against those who are not only asserting the composite nature of the chemical "elements," but are attacking the atomic theory itself. In reply, Sir Oliver Lodge writes to *Nature*, protesting against the distrust of physics which is entertained by many chemists, and making light of that pessimism which fears premature hypotheses. He maintains that in science there is room for all kinds of workers, and that we are none the worse for conjectures which may, after all, prove to be unfounded. In spite of recent discoveries, the atomic theory, he thinks, may still be held, if it is useful to hold it.

The issue here raised is a very old one put into a new form. Ever since the time of Newton, with his ironical *non fingo*, there has been a dispute among logicians and *Naturforscher* as to the legitimacy of the scientific guess. Yet history shows clearly enough the value of the hypothetical method, and Sir Oliver is justified in his defence of it. For many years the dominant influence of Bacon made British inquirers very cautious in arriving at conclusions concerning nature. But for more than a century England has been the birthplace of some of the most far-reaching scientific conjectures in the history of investigation. The validity of the method might be demonstrated *prima facie* by the number of remarkable discoveries which have been made, as it were, by accident. Haüy chanced to drop a piece of calc-spar on a stone pavement and thereby came upon the law of crystallization; Goethe saw the bone of a sheep lying on the shore, and at a glance was led to form the vertebrate theory of the skull. If these achievements can be reached by accident, much more is likely to be, and has actually been, accomplished through the instrumentality of an hypothesis. In every case, however, where chance occurrences or guesses have had profitable results, the observer has been a trained man; for, as Lagrange remarked, such accidents happen only to those who deserve them. It is, moreover, quite true that many conclusions which seem to have been reached by some lucky exercise of the scientific imagination are in reality the result of long and patient experiment or mathematical calculation such as preceded the guesses and subsequent discoveries of Euler and Herschel. On the contrary, the atomic theory itself, about which Professor Smithells is so solicitous, was framed *a priori* in an age when scientific experiment was rare. What may have led Leucippus and Democritus to take such a view of the ultimate constitution of matter may never be known; but the conception certainly did not originate in the laboratory. There are indeed many well-established principles of science which, hinted at and formulated during the period of Greek and Roman philosophy, have been verified in modern times. In proof, one has but to turn to the pages of Aristotle and Lucretius, and find there, for example, the differentiation of species in Natural History, and the law of evolution in Physics.

Objection can be urged against the free use of hypothesis only when it is employed as a final conclusion, not as something to be justified by experiment. At the time of the early debates on the Darwinian theory, Huxley invented the happy term "working hypotheses" to denote an unproved theory adopted as a basis of investigation and experiment. And even those who were most active in opposing Darwin were forced to admit that his undemonstrated speculation gave an impetus to the revelation of nature without precedent in the annals of science. In vain has it been objected that the hypothesis of evolution does not account for the origin of life or the origin of mind. The vast number of facts for which it does account entitle it to a scientific standing, although it began as little else than a conjecture. At first it was received with skeptical surprise, and opposed with abuse. It has now become, with certain modifications, the commonplace principle upon which every man of science proceeds.

Yet so strong is the suspicion surrounding the employment of hypothesis, that logicians who ought to know better make rules to which they think it should conform. In his "Principles of Science," Jevons, for example, asserts that an hypothesis should agree with the laws of nature. But the laws of nature are not so fixed that such a rule can be rationally observed. In the time of Galileo it was a law of nature that the sun moved around the earth. When new facts are discovered, old laws of nature often have to go by the board. Yet it is one of the most encouraging things incident to scientific inquiry that the greater the accumulation of facts, the higher the probability of right conjecture.

LEST WE FORGET.

Fifty years ago you might meet in the west of Ireland ragged peasants who had whole books of the Æneid by heart —such at least is the assertion recently made in the English House of Commons. The inference is that familiarity with Virgil was not unusual in parts of Ireland in the middle of the last century, but that it is rare now. In this form of erudition American students have never, within our personal recollection, been able to rival the Irish. Few even of the eldest of us, can do more than repeat scattered phrases from Virgil and an ode or two of Horace; and members of the rising generation seem to be committing practically nothing to memory, in Latin, English, or any other language. The late Prof. Francis James Child of Harvard, an old-fashioned man, used to ask his classes in Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton to get several pages by heart—a mere trifle, perhaps not more than five or six hundred lines a term. Light as was the task, some of the youngsters were appalled by it; but the master was inexorable: a boy who could not commit a few hundred lines might just as well shut up shop and go home. Professor Child occasionally maintained with much vivacity the paradox that before the era of cheap printing—perhaps of any printing—literary culture was more widely diffused

than now. In those happy days men fed on the great literature preserved by oral tradition—sagas and ballads—things worth knowing and having at your tongue's end. But at present men debauch their minds with the trivialities and vulgarities of the newspapers. Furthermore, the person who had stored up a collection of these fine poems, who carried a "Golden Treasury" in his head, had trained not merely his taste, but also his memory.

On this argument we need not lean too heavily, for Professor Child was, as we have said, an old-fashioned man; though not destitute of humor, he was indifferent to comic supplements; though fond of a good novel, he could not even name the six best sellers of the week. But sometimes a fogy will blunder upon truth; and certainly one idea which underlay Professor Child's paradox is wholly tenable: that a memory which is thoroughly disciplined, and which retains verbatim many masterpieces of prose and verse, is one of the best products of a liberal education. Time was, we grant, when some teachers cultivated the memories of their pupils too exclusively. You learned by heart all the tables in the arithmetic, all the rules in the grammar, all the words in the spelling-book, most of the important paragraphs and all of the dates in the history, and many of the pieces in the reader. Then the cry arose that children were becoming mere parrots; they had good memories, but they could not reason. Since the reaction against this method set in, the practice has been to learn little or nothing by rote. That process, once regarded as so salutary, is discarded as mere barren drudgery, which makes school disagreeable. As amusement is both the means and end of education, modern pedagogy has spent its energy in inventing various forms of entertainment which are supposed—apparently because they can accomplish no other result—to develop the faculty of reason. Our boys and girls are to master but few brute facts, and these few they are allowed to state in their own hazy and inaccurate language. In all branches of study, precision is carefully avoided. We are reaching that condition described by Cardinal Newman, in which "learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil, without grounding, without advance, without finishing." In history, as Prof. William MacDonald told the readers of the *Nation* last week, many schools do not teach dates at all, and the answers to examination questions are so vague that one cannot tell whether "the writer really knows anything about the subject." In arithmetic we have attained the ideal of that Massachusetts teacher who boasted: "My pupils may not know the multiplication table, but they know something far more precious, the meaning of multiplication."

We have discovered also that if a prodigious memory does not make a philosopher, neither does total lack of memory; that the intellects of our offspring, in spite of all advantages, are not much more powerful than our own. We begin to suspect that at a certain period of childhood time spent in ratiocination is largely wasted, while drill of the memory is fruitful. At this stage the mind is little more than a receptacle for information of every kind; the first step is acquisition, gathering with both hands; the second and much later step is reduction of the heaps of fact to order and system. It is unnecessary to dwell on the virtue of exact knowledge and of the retentive memory which ministers to such exactness. School is now about the only place which does not offer a high premium for this faculty. Another point which we shall merely mention is that the lad who is encouraged or allowed to follow the prevalent mode of putting everything into "his own words" not only becomes slipshod, but he misses an important opportunity to enlarge his vocabulary and develop his powers of expression. For learning skilfully phrased rules of grammar and arithmetic, dry as they seem, helps toward that goal which we have in view in memorizing passages from the best literature.

But the best literature gives us something besides the excellent drill, and that is a standard of taste. It was Matthew Arnold who urged us "to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry." There is no better critical method; indeed, no other. The boy who carries in his memory twenty-five or thirty pages made up from Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning is not likely to hail as a heaven-born genius the latest clever versifier. He will, however, have an enthusiasm for the best, and that is no small thing to get from school or college. At this moment, no great living poet dominates our generation as Byron dominated his, or Tennyson his—no one to set our blood afire and set us to declaiming, no one, not even Swinburne and Kipling. But though we lack the prophet and seer who speaks to us of our own time in words which we cannot forget if we would, we may still turn back to the mighty poets who remain contemporary through all the centuries, and we may keep their lines forever present in the memory and echoing in the heart.

A LONG WAY AFTER POE.

Poe is so generally recognized as the father of the detective story that it hardly needs a magazine article by Prof. Brander Matthews, "Poe and the Detective Story," in *Scribner's*, to recall his services to this branch of literary art. Poe, says Professor Matthews, "transported the detective story from the group of tales of adventure into the group of portrayals of character. By bestowing upon it a human interest he raised it in the literary scale." In doing this he marked the way for some of the most voluminous and popular authors of his own and the next century. A large and increasing number of writers have tried their hands at the kind of story that Poe invented, and some of them have succeeded. The statement that Sherlock Holmes is the most widely known figure created by a living writer is, we suppose, hardly open to question.

It is a remark of Sir Conan Doyle himself that "the writer is left with only one quality, that of intellectual acuteness, with which to endow his hero." Those who follow Poe—at a long distance—make somewhat pathetic attempts to differentiate their heroes. These characters have been distinguished by bald heads, crazy thatches of hair, commanding figures, official positions, private retainers, offices down town, "lodgings" up town, but to very little purpose. Scratch any one of the tribe and you find a more or less successful imitation of Dupin. And beside each of them travels a counterpart of Poe's anonymous reporter, or Doyle's Dr. Watson. No one thinks in these days of charging a new writer with plagiarism, or even lack of originality, because he writes a series of stories about mysteries solved by a preternaturally clever deductive reasoner whose acts are reported by a preternaturally stupid friend and ally. These are features of a form that has now become conventional, like the fourteen lines of a sonnet, the pair of comic lovers in a rural drama, or the three volumes of the old-time novel. There are not nine and sixty ways of constructing detective stories; there is only one way. The rules of the game have been worked out and the devotees of the detective story, who are found in high and low station, among old and young, know these rules and resent any departure from them. It might be added to the current estimate of Poe's service in this department of letters that these rules go back to his small collection of detective stories, and that very few of his imitators have been able to keep to them consistently.

The Stock Exchange itself is not founded to a greater extent on confidence than the good detective story. The real detectives of Mulberry Street or Scotland Yard are misled every day by misstatements of fact, errors of observation, plain lies. The detective of fiction should never be so misled. When he errs it should be because he has drawn the wrong conclusions from evidence in itself reliable. If he fires his revolver at an apparition, and there is no sound of breaking glass, the reader

has a right to say, "Well, it wasn't a mirror," and is justly indignant when he is told later that the marksman merely missed his aim. The detective of fiction is likewise, under the rules, discouraged from discovering his important evidence at the last moment. To illustrate, one of this year's crop of long detective stories is concerned with the murder, in succession, always on the thirtieth day in the month, of the five sons of a retired army officer. Since the young men had neither friends nor enemies in common, the suggestion is at once made that the murderer must be some one who is avenging some past wrong against the father. The father is interrogated, and states that he knows of no personal enemy, and has wronged no one in his long life. The reader is thereupon entitled to discard all theories having to do with the old gentleman's past; and for nearly three hundred pages follows an amazingly intricate structure of plot. The reader learns various ingenious reasons why persons with no grudge against the father should still have desired the death of all the sons. He sees one person after another suspected and exonerated. Then, on page 280, a veiled woman comes into the story, and it appears that the officer on the thirtieth day of a bygone month had hanged two of his natural sons, and their mother was giving him tit for tat. That is an excellent example of the detective story as it ought not to be.

Poe knew the art of mystifying without resorting to the concealment of clues. Capt. Kidd's cipher in "The Gold Bug" is given the reader in full to decipher, if he can. Half-way through "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" the reader has every reason that Dupin had to supply the mischievous ourang-outang, if only he has the wit to put his facts together. It is still a paradox that Poe, the literary artist, should be the founder of a school of fiction in which, as in the puzzle corner of a newspaper, bad and slovenly writing is practically no bar to success.

OVERDONE INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH.

When the teachers take up their work in college or school this autumn, how many of them are thinking on their noble vocation, their sacred trust, their great allies of exultations and agonies, and how many are musing on boy's unconquerable mind, and, with A. C. Benson, are calling the profession "a dingy trade"? More to the point, how many are looking at their actual work, and considering that old reproach of a monstrous disproportion between the energy expended and the results obtained? It is certain that as the great army falls into line for its campaign, many a groan goes up for the heavy knapsacks and the cumbersome arms; yet in at least one branch of the service, in the preparatory instruction of English, a very simple remedy lies at hand. At least half of the new fangled accoutrements should be thrown away.

Why and how this should be done seems reasonably clear when one considers how the practical and simple purpose in English teaching has been horribly overweighted with æsthetic intentions. Vernacular literature, which ought to be studied mainly by sample and in its most direct and obvious appeal, has been crowded into elementary instruction in such bulk as to make the ideal schoolboy or schoolgirl of seventeen a walking reference library, a kind of hundred-best-books in one volume, calf. Moreover, despite this ado about systematic reading and "classics," we are simply pushing our children into a further stage of the great American educational disease, that making play of our work and disguising the disagreeable, that coddling, wheedling, open-fires-and-hot-lunch system, which begins with sugar-plums on the letters of the alphabet and comes to perfection with "Ivanhoe" as a text-book. Some of us thank our stars that we read "Ivanhoe" in precious and productive hours stolen from algebra, and that our general knowledge of English "classics" rests on the sure foundation of a neglect of dut .

Why does the average boy still write an English incorrect in its essentials, while, on the other hand, he is fairly sure to add, subtract, multiply, divide, with practical correctness? Because in the first case he is hurried into the larger world of composition before he performs instinctively the primary processes of the sentences and paragraphs. And why this hurry? Look for answer at the maze of subjects and books through which he must toil before he attains the promised land of college. We need to go about half of the way back to ancient practice. During the past thirty years, since higher education settled down to its work in this land, we have diverted the best part of English literature into school and college courses. An older generation, to be sure, was starved; but that is no excuse for the gorging and rich food of our own day. Then there were no professors of English in college, no classics and general English reading in school, save by sample, and for such ends as elocution and parsing. Even for these ends masterpieces were mainly shunned; a good speech like "Sink or swim," a sound little poem like "Alone I walked the ocean strand," or one of Croly's sonorous Roman things, sufficed. Now the deepest and noblest lyric is culled out for first-readers, while the sub-freshman must have come into intimacy with the mind and art of Shakespeare. A child who would naturally kill flies on a window, or play at Indian massacres, is asked to watch the daffodils with that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude; a boy of seventeen is made quite at home with the Macbeths.

Such a lamentable forcing of the game may indeed be left to youth's stolid and magnificent inattention. But the pity of it all lies in an invasion and forced possession of lighter literature which time can seldom cure. Vernacular literature, after all, was written to be read; provided it still speaks our speech and thinks our thoughts, it should not be studied, at least in schools, as an end in itself. College courses in Shakespeare, in Chaucer, are obviously invaluable; they meet minds fit to grasp the deeper meanings of literature and yet able to come at these meanings only by careful study of expression and environment. Literature, so far as it is studied in school, should be ancillary; it is meant to make the boy understand and appreciate what he reads, and to prepare him for the special work of college. Instead, literature is taught for itself; romances, novels, essays, narrative poems, satires, what not, are read as a task. What is spared for the actual reader who is not under the ferule? What lands are left unknown, what seas uncharted, for those voyages of discovery, even under the black flag, which we made in happier days? What gave the teacher these rights in the new world of youth, and why should he spoil the sense of privacy in conquest? There are no more silent seas; the voice of the pedagogue resounds over all. Hazlitt nowadays would be put to his shifts to find a new book for one of those delightful sessions—over chicken and port wine, was it not?—in the lonely tavern. He would have read all the romances, or heard about them, at school under genial Mr. Blandly, the English master and former halfback. Nor are the romances alone imperilled. Nothing is safe from the series-editor. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" seems so; but there is a section of it, excellent reading, which one day will be "waled wi' judicious care" and flung at the heads of our grandsons.

We said that half of the modern accoutrements should be flung away—not all. The trouble with English readings in the preparatory schools is that they cover too much ground and go too far up the heights. We should return to reading what is meant to teach the pupil how to read, and we should avoid too much æsthetic. In poetry, epic and descriptive should be preferred to emotional and dramatic verse; certainly this should be done in the lower grades, and even in the higher grades there is rare occasion for the intenser mood of literature. In school, the best is not good enough; the average, the sprightly, the attractive, the typical, should be preferred to those great masterpieces which rend our human nature and lay bare the foundation of things. Keep that dynamite for the open. Prepare boys to read the best, and make them fit for it; but leave the great things for their maturer hours. Boys are in the ballad stage of literature; there is stuff for them in the "Cheviot," and "Sir Patrick Spens" is better suited to schoolroom grief than "Evelyn Hope."

The present list of books for study and reading could be cut down to half its bulk. Precious time would thus be saved, and should be given to those subjects which call for hard, persistent, disagreeable work. For, after all, we Americans are too much at our ease in the school, as we are in business ethics and in the administration of justice. We have a surplus of accommodation to circumstances. Let the schoolboys lay their noses to the grindstone at least three-quarters of the time, and let the teacher reserve that affable archangel smile for privileged moments. Let him be a modified Busby, and we shall soon look for Drydens again.

F. B. GUMMERE.
Haverford, Pa.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The valuable collection of first editions of American authors brought together by the late J. Chester Chamberlain is to be sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city during the coming season. Mr. Chamberlain, who was a successful electrical engineer, turned his attention in 1900 to collecting as a pastime, and at his death in 1905 he had brought together a remarkable lot. He looked for books of such authors only as had achieved fame before 1876; that is, the literary work of our first century. His collections of the works of great New England writers, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Whittier, were very nearly complete, and include many of the rarest items, some of which have never before been offered at public sale. Shortly after he began, he acquired in one purchase the large and important collection of Beverly Chew. While Mr. Chamberlain never gave special prominence to "presentation" and "association" copies, he understood their interest, and accumulated a goodly number; in the same way, while he never made special effort to secure manuscripts and letters, his library contains many autographs. He was so fortunate as to procure from the descendants of George Washington Greene, for whom Longfellow cherished such a fondness, all the existing letters written to Greene by Longfellow, from the Bowdoin College days, and also the series of Longfellow's own books, given by Longfellow to Greene, beginning with "Outre-Mer," concerning which Longfellow wrote before publication: "I think I shall put it out in numbers or parts, and shall, of course, send you a copy as soon as it peeps." Many of these letters have never been published, or published only in part, and some of the printed letters were much altered.

Mr. Chamberlain's plan was to get first editions in the original bindings, and in the best condition possible. By nature and training an investigator, he studied the books themselves, and was able to make a number of interesting discoveries. For example, copies of Lowell's first collection of poems, "A Year's Life," 1841, have been frequently offered as "lacking the slip of errata." Mr. Chamberlain proved that the book was first sent out without an errata slip. He traced three varieties of the published book; first, without errata slip; second, with the slip pasted in *after* the books were bound; third, with the slip pasted down upon the last signature *before* the book was bound. Mr. Chamberlain's own copy (formerly Mr. Chew's) is the copy presented by Lowell to Tennyson, and of the first variety, sent out before the errors were discovered. Longfellow's "Kavanagh," 1849, is common, but very interesting, as there were at least four editions, or issues, during the first year of publication. Mr. Chamberlain discovered that some copies were without the word "End" at the bottom of page 188. This word was not added until the third issue. Reading of a large number of copies showed slight variations in text. The issue which we may call the first, has, in the last line of page 173, "At the sight." In later issues this sentence begins "To Cecilia." This is the only discoverable difference between issues i. and ii. Besides the addition of "End" in issue iii., the words "now only," p. 180, line 6, were altered to "less than." Several additional corrections were made in the fourth issue, among them:

P. 25, l. 6, "Cartwright" corrected to "Wainwright."
P. 14, l. 14, "Arian" corrected to "Arius."
P. 132, l. 2, "yellow" altered to "golden."

The Catalogue of the Hawthorne Exhibition at the Grolier Club in 1904 was prepared by Mr. Chamberlain and in it he first made public numerous interesting notes. Had he lived, he would ultimately have published his notes on other authors. Mrs. Chamberlain, as a memorial to her husband, contemplates printing bibliographies of the more important authors; and these are now in preparation. They will be compiled by Luther S. Livingston, principally from Mr. Chamberlain's books and assisted by his notes; but descriptions of books not owned by him and additional notes will be included. The effort will be to make the bibliographies as complete as possible, especially with a view to meeting the wants of collectors. Only "first editions in book form" will be included.

The *Nation* noted several months ago that Bertram Dobell of London had discovered a manuscript copy of Sidney's "Arcadia." He writes to the London *Athenæum* of September 7 that he has procured still another copy, formerly in the Ashburnham collection, and recently sold at Sotheby's auction. He adds:

This second copy, though not so valuable as the first, inasmuch as it wants some leaves, and does not contain the "Dyvers Songes and Sonnettes," is yet an interesting and important one. Though the textual variations in it from the first MS. are many, it yet agrees with it in all essential points, except in the omission of a few passages. The evidence furnished by the two MSS., together with other evidence since discovered, makes it certain that in them we have the work as it was originally conceived and written by Sir Philip Sidney. As thus written, it was a much simpler and clearer work than it afterwards became. . . . That the story, as thus told, gains very much in interest and unity of effect will easily be understood by any one who has once attempted to make his way through the intricacies of the printed versions. What portions of the additions which appear in the printed copies were the work of the original author it is difficult to determine, though there is no doubt that the story, as it is given in the folio edition, was much altered and added to by the Countess of Pembroke. . . . In one highly interesting passage which appears in the MSS. (but not in the printed copies) the author, who, as is well known, introduces himself into the story under the name of Philisides, gives a short autobiography of himself, and an account of his love disappointments. Though I will not say that this passage supplies any particularly novel information as to the author's character or the events of his life, it is at any rate not a little interesting thus to see in what light he regarded himself and his own achievements. Here, as elsewhere, he depicts himself as a somewhat melancholy and disappointed, or at least disillusioned, person, who found himself, as all poetical and imaginative natures must do, at variance with the real world, which differed so much from the ideal one which existed in his own spirit. That these MSS. should be now in the hands of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York, and are therefore likely to find a permanent home in the United States, may possibly be a matter of regret, though not of surprise, to most Englishmen. But that they will go into very good hands can hardly be doubted; and probably they will be utilized before long for the preparation of a critical edition of the "Arcadia," which has only now become possible, owing to their discovery.

Correspondence.

WHO CORRECTED DE FOE'S COPY IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE?"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The latest edition (Everyman's Library) of "Robinson Crusoe" in the account of the storm in Yarmouth Roads, reads (p. 6, l. 21), "the cables veered out to the better end." In Austin Dobson's *facsimile* (London: Elliot Stock, 1883) of the first edition (1719), where everything, including the type, is carefully reproduced, it is "better end." De Foe must have used the nautical phrase, "the bitter end." A cable has two ends: the anchor end, fast to the anchor, and the bitter end, attached to the bitts. The rhetorical figure "to the bitter end" means to the last extremity, and does not involve painfulness or acerbity, as frequently implied. Is Dobson's a literal copy (with "obvious" mistakes corrected), or did De Foe's genuine first edition read "better," owing to the zeal of an intelligent compositor, or to the proofreader's oversight? Intermediate editions are not easily consulted, but it would be interesting to determine how far this error dates back. W.

Southwest Harbor, Me., September 2.

The phrase in question in "Robinson Crusoe" reads, "the Cables vered out to the better End," in the first edition; and also in the second and fourth editions, all published in 1719.—[Ed. Nation.

Notes.

The list of books to be issued from the University of Chicago Press this autumn or early in the winter includes "Value and Distribution," a survey of economic theory on these points, by Herbert J. Davenport; "Reëxamination of Exchange Value," a study of the principles regulating exchange value as they work in the market of today, by Rufus S. Sprague; "Chapters in Rural Progress," by Kenyon L. Butterfield; "Outdoor Labor for Convicts," containing an English translation of all the reports made to the last International Prison Congress at Budapest, together with accounts of various farm colonies in Belgium and Switzerland, and of outdoor work of prisoners in the United States, by Charles Richmond Henderson; "Adam Smith and Modern Sociology," a study in the methodology of the social sciences, by Prof. Albin W. Small, the first volume of a series which the author will edit on the preparations for sociology in the fragmentary work of the nineteenth-century social sciences; "Love and Loyalty," twenty-three sermons by Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "The English Reformation and Puritanism, and Other Lectures and Addresses," by the late Dean Eri B. Hulbert; "Descriptive Geography of Palestine," by Lewis B. Paton; "Ancient Chronology, volume i., from 3400 to 1050 B. C.; "Sidelights on Biblical Chronology," volume i., from 3400 to 1050 B. C., both by Olaf A. Toffteen, the first two volumes in a series to be called Researches in Biblical Archæology; "Studies in the Early History of Ancient Italy," historical and geographical investigations, by Ettore

Pais; "A Short History of Wales," hy Owen M. Edwards; "Old German Love Songs," selected and translated hy Frank C. Nicholson; "Heralds of American Literature," a study of the lives and services of a group of typical writers of the Revolutionary and National periods, hy Annie Russell Marhle; "Literature in the Elementary School," hy Mrs. W. D. MacClintock; and "English Poetry," a selection of representative English poems of the nineteenth century, by Prof. Walter C. Bronson.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce as forthcoming "The Altar Fire," hy A. C. Bensou, a series of essays connected hy a thread of narrative; "The Folk Afield," a collection of short stories by Eden Philpotts; "A Princess of Intrigue: Madame de Longueville, and Her Times," hy H. Noel Williams; "Annals of St. Michael's," the centenary history of St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, prepared by the present rector, the Rev. John P. Peters; "Elizabeth and Philip, or the Whole Story of the Spanish Armada," hy Martin Hume; "Milan: the House of the Sforza," by C. M. Ady, the first of a series, Historic States of Italy; the fourth volume of Petrus Johannes Blok's "History of the People of the Netherlands"; and the third volume of the Writings of Samuel Adams, edited hy Harry Alonzo Cushing.

The fall announcement list of Little, Brown & Co. includes "John Harvard and His Times," by Henry C. Shelley; "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems," hy Arthur Stringer; "Italy, the Magic Land," by Lilian Whiting; "Some Neglected Aspects of War," hy Capt. A. T. Mahan, to which are added "The Power that Makes for Peace," by H. S. Pritchett, and "The Capture of Private Property at Sea," by Julian Corhett; "The Mongols," by the late Jeremiah Curtin; and "What Can a Young Man Do?" hy Frank West Rollins, ex-Governor of New Hampshire.

The American Baptist Publication Society announces as forthcoming "Christ and Buddha," hy Dr. J. N. Cushing, with an introduction by the Rev. Henry M. King; "The Morning Hour of American Baptist Missions," hy the Rev. A. L. Vail; "The Formation of the New Testament," by the Rev. George Hooper Ferris; "The Boy Jesus," by the Rev. Cortland Myers; "Christian Agnosticism," hy Prof. E. H. Johnson; and "That Blessed Hope," hy the Rev. David Heagle.

Following the puhlication of other records of the findings of the American archæological expedition to Syria in 1899-1900, under the patronage of V. Everit Macy, I. N. Phelps Stokes, and others, Prof. William Kelly Prentice of Princeton has prepared for publication by the Century Company this fall all the epigraphical documents in Greek and Latin found by the expedition. The Century Company also announces "A Tuscan Childhood," hy Lisi Cipriani; a new book of verse by Richard Watson Gilder, "The Fire Divine"; and David Homer Bates's "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office."

Harper & Brothers announce "The Indians' Book," a revelation of the Indian's mind, heliefs, character, songs, and legends, hy Natalie Curtis, with an introductory note by President Roosevelt; "The Weavers," hy Sir Gilhert Parker; "Ehen Holden's Last Day a-Fishing," hy Irving Bacheller; and "Ancestors," by Gertrude Athcrton.

Thomas Whittaker has imported "Country Communion Classes," hy Arthur Lethhridge and V. S. S. Coles of Pusey House, Oxford; and "The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven," by the Rev. Dr. A. T. Wirgman, with an introduction by Canon Knox Little.

The Fleming H. Revell Co. will issue at once "Fragments that Remain," a volume of sermons and addresses by the late Maltbie Davenport Babcock; and "Christ's Service of Love," sermons by the Rev. Hugh Black.

Henry Holt & Co. announce as forthcoming an "Atlas of European History," hy Prof. Earle W. Dow of the University of Michigan; and "Wage-Earners' Budgets," a study of standards and cost of living by Louise B. More.

Dodd, Mead & Co. expect to publish this month "The Stooping Lady," by Maurice Hewlett.

The "Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela" is soon to he published by Henry Frowde. The author, who lived in the twelfth century, one hundred years before Marco Polo, gives detailed descriptions of Rome, Constantinople, Palestine, Bagdad, and Cairo in the time of the Crusades, and furnishes particulars of the numerous Hehrew communities which he visited. The volume contains a critical text, translation, and commentary, by Marcus N. Adler. The Hehrew text is hased upon a manuscript acquired hy the British Museum, which has been collated with codices in other libraries, and it differs in many respects from the version hitherto known. Facsimiles of the MSS. are supplied as well as complete Hebrew and English indexes, and a map showing the route followed hy the traveller.

The latest volume in the Standard Socialist Series (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.) is "Socialism, Positive and Negative," hy Rohert Rives La Monte. The author modestly says that he has no ambitious hope that the hook "will convert anyone to socialism"; he intends it rather as an explanation of "what is meant by the oft-used words 'Marxian Socialism.'" The work is therefore not a detailed argument in support of the author's views hut a brief outline of them—a *credo* rather than an *apologia*.

A new volume in the Cambridge Historical Series, edited by G. W. Prothero, is "Modern Spain, 1815-1898," by the late H. Butler Clarke (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The author was of acknowledged competence in matters, especially literary, pertaining to Spain, and his book is almost the only, and certainly the hest, account in English of the unfortunate history of that country during the nineteenth century. A few important points are somewhat slurred, as, for instance, the matter of the Hohenzollern candidacy; the index is poor, and there are more slips and misprints than is usual in this series, but on the whole the book may he warmly recommended. Its attitude is historical and, a special point for readers on this side of the Atlantic, its presentation of the Cuban question is temperate and convincing.

A new edition of Prof. John R. Commons's "Proportional Representation" (The Macmillan Co.) reproduces, apparently from the same plates, the text of the original edition of 1896, with appendices on the legalization of political parties, direct legislation, referendum and initiative in city government, "proportional representation from an American point of view," and "representation of interests." The ten years which have elapsed since the first appearance of the work have not witnessed much growth of popular interest in proportional representation in this country; and the only important advance ahroad has heen the adoption of the system in Belgium, in 1899. For some form of initiative and referendum, however, as well as for the direct primary, there is obviously increasing favor; and it seems rather a pity that Professor Commons, whose exposition of proportional representation has so long had definitive value, should not have taken the trouble to prepare for this edition a systematic exposition of the other subjects also, instead of merely reproducing a group of occasional addresses and magazine articles in the form of an appendix.

We have received from Principal John Rhŷs of Jesus College, Oxford, a reprint of a monograph, "The Celtic Inscriptions of France and Italy," contrihuted by him to the second volume of the Proceedings of the British Academy. It is an article of unusual interest and importance, heing the first systematic examination of Continental Celtic inscriptions since the publication of Dr. Whitley Stokes's "Celtic Declension" in 1885. A number of new monuments have come to light in the intervening years; and whereas Dr. Stokes's list contained only twenty-eight, Professor Rhŷs now mentions thirty-nine, not including three of Dr. Stokes's which he rejects as non-Celtic. Several more remain which the author has not yet succeeded in visiting, and he promises to deal with these at some future time. Professor Rhŷs, by reason hoth of his long experience with inscriptions and of his thorough knowledge of the Celtic languages, is one of the most competent of living scholars to undertake such an investigation. It is unnecessary to say that his discussion is learned and brilliant, and cannot be neglected by future students of the subject. He has not arrived at a system of interpretations which will be finally satisfactory, hut in view of the scantiness and douhtful character of the materials this was hardly to be expected. We are bound to add also that Professor Rhŷs's method seems to us at times rather too casual, proceeding too much by disconnected guesses and arbitrary combinations to yield wholly convincing results. But he has measurahly advanced the problem toward solution, if only hy the reexamination of the readings with his practised eye. Many of his suggested interpretations commend themselves as likely, and his criticisms of previous readings and renderings are always acute. In his discussion of the important group of doubtful inscriptions in the Greek alphabet he appears to us to have successfully met the arguments of M. d'Arbois de Jubainville to prove them non-Celtic. And apart from its main conclusions, this article, like everything that Professor Rhŷs writes, is full of incidental observations of interest

and value. Celtic grammarians and lexicographers and students of ethnology and religion will all find in it something to their purpose. A revised reading of one inscription, for example, yields a new epithet of the Mother-Goddesses; and another bears upon the identification of the Gaulish Esus with Mercury. In a short postscript Professor Rhŷs makes his contribution to the vexed Ligurian question, or at least registers his opinion about it.

Since children in schools must often be dealt with in masses rather than as individuals, the problems of school management will always be among the most important of which the teacher has to meet. Books on this subject are so numerous that a new one needs some unusual merit of manner or method to justify itself. Such justification exists in the case of "Classroom Management," by William Chandler Bagley (The Macmillan Co.). Its method is inductive. It states the precepts that will aid the teacher in mastering technique and interprets those precepts in the light of accepted psychological principles. Successful schoolroom practice must be the starting point from which valid principles of teaching and management are derived; and the author's data have been obtained chiefly from observation of such practice. He lays strong emphasis upon the importance of habit formation as a basic law of education. The book states both sides of the mooted questions. One is somewhat surprised to find the author a believer in the value of corporal punishment. While the book is written primarily for students of education in schools and colleges, it will be helpful to all teachers and will appeal to the most thoughtful and ambitious.

"Der Krimkrieg und die österreichische Politik," by Heinrich Friedjung (Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchandlung Nachfolger), is an important contribution to the politcal and diplomatic history of Europe for the period of the Crimean war. Friedjung's work as Austrian historian of the disastrous eight years 1859-1866, and as Benedek's biographer and vindicator, has won for him such general esteem as an impartial and well-equipped scholar, that many official and private archives, which had been previously closed to historical inquiry, have been opened to him in Austria. His researches, undertaken for a work now in preparation upon the first decade of the reign of Francis Joseph, have been in consequence exceptionally fruitful; those upon the years of the Crimean war have brought to light so much of interest that he has found it impossible to bring his study of that conflict within the limits of a section of his more general work. Hence the present monograph. In his writings Friedjung takes no pains to propitiate Austrian officialdom or to excuse the past errors of his Government. Austria's conduct during the Crimean struggle was characterized by rank ingratitude toward Russia, by shameless forgetfulness of the immense service she had rendered by coöperating in the suppression of the Hungarian revolution of 1849; and his study is frankly critical. In revealing the inner workings of the Government, he clearly shows that it cannot even plead as an extenuating motive intelligent and solicitous regard for selfish national interests. From his researches it is evident that the Government had no positive views of what the country's best interests called for at this European crisis, the incapacity of those who were controlling her destinies, augmented by petty court intrigues, blinded Austria to any well-defined policy, and led her on the vacillating and disloyal course which alienated her friends and left her isolated to meet the disasters which the immediate future reserved for her. The paucity of Friedjung's detailed references to unpublished sources is much to be regretted.

"Wiener Stimmungsbilder," by Johannes Ziegler (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.,) is one of those delightful little groups of sketches, fresh from the poet-artist's palette, which students of life and lovers of travel fondly re-read. Ziegler, although a native of Hamburg, who passed his early years in North Germany and Denmark, had the rare fortune, after taking up his residence in Vienna at a mature age, to come to know the inner life of the most complex and pleasure-seeking city of Austria, if not of the whole Continent. He lacks, perhaps, the closest touch with the *Volk*, steeped in dialect. With much the enthusiasm of a lusty *Bursch*, tempered by the conservatism of a man of affairs, Ziegler recalls his first day in Vienna, considers the charms of the Austrian capital as a place of residence, pictures again the narrow *Gasse* in which he lived, guarded by the ever-present and much liveried *Schutzmann*, mingles once more among the élite on the Kahlenberg, and bends the knee in devotion in the gorgeous St. Stephen's. So realistic are the sketches of the author, that whoever has exhilarated in the spring festivals of Vienna, eaten oysters or clinked glasses in the deep, wine-barrelled cellars, or become lost in the beauty of a Christmas-tree market, finds himself transported to the same scenes again. Ziegler's style is remarkable for a man whose early life was given up to shipbuilding. Twenty-six illustrations from washdrawings, and as many clever tailpieces in miniature, make the volume an attractive gift-book. Unhappily, as in the case of many foreign-printed books when compared with the American, the engravings are printed upon such inferior paper that they lose much of their exquisiteness.

G. E. Stechert & Co. also import "Du schöne Welt! Neue Fahrten und Wanderungen," by J. V. Widmann, a series of fresh impressions in Switzerland and Italy. Widmann is an ideal traveller. He sees vividly the green pastures and snowy summits near the Terra di Lavoro, the Torre di Pagano, Räzlihergalp and Kandersteg, and he has also an eye and a heart for every living thing. A practical question which the *Reisender* discusses at some length is the constant danger to human life in many of the Alpine hotels, due to their height, their narrow stairs and intricate windings, the kind of material of which they are constructed, their over crowding in the busy season, and the absence generally of any fire-escapes; making it not so ridiculous, after all, for Hans Christian Andersen to carry about with him in the Alps a rope ladder, which he always hung out of his window at night! The more one turns the pages of Widmann's story, the more one is impressed with the fact that this record of travel, chat about hotels and highways, tables-d'hôte and tally-ho, would, with all its literary excellence, be difficult to market in America, where the flashy Sunday newspaper supplement and the five and ten-cent magazine engross the attention of so many readers. The Americans are great travellers—for getting over long distance quickly and letting the footman and *Kellner* tell them what they have not seen—but the steadier-going German travels to see, learn, and be entertained.

Acting on the conviction that Jewish science and scholarship, largely from lack of coöperation, have not been the force in modern learned research that they should be, a new organization has been effected among European and especially German Jewish savants called "Gesellschaft zur Förderung der Wissenschaft des Judentums." The society will issue an extensive series of works under the general title Grundriss der Gesamtwissenschaft des Judentums. This collection, consisting of about thirty-six works in about forty-five volumes, is to give the results of the ripest Jewish research in all those departments in which Jewish thought can exhibit its genius and spirit. There will be four general divisions: (1) Language and Linguistics; (2) The History of Israel and the History of Jewish Literature; (3) System of the Teachings of Judaism; (4) The Practical Theology of Judaism.

A journey in northern Persia, an account of which is given by A. F. Stahl in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, No. 6, has a special interest at this time, as it throws light on recent events in that country. The route was from the Russian frontier through Tabriz to Teheran, and thence to the Caspian. Everywhere there were indications of great natural resources undeveloped through the lack of Government and landowners' initiative. From a soil remarkably fertile and capable of bearing a great variety of grains, vegetables, fruits, and cotton, the peasant raises only enough to pay his rent and provide for his daily needs. If the crop fails, famine ensues. At Teheran a peaceful revolution was in progress. The people under the wise guidance of their Mollahs were making a great demonstration, their aim being not the overthrow but the reform of the Government. Many leading Persians assured Herr Stahl that the main object of the Progressists was "to develop the agricultural wealth of their country and to defend it from the arbitrary action of its stronger neighbor States." Dr. H. Steffen gives some facts in regard to the earthquake of August, 1906, in Chili, contained in a report of a Government commission of research, among the most important of which is that in the middle zone of the affected district there was an extraordinary vertical movement of the earth's surface. No. 7 contains an extended notice of Felix Oswald's "Treatise on the Geology of Armenia," characterized by the writer, F. Schaffer, on account of its "extremely vivid portrayal as one of the best books of its kind." The edition, he adds, consisting of only 104 copies, was printed by the author himself on a hand press, with illustrations, maps, and profiles colored by hand.

The *Annales de Géographie* has for its topic of greatest general interest in its

last issue the question as to the best method of colonizing Algeria. In 1871 the Government made a gratuitous concession of land to such natives of Alsace and Lorraine as desired to preserve their French nationality, which offer was afterwards extended to all citizens of the republic. In order to determine whether this free gift or the selling of land is the better policy an investigation has been made as to the condition of 300 different communities during the years 1871-95, the report of which has just been published. It appears to be on the whole favorable to the free gift, this being the only successful inducement to the Frenchman to emigrate. Unless it prevails, Algeria is in danger of being colonized wholly by Spaniards and Italians. An interesting fact brought out by the investigation was the marked increase in the number of births among the colonists. In France, provision is made in respect to school houses for 12 children to every 100 inhabitants. In Algeria it is 16, "and in many agricultural districts this number is rapidly increasing." A. Métois contributes some facts relating to the present condition of the French Sahara gained during a recent visit to Insalah, a great commercial centre of the caravan trade. Among the other contents is a summary of M. Lacroix's studies of the eruption of Vesuvius in April, 1906, which lead him to the conclusion that volcanic explosions are not so much caused by the chemical composition of the magma as by its physical state, its fluidity, or viscosity. M. Dereims describes the high plateau of Bolivia, with a striking panoramic picture of the ravine in which the capital, La Paz, is situated.

Progress in Tibet since its recent opening to the outside world by the English expedition is indicated by the fact that a Chinese-Tibetan school has been established at Lhassa, the capital. In it young Chinese and Tibetans will learn the languages and literatures of China and Tibet as a preparation for Government employment in Tibet. A newspaper for circulation among the people of both inner and outer Tibet has also been started, the first in the Tibetan language. The Chinese Resident at Lhassa is evidently interested in this intellectual development of the country over which he rules, as these facts are to be found in his report to the home Government at Peking.

From Government statistics compilations have recently been made of the annual cost of educating a child in the schools in fifty-five German cities, each of over fifty thousand inhabitants. It appears that the cost in Leipzig is the highest, 92 marks. The lowest on the list is Spandau, 39 marks. In this whole list, however, there are only four cities that spend less than 50 marks. Samples of what other cities pay can be seen from the following: Frankfurt a. M., 91 marks; Karlsruhe, 89; Wiesbaden, 86; Dresden, 80; Munich, 79; Bremen, 72; Breslau, 67; Halle, 63.

The anti-foreign agitation which was inaugurated several years ago at the German technological institutes and was then transferred to the universities, is beginning to bear its fruits. According to the reports for the summer semester just closed the foreign contingent at the twenty-one universities of the Empire has for the first time in a quarter of a century suffered a decrease, the total of foreigners having been 3,766 students as compared with 4,151 of the preceding half-year and 3,889 of a year ago. Although this anti-foreign movement, which started within the student body and was only slightly seconded by the authorities, has been directed chiefly against Russians, and here again against the Jews and Jewesses in particular, the reduction in the attendance of non-Germans has been general. The European contingent decreased from 3,717 to 3,349; the American, from 302 to 261. The direct cause has been stricter regulations governing admission.

A steady growth in both the number of libraries in this State receiving local tax support and the total amount of such taxation is shown by the annual report of the New York State Library on public libraries. Of the 395 libraries now connected with the Education Department, 238 received tax support last year, as compared with 212 in 1905, 184 in 1904, and 176 in 1903—a gain of 35 per cent. in four years. This is fully commensurate with the gain in the number of libraries organized during this period. It appears, however, that there are still 157 free libraries duly registered by the Regents as maintaining a proper standard which have as yet received no local tax support and are dependent entirely on private beneficence and the bounty of the State. Of the forty-five cities of the State, there are seven which appropriate nothing for public libraries. The preceding year there were ten. The total amount of tax raised in the cities of the State for library support in 1906 was $1,025,086, being an increase of $136,969 over the amount for 1905.

An annual circulation of 410,538 volumes is reported by the Somerville (Mass.) Public Library, the second largest circulation shown by any New England library, and for places of the size of Somerville probably the largest of any library in the world. For each book in stock the average number of issues was about five and a half, and for each man, woman, and child in the city there was an average issue of six books. The total cost of operation for the year was $19,726, of which $9,547 was spent for salaries, $6,362 for books and periodicals, and $2,053 for binding. Leaving out of account the reading and reference work and estimating the total expenditure of the year in terms of circulation, the average cost per issue of book would be about four and four-fifths cents. The adoption of two interesting plans is announced by the librarian—the segregation of obsolete books, and the training of each member of the staff to become a specialist in some one department of literature. As to the treatment of obsolete books, he says:

These books should not be discarded; and I think, upon mature reflection, that they should not be sequestered from the general access of the public. They should be put in ranges by themselves and plainly labelled "obsolete books," and bear a placard stating that they have been withdrawn from the general stock of books because they are believed to be outdated, and consequently untrustworthy in the light of more recent knowledge.

Of his plan for developing a corps of book specialists, he says:

Early in the coming year, each member of the staff will be asked to make a specialty of some one department of the library and to become acquainted to as thorough an extent as possible with the bibliography of that department. Of course, it cannot be expected that busy members of the staff can become thorough students in any one of the classes of the Dewey classification; such an expectation would be absurd, even if directed toward college professors. But each member of the staff will be expected to know in a general way the books that are in the library relating to her specialty and to understand something of the relative value of the books.

Dr. James Adam of Cambridge University, England, died on August 30. He was born in Aberdeenshire in 1860, and after a distinguished course at the University of Aberdeen went to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. There also he won distinction. He was then appointed fellow and lecturer at Emmanuel College, and at the time of his death he was senior tutor. Among his publications were "The Nuptial Number of Plato," 1891, "The Educational Value of Classics," Texts to illustrate post-Aristotelian Philosophy, editions of Plato's Apology, "Crito," "Euthyphro," "Protagoras," and Republic (Text, 1897; Text and commentary in two volumes, 1902). His Gifford Lectures on Religion and Greek Philosophy are said to be nearly ready for publication.

The will of the late René François Armand Sully-Prudhomme bequeaths $20,000 to the French Academy for the advancement of letters and leaves his residence on the Faubourg St. Honoré, which contains many literary treasures, to the city of Paris for use as a public museum.

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

Prof. A. Smithells in his opening address before the chemical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its August meeting voiced the feelings of a large number of chemists when he complained that their science was being taken away from them:

The perplexities of chemists at the present day do not come, I think, from the novelty of the ideas that are being presented to them, but from the great rapidity with which the whole science is growing, from the invasion of chemistry by mathematics and, in particular, from the sudden appearance of the subject of radio-activity with its new methods, new instruments, and especially with its accompaniment of speculative philosophy. The most conspicuous development of the science during the past twenty years has been, of course, on the physical side, and abundant have been its fruits; but it has seemed to demand from chemists habits and endowments which they did not normally possess.

This protest, because it is so obviously futile, has both pathetic and humorous aspects. We have before us two good examples of the kind of book which the average chemist is unqualified by training, if not, as Professor Smithells implies, incapacitated by temperament, to use to advantage; Dr. Walther Nernst's "Experimental and Theoretical Applications of Thermodynamics to Chemistry" (Charles Scribner's Sons) and "A Text-Book of Electro-Chemistry," by Max Le Blanc, translated from the fourth German edition by Willis R. Whitney and John W. Brown (The Macmillan Co.). The former consists of the lectures given by the professor of physical chemistry in the University of Berlin at Yale last fall on the Silliman foundation. This provides for "lectures designed to illustrate the

presence and providence, the wisdom and goodness of God, as manifested in the natural and moral world." No douht Professor Nernst's theorems can bc regarded as such illustrations, hut he makes no effort to deduce from them any of the attributes of the Deity. Apparently like his distinguished predecessor in mathematical physics, La Placc, he "has no need for such a hypothesis." These lectures are devoted to the development of a new theorem of thermodynamics which shall express the real truth at the basls of Berthelot's premature and inaccurate generalization that the heat given off hy a chemlcal reaction is a measure of its chemical energy. Nernst holds that this would he true at ahsolute zero, and on this hypothesis his calculations of equilihria of gaseous systems agree closely with the experimental results. Most of these results we owe to Nernst and his students, and the description of their novel methods for the determination of the speed of reaction and state of equilibrium form an interesting feature of the hook. He used tuhes and bottles of iridium, a rare and expensive metal having a higher melting point than even platinum, and in this way was ahle to make his determinations at a temperature of 2,000 degrees centigrade.

Le Blanc's "Electro-Chcmistry" has heen for more than ten years a standard authority; and a fresh English translation of the latest German edition, thoroughly revised hy the translators and newly illustrated, is welcome. It covers as large a part of its immense field as a single volume can, giving the history, theories, and formulas of the science, hut of course not including details of its industrial applications in such manufacturing establishments as we have at Niagara Falls.

In the field of electrical power transmission the mechanic treads on the heels of the advanced mathematician. The scientific chief of one of the principal electrical companies in the United States makes use of the fourth dimension in developing his shop formulas. Alfred Still in his "Polyphase Currents" (The Macmillan Co.) has adopted what he calls "a non-mathematical treatment of the suhject" which means that nothing more than algehra, geometry, trigonometry, and vector analysis are used. Like the rest of the series of Whittaker's Handhooks, this is a sound and practical guide to the electrical engineer in a field, which, just now when electrical power is heing substituted for steam, demands the most competent men.

Prof. A. E. Kennelly's "Wireless Telegraphy" (Moffatt, Yard & Co.) is written for the larger public, which wants to know something ahout this new and marvellous thing, which is already touching their lives. The author explains in considerahle detail the different kinds of apparatus, and how it works; and he is successful in making clear by ahundant diagrams what are the electric waves coming from the antennæ that we see holding their wires high on mast and cape; how they are sent out, and how received.

Prof. W. S. Franklin of Lehigh owes his success as a writer of text hooks in physics largely to the tight grip he has on hoth the aim and method of his science. He insists incessantly that physics has no other ultimate object than its practical applications, and he has a great contempt for any other mode of thought than the mathematical formula. His new "Elements of Mechanics" (The Macmillan Co.), in which Barry Macnutt collaborates with him, contains many novel examples as a result of his determlned efforts to hring together the ahstract and concrete which the average student usually keeps in separate compartments of his hrain. Thus we find that in the laundry it is the force $4\pi^2n^2rm$, which wrings the water from the clothes, and that if a hatsman will solve the equation $Mxy=K$ he can tell just where to hit the hall so the hat will not sting his hands. The diagrams and sketches used in the hook are new and to the point, the problems are numerous, and the discussions logical and concise.

There are no hranches of science in which it is more difficult to keep up with the times than manufacturing processes, both on account of their frequent changes and the secrecy that is maintained in regard to improvements. Revised editions of technological hooks are, therefore, always in order, and, in the case of such standard works as these two, especially welcome. Frank Hall Thorp's "Outlines of Industrial Chemistry" (The Macmillan Company) gives in one volume a comprehensive and clearly written description of all hranches of chemical industry. Charles D. Demond contributes a chapter on metallurgy, making a very satlsfactory text-hook for a general course. Alfred H. Allen's "Commercial Organic Analysis" is the most important work of its kind in English and indispensable in the commercial lahoratory. This volume, part 3 of vol. il., third edition, rewritten and revised hy Arnold Rowshy Tankard, deals with aromatic acids, resins, and essential oils. The advance in our knowledge of caoutchouc and essential oils has necessitated a great expansion of the chapters on these subjects. (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons.)

"The Evolution of Matter," hy Dr. Gustave Le Bon, translated from the third edltion hy F. Legge (Charles Scribner's Sons), is the storm-centre of a controversy in which personality, nationality, and standing have contributed heat. On the one side we have scientific men of authority and official position, and on the other a free-lance who dares to speculate and does not mind making blunders. In this crisis in their science professional physicists are treading with caution, guarding their language like diplomats, harely hinting at the startling conclusions toward which their experiments point, while an outsider dashes ahead, shouts out loud the thoughts they had modestly repressed, and then—here is where it hurts—claims credit for priority of discovery. For example, in 1897, Dr. Le Bon announced that radio-activity, which Niepce de Saint-Victor and M. Becquerel had discovered in uranium salts, was a common property of all matter. To this the official physicists reply, if we take M. Camphell of the Cavendish Lahoratory at Cambridge as spokesman:

> It was a lucky guess—interesting on that account, hut without scientific value, because at the time that it was first made there was no evidence for it, and since the time that it was made Dr. Le Bon has produced no evidence for it.

Dr. Le Bon's "Psychology of Crowds" was favorably received hy many critics, hut physics is under a stricter régime than sociology, and while this book has sold in France like a novel, the author makes the usual complaint of "a conspiracy of silence" on the part of the recognized authorities. When they have paid any attention to him at all it has heen to point out the absurdity of his *lumière noire*, and call him careless in his experiments. Within the last few years many scientists have come to hold similar views to his on the vast stores of energy inside the atom, and the possihility of the transmutation of the elements, hut they do not take seriously his main thesis that all matter is decaying, the universe running down like a clock, atoms hreaking down into electrons, these heing dissipated in etheric waves of heat, light, and electricity, which finally die away, like ripples on a pond, into the nirvana of universal and quiescent ether, from which in some unknown way the material world originally arose.

Five years ago, Camphell's "Universlty Texthook of Botany" (The Macmillan Company) was favorahly noticed in our columns, as a useful work quite ahreast of the times. A second edition is now before us, bearing the date of 1907, hut without the change of a single page numher from beginning to end, so far as one can see. Plate corrections are at hest very unsatisfactory, because they do not permit the incorporation of new matter to any great extent. Although this edition is stated on the title-page to he "revised and corrected," the additions which would he necessary to hring the suhject up to date are not apparent.

"Plant Physiology and Ecology," by Frederic Edward Clements (Henry Holt & Co.), embodies the method of study and general point of view of the author's earlier work, "Research Methods in Ecology," although most of the text is new or rewritten, and the chapter suhjects are more numerous. It is intended for use with classes in second-year botany in college and university, and in manuscript form has heen successfully used for this purpose for two years. In the treatment, the plant is first considered as an individual, and then is taken up in its relation to the plant group. After a hrief discussion of stimulus and response, the relation of the plant to its environment, to water, light, temperature, etc., is taken up in detail. The origin of new forms of plants is presented in the way of a short review of the various theories of evolution; and the five concluding chapters are concerned with plant formations. These are of especial interest and give in clear and not too minute a manner an account of aggregation, migration, competition and ecesis, invasion, succession, alternation, and zonation. The author writes in a peculiarly lucid and interesting way. Ecology is taking a prominent place in modern scientific study and clear explanations of ways and means of research should interest the farmer and forester as well as the university student. The illustrations, which consist of photographs and line cuts, are admirable and almost always pertinent to the adjoining text. It would he fortunate for zoologists if some one would give us a corresponding volume on animal ecology.

"A Laboratory Manual of Invertebrate Zoölogy," by Dr. Gilman A. Drew, is published by W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia. Another laboratory manual added to the scores now in print and gathering dust from lack of use would seem to be an unnecessary duplication, but this book posesses the unusual qualification of originality and great practical value. Dr. Drew prepared it with the aid of the members of the zoölogical staff of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole. The invertebrates are here considered under twelve headings, and detailed directions are given for the study of one or sometimes more forms of each division. Following this, come suggestions and questions in regard to allied forms. For example, under Hydrozoa we are introduced to hydra, obelia, parypha, and gonionemus. The most useful feature of the work is the responsibility thrown upon the pupil. Instead of telling him just what he will find, questions are set with the intention of making him find out for himself. These are often in the form, "Is such or such the case?" leaving the decision with the student, and thus developing whatever ability he may possess in research and independent thinking. If spicules of a known shape are to be sought, we all know how easily many students find them, even on the wrong slide! From a pedagogical point of view, the manual answers all requirements.

"Half Hours with the Mammals," by Charles Frederick Holder (American Book Co.), is a little book intended as a supplementary reader for intermediate grades; it is divided into numerous chapters, averaging eight pages each, giving short outlines of the principal characters of groups of mammals. Not only this, but such subjects as early man, adaptations, games of animals, intelligence, and geographical distribution are treated in the concluding chapters. The sentences are short and much information is condensed into the pages, but, in such brief space, consecutive thought is impossible. The book is fully illustrated.

The much larger second volume of Buchanan's "Manual of Anatomy" (W. T. Keener & Co.) completes the work and fairly fulfils the promise of the first. This part deals with the abdomen, thorax, head, and neck regions, and the topography of these portions of the body is carefully presented. There is a good description of the nervous system and of the eye; that of the ear seems less satisfactory and clear, more particularly in the illustrations, and the section on the larynx is similarly disappointing. Histological matters are nearly everywhere sacrificed to the demands of brevity and practical applications, a method for which a good argument may be made. An appendix gives the essentials of the Bâle nomenclature (not followed in the text), and also contains a glossary which would be still better if the pronunciation were more fully and consistently indicated.

"Physiography," by Prof. Rollin D. Salisbury (Henry Holt & Co.), has been placed in the American Science Series, advanced course, and is intended as a text-book of physical geography for students of early college or normal school grade. It is a ponderous volume of over 750 pages, and 700 illustrations. Physical geography deserves more attention than is usually accorded to it in our schools, as we are constantly meeting new phases of the action and interaction of the elements on land and sea, and a more thorough knowledge of the principles by which they operate would make many a day more pleasant. This physiography is an excellent introduction to the three well-known volumes on geology recently brought out by Professor Salisbury in joint authorship with Prof. Thomas C. Chamberlain. The work outlined is essentially that covered in the University of Chicago in a twelve weeks' course by students who have but recently entered. The field is thoroughly and consistently explored. There are excellent photographs and diagrams on almost every page. The former are from all parts of the world and give visual aid which could be surpassed only by actual field work.

"A First Course in Algebra," by Albert H. Wheeler (Little, Brown & Co.), is a voluminous book of 660 pages. It contains a very complete development of algebra from arithmetic. The fact that fifty-seven pages are devoted to the application of algebraic laws to numbers, as a preparation for the use of literal expressions, indicates the thoroughness with which the subject is treated. The book contains not only a maximum of theory, but a maximum of practical exercises as well—there being 8,189 examples. The applied problems are particularly good. They cover a much broader field than the usual algebraic problems, and many of them deal with subjects of practical interest, including the laws of physical science. A unique and interesting feature of the work is the large number of problems for mental solution. The chief objection to the book, from the point of view of the teacher, is that it is too bulky.

"Anglice Reddenda," vol. i., Latin Extracts for Unseen Translation; vol. ii., Greek Extracts for Unseen Translation, selected by C. S. Jerram (Henry Frowde), is a new edition in different form of material previously published. In the earlier form, vol. i. contained easy selections in both Greek and Latin; vol. ii. more difficult selections. In this edition the division is according to language, not difficulty. In both volumes, the selections vary from extremely easy and brief anecdotes, fables, and the like, to difficult passages in prose and poetry. In the Latin for his early selections the editor rarely goes beyond the authors read in schools, while later he culls the whole Latin literature from Plautus to Suetonius. Similarly in the early Greek selections, Æsop and Xenophon are the most prominent names, although there are occasional extracts from Herodotus, Euripides, and Homer. Later the range is much extended both in period and dialect. There are also some fifty-six passages from the New Testament, which not merely add interest, but also show quite effectively the peculiarities of that style of Greek. The selections have been made with great care, as is to be expected from a scholar like Mr. Jerram. This book, together with a similar collection by Bendall and Lawrence, published by the Cambridge Press, as well as books of the same order edited by Professors White, Tomlinson and Post in this country, are evidences of a general feeling that much more time should be devoted to sight translation than is customary. But the question may reasonably arise, whether, what is confessedly desirable, and in some degree is actually practised, is not after all the all-important aim of classical teaching. The dependence upon a lexicon by students is admitted to be the great obstacle in the acquisition of fluency in reading. It is therefore a matter of serious doubt, whether books like this, good though they all are, do not tend merely to palliate the evil rather than to remove it.

"A Beginners' Book in Latin," by D. S. Muzzey (Longmans, Green & Co.), is "quite frankly an introduction to Cæsar." In this claim, which the author makes with a certain pride, it is not different from most of the beginners' books that have appeared in recent years, but it is different in that the author feels that the limit has been reached in condensing such books, and that it is time rather to enlarge. The first part is devoted to the study of inflections only, with no reading exercises either in Latin or English. The habit, so familiar from the vogue of certain text-books, of giving the inflections in scraps and fragments, is abandoned, and the declensions are presented together, and likewise the conjugations, and the rest. The desire not to separate similars has led at times to extreme treatment, as when Mr. Muzzey gives in one chapter the first, second, fourth, and fifth declensions. The second part is devoted to syntax. Reading lessons, both in Latin and English, appear in every chapter. These are regularly complete Cæsarian sentences from the earlier part of the Gallic War; no connected sections being inserted until the third part. In the third part we find some valuable instruction in regard to the best methods of translating, the differences between English and Latin idiom—together with a number of passages from the Gallic War, to be worked out as exercises according to the directions given. Many critics will object strongly to the postponement of all subjunctive constructions to be treated as the last thing under syntax. Some of these are quite simple, and there seems no adequate reason for leaving them till the end. Many other critics will object to the total omission of reading exercises from the first twenty-five chapters. This far outdoes Mr Bennett, who would omit only English into Latin at this period. The author is evidently abreast of recent syntactical discussion; but he is not always happy in his explanations; as his treatment of the subjunctive shows, where certainly the doubtful term "anticipatory" should not appear in such a text-book. A few errors of fact have crept in; there are occasionally lapses in the proofreading, but these are surprisingly few. Altogether the book seems to be the work of a doctrinaire rather than of a practical teacher, but it is well and consistently thought out and is a genuine contribution to its class.

Plautus's "Mostellaria," edited by E. A. Sonnenschein, has been issued in a second edition by Henry Frowde. The "Mostellaria" is one of the best of the plays of Plautus, in plot, in characters, and in style, and it is remarkable that it has been so little edited, as compared with

others like the "Captivi" or "Menæchmi." But apart from the edition by Fay, the play does not seem to have appealed to recent editors, and the present edition follows its first only after an interval of twenty years. During that period the knowledge, both of the text and language of Plautus, has advanced by leaps and bounds, and no Latin author has figured as prominently in the studies of classical students. Professor Sonnenschein has himself been an active student of Plautus, and as a result the present edition has little but the name in common with the first. The text may be said to be based upon the *editio minor* of Goetz and Schoell, but it is in reality the editor's own, for he holds with justice that while all recent study tends to support the manuscript tradition, yet in the manifestly corrupt passages a good emendation, even though it is not certain, is better for a practical edition for students than an unchanged text. Accordingly a number of emendations have been introduced, many of them the editor's own, to make the text readable throughout. In the text as in the commentary the editor seems to have taken account of the most important periodical literature; of editions he has consulted those of Ussing, Leo, Lindsay, and the commentary of Lorenz. It is little short of remarkable that he seems not to know the recent edition of Fay—the most independent and interesting edition of a Plautine play in recent years; at any rate he never refers to it, although he seems to know the various papers of the same scholar. The commentary is unusually full, and is embellished by numerous parallels from English, which are genuine parallels; for Professor Sonnenschein has made extensive studies on the influence exerted by Plautus upon English literature, the fruits of which he promises to set forth at a later day. The treatment of the language and syntax of Plautus and of early Latin in general is very complete, as is also the discussion of metrical questions. In this latter matter, he is, however, inclined to great conservatism. It may be said in general that this like other recent editions of individual plays is overloaded with details as to linguistic usage. The criticism and elucidation of the play as literature are thus thrown into the background, and the book becomes not one for the lover of Latin, but one for the student only. A "gentleman's" edition of a play of Plautus would be a boon to men of scholarly tastes, but that seems at present too much to hope for.

Prof. J. R. S. Sterrett's edition of the first three books of Homer's Iliad (American Book Company) is provided with the usual helps to the student, in the form of a chapter on the dialect of Homer (pp. 53), notes (pp. 161), and vocabulary (pp. 161). By far the most interesting part of the book is the text and the chapter on the dialect. Professor Sterrett has been far bolder than any other English-speaking editor of the Homeric poems. He has based his text on that published by Van Lecuwen and Mendes da Costa in 1885, and his chapter on the dialect in large part on Van Leeuwen's "Enchiridium Dictionis Epicæ" (1892). He expresses himself as convinced that the changes made in the text by these scholars "have great pedagogical value; they simplify the language and make Homer much easier and more delightful reading for the beginner, to whom many things in the traditional text present unnecessary difficulties." He, therefore, writes the digamma in his text and notes wherever considerations of metre, syntax, and the like seem to him to give evidence of its presence. In this he seems in general justified. But he goes much further. He restores the augment, both syllabic and temporal, and uses the sign for aphæresis where the syllabic augment cannot be restored. He writes also the uncontracted inflectional forms, especially in place of certain verb forms found in the traditional text that are difficult of explanation. Professor Sterrett has thus produced a text that will appeal to many, especially in this day in which every effort is being made to coddle the American student, and to make smooth his path. One cannot, however, help wishing that he had sought to justify his text on other grounds than by insisting on its pedagogical value. The main question is not what is easiest for the student, but rather how far such forms as Professor Sterrett has accepted are justified on scientific and philological grounds, and how much weight is to be attached to the text tradition. The chapter on the dialect of Homer contains much valuable matter; Professor Sterrett has made this so full that he dispenses wholly with references to Greek grammars. The commentary is full and good. There are many fresh and original notes; the editor's travels in Asia Minor and his familiarity with the Troad, "where," as he says, "customs die hard, and, in point of fact, outlive empires, religions, and languages," have helped him here. The vocabulary is elaborate; much attention is given to etymology. There is also a map of Homeric Greece.

"Homeric Vocabulary," Greek and English word-lists for the study of Homer, by W. B. Owen and E. J. Goodspeed, is issued by the University of Chicago Press. The conviction has been spreading recently among teachers of classics that the chief obstacle to acquiring the ability to read Greek and Latin has been the failure of our present method of instruction to provide any systematic training in vocabulary. This book is the outcome of such a conviction and gives all the words that occur in Homer ten times or more, arranged in groups according to the inflectional categories, verb, noun, pronoun, etc. These groups are subdivided according to the number of occurrences thus: 500-2,000 times, 200-500 times, 100-200 times, etc. A similar list of the English equivalents forms the second part of the volume. The totals of the various groups are interesting. Of verbs, the total number occurring 10 times or more is 526; of nouns, 572; of other words, 725. Grand total, 1,823. When the extent of the Iliad and Odyssey is taken into consideration, nearly 30,000 lines, or thrice the size of Virgil's Æneid, the comparatively narrow range of the vocabulary of frequent words is as striking as is the same phenomenon in Latin. This book is, however, open to certain criticism from teachers of Homer, because there is no indication as to the best means of employing the material, beyond the remark in the prefatory note, "a moderate number of words learned each day and constantly reviewed will rapidly enlarge the students' working vocabulary and steadily better his equipment for sight reading." But any teacher knows that a "moderate number of words" cannot be learned each day just as "words." They must be useful in the every-day work, and the words learned should come from the reading lesson assigned. To make a student learn words which he may not meet at all is foolish. There should, accordingly, be some indication of the order in which these words occur in the Homeric narrative, as well as their relative value.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Helpmate. By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

At last analysis, Miss Sinclair's new book fines down to a presentation of that ever fresh and insoluble problem, whether the greater harm be done by transgressors who make sin seem tolerable, or by saints who render virtue odious. The form in which she stages her question is the adjustment of the marriage relation between an average man of unusual sweetness and no great force, and a wife whose heights of personal purity are only rivalled by her depth of physiological ignorance.

Anne Majendie's world rocks to its foundations when she learns that, seven years before he knew her, her husband had been trapped into a liaison with an older married woman. Thereafter Anne's behavior is strictly modelled upon that of the Lady Rowena. Anne forgives "as a Christian," which, as Wamba truly remarked, means "that she does not forgive him at all." And as for forgetting! After the first recoil, in which she proposes leaving him, she settles down comfortably to a permanent mission of putting him through a life-long course of active penitence. Miss Sinclair has confined her problem to its one essential element, by clearing the husband of all deceit. He had reason to suppose Anne exactly informed, before her marriage. Consequently, when she decides to be a good wife to him in spite of everything, the poor man naturally regards himself as excused, and prepares to take up their existence where they left it before the storm. Not so Anne! If that were all, where would be her crown of martyrdom? In her eyes Walter Majendie is a moral leper, hopelessly tainted, to be watched, protected, taken into improving company, but never permitted to feel himself free to walk about the world like other people. She is outraged by his constant tendency to take life easily, to enjoy himself, to make love to her. She finds his attitude perfectly unsuitable to the perpetual expiation to which she condemns him. He, being sweet-tempered and much in love, puts up with her, hoping for a term to his purgatory. Her dignity is unshaken by any of the details of common life. She can be tragically consistent through a bilious attack, accept his ministrations unrelentingly, and remain an injured goddess with a sick headache!

Naturally, when the baby comes, she grows even more rigorous. A stain upon her husband was bad enough, but the blot upon Peggy's father seems bigger and blacker every time she thinks of it, and she never thinks of Walter without it. Step by step Miss Sinclair follows the downward path along which poor Walter is hounded. Those two figures dominate the canvas; the man

weak, chivalrously submissive, unable to credit the extent of his bad fortune—the woman conscientious, high-minded, invincibly ignorant. In the background two opposing groups champion the two contestants. There is a pretentious circle of provincial *précieuses*, and set of common, pleasure-seeking, commercial people, Walter's business friends, upon whom he falls back in default of all human treatment at home. These figures are sufficiently well defined, and their contrasted talk often lightens the somewhat serious pages with a gleam of welcome humor, but they play a minor rôle.

The substance of the book is that question which recurs again and again in life and in fiction: What should a wife do? In view of the fact that in the last two decades so many tendency novels have stormed and cried aloud on the subject of Women's Rights, it is perhaps an interesting sign of the times that so clear and discriminating a voice as Miss Sinclair's should now be heard, quietly and temperately asking a few discreet questions about Husbands' Wrongs!

Temptation. By Richard Bagot. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Modern Italy continues to furnish a setting for the English romancer. As a rule, the attempt seems to be to show that the Italians, though inevitably suffering from the fact of their foreign birth, are remarkably like real people. Exotic atmosphere and color serve to decorate the otherwise familiar scene; Maria sounds so different with the thinner vowel. Mr. Bagot's theme, however, could hardly be put into terms of English living, so much of it depends upon the background of tradition, and of recognizedly Italian tradition. In England or America there is little of romance in the not altogether unknown procedure of placing rough-on-rats in one's husband's coffee. The fact of murder may be sufficiently deplorable, and the means chosen perfectly effective; but the chances are there is no glamour about the affair. In Italy, at least in the Italy of Mr. Bagot, the situation is very different. His Countess poisons her husband according to the best traditions of the husband's family. One of his forbears had been a Donna Giulia Maidalchini, a sister-in-law of Pope Innocent X. Perhaps the most distinguished act of her career was the poisoning of her brother-in-law, who was also her lover. Appropriately enough, a picture of her is hung prominently in the family gallery. The present Count has married beneath him—the daughter of a merchant, with some education, but with the blood and nature of a *contadina*. The husband has the tastes of the country gentleman, the *campagnuolo* of birth and essential refinement. He is, withal, a little dull, fails to perceive the growing weariness with which his wife, a beautiful woman in the grip of a rather vulgar ambition to shine in the world, regards their common quiet life. He fancies that she regrets her lack of children, which is by no means true.

Enter the third person, a cousin of the Count, a dabbler in the positivist philosophy, opinionated, shallow, but by no means bad. The woman is pretty bad, but the passion which she presently conceives for the new-comer is true, though ignoble. The story and the picture of Donna Giulia, which have always fascinated her, gradually acquire ascendency over her imagination, and when fate puts opportunity in her way, she is quick to take advantage of it. The lover repudiates her and she shoots herself: the facts are bald enough, but they are interpreted with much skill.

Brunhilde's Paying Guest. By Caroline Fuller. New York: The Century Co.

"Brunhilde's Paying Guest" should be under the elbow of every hotel porch dweller in the resort so thinly disguised as Wistaria-in-the-Pines. Where last winter they enjoyed their picnics under the auspices of "Lady Baltimore," this year they can put themselves under a fresh guide. Beyond touching some of the same geographical points, the present story, however, has nothing in common with Mr. Wister's study of South Carolina. Although internal evidence indicates a Northern origin, the work is apparently modelled upon the most conventional type of Southern novel. The young ladies cook and flirt and jilt and make their own dresses. The gentlewoman, who keeps the boarding-house, is cut to the quick on hearing herself referred to as "the landlady." And when John Holly (her Northern paying guest) remarks: "Your garden must be beautiful in the spring," she hospitably answers: "I'm afraid it won't seem so any more when there are a lot of strangers in it."

True to that passion for being snubbed which distinguishes heroes in fiction from the young men one meets, John is so taken with this graciousness that he falls quite distressingly in love with Brunhilde. His attachment is only intensified by the discovery that she (when at the age of eight) rescued his mother from particular straits, in this very pineland, on the night of his birth! There is a surprising bit of melodrama concerning a Whirling Lady, whose disagreeable trick of leading the Holly men astray on stormy nights caused John's father to leave their ancestral Carolina home. The Lady has a try at John himself, but Brunhilde worsts her, and the story ends with three sets of wedding bells.

The descriptions of the tall trees, the festooning wistaria, the dreamy, moss-draped gardens are charming enough to evoke pleasant visions of the misty, fragrant pinelands. The negro talk is admirable, and the dialogues between the young folk abound in "go." Unfortunately, the author seems to have chosen a set of people who hardly represent the standard of elegant breeding upon which Carolinians plume themselves. Consequently, while her conversations are occasionally "bright," they invariably sound rather like the badinage overheard in trolley cars. When John greets the doctor with, "Good old Pills. . . . I've been pining for a dose of you. Come around and have a wash," he certainly suggests the drummer rather than the Harvard bred, rising New York journalist. But when Dolly says to Levis: "Some of the town girls said I hadn't a new beau this year, so I want to show them," and her cousin answers, "H'm! You care a heap about him! And if you talk any more about Miles and me," and so on, the two lovely young ladies' maiden confidences certainly seem to echo the kitchen rather than the parlor.

PLACES AND PEOPLE.

Gegenden und Menschen. Von George Brandes. Munich: Albert Langen.

The Danish critic who has become a great interpreter of the world's modern literature is also an interpreter of places and people. Seen through his temperament, the countries which he has visited in his zigzag rambles throughout Europe are invested with a new charm. For he is not content with drifting on the surface of foreign life. His method of travelling is very much like his method of reading: he sinks his individuality for the time being in that of the nation he studies; when he recovers his own ego, it is saturated with the foreign element. He understands and makes others understand; nor is he satisfied with substitutes:

> There is a great difference between the tea which the Chinese drink and that which goes under that name elsewhere. If you like it, you will try to drink it in China, and have it served by a native.

There are many passages like this in his latest work. With most of us notions of foreign peoples are much like our notion of Chinese tea. We never get the real thing, and if we did, we should not recognize it. We need interpreters of such human sympathy and catholic latitude to point out to us what is essential.

Though the literary possibilities in the scene before him are usually those that hold his attention longest, they do not monopolize it. As convalescent after typhoid, he boarded in Rome with a middle-class family, and he speaks of his hostess Maria and her niece Filomena like a novelist studying types for future use. He discerns wherein they differ from the conventional Italian woman of literature, and calls both the Roman woman of Goethe's elegies and the Graziella of Lamartine artificial. He is as much pleased with the unsophiscated naïveté of Filomena, who sings to him her *canzone d'amore*, as with the primitive rationalism of Maria, who resents the idea of divine interference with a philosophical *Anche la natura è una piccola cosa.* But the charm of bis Italian chapters lies mainly in the delightfully human relations between the foreigner and the natives. These chapters contain, however, descriptive passages which prove him a great artist. No more vivid picture of the Roman carnival has been presented than that which he has sketched in his diary. Admirable for its impressive vitality is his account of the Papal mass at St. Peter's; its waves of color and of innumerable voices, swelling and subsiding like the surf, suggest the powerful canvas by Liebermann in last year's exhibit of the Berlin Secession. Associations of ideas tempt him into far-off excursions. Sicily with its fragrance of flowering lemon and orange trees is to him the kingdom "Apfelsinia," which Solness had promised Hilde. In Scylla and Charybdis he sees an eternal symbol of the maelstroms of life. One chapter is devoted to Annie Vivanti, whose poems a Sicilian admirer had lent to him. Fascinated with the personality they reflect, Brandes limns her portrait and translates many of the poems into German.

Brandes devotes more space in his book to Russia than to any other country; for

he is attracted by its extremely puzzling problems. He probes into economic conditions, traces social developments, studies racial elements, religious tendencies, political aspects—everything that throws light upon the character of the people, their intellectual life, their literature, and art. He notes that the Russian's sense of reality gave that country realism long before it appeared in France. He credits Russian society with a generous breadth of view—*une large franchise*—"so different from English stiffness, French caution, German arrogance of rank, and Danish drivel." The contrast between the "intelligence" of Russia, with its heretical attitude towards traditional morality, and the ignorant multitude bowing to official authority—the very type of ignorance and superstition—is appalling to him. "The two fundamental forces diverge and drive to opposite extremes. Whither do they lead? Can anybody compute the parallelogram of forces, the resulting direction and the speed?" A passage in Gogol's "Dead Souls" occurs to him, Tschitschikow's *kibitka* disappearing in the distance:

> And are not you, too, Russia, speeding along like a Troika that cannot be overtaken? . . . Russia, whither speedest thou? Answer. But no answer comes. You hear the weird sound of the harness bells; the air sighs, and a storm blows up. But Russia continues her mad drive, and the other nations and empires of the earth timidly step aside and do not hinder her course.

He finds among the eminent men of Russia many instances of innate originality perverted and suppressed by the tyrannical Government. One of his most interesting portraits is that of Prince Kropotkin, whom the author regards as "a revolutionist without pathos, without emblems, who laughs at the theatrical accessories of revolution, such as vows, ceremonies, and conspiracies." But, as a mere study of character, his sketch of Katkow, the renegade and traitor, the editor with more power than the Government itself, is the most admirable achievement.

Wherever he goes, he seeks the essential and enduring traits of every nationality: its official character does not concern him. France, of which he had given us some impressions in a previous volume, "Gestalten und Gedanken," receives a large share of his attention. In Paris the very stones seem to express national traits: those of the Roman *Thermæ* under the Hôtel Cluny the surviving pagan spirit; those of Notre Dame, the Gothic. But the Voltaire of Houdon in the Theatre Français is the most characteristic of all. "Only a people who are their own master, a nation with large views, not one of petty calculation, could set up this statue in this place." Brandes enumerates Voltaire's heresies in regard to some ideals of his country: la Pucelle, the Church, patriotism. "And yet he is enthroned here! Think of Byron's memory being thus honored in England, or Heine's in Germany." In this honor to Voltaire is embodied everything that France means for people of broad modern culture. Most suggestive are the parallels Brandes draws between the art and the literature of modern France; he traces the relation between Courbet and Sue; Manet and Zola; Monet and the later impressionists, and the Concourts and Maupassant; Rops and Gustave Moreau, and Baudelaire; Barbey d'Aurevilly and Villiers de l'Isle Adam. He calls the French the most artistic nation of the nineteenth century; the visible and the spiritual expressions of their national life are more closely allied than in any other.

On his arrival in England, he is at first startled by a Londoner's praise of his city, but a drive along Kensington Gardens on an autumn evening brings home to him its attraction. He understands the charm of Whistler's Nocturnes, the charm of mist-veiled outlines, not distinct and tangible, but refined, picturesque, indefinable. And again on a sunlit Sunday morning, when he looks up and down the Thames from Westminster Bridge, and is arrested by the imposing sight of the Parliament building, he is impressed with the beauty of London, its expression of British massiveness. "A country is easily identified in our mind with some representative personality." In his youth, England was to him the land of John Stuart Mill, later of Shelley, and finally of Shakespeare—a remarkable sequence. He sees much of Dr. Garnett and Edmund Gosse; Mr. Heinemann is his host. The chapter contains some interesting opinions on contemporary English poets. The theatre attracts him. He is shocked with the popularity of "Trilby" (this was in the year 1896), delighted with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet, and more than pleased with "The Benefit of the Doubt." Though Mr. Pinero has often stopped short of producing a real masterpiece, Brandes does not give up the hope that we may yet see one from his pen. In the home of Douglas Sladen he has a most amusing conversation with the Marquis Tseng. "Essentially life is the same everywhere," says the Chinese nobleman, "in Peking as in London, in Berlin as in Paris. . . Take religion, for instance. Here the plain people are Christians: heaven is for the righteous, hell for the bad, etc. The educated have no religion at all. With us the plain people are Buddhists: heaven is for the good, hell for the bad, etc. The educated have no religion, you see, just as in Berlin, in Paris, and in London."

It is impossible to give a just idea of the wealth of his observations, the wisdom of his reflections. Nor can a review convey the charm of dignity and modesty which characterizes the work. The author says in one place:

> How difficult it is to understand a nature, a people, a country, a city. How easy it seemed in former days, say sixty years ago. . . . We see so much more to-day, so many more groups and details, and we are so much more afraid to generalize hastily.

If the average tourist doing Europe in three months, and our foreign visitors who rush on the limited express from Wall Street to Niagara Falls, then to the White House and to the stock yards of Chicago, and back to catch the next steamer, were equally timid about offering their generalizations, what a different world this would be! Here is a man of the broadest culture, who knows the flower of each nation's intelligence, who has lived among all these peoples, eaten their food, made merry at their feasts and mourned with them in their sorrows, and this man is afraid to generalize. What a lesson in international ethics!

The Gospel of Barnabas. Edited and translated from the Italian MS. in the Imperial Library at Vienna by Lonsdale and Laura Ragg. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 16s. net.

Hegemonius Acta Archelai. Herausgegeben in Auftrage der Kirchenväter-Commission der Königl. Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften von Charles Henry Beeson. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs' sche Buchhandlung. 6m.

To Barnabas has been ascribed not only the canonical Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of Barnabas, and the Acts of Barnabas, all of which are extant, but also a gospel, the title of which, Gospel of Barnabas, is mentioned in a catalogue of sixty canonical books and in the so-called Gelasian Decree. Harnack, in his "History of Early Christian Literature" (1893, pp. 18, 62), says that no single fragment of this gospel survives, while Hennecke, in his excellent "Introduction to the Apocrypha of the New Testament" (1904, p. 205), doubts whether such a gospel existed. Two sayings attributed to Barnabas, not found in the Epistle, have long been known, one from a manuscript in the Bodleian (Cod. Bodl. Barocc., 39), which is worth quoting: "In evil contests the victor is more wretched [sc. than the vanquished], for he departs from them bearing the greater sin"; the other from Gregory of Nazianzus, which need not be quoted. Both sayings may be found in Resch's Agrapha, 2d ed., 1906, pp. 282-3. In addition to this, it has been known that J. F. Cramer, in the early eighteenth century, had acquired an Italian manuscript with the title: "True Gospel of Jesus, called Christ, a new prophet sent by God to the world: according to the description of Barnabas his apostle"; and that he had presented the same, with a suitable dedication, to Prince Eugène of Savoy; and that the manuscript in 1738 found its way into the Hofbibliothek at Vienna, where it now rests. Meanwhile, John Toland had seen the manuscript, and, in his "Nazarenus" (1718) and in a later work, posthumously published (1747), had printed extracts. Braunsberger, in his monograph "Der Apostel Barnabas" (1876, pp. 15-16), on the basis of Toland's excerpts and Cramer's dedication, concluded that the Italian gospel is not the original Gospel of Barnabas, but a translation of an Arabic, and that, too, Mohammedan, Gospel of Barnabas, a view shared by Hennecke following Axon (*Journal of Theological Studies*, 1902, pp. 441-451).

In the volume before us, exquisitely printed by the Clarendon Press, the Prebendary of Lincoln and his wife have presented the *editio princeps* of that Gospel of Barnabas whose full title was given above. An Introduction of eighty-odd pages dealing solely with primary sources is followed by the Italian text with a delightful English translation facing it page by page. At the close there is an index of the subject-matter of the gospel and an index of citations from the Christian Scriptures, from the Vulgate of the same, and from the Koran.

According to Mr. Ragg, the gospel was written by a renegade Christian of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, who, in addition to canonical and apocryphal gospels, and Jewish and Mohammedan material, used perhaps in a Latin version the original

Gospel of Barnabas. The present manuscript is a "rather careless sixteenth century copy, made by a Venetian scribe, of an earlier and apparently Tuscan document." As to the widespread belief that the gospel was once in Arabic, the editors say that this opinion is due to a conjecture of Cramer in his dedication to the Prince of Savoy, and is unsupported either by external or internal evidence. Their view is sustained in a note contributed by Professor Margoliouth, who maintains that "any knowledge which the Indian Moslems may possess of the Gospel of Barnabas is due probably, if not certainly, "to Sale's Koran," and that the Arabic glosses to the Italian gospel could not have been "composed by any one whose native language was a form of Arabic." As to the relation of this Gospel of the original Gospel of Barnabas, the editors express themselves with commendable hesitation. They are inclined, however, to find in certain details of angelology and eschatology, in some of the miracles and parables, in the suppression of the Baptist, in the prominence of Pilate, Herod, and Caiaphas, in the substitution of Barnabas for Thomas or Simon Zelotes in the list of the Twelve, in the account of the birth of Jesus stated to have been *senza dollore,* and in the curiously docetic rendering of the passion narrative in which Judas takes the place of Jesus, suggestions at least that the original gnostic Gospel of Barnabas was used as a contributory source (Introd., pp. xlvi., ff.), a conclusion affirmed two years ago by Mr. Ragg in the *Journal of Theological Studies* (1905, pp. 424-433). It remains to be seen whether or not a more extended examination of the Italian gospel will confirm the opinion expressed by the present editors as to its relation to the gnostic Barnabas. It is to be observed in passing that neither of the two utterances of Barnabas alluded to above appears in the Italian version. In the meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the Spanish version of this mediæval gospel may be rediscovered.

Finally, it is to be said that the gospel is interesting reading not only because of its doctrines as, for example, the view that Paul wrongfully teaches that Jesus is the Son of God, that Jesus disclaimed Messiahship, that Mohammed is Messiah, not only because of the restraint manifested in the story of the Virgin birth, but also because of the positive beauty of some of its sayings and parables.

Passing to "Hegemonius," the sixteenth volume in the well-known series of the Greek Christian writers of the first three centuries published under the auspices of the Prussian Academy of Sciences, we find ourselves in possession of the definitive text of the main source of almost all the western accounts of Manicheism. The editor, it is pleasant to note, is an American, an instructor in Latin, if we mistake not, in the University of Chicago. Dr. Beeson holds that the author is Hegemonius, the date the first half of the fourth century, and the original language not Syriac, but Greek. The work has come down in a complete form only in a Latin version, the first edition of which was published by Zacagni in 1698. More recent editions have added little of moment to that of Zacagni, though some of Routh's conjectures have been sustained by recently discovered manuscript authority. Dr. Beeson, besides commanding all other available manuscripts, has had the advantage of using a recently discovered twelfth century manuscript now in the possession of Professor Traube, which contains the entire Latin text. The paragraphing in this edition is new, but Zacagni's chapter divisions are retained in brackets. With the Latin text are given also the Greek excerpts from Epiphanius. The careful indices are the work of Mrs. Beeson, who likewise has been connected with the Latin Department of Chicago University.

To Colonise England: A Plea for a Policy. By C. F. G. Masterman, M.P., W. B. Hodgson, and Others. Pp. xxiii., 211. New York: A. Wessels Co.

One of the most influential of the many causes which contributed to the defeat of the Conservatives and the election of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's immense majority to the House of Commons in January, 1906, was the urgent need of land reform in rural England. The vast holdings of the great landlords and the landlessness of the huge majority of Englishmen have been matters of comment for so long as to have lost interest for all but those concerned. But for the farmers' sons who can get no opportunity of establishing themselves on farms of their own when they leave their father's roof, and for the agricultural laborers who "follow the plough to the workhouse door," the subject never loses interest, and ever since the Reform Act of 1884 conferred the Parliamentary vote on the agricultural laborer, his one aim and hope has been access to the land. Mr. Masterman, literary editor of the London *Daily News*, in his contribution to "To Colonise England," corroborates the judgment of Herbert Paul in his recent volume of "Modern England," that it was Mr. Gladstone's failure to fulfil the expectations of the rural laborers, even more than his conversion to Home Rule, that invited the rout of 1886. In 1892 the Liberal Unionists made a bid for the rural vote by the Small Holdings Act—an act so hedged about with difficulties that after fifteen years only nine County Councils had availed themselves of the powers it conferred upon them. From 1895 to 1905 the paralysis of Tory rule deadened all hope of land reform; but with the general election of 1906 the rural laborer and the land reformer awoke; and all eyes are now turned on the Campbell-Bannerman Government for an assuagement of the land hunger of England's rural population.

"To Colonise England" is only one of a number of books that the present crisis has called out. About a year ago, Jesse Collings—the veteran land-reformer, whose phrase "Three Acres and a Cow," incorporated in Mr. Chamberlain's unauthorized programme of 1885, first aroused the hopes of the agricultural laborer—published his portly volume on land reform; and one of the most noteworthy of more recent books is Miss Jebb's painstaking review of the small holdings of England. The aim of the authors of "To Colonise England" is to strengthen the hands of the Liberal Government in the pending land legislation; to prevent the calamity that would overtake the cause of reform, if the Government, in an effort to propitiate the Whig members of the Cabinet and the House of Lords, should pass legislation of a character that would wholly fail to fulfil the reasonable expectations of the rural voters. In concluding his contribution to the symposium which forms Part III. of the volume, F. N. Rogers, M.P., gives forcible expression to this apprehension:

> It will be something of a tragedy in the history of the Liberal party, and a disappointment past expression to its most earnest supporters, if this present opportunity be not used to the full to realize our desires. We want a Land Bill and we want it, as Hilda Wangel says, on the table.

The papers which are republished in "To Colonise England," appeared serially in the London *Daily News*. The first part of the volume, following an Introduction by A. G. Gardiner, the editor of the *Daily News*, consists of a series of sketches by the late W. B. Hodgson, under the title of "The Disease." Mr. Hodgson graphically describes the loneliness of rural England; the waste of its fertile lands given up to rough pasture, wide hedges, and coppices carefully preserved for the sake of the game, while cottages fall in ruins, and small farms are swept out of existence. "Back to the land" is a favorite cry with philanthropists, aghast at the overcrowding, and the unsanitary conditions in the slums of great cities; but if back to the land means a return to a wage of three dollars a week, out of which fifty cents must be paid for the rent of a miserable hovel, one may well echo Mr. Hodgson's expression of wonder, not that men do not go back to the land, but that anyone remains on it.

The second section by C. F. G. Masterman has a literary value that should give its author high rank among modern essayists. Much of it is occupied with details of schemes which offer a remedy for the creeping paralysis of English rural life. Details concerning rents, labor, cattle, and pigs do not well lend themselves to picturesque writing, but Mr. Masterman has the eye of an artist for the beauty of English scenery, and even the most prosaic facts are made interesting under the transmuting touch of his pen. The results of the work of the various associations, and of the nine county councils, which have put the Small Holdings Act of 1892 into operation, Mr. Masterman sums up in a brief paragraph:

> I have seen the small holdings created by the energy of the villagers in the heart of the Wiltshire Downs; created by a County Council in Worcestershire and in Norfolk; created by a Parish Council under the Malvern Hills, and by another on the borders of Birmingham; created on the lands in Lincolnshire by our present Minister of Agriculture (Lord Carrington). I have seen them on poor land and on good, near and remote from markets, buying their land or hiring it, building their houses, or buying the houses built for them. I have found a life of variable hardness and austerity; many requirements, some discontent. But in all I have found rents regularly paid; a rise instead of a fall in the population of the parish; pauperism diminished; and a spirit abroad of independence and of enterprise which one can seek for in vain in the sleek, comfortable model villages of Feudal England.

The third part of the volume consists of contributions on the land question from thirteen Liberal members of Parliament. This is the least valuable and least interesting part of the book. Naturally there

is much repetition; and the essays are each too short to be other than commonplace. In Part IV., Mr. Masterman summarizes the official testimony issued by the Board of Agriculture and the decline in the agricultural population of Great Britain, and on small holdings and rural housing. The number of holdings in England and Wales of from one to fifty acres is given at 278,926, of which one-third are from one to five acres. The legislation of 1892 added 652½ acres to the extent of the small holdings—just one square mile out of the 60,000 in England and Wales to satisfy the cravings of the 689,292 landless agricultural laborers, who were enumerated in the census of 1901.

America's Insular Possessions. By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. 2 vols. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $5.

There can be no doubt of the author's sincerity in bringing out these two well-printed and well-bound volumes. He has produced a brief and interesting review of the history of our island possessions; has described them and their inhabitants with accuracy and sympathy; and has loyally sought to make the best possible showing for their administration under American rule. With the historical and descriptive part, which does not pretend to complete thoroughness, there is little fault to find. Sub-heads and photographic illustrations abound; and a good index makes the matter accessible. Thus the work, as a cursory account of Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippines, etc., is both useful and readable. But even in this popular treatise one could wish for more frequent references to the authorities on whom Mr. Forbes-Lindsay relies, and the lack of a map of the Philippines is inexcusable.

The entire second volume is devoted to the Philippines—a space which their importance abundantly justifies. It is in this quarter that the United States has committed the grave strategic error of establishing an outpost seven thousand miles from the principal base; and has assumed the heavy obligation of administering the affairs of a strange diversity of alien peoples. If we can succeed here, we can surely succeed nearer home and on a narrower field. In support of our policy towards the Philippines the author quotes the words of Mr. Taft, wherein that admirable official and sincere friend of the natives pleads for letting well enough alone. Could Philippine affairs lie in these honest and capable hands for the one or more generations which Mr. Taft thinks necessary, the islands would doubtless prosper materially and their inhabitants enjoy a peaceful and kindly rule with a minimum of discontent arising from vain aspirations for self government. Unfortunately, the legislative fair-dealing which Mr. Taft so earnestly besought Congress to grant has been denied his wards with an indifference which appears both studied and brutal. If such a man as he has failed to break down the tariff wall which shuts the Filipinos out from the best market for their sugar and tobacco, or to secure the passage of other remedial measures, or to overcome the Chauvinistic contempt for the natives which so many American immigrants seem to cherish as a badge of their manhood; what hope does the future hold for this people? To Mr. Taft's influence and life an end must come some day, and when either disappears from the scene, to whom can the Filipinos look for a successor? It is impossible to ignore the fact that Mr. Taft's results are based on a person and not on a principle—exit the former, what remains? A negation of the fundamental idea from which our own civilization springs.

The absence from these pages of a careful discussion of such topics is much to be regretted. Many thoughtful readers would have welcomed a dispassionate array of the arguments on both sides. So far as the book is concerned, they must content themselves with the concluding chapter made up of extracts from Mr. Taft's addresses, which, however frank and honest, are necessarily *ex parte*. Against the cheery optimism of Mr. Forbes-Lindsay and his school, it seems unkind to point to the practically stationary condition of Philippine trade (the total imports and exports having, indeed, declined from $62,000,000 in 1902 to $59,000,000 in 1906), or to the unsatisfactory condition of things political

In short, as to the past and present, this book is interesting and valuable. As to the problem of the near future it is almost voiceless.

Three Vagabonds in Friesland with a Yacht and a Camera. By H. F. Tomalin. With photographic pictures by Arthur Marshall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

This charming account of a June outing in Northern Holland makes the American reader realize vividly what an advantage the Englishman possesses in his nearness to a foreign land. In less than twenty-four hours he can exchange the streets of London for scenes of enchanting natural beauty, for solitudes whose silence is broken only by the songs of innumerable skylarks, and for water courses where one can sail for miles between banks of golden iris and every conceivable variety of flowering reed and rush. And when he treads the village streets he finds himself among a people fascinatingly picturesque in their homes, their costumes and habits; and nowhere does he see "the rows of dingy cottages, with their atmosphere of dull squalor, which so often disfigure the English [and American] country-side."

The holiday party consisted of "the Architect, the Printer, and the Scribe," and their conveyance was a little Dutch boat by courtesy called a yacht. In this they sailed and punted through the meers and canals, stopping for sight-seeing and photographing at every village. These villages gave a never-ceasing pleasure from their distinctive characteristics—no two being exactly alike—and from their beauty. Of this it is difficult for us to form a true conception, for an Austrian painter confided to our travellers "that he thought Volendam was almost too picturesque. It left nothing to the imagination. . . . An eminent French painter remarked that he saw more pictures there in one day than he could paint in a lifetime." In another village the people seemed to delight in developing the "toy idea to an almost microscopic point. The dog-kennels are miniature replicas of the little houses. The wooden sides are painted to resemble red bricks, and they are complete with green shutters and chimneys." Especially attractive were some of the farmhouses, though the people and their cattle, pigs, and fowl all lived under the same roof. In one the solicitude for the comfort of their animals was carried to such an extent that the little circular windows of the cow-stalls were decorated with "dainty lace curtains!"

Though the "scribe" is careful to assert that the purpose of his book is "to divert rather than to educate," he gives very realistic descriptions of the people and their surroundings, as well as of their industries. Referring to the coöperative system which widely prevails, and to the care of the Government to secure the purity of the butter and cheese, he says: "Toil and economy, cleanliness and State assistance of the right sort, have built up a prosperous and growing trade in this country of marshes, continually menaced by the hungry waters." In this connection it is interesting to note that "their charming girl-Queen seems peculiarly, among rulers, to typify the nation over which she reigns, and the tender sympathy which she extends to her people is given back in the form of a love amounting to adoration."

In the closing chapter some useful information is given for the benefit of those who may feel inclined to take a similar trip, as to the boat, supplies, clothing, and cost. "The total outlay," he reckons, "including the getting there and back, should amount to considerably less than one pound per day for each man." In an appendix the "architect" adds some nature notes, mainly on the birds and flowers of the region, a characterization of the village architecture, and some suggestive "photographic hints for wanderers." Mr. Marshall contributes ninety-nine photographs, not one of which is without interest, and some of which are of remarkable excellence, and a number of sketches of gables, finials, and decorative work. As the reader looks at the map which adorns the cover, and sees how small a part of the country was covered by the trip, the hope upsprings that the three vagabonds will revisit Friesland and give us another entertaining record of their experiences.

In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country: Travel and Discovery in Central Africa. By Albert B. Lloyd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Lloyd's book proves, if any proof were needed, the unfailing interest of a story of exploration and adventure. It is written for the most part without literary skill, and in places even crudely; there is considerable repetition, and much space is wasted on matters of trivial interest and on moralization of doubtful profit. Yet the reader who gets beyond the commonplace narrative and reflections of the opening chapters will be likely to continue to the end. For Mr. Lloyd, though by his own avowal he is an amateur at book-making, appears to be a well-seasoned sportsman and a courageous explorer. He has what cleverer writers have often lacked—an extremely interesting story to tell; and when he is under way, he tells it in straightforward and spirited fashion. He does not attempt to make anything like a precise or scientific report of his observations, and anthropologists will not find in his pages

much that is valuable for their purposes. He says little even of the native legends and beliefs, which commonly make amusing reading. But he describes the country and people entertainingly and at the same time sympathetically. His own adventures, too, and those of his followers, have enough of danger and uncertainty about them to hold the eager attention of the reader. Some of his exploits, such as driving a lion out of the road by "scorching" straight at it down hill on a bicycle and ringing the bell loudly on the way, are sufficiently extraordinary; but they do not exactly justify the familiar charge of "nature-faking."

Although the title of the book refers only to the land of the dwarfs and the cannibals, more than half of the space is taken up with Mr. Lloyd's slow and difficult journey from Zanzibar to Uganda, and with his experiences in Uganda and Toro, where he served successively as a missionary of the Church of England. Much less is said of his strictly religious work than of his general manner of life among the people, with whom he always succeeded in getting into friendly relations; and doubtless the courage, good humor, and love of sport which chiefly appeal to the reader of his narrative helped also to commend his evangel to the natives. Two chapters deal with the Soudanese rebellion of 1897, in which Mr. Lloyd took part both as an interpreter and as an actual combatant. When his health was impaired, partly as a result of these services, he was advised by his physician to take a furlough and return to England; and it was then that he undertook to travel to the west coast, through the Pygmy Forest and the cannibal country of the Congo Free State. He accomplished this journey without military escort or a single European companion, and the chapters which describe it are the most interesting in the book.

Imtheachta Æniasa: The Irish Æneid; the Irish Text, with Translation into English, Introduction, Vocabulary, and Notes. By the Rev. George Calder. Irish Texts Society, Vol. VI. London: Nutt.

The mediæval Irish possessed, in addition to their abundant poems and hero-tales dealing with native tradition, a considerable body of narrative literature of foreign origin. Like the Scandinavians, who also had their native sagas and eddas of great originality and interest, the Irish were affected sooner or later by the dominant literary fashions of Europe; and there exist in the languages of both these outlying peoples translations or redactions representing nearly all the popular cycles of mediæval story. Irish versions of the Trojan legend, following Dictys and Dares; romances of Alexander, Fierabras, Guy of Warwick, and Bevis of Hampton; tales of the Round Table and the Holy Grail; and even the travels of Mandeville and of Marco Polo have all been published in full or in part during recent years; and much more similar material awaits an editor.

The version of the Æneid now made accessible in the latest volume of the Irish Texts Society, really belongs to the same class of productions, though derived from an original unlike any of the foregoing. For the Irish Æneid is not so much a translation of the Latin poem as a retelling of the story in the manner of an Irish *scél*. The substance, as the editor conveniently indicates by marginal references, is in the main identical with Virgil's, making allowance for some rearrangement and a few trifling additions. Many portions of the Latin, especially such as are essential to the action, are rendered with closeness, and Mr. Calder, commenting on the scholarship of the translator, points out a number of Irish parallels to Latin idioms. But fidelity of translation, in any modern sense, either literary or scientific, was far from the Irish writer's purpose, and very much that is most characteristic of Virgil he passes over entirely. Passages dealing with mythology or with Roman history are curtailed or omitted, doubtless because they would have had little interest for the Irisb reader. There is no mention of Marcellus and no word of the prophetic counsel of Anchises, "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento"; and many familiar lines and phrases of description or reflection—"lacrimæ rerum," "suadentque cadentia sidera somnos," "possunt quia posse videntur," "vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras"—have left little or no trace in the Irish text. On the other side, the translator's additions are as characteristic as his omissions. Pallas, the son of Evander, is described as a comely youth with golden hair and clear blue eyes:

> Like the purple foxglove was each of his two cheeks; you would think it was a shower of pearls that had rained into his bead; you would think his lips were a loop of coral; as white as the snow of a single night were his neck and the rest of his skin.

Again, when Nisus sees Euryalus fallen dead, we are told:

> There came to him his hero's prowess, his soldier's spirit, his champion's strength, and his warrior's hurling, and he brought a mighty, strongly assaulting tempest on Latinus's host, and hewed a gap of a hundred before him through the host; and he allowed them neither space nor truce, slaying and beheading them heroically, strongly, bravely, and manfully, till he came to Volcens, where he was biding in the middle of the host; and he plunged his sword into his gullet, and it went out through the back of his head, and Volcens fell to the ground lifeless.

This thoroughly unclassical embellishment will be recognized as a common battle "run" by readers of Celtic saga, and the description of Evander will be recalled as having been repeated in almost identical words of scores of youthful beauties, both lads and maidens, in tbe native stories. And in general, the Latin poem, conceived purely and simply as a story, is translated not only into the language and idiom of the Irish, but into the very frame and formula of its conventional narratives.

In this method of composition, the Irish Æneid resembles most of the otber romances of foreign origin of which we have spoken. Many of them are excellent pieces of Irish story-telling; and the Æneid, borrowing, perhaps, some of the richness of its original, ranks among tbe best. But the literary interest of this whole class of texts is rather historic than intrinsic. They have a second-hand quality, and are seldom as good as the versions in other languages from which they are derived; and the old Irish narrative at its best, which we have no thought of disparaging, is rather to be found in the native sagas, of which it is the original and appropriate expression. The translated texts are chiefly valuable to Celtic scholars and mediævalists, by whom their publication should be heartily welcomed. They add to existing information about the Irish language; they serve to complete our knowledge of the literary and intellectual life of mediæval Ireland; and many of them—though this is hardly true of the Æneid—bear important testimony concerning the growth and relations of the saga cycles to which they belong.

The work of Mr. Calder, the editor of the Æneid, we are pleased to add, is well done. He has taken great care with the printing of his Irish text (a matter of no small difficulty in the case of the much abbreviated Middle Irish manuscripts), and a comparison of several pages with the published facsimile of the Book of Ballymote has revealed very few inaccuracies. Some of these may be really errors of the facsimile. The translation is good, and the notes and glossary contain considerable material of lexicographical value. The introductory remarks on literary relations are the weakest part of Mr. Calder's performance, and betray lack of practice in what is becoming almost a special pursuit, the study of sources. Certainly, no sufficient reason is given for tbe suggestion that Dante exerted an influence on the Irish author.

Science.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE "CANALS" ON MARS.

IQUIQUE, Chili, July 31.

Many causes conspire to make Mars just now the most popularly interesting of planets. When Schiaparelli, during the opposition of 1877, discovered faint markings which he called *canali*, or channels, general readers promptly translated his designation by the most obvious English word, and "canals" on Mars at once became synonymous with human labor, artificial waterways, and therefore inhabitants. But this ready credence of the marvellous, the hasty leaps at conclusions by the public at large, were not reflected in the astronomical world. Immediate disbelief in his announcement was expressed or at least felt by the majority of professional observers, and an amiable tolerance of his supposedly mistaken enthusiasm was the most of sympathy that he could command. Schiaparelli's maps, however, were made with gradually increasing detail as his eye, by training, detected more. In 1877, 1879, 1881, and 1882 his maps appeared, among later additions being the apparently (astronomically) impossible feature of a duplication in lines, a strange doubling of the straight markings which had already been seen to follow a great circle course—the shortest distance between two planetary points. This almost spoiled what little effect may have been produced by announcement of the single straight lines. Such gemination seemed manifestly absurd. But years went on, and other observers

at points where the air was especially steady and clear began to suspect markings other than the dark area (Syrtis Major), and the gleaming white polar snow-caps known for over two centuries.

And then Percival Lowell, at his observatory in Arizona, over 7,000 feet in elevation, with a Clark refracting telescope especially constructed for this work, with an object glass having an aperture of twenty-four inches, distinguished farther Martian features in 1894. This line of research he has followed constantly since, with increasing success. Instrumental equipment, favorable atmosphere, remarkable eyesight, and scientific patience have brought great reward; and at each return of Mars to opposition special observation has been conducted. Accumulation of known markings has gone steadily on. During the opposition of the month just past, the planet approached within 38,500,000 miles of the earth. While not the absolute minimum (the nearest possible being 34,500,000), the distance is relatively not so very great by comparison with the 60,000,000 of opposition place at the farther side of Mars's orbit. The Amherst telescope with object-glass of eighteen inches, with which, under Mr. Lowell's auspices, we have been observing Mars for six weeks, brings the planet within practically a distance of 40,000 miles from the earth. In the northern hemisphere Mars has been seen too low on the horizon for the best work. Here in Chili it is high in the heavens, almost at the zenith; while the great, dry pampa with its clear skies has offered an exceptionally steady atmosphere for the study of Martian surfaces. Air tremors are the chief foe to satisfactory astronomical progress. To increase the size and strength of mechanical means of observation, to construct great object-glasses and photographic doublets is well; but they all magnify correspondingly those fluctuations of terrestrial atmosphere which mask and distort and render uncertain the most pregnant celestial landmarks. While positions, distances, motions—in short, the old astronomy—may be pursued with accuracy even from sea-level observatories where thick, cloudy, tremulous air is to be expected, the study of planetary surfaces can proceed satisfactorily only in a serene and steady medium, cloudless so far as possible, and away from artificial disturbances like electric lights, chimneys, and smoke. All conditions for the best results seem to be met at high elevations, particularly in arid regions of least precipitation. These facts led to the choice of the desert of Tarapacá by Prof. David P. Todd as the site for establishing the Lowell expedition station, in South America.

Even more than in ordinary astronomical work, a distinguishing characteristic of the study of Mars visually is the fact that a trained eye can detect a wealth of detail, where one without preparatory experience sees, at first, only a brilliant planetary disk. But even the casual observer, the interested spectator, is able to discover much more at his second, third, or later view than at the beginning. He is likely to exclaim that he sees bright white spots at opposite edges; then he notices a dark area, then streaks; and if his eyes are keen and accurate, he is soon able to make rough drawings of farther markings which become gradually apparent at later views. And without telling him where he should expect certain well-defined lines, it has been interesting to find that the tentative drawings of the intelligent amateur have invariably coincided with the more conspicuous "canals," as repeatedly observed by specialists.

These markings appear most clearly in occasional moments of exceptionally steady air. Even in the pampa, where conditions are peculiarly favorable, such details come, as it were, in flashes. With the eye patiently at the telescope, one is rewarded by frequent intervals of astonishing clarity. Could looking and drawing be accomplished simultaneously, a marvellous network might be delineated. So impressive as to be well-nigh startling in its revelation, was my first view of Mars through our eighteen-inch glass at Alianza. For an instant, not only the well-known features, but lines doubled, as well as single, with the oases at which they meet, appeared as clearly marked as on the most perfect map yet made—instantaneous confirmation of the accumulated knowledge of years. Later, a slight tremulousness of atmosphere blurred somewhat the amazing definiteness of detail, but the steady moments recurred repeatedly. And night after night, on a scale of five, the "seeing" was reported as four and a half; while magnifying powers of six hundred were frequently used—sometimes nearly double that.

But results chiefly photographic and not visual were planned and accomplished by our expedition. The Amherst telescope, built for latitude 42 degrees north, could not, of course, be used at 20 degrees south without important modifications. Planned by Professor Todd, these were executed at the works of Alvan Clark & Sons of Cambridge by Mr. Ilse, our mechanical expert. The polar axis was reversed in direction, as well as in the direction of its motion, or clock-work connection. This accomplished, it was fitted with appliances for photographic, rather than visual, labors, and with especial reference to use on Mars. A planetary camera, built by Gaertner of Chicago, was added, and arranged to amplify the focal image of Mars before impressing it on the sensitive plate. The camera had also especial devices for taking a multitude of images on each plate, usually not less than fifty or sixty. With this equipment, the big telescope was set up and adjusted on the tennis court of the Oficina Alianza, no dome or cover, other than a wrapping of cloth for the more delicate portions, being necessary in this rainless climate. A high wire fence prevented the approach of undue curiosity at close range; but an interested throng of dwellers in the little nitrate village lined the outer boundary for hours at a time, gazing with most amiable sentiments at the mysterious activities within, their wide sombreros, gay ponchos, silver spurs, adding picturesqueness to the scene, set in the midst of the wide, brown pampa, with its rampart of solemn, snow-covered peaks. And here, during night after night of limpid clearness, images of Mars multiplied on the plates, under the deft manipulation of Mr. Slipher, our expert photographer. More than a hundred and fifty plates were covered, making between seven and eight thousand separate images, of varying exposures. By reason of the "flashes" of wondrous steadiness already mentioned, they differ considerably in distinctness, even those of the same negative. But constantly more and more detail was caught.

Actual opposition and the nearest point to the earth did not quite coincide—July 6th and the 13th being the respective dates. For two or three weeks, however, the excellence of view hardly seemed to alter. One complete circumference was photographed, new areas coming into view as the nights and weeks went on. Polar snow caps, of course, appear on all the plates, the south one very large, the north conspicuous as well; the so-called "seas," or more likely areas of desert, threaded by canals and diversified by oases, also show plainly. Photographing the canals is a great satisfaction, considering that Schiaparelli for nine years had them entirely to himself, his drawings being regarded as imaginative productions, his every announcement tacitly derided. In the worst seeing the poorest negatives show both canals and oases. But the crowning achievement of the expedition—result of astronomical and mechanical skill, fine equipment, photographic ability, steady atmosphere, and unremitting effort, in which all members of the expedition and nature itself, must each receive credit—is the appearance on the sensitive plate of several canals manifestly and undeniably *doubled*—a phenomenon visually discovered and announced by the Italian astronomer in 1882, confirmed later by Mr. Lowell and so drawn in his maps of the planet. Most conspicuous of these doubled waterways is Nilo Syrtis, and among others so shown are Nilokeras and Euphrates, and the wide double Gihon. Most difficult of all and the narrowest yet photographed is Thoth—a veritable triumph. Photographic plates, like figures, do not lie—and now for the first time these doubled markings are unmistakably impressed on negatives.

As to an explanation of the canals, though perhaps not so plainly of their doubling the most obvious seems, fortunately, most likely to be upheld by fact. Mars has certain conditions, now well known, not essentially different from those prevailing on the earth. The planet turns upon its axis once in a little over twenty-four hours, making day and night much as with us. The Martian year is nearly twice ours, but with similar seasons; and there is clear evidence of atmosphere, though far thinner than terrestrial air. The conspicuous polar caps, always becoming much smaller with the coming of summer, indicate the presence of snow, and so of some moisture, though as with air, much less than that of our own planet. As the snows melt, a bluish belt borders the retreating whiteness, the canals become visible, then double, and certain other changes take place, which seem to indicate a conserving and distribution of the precious liquid. It is not necessary to infer that the markings seen and photographed are waterways alone. Gigantic indeed must they be, if we could thus detect them, even with the largest telescopes. More likely, it would seem that the bordering vegetation, spreading to a considerable distance and following the coming of water each season,

should show by its difference in color from the surrounding reddish brown of probable desert—the betraying evidence of the presence of such irrigating channels. Supposition as to causes of doubling may be many. But thus the canals have been seen at intervals for twenty-five years, and thus at last they have been photographed in South America, for the first time.

That Mars is much older, cosmically speaking, than our earth, seems certain, and farther on the way to geologic death. Tracing its story may be a forecast of our own in coming centuries. At all events, the surface of Mars offers a problem in planetary constitution as fascinating as unique. MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

The Chicago University Press will issue this autumn George Ellery Hale's "Study of Stellar Evolution," a popular account of modern methods of astrophysical research.

"The Chemistry of Commerce," by Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan, is soon to be issued by Harper & Brothers.

Professors T. Lyttleton Lyon and E. G. Montgomery of the University of Nebraska publish through Ginn & Co. a little manual, "Examining and Grading Grains," that is worth notice as a pioneer in an important development of agricultural science. Animal breeding has been carried on so long that almost all farmers are, or think themselves, competent judges of good stock. At least they realize the importance of selecting an animal for the particular purpose in mind whether it is a cow for milk, a hen for eggs, or a horse for trotting. But when it comes to grain, where heredity is quite as important a factor, they are likely to plant what they cannot sell or buy the most loudly advertised seed. In the University of Nebraska the students are given score cards on which they are to record their judgment of the number of points a given sample of corn falls below the type in size, shape of kernel, spacing, arrangement, color of cob, etc. They are taught how to distinguish between low proteid and high proteid kernels, and how to detect a strain of "bad blood" in the pedigree of the ear they hold in hand. Wheat, oats, barley, and hay are graded in the same way, and methods for testing the germinating of seeds and their purity are given.

Profs. Hansford MacCurdy and W. E. Castle have summed up their recent researches in experimental zoölogy in a publication of the Carnegie Institution entitled "The Inheritance of Coat-Patterns and Coat-Pigments in Rats and Guinea-Pigs." From a study of over a thousand of the latter animals throughout several generations, it was found that by selection one could increase or decrease the extent of the pigmented areas, but it was not possible to fix this pigmentation in a particular pattern. The areas vary continuously, and out of these variations permanent modifications of the pigmentation were brought about. The question whether selection has permanent effects in evolution is regarded as still open, although the authors are led to think from their own experiments as well as from those of Fritz Müller and DeVries that selection is a most important factor, not only in the isolation of discontinuous variations, but even in their production; and that "it is fallacious to assign all evolutionary progress to one sort of variation or to one sort of inheritance."

Dr. Graham Lusk's "Elements of the Science of Nutrition" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.), is quite too special for extended comment in these columns. An abundance of material bearing on the problems of metabolism has been brought together with great care, and the book would be useful on account of its references to the literature if for no other reason. The discussion is usually illuminating, but here and there a more liberal summary or generalization would be most helpful to students, at least to beginners, who need broad statements rather than an enumeration of facts whose bearing they do not easily apprehend. This is especially true of the chapter on the normal diet and that on the theories of metabolism.

Dr. James Carroll, curator of the Army Medical Museum, died in Washington on Monday of an affection of the heart which seized him after experimenting with yellow fever germs in Cuba. He was associated with Major Walter Reed, an army surgeon, in the study of yellow fever bacilli from 1897 to 1902. Dr. Carroll submitted to the bite of an infected mosquito which had previously bitten three persons with well marked cases of yellow fever. Four days after Dr. Carroll was taken ill with a severe attack of that disease. He recovered ultimately, but with impaired health. His case was the first of experimental yellow fever on record, and it demonstrated to the medical world that the yellow fever bacillus was spread by mosquitoes. He was born in England in 1854, and was graduated in medicine from the University of Maryland and the Johns Hopkins Medical School. He had been professor of bacteriology and clinical microscopy at the Army Medical School, professor of bacteriology in the Washington Post-Graduate School, and professor of bacteriology and pathology in the medical department of George Washington University. He was a contributor to medical journals and to the proceedings of various medical societies.

Drama.

Erinnerungen an Henrik Ibsen. Von John Paulsen. Pp. 202. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co..

How persistently Ibsen secluded himself for years from stranger and friend is apparent from the many stories told by the Norwegian dramatist and novelist, John Paulsen, who was with Ibsen several years in South Germany and Italy, and whose neat pocket volume of sketches once contributed to Norwegian journals form a cheerful antidote to the heavier Ibsen literature. While in Bergen and neighboring towns, Ibsen was seldom seen outside of his room or the theatre where he was busy; and when he went to Bavaria and pushed south across the Alps, his shyness seemed intensified. In Munich he never went to the Pinakothek or the Glyptothek, and never visited the theatre, except when his own play was to be produced; he refused all invitations from Paul Heyse and others to parties or quiet evenings in town, and was equally unresponsive in the country to the efforts made by the poet, Voss, to draw him out, keeping to his hotel apartments even when guests such as Ernst Renan were under the same roof. He worked in silence, seldom told his family what he was doing, and was ridiculously fearful lest any one should find out the latest thought in his mind. The result was that, when Frau Ibsen and their son, Sigurd, were travelling with him one summer and, picking up a slip of paper on which Ibsen had written *Der Doktor sagt* (referring to Doctor Stockmann, in "An Enemy of the People"), began to tease him about his next play, Ibsen flew into a terrible rage, and asked if he were surrounded by spies, and if the contents of his desk were really no longer sacred? Even his early application to painting failed to draw him to the exhibition galleries, and of all the celebrities in Munich, he was the least seen in the studios of the struggling Norwegian artists at work there. Acquainted with Goethe and Schiller, Hebbel and Ludwig from his youth, and strongly drawn to Dante, Ibsen nevertheless gave little or no attention to the modern German writers, knew Verga, Edmondo d'Amici, Fogazzaro and other Italians only by name, and was never known, to Paulsen, to have an Italian book or journal in his room. Like Goethe, he cared not a fig for Florence, and spent much of his time in Italy in the capital itself.. Yet he was fond of Italian art and essayed to collect old masters, with the result that, without doubt, he was often swindled by the clever makers of old canvases!

Contradictions are inevitable in the character of such men as Ibsen, and notwithstanding his tendency to withdraw from the world, he could be very companionable. He would ask most inquisitively about an evening *Gesellschaft* to which, for no particular reason, perhaps, he had refused to lend his presence—who were there, what the guests had to eat and drink, what "tips" were given, when they left; and in turn he would give out with zest anecdotes, in the telling of which he was a past master. There was the man in Skien, for example, who found pleasure in attending funerals—one or two a day—and who moved to Christiania because everybody lives to a ripe old age in Skien, and in Christiania they "die like flies." Then, too, Ibsen was astonishingly sympathetic in matters affecting the progress of the human race. Never will Paulsen forget a reception at the poet's house in the Campagna, on March 13, 1881, when every one, on his entering, seemed indescribably buoyant; the cause (to Paulsen's regret) was the news of the assassination of Alexander II.

Ibsen maintained his connection with the outer world in three ways: keeping his eyes wide open and avoiding dreaminess while walking; taking up his position regularly in restaurants near the door, and preferably before mirrors, where he could study the passing individuals, who represented to him the nation; and reading the newspapers (advertisements and all) from the top of the first page to the bottom of the last. "Writing poetry is *seeing*," he said to Paulsen in Salzburg twenty-five years

ago. To what extent, then, was life in such cities as Dresden, Munich, and Rome a gain for Ibsen? He increased his power of concentration, his depth of thinking, his freedom in feeling, and his technical readiness, but he lost in freshness and in faithfulness to local color. He continued to handle Norwegian material, but was far off, for years encompassed by German and Italian life.

Paulsen enjoyed many an inspiring *Gespräch* with Ibsen, and from these fragments we learn not a little about the Norwegian's views of men and things. Of Björnson he said: "He and I are not enemies, as many think; our partisans are at enmity with each other, but not we ourselves." Ibsen did not believe that a man could successfully divide his talent in the writing of both novels and dramas, and pronounced Björnson's "Newly-wedded Couple" a dramatic novel. Paulsen tells how Hans Christian Andersen refused to come down to a notable dinner to which Ibsen was also invited, keeping the company waiting nearly an hour. Ibsen relieved the situation by going up to Andersen's room alone, patting him on the back, and showering him with compliments. "Andersen asked me," said Ibsen, "if I really still appreciated him? It was a delightful dinner; Andersen could be entertaining and amiable as few others." Did Goethe influence Ibsen? As certainly as Shakespeare influenced Goethe. Ibsen spoke of Goethe but seldom, and yet with admiration. He spoke disparagingly of Goethe's management of the theatre at Weimar. He had heard that the old man listened to rehearsals with a conductor's baton, and tried to control them as a musical recitation; and it was evident that Goethe's desire to rule led him to shut out life from the theatre and substitute empty academic rules instead. When Paulsen confessed that he was never reconciled to Goethe for his fawning before Napoleon and his indifference to the fate of his country when it was being oppressed and abused, Ibsen listened with astonishment and replied with a smile: "The chief thing, after all, was that the 'Faust' became written!" As to Heine, Ibsen was surprised that, at twenty-five, Paulsen should not be "through with" him.

As a theatre director, Ibsen, according to the testimony of those associated with him, was not strikingly successful. In the beginning he was green, and while later he had a faculty for seeing everything that happened, he offered little or no advice. He was very sensitive and finnicky about little things, and sometimes objected to an actress even because of the size of her hand. Occasionally he insisted doggedly on his choice of a certain person for a part, as when he ordered Frau Wolff, against her tearful and laughing protests, to play the rôle of Sigrid. "God help Sigrid, you, and me!" she cried, "for we are all doing that for which we deserve to be beaten."

Special chapters in Paulsen's book are devoted to "Ibsen und Henrikke Holst" and "Ibsen und Marie Thoresen," giving the reader a pleasant insight into friendships of the dramatist and his relations to those more or less connected with his household. "Ibsen und die Frauenfrage," however, based in part on chats with Frau Collett and in part on Ibsen's works and published speeches, presents nothing new on a subject concerning which it would have been very interesting to hear more from Ibsen himself.

The University of Chicago Press will issue in December "The Tragedies of Seneca," a new translation into English blank verse, with appropriate lyric metre for the choruses, by Frank Justus Miller. Prof. John M. Manly contributes an introduction upon the influence of the tragedies of Seneca upon early English drama.

Gabriele D'Annunzio's pastoral tragedy, "The Daughter of Jorio," has been translated by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola, and Alice Henry. It will be issued by Little, Brown & Co. in an illustrated edition with an introduction by Miss Porter.

"Herbert Beerbohm Tree," by Mrs. George Cran (John Lane Co.), is a handy little volume which would have been a good deal more valuable if it had been conceived in a spirit of less indiscriminate eulogy. It gives a full, careful and convenient account of the career of Mr. Tree, with abundant details of his different productions, and is written with a conciseness and a degree of literary skill not often found in such theatrical appreciations. It will greatly please the most fervent admirers of Mr. Tree inasmuch as it credits him with the inspirational genius of which few critics, of recognized capacity, have been able to find any proofs in his acting. Mrs. Cran agrees, apparently, with the rather lonely dictum of Frederic Harrison that Mr. Tree's Hamlet was the finest of the many fine Hamlets that he could remember. In his list he included Charles Kemble, Macready, Irving, Edwin Booth, and Fechter. It is as useless to argue against such an estimate as it is impossible to agree with it. The principal Berlin critics, like their London and New York associates, found Mr. Tree's Shakespearean impersonations clever, ingenious, painstaking, but tricky, shallow, unreal, and unsatisfactory. His Hamlet had no soul, his Falstaff no humor. As a matter of fact Mr. Tree has rarely succeeded in sounding even a semi-tragic note, although perfectly fluent in the expression of melodramatic emotion. It is in romantic melodrama and eccentric comedy that his indisputable and versatile ability as an actor is best displayed. As a producer of stage spectacle he is probably without a rival, as he is at once liberal, tasteful, and imaginative. His artistic sins in sacrificing text to scenery are too notorious to require present enumeration.

The revival of Sheridan Knowles's "Virginius" in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening afforded one more proof that the popular taste for the old romantic drama has survived the capacity for interpreting it adequately. James O'Neill, who, in his youth, enjoyed the training which is denied to our younger players, acted Virginius with dignity, vigor, sentiment, and passion. His elocution, though occasionally defective in emotional passages, was for the most part, clear, well modulated, and nicely emphasized. But the blank verse presented insuperable stumbling blocks to most of his associates, who spoke their lines in slovenly fashion without the least apparent appreciation of literary or poetic significance. Charles Dalton, a leading man of some local reputation, failed to exhibit any comprehension of the histrionic opportunities in the character of Appius. The Virginia was a simpering self-conscious little creature, the Dentatus a bellowing blatherskite. Most of the personages, indeed, seemed to think that noise was the one available substitute for understanding. The general representation, in a word, was utterly incompetent and unsatisfactory. It is pleasant to know that we still have a few actors, like Mr. O'Neill, Louis James, and Robert Mantell, who are capable of playing famous old parts acceptably, but it is nevertheless a fact that the whole body of poetic drama suffers a certain discredit from such interpretations as the one under consideration.

Madame Nazimova will be seen in Ibsen's "The Master Builder," in the Bijou Theater in this city on September 23. There will be much curiosity to see her in another new character, as the full range of her ability is yet to be determined.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it is said, will begin her coming engagement in this city with a presentation of the "Electra" of Euripides. Some notable scenic effects are promised, especially in connection with the appearance of Castor and Pollux and the apparition of the Furies in their pursuit of Orestes.

Music.

The New York Symphony Society, under the directorship of Walter Damrosch, will give twenty Sunday afternoon and eight or nine Saturday evening subscription concerts at Carnegie Hall; a subscription series of four at the Woman's Clubhouse, East Orange, N. J.; four in Montclair, N. J.; five in Brooklyn; four in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and four in Newark, N. J. It is possible that two more series of three concerts each will be arranged for Plainfield, N. J., and New Rochelle, N. Y. A winter tour of two weeks will begin on the last day of the year; a spring tour of eight weeks will begin the day after Easter. In all, a season of forty weeks has been planned.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra this coming season will give the usual twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts in Boston, the usual ten concerts in New York, six in Cambridge, five each in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, and Washington, and three each in Providence and Worcester. Enough single concerts will be given to bring the total well over one hundred. In the last week of January the orchestra, as last year, will go West for six concerts. Buffalo, Detroit, Indianapolis, and Columbus will each have one, and Cincinnati two.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Miss Leah Luboschiz, a Russian violinist, has been engaged by Modest Altschuler for the opening concert of the Russian Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall. She was for two years a pupil of Ysaye.

According to the *Neue Wiener Journal*, Gustav Mahler, who has accepted an engagement for four years as Conried's conductor-in-chief, will pay particular at-

tention to the operas of Mozart and Wagner (not including "Parsifal," which will remain under the exclusive control of Hertz). Inasmuch as it is the operas of Mozart and Wagner that have been most shabbily treated in recent years, a wholesome reform may be looked forward to.

Art.

The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art (1540-1800). By Malcolm C. Salaman. Pp. viii., 224; 48 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

The work of the earlier English engravers on metal has not been made the subject of much published criticism until very recently. Early editions of English poets, and newer reprinted books of travel and conquest, are catalogued by booksellers with special attention to the work of English artists in portrait frontispiece or curious engravings of foreign lands and savage customs; but rarely has there appeared any treatise upon the engravers themselves, as filling a place in the history of art. Even the big dictionaries of artists, or of painters and engravers alone, have been rather indifferent to those early Englishmen and those men of the low countries or of northern Germany, who worked in England and pointed the way. It was left for the great "Dictionary of National Biography," under the editorship first of Leslie Stephen and then of Sidney Lee, to do proportionate justice to those engravers. That is one of the merits of this encyclopedic work, the rather un-English way in which the literary man, the artist, or the archæologist has received his share of notice. In 1905 there was published by the British Museum a folio, "Early Engraving and Engravers in England," containing forty full-page reproductions of the exact size of the originals, nearly fifty illustrations of smaller size, and a long and careful essay by Sydney Colvin, keeper of the Department of Prints. That volume includes the name of no artist later than Robert White, who died in 1703; that is, the work is limited to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Mr. Salaman's book covering this epoch, as of necessity, comes down a century later. It offers a chronological account of the artists whose work is treated in the great museum publication, two chapters extending to sixty pages; followed by a larger study of the art of mezzotint and the work of mezzotint engravers beginning in 1642 and closing with the eighteenth century. Chapter viii, then, deals with the revival of line engraving in the eighteenth century, and a discussion of such artists as Hogarth, Basire, Strange, and William Blake. The work ends with chapter ix., and the history of stipple engraving in the eighteenth century. The second division is almost twice as long as the early section, and it is also certain to appeal more strongly to the reader and to the modern student of engraving. Mezzotint is so interesting, and the works of the painters —Reynolds, Morland, and Gainsborough— reproduced by the eighteenth century men are so attractive in themselves, that it is no marvel to see the interest excited in our own times by an attempted revival of the art and the renewed study of its methods.

This treatise is the result of a wide sympathy with the art and the artists. There is discrimination, too, and a clear understanding of what is and what is not of notable and permanent value. The author, to be sure, is somewhat inclined to deprecate the taste for mezzotint, and to put down stipple as an inferior art; he cares little for the color printing of the eighteenth century; he is, in fact, a convinced advocate of simple line engraving. This point of view, however, is perfectly comprehensible. Art is many-sided, and there are those in whom the slow, formal, and severe process commands a respect which will never be given to the easier methods of getting gradation, methods which our author frequently calls "scraping." It is regrettable, therefore, that this lover of the burin and of its severe and formal work should have so little to say about its artistic result. No one can tell from the book whether Hogarth is to be taken as an engraver of great technical capacity or not. No one will discover who is, in Mr. Salaman's opinion, a great artist, and who merely a patient and conscientious mechanic.

The book makes interesting reading; and yet there is too much of a certain air of attempted jocosity. It does not seem to be affectation; the author is writing from a very personal standpoint, dealing with the old engravings as with things that he loves, and with their authors as his admired masters. He has studied the social history of the times, and he has many anecdotes to relate. It would require self-control and an overruling good taste, to avoid this fanciful tone. With those who are not offended by this playful way of writing, the familiar character of the descriptions and the criticisms will go far to make the book effective in the way of instruction. It is not evident, however, why anecdotes, some of them scandalous, should be told of public characters represented in portrait engravings, when the stories have nothing to do with the picture in hand, or with the artist who produced it. An earnest reader will ask for a more grave and orderly treatment. Indeed, the owner of this book and would-be student of its subject, having the historical sequence furnished to him by means of its pages, would do well to turn for facts and dates, and for the essential criticism of the artists treated, to the pages of the "National Dictionary" already mentioned.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for publication this autumn "Augustus St. Gaudens: A Memorial," by Royal Cortissoz. This volume will contain a memoir of the sculptor and a study of his work. It will be illustrated with photogravure pictures of St. Gaudens's work.

L. C. Page & Co. announce the publication of a new volume in their Art Galleries Series entitled, "The Art of the Prado," by C. S. Ricketts.

In J. W. Mackail's lecture on William Morris and his circle (Henry Frowde), delivered at Oxford last month to the University Extension students, the speaker summed up with lucidity and an insight born of special knowledge the main stages in the artist's development and the purpose running through his work. As a boy Morris was deeply affected by the Anglo-Catholic movement, and when he came to Oxford in 1853 it was with the intention of taking orders. This resolve did not last long. Under the influence of the Brotherhood, the group of men who clustered round him and his friend, Edward Burne Jones, the monastic ideal faded away in the light of the outer world; instead of Christian antiquities and theology, there was revealed to him the whole field of history and literature, with the golden thread of art running through all. But if the development of art in all its branches became henceforth the object of his life, art as he understood it was not, said Mr. Mackail, "an abstract and lonely thing, but the joint energy and common sympathy of many minds": for him the secret of the outer world was "fraternity." Working at first with a few friends, then with a larger association of artists and craftsmen, his ideal presented itself to him in late life as a fully "socialized" commonwealth, where, to quote the famous phrase of his mature years, art should be "by the people, for the people, a joy to the maker and the user."

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has issued a new Handbook, designed to meet the needs of persons who desire to see the objects of greatest beauty and rarity. For those who wish only to look at special collections, separate sections of the Handbook are on sale: Egyptian Art; Classical Art; Western Art: Pictures and Prints; Western Art: Various Collections and Textiles; and Chinese and Japanese Art. Each of the sections is prefaced by a map showing the location of objects described. The introductions to the different sections are followed by lists of books recommended for reading and occasional books are suggested throughout the text. Among special features of the Handbook may be mentioned the introduction to the Greek vases, which, together with the illustrations, tells as much of vases as the average visitor cares to know; the introduction to Greek coins, in the nature of an interpretation; the general introduction to Western Art (supplemented by special introductions such as those to Dutch Painting, French and American Painting). For the first time a section of prints is included. A description of the Museum's collection is followed by reproductions of etchings, engravings, chiaroscuro, mezzotint, etc. Emphasis is laid on the study of prints as an adjunct to the study of the history of painting. The section on Textiles has been enlarged and introductions to Weavings and Lace inserted. In the part devoted to Chinese and Japanese Art an attempt has been made to give a historical summary and to establish a definite chronology. The final section is devoted to a description of the New Museum.

Finance.

THE NEW YORK CITY BOND SALE.

There are no doubt two distinct and opposite points of view from which the results of last week's sale of $40,000,000 in New York city bonds may be regarded. That a 4½ per cent. bond should bring on the average a price not higher than 102, when 4 per

cent. loans were floated at 101⅝ less than a year ago, and when 104½ was paid for a 3½ per cent. issue as recently as 1903, would not ordinarily he described as gratifying. But this is hardly the proper aspect from which to consider the matter. It had become evident, three months or more ago, that investors would not pay par for a 4 per cent. loan, even when issued by a municipality with such unquestioned credit as this city can boast. That the situation thus presented was not peculiar to New York, all well-informed people are aware. Other cities in the United States—Boston, for instance—have passed through an exactly similar experience. European governments and municipalities have equally been compelled to increase the rate of interest paid on their loans, or where they have not done so, they have had to content themselves with a much lower price than was received on previous offers of the same securities.

In the rise of the interest rate New York has been confronted with a phenomenon familiar to all the markets of the year. What made the case of this city somewhat peculiar, and drew special attention to last week's offer, was the fact that New York had insisted so long on restricting its offers to 4 per cent. bonds with a minimum price of par, that it allowed two successive tenders of its bonds to be rejected by the market. Of its $29,000,000 public offer of June 28, only $2,121,000 were taken; for the $15,000,000 put on public sale on August 12, only bids for $2,713,000 were received. This, it is needless to say, was a serious blow to the prestige of the city. Such a result all great borrowers avoid with the utmost solicitude, and the city's finance department cannot be held blameless. Comptroller Metz, of course, was governed by the creditable wish to protect so far as possible, from undue depreciation in the market price of their holdings, investors who subscribed to the city's previous issues at the prices of 1906 or earlier. This was a valid reason for moving cautiously, and it may have warranted the holding to a 4 per cent. rate last June, even though the Legislature had already conferred on the city's finance commissioners authority to fix a higher rate. But the June experiment was conclusive; it proved that a 4 per cent. loan could not be sold with the charter restriction to par as a minimum price. Therefore, repeating an offer at those terms in August was a serious blunder.

It might have caused what the city had most reason, for its own sake and for the sake of its bondholders, to avoid—namely, the vague impression that somehow New York city's credit had collapsed. If such an injurious notion had actually spread, nothing could possibly have done more towards encouraging it than the next step—actually urging contractors with matured and unpaid claims to accept new 4 per cent. bonds at par in payment; this at the moment when those very bonds were selling around 95 in Wall Street. Mr. Metz, in short, fell into exactly the blunder of Secretary Carlisle's operations in the Federal Government finance of 1894, refusing to recognize the plain condition of the markets until his hesitation had brought to a dangerous crisis the very evils which he was seeking to avoid.

Happily, the liberal over-subscription last week of the $40,000,000 loan, at the higher price, has dispelled the unreasonable fears which the midsummer episode had created. The investing public now has unmistakable assurance on two important points—first, that New York city's credit is as sound as ever; and second, that at the market price, abundant stores of capital are yet to be had by borrowers.

The two considerations which remain concern the city's fiscal methods and the probable outcome of the existing situation in the market. Unimpeachable as the credit of New York city still remains, this year's occurrences should serve as a serious warning against the haphazard extravagance of our municipal bureaus and the antiquated bookkeeping system which keeps the general public, and possibly the city's own officers, completely in the dark as to the exact facts regarding income and expenditure, surplus or deficit, and debt or redemption of debt. The city's present system of accounts is an absurdity which would discredit a frontier village. When the British Exchequer is able every week to issue a short, complete, and illuminating statement of the Government's fiscal position, and when the United States Treasury publishes every day a statement which enables the ordinary reader to see exactly where it stands, and how its status has changed since the opening of the month or year, the jumble of intricate figures issued to the public once annually by New York city is inexcusable. That difficulties exist, when taxes are collected at widely separated dates and are anticipated by temporary loans, no one denies; but this is far from a proper apology for the existing lack of system.

The question, when the high price of capital—which affects the borrowing railway, manufactory, or real estate owner, as it does the borrowing State—is likely to return to the former level, is bound up in the formidable problem of the general strain on capital and rise in prices. This is too broad a question to take up at the present moment.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1907.

The Week.

It was early in August that Attorney-General Bonaparte oracularly announced: "You will hear from me about Harriman within a month." That did not refer to the question of immunity for the Alton Road in the Standard Oil rebate case. It was personal to Mr. Harriman. The Attorney-General was, at the time, pining for the sight of a very rich man in jail. Nothing less would really satisfy him. And the purport of his announcement was that, if an equally impatient country would only wait a month, it would then learn whether Mr. Harriman was to be criminally prosecuted. But more than a month has passed, and silence is still like a poultice healing the blows of Mr. Bonaparte's August sound. Instead of hearing from him about Harriman, we get only vague reports that he is giving his mind to minor amendments of the Anti-Trust law. In view of all this, Mr. Harriman might well repeat his famous question, "Where do I stand?" Whatever other doubts there may be about this business, there can be no doubt that all the delay and hesitation and unkept promises have been due, not to scruples about the law, but about policy. This is what has stayed the Attorney-General's hand. And it has steadily been the opinion of men in touch both with the railways and Oyster Bay, that no action would be begun by the Government against Mr. Harriman. Various cynical reasons have been given. On some ground or other, however, it is generally agreed that the prosecution of Harriman has been given up. He will not "hear from" the Attorney-General. But politically, one thing is certain. If the President and his party stop content with what is called a "moral" victory, leaving the great offenders unwhipped of justice, a very taking cry will be put into the mouth of Mr. Bryan. He has already asked Mr. Taft why none of the rich criminals have been put in prison; and Mr. Taft has weakly responded that he, too, would like to see them there, but does not know how to get them behind the bars. Bryan, however, will know—that is, for campaign purposes. Out of power, he will have no difficulty in saying what he would do in power. It will be all very well for the Republicans to assert that they have put the fear of the law into the hearts of magnates; but temporary fright is no such deterrent to crime as the sheer fall of the sword of justice. When that weapon has actually descended, it is not necessary to cast about for "moral victories."

The New York *Times* and the Brooklyn *Eagle* have simultaneously canvassed Southern Democratic opinion, as expressed through Southern editors, in regard to Bryan. According to both reports, while Bryan has a much larger following than any other Democrat mentioned for the nomination, he has today nothing like the virtually unanimous Southern support which was promised when he returned from his world-tour, and before he delivered his Madison Square Garden speech. There are few Southern Democrats who would bolt Bryan's nomination, but there are a good many whose minds are on other men. There is an interesting outcropping of sentiment favorable to the nomination of Roosevelt by the Democrats. The *Eagle* calls attention to the small space which issues like Imperialism and tariff reform occupy in its six and a half columns of letters. One might infer that the South is now protectionist and has no interest in our dependencies; but it is not hard to account for such a subordination of issues to candidates. The Southern Democrats want to win. They supported Parker in the convention of 1904 because they believed he would be a strong candidate in the North. Their advocacy of Bryan has waxed and waned largely because of changing views about his prospects. We do not believe Bryan's nomination next year to be by any means inevitable. The most effective argument against him, however, is likely to be not denunciation of his views in themselves, but demonstration of the practical impossibility of his carrying the doubtful States. A Republican who could hold the devotion of his party's rank and file as Bryan has done would be an ideal candidate. But the Democratic nominee must achieve a great deal more. He must gain the votes of many Republicans; and Mr. Bryan is one of the last men who could accomplish this feat.

If the United States Supreme Court had been constituted to try nothing but anti-Trust cases, we fancy that there would have been considerable protest, altogether apart from Mr. Moody's personal and legal attainments, against the appointment, as justice, of the Attorney-General who presented the Government's side of most of these cases. Yet Justice Moody, who refrains from sitting in the causes which he instituted as Attorney-General, can still do his share of the work of the court in connection with other proceedings. But the appointment of Harry K. Daugherty to the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission cannot be looked at in quite the same light. The Commission hears nothing but Spanish Treaty cases, and Mr. Daugherty, as Assistant Attorney-General, prepared a majority of those cases. If Mr. Daugherty is as scrupulous as Mr. Moody he may not earn his salary; while the idea that he may be less scrupulous and sit as judge where he once served as advocate, has already caused the resignation of ex-Senator W. E. Chandler, chairman of the Commission. It perhaps deserves mention that the parties who fancy themselves aggrieved, namely, the claimants against the Government, are those very American citizens whose sufferings under Spanish misrule in Cuba were making every patriotic American heart bleed ten years ago. We wonder whether, in those days, the appointment by Spain of a quasi-judicial officer who had already taken sides energetically against our countrymen would have been left out of the list of abuses which caused the war.

Some one in authority should stir up the Navy Department's designers. Here we are professing to be a great naval Power, and looking for the biggest and best ships afloat. But on Friday last the Department awarded contracts for five turbine torpedo-boat destroyers with a guaranteed speed of only twenty-four knots. Yet, on September 7, the latest English destroyer, the Cossack, attained a speed of 33½ knots, and since then a German destroyer has approached the 33-knot mark. Similar inattention to speed has marked most of the designs of the Bureau of Construction and Repair. It is bad enough that it should be accused of blundering in the designing of our battleships, but the American people ought at least to have as fast ships for their money as other nations obtain. It would be impossible to think of England or Japan giving out contracts for 24-knot destroyers at this stage of naval development. President Roosevelt could well afford to devote some of the time and energy given to the dangerous and useless cruise of the battleships in the Pacific, to a complete overhauling of the Navy Department. If he does not, Congress should.

We may be able to send our battleship fleet to the Pacific without affronting Japan, or any other friendly nation, but interests at home are not so complacent. Here, to begin with, are the shipping men. They are to be deprived, if the Administration can find a way to deprive them legally, of the sacred right to monopolize the carrying trade between American ports. And this on the plea, forsooth, that the cost of carrying supplies in American bottoms would be "excessive and unreasonable." Con-

gress, impressed with the plight of the unfortunate shipping industry, tried to put a double lock on its special preserves. After ordering tonnage and lighthouse dues, of one dollar per ton on foreign vessels, it subsequently provided that such vessels must not enter the coastwise trade at all. While the Administration thinks it has a way of evading the latter law, there is apparently no way around the former, and the extra dues imposed on the foreign vessels will bring their rates on naval coal nearly or quite as high as those charged by American owners. But what a confession the whole episode is. The doctrine that Americans ought to be paid more than foreigners under all circumstances, that no price within reason is too high if only we pay it to Americans, pervades the Republican statute-book. Yet this is the second time that a Republican Administration has tried to throw the doctrine overboard when it had large plans to execute. And while the coal dealers and the shipowners are bewailing their fate, what about the thousands of honest workmen in the Eastern navy yards who, having no ships on which to work, will be left without occupation till the great cruise is over?

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, at a meeting in this city last week, adopted the following resolution:

> Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the duty on printing paper, wood pulp, and all material entering into the manufacture of printing paper be immediately repealed.

In effect this is a resolution against the Paper Trust. Thus, when the shoe pinches, we all become free-traders. What neater object-lesson of the relation of Trusts to tariff and tariff to Trusts could we have? And what could prove more clearly the existence of an unused weapon against the aggressions of Trusts of all kinds? The publishers want to cut off the entire tariff, not to modify it. Why should not the laboring man demand with equal justice the removal of the duty on coal, on clothes, on hides, on all the things that are as vital to him as white paper to the newspaper? We are glad that our Republican high-tariff friends of the New York *Press* and *Tribune* are joining in this crusade for free trade, or at least are agreeing to it; for they have not as yet announced their desire of paying more to the Trust in order to save the paper tariff. This present difficulty is a kind of *argumentum ad hominem* that must certainly open their minds to the fact that there are millions who are suffering from one form or another of tariff outrage or discrimination as well as they. But, then, it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored.

Among the significant facts thus far brought out in the Federal Government's suit against the Standard Oil Company under the Anti-Trust law, are its control of nineteen subsidiary companies by ownership of stock, its holdings of a stock interest in fifty-four other corporations in the oil trade, and its extraordinary increase in profits during the last eight years. The Government's table sets forth that, while the capital stock of the Standard Oil, between 1899 and 1906, increased only from $96,998,612 to $98,338,382, the net value of the assets rose in the same period from $196,220,017 to $359,400,193, the total annual profits from $34,420,314 to $83,122,251, and the yearly dividends from $14,304,188 to $39,335,320. These comparisons are the more striking from the fact that the Standard Oil of New Jersey is merely a holding company, and that these immensely increased dividends were possible with practically no increase in its own share capital. The Government has also shown that the Standard Oil Trust of Ohio, when ordered by the Supreme Court in 1892 to wind up its affairs and dissolve, continued without change in management or methods, with the same control of supply and transportation, for seven years, until 1899; and that the mandate of the Supreme Court of Texas debarring the Standard Oil combination from engaging in business there has been defied by the operations of the Corsicana Refining Company, owned by H. C. Folger and C. N. Payne of No. 26 Broadway (the home office of Standard Oil), and the Security Oil Company, said to be controlled by the Standard's friends. In other words, the Standard Oil Company has been a deliberate breaker of the law in this point, as well as in the matter of obtaining secret rebates. Of course, the lawlessness of Standard Oil has been generally suspected; certain significant facts have been widely published, notably in Miss Ida Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company"; and many of them have been substantiated by strong evidence. The testimony now being taken is therefore less a revelation than a confirmation. Mr. Rockefeller, we are told, has given away over $100,000,000 of his gains; but the vast size and the great usefulness of these gifts do not alter the fact that the gains have been ill-gotten.

In D. Willis James, whose funeral was held in this city on Tuesday, New York has lost a citizen of unusual value. To him would have applied the term "captain of industry" in vogue a few years ago, were it not that meanwhile the name has become in some cases almost synonymous with *chevalier d'industrie*. Mr. James did not know how to advertise himself. He put his name on no libraries or hospitals. No one trumpeted his industrial achievements, or was paid to tell for him the story of how he opened large areas of the Southwest to industry and agriculture. When he added a million dollars recently to his former large donations to Union Theological Seminary, it was merely announced that the money came from "a friend." To Amherst College, to Oberlin, to Columbia, to Hartford Theological Seminary, as to the Cathedral of St. John, he gave richly. Yet no one complained because he had the means to do it, for his fortune was honestly amassed, without the aid of special privilege or legislation. It is trite to say of a man like this that he is a city's and a nation's best asset. Yet it is right to dwell on the fact at a time when the abuse of wealth and the mulcting of the people by dishonest methods are the two topics uppermost in people's minds. Like Marshall Field, Mr. James honored the name of merchant; he showed, too, that success and honor in such a career by no means carry with them moral deterioration or an inability to appreciate the true aims of life.

The result of the Chicago charter election is another illustration of the way in which the problem of taxation underlies all the miscellaneous questions of government. Chicago's development has been hampered in a hundred ways by lack of money, combined with a lack of centralization in the taxing power. The new charter, which increased the debt limit by basing it upon the actual instead of the assessed valuation of property, also authorized some increase in the tax-rate. The maximum increase over the taxes now levied in Chicago was estimated at something like a half of one per cent. Yet that increase, combined with the saloonkeepers' fear of Sunday closing, was enough to defeat a charter which, if not perfect, was a great improvement over the old. Residents of Chicago are singularly enthusiastic over great schemes of improvement; but they will have none of a plan to provide the funds. Their city must go on with its strange patchwork of government, proving, if it can, that good administration is possible even under a defective organic law. But there is an element of something like comedy in the fact that the city, which has now shown such unwillingness to foot the bills for necessary improvements, was two years ago the centre of municipal ownership sentiment and was impatient for the adoption of comprehensive and expensive projects along this line.

Beyond doubt, the New Jersey Republicans have come out of their convention much stronger than for some time past. Regulars and advocates of the "New Idea" had their say, and if the

latter did not succeed in nominating their candidate, they at least obtained a platform comprising nearly everything they asked for. Under the circumstances, they are content for the moment with these great gains, and will now endeavor to bring about the election of the Republican candidate for Governor, Judge Fort. They will not, however, if we read their plans aright, give up their intention to fight on until they have purified their party and wholly freed it from the control of public service corporations. Mr. Fort has been a judge of ability and of unusual courage, as when he drove the gamblers out of Long Branch and other places. Independence and aggressiveness he must display, for the Democrats, in nominating Frank S. Katzenbach, jr., have put into the field a candidate personally unassailable, whose record as Mayor of Trenton was of the best. It was during his administration that that city was to a large degree purged of the disorderly elements that disgraced it. But Mr. Katzenbach, too, must convince the electorate that he is his own man, and is uncontrolled by Boss Davis of Hudson County or ex-Senator Smith. Senator Everett Colby and his followers, if they have done nothing else, have at least increased to a large degree independent thinking in their State, and have aroused a widespread desire for the sort of administration that Gov. Hughes is now giving us at Albany. That the Republican party enters the campaign heavily handicapped no one can dispute. Its United States Senators are far from a credit to it; its Secretary of State is an offence to the nostrils of decent men; and the disclosures of grafting made by the Hahn Committee suggest that the time for Republican chastisement and humility may be at hand. The Republican platform demands popular election of United States Senators, a comprehensive civil-service system, the just taxation of franchises, a public utility commission, the separation of State and municipal elections, and the improvement of the primary system. Since the Democratic platform also calls for most of these reforms, the election must turn upon the personalities of the candidates, and the impression they make as the campaign progresses.

The directors of the various producing companies controlled by the Amalgamated Copper Company are said to have decided to reduce the output of their mines 50 per cent. We doubt the figure, because no industry can shut down on half its output all at once without seriously compromising its future. That some reduction would be made has been evident since the last cut in price failed to attract consumers. To say this is by no means to excuse the recent attitude of the Amalgamated. That the present demoralization in the trade results largely from the adherence to the 26-cent price, at a time when consumers were straitened by tight money, and exports of copper were reduced by 20 per cent., no one can seriously question. Nevertheless, if copper cannot be sold, it would obviously be poor policy to go on mining and accumulating it at the former pace. At some time consumption must necessarily be resumed, for the electrical industry is not suddenly going to cease business. The experience of the iron trade during 1903 is much in point. Reduced demand for iron and steel, as a consequence of money markets not unlike this year's, caused a fall in Pittsburgh pig-iron from an average of $22.85 per ton in January, 1903, to $13.66 in February, 1904. The country's production during the second half of 1903 decreased 711,000 tons from the year before, or not quite 8 per cent.; in the first half of 1904 the decrease was 1,534,000 tons, or nearly 16 per cent. Yet within a year consumption had so far recovered that the output for the first half of 1905 exceeded by 2,400,000 tons the largest half-yearly record in the country's history. One reason for that sudden and very large resumption of demand was that prices, though they rose above the lowest level, were not raised again, during all that season of recovery, to anything like the extravagant heights of January, 1903.

It would be an excess of skepticism not to believe that the peace protocol signed at Washington last week by the representatives of the five republics of Central America will bring rest to that troubled region for some years at least. Left to themselves, these five mighty nations would probably soon be at it again. But, displeasing as it may find the situation, Central America is gradually being made to feel the restraining hand of its two stronger and quieter neighbors on the Continent. If for no other reason than the need of resisting this attempt of the United States and Mexico at reducing them, from their point of view, to tutelage, the Central American governments should learn to get along with a minimum of counter-conspiracies, counter-invasions, and counter-assassinations. Possibly, the circumstance that Mexico, a Spanish nation like themselves, is partner in the guardianship of their good conduct, might be an influence in determining them to listen to wise counsel from abroad. On the whole, it would be a step forward in the direction of higher ideals if great nations should properly make use of their influence to persuade smaller nations to ways of peaceful thinking. The effect of good works on character is not to be denied, and in enforcing peace on others the greater Powers might be moved, partly by contagion and partly by shame, to follow up precept with practice.

Peace in Morocco seems imminent. Three of the most important tribes in the Casablanca hinterland have accepted the French proposals and promised to use their power to bring the other tribes to terms. Almost as astonishing as the powers of resistance the tribesmen have displayed is the completeness of their surrender. They have agreed to give hostages, to permit the passage of French reconnoitring expeditions through their territory, to punish the perpetrators of the Casablanca murders of July 30, to pay a large indemnity, and even to make a contribution towards the cost of the harbor works at Casablanca, opposition to which was the main cause of the uprising. The French Government is reported to be pleased at the turn affairs have taken. It has reason to be. French influence has made an enormous advance in Morocco during the last two months, without occasion being given for complaints of the infringement of the Algeciras Convention. At the same time, part of Gen. Drude's army will remain to garrison Casablanca, and possibly other points, and thus retain a valuable foothold. Conditions in Morocco are well illustrated by this latest development—a European Power making peace with a number of scattered tribes, as though they were independent Powers, without giving attention to the nominal head of the empire at Fez.

The long-awaited edict ordering the initiation of measures for the establishment of representative government in China, was issued Friday. It delegates to two high officials in connection with the Grand Council the task of framing regulations for the organization of a consultative body to coöperate with the throne, as a preparation for the introduction of a complete parliamentary régime. Taken in conjunction with the report that the progressive Wu-ting-fang has been restored to Imperial favor, the edict plainly indicates that in the long game of see-saw between reactionaries and liberals the latter are now on top, and for some time are likely to stay there. There can be little skepticism about China's real progress towards modern institutions, however we may distrust the optimism of those observers who have been promising us a Chinese Japan in ten years. If we take this edict to mean the establishment of parliamentarism in China, we shall probably be disenchanted next year. If we remember, on the other hand, that the edict is merely an order commanding certain men to get to work on the project, we shall expect them to be deliberate.

DEWEY VS. ROOT.

Admiral Dewey is apparently more disquieted by the increasing talk about getting rid of the Philippines in any honorable way possible, than he was by the Spanish guns in Manila Bay. He issued on Sunday a solemn adjuration to his fellow-countrymen never to part with the islands. Naturally, the gallant Admiral is too modest to say anything about the glory of winning them. Nor is he passionate about the flag never coming down where once, etc. Perceiving that the time has come to be as "practical" as President Roosevelt was in getting Harriman's money for the campaign, he puts the thing squarely on a commercial basis. We must keep the Philippines because only by retaining them can we get "our share of the enormous commerce of the East." "Why," he asks, "did Spain for 200 years dominate the commerce of the Orient?" We did not know that she did; but if she did, the reason was, according to Admiral Dewey, that "she had the bay and harbor of Manila." Hence the United States, having acquired the Philippines, must hold on to them, for "we cannot afford to turn over to the other nations of the world all the vast commerce of the East, and restrict ourselves to our own Pacific Coast."

All this will make people fear that the Admiral's pen is not mightier than his sword. He reasons about trade, and the way to get and keep it, in a fashion which events are every day making appear more and more obsolete. As if to give point, by contrast, to the correct view, Secretary Root has set out this week for Mexico, where he will doubtless uphold and expound the same enlightened opinions that he set forth on his recent tour through South America. The Secretary of State clearly perceives the truth to which the Admiral is seemingly blind. It is that, in order to have a profitable commerce with any given people, it is not at all necessary to be their owner or even protector; that friendship and an intelligent understanding are a much more sure quickener of trade than all the naval bases that dot the seas. Take the case of Mexico itself. Of that country, American enterprise and capital have, within the past thirty years, made a peaceful conquest. We get larger returns from our Mexican commerce in a single year than we have had from the Philippines in ten, or will get in ten more, if we go on burdening ourselves with those islands. Yet no American statesman now talks of the necessity of "dominating" Mexico, much less annexing that country. And it is partly because all hints or threats of aggression upon them long since ceased that Mexicans have welcomed the influx of American money and goods and methods.

How advantageously the Root plan of securing trade through friendly relations stands out as compared with the Dewey notion of doing it through overawing or controlling, a glance at the statistics of foreign trade will show. With Mexico, our commerce has steadily grown. In 1898 our exports to our neighbor republic were valued at $21,000,000. Last year they were worth $58,000,000. And no one alleges that the Spanish war had anything to do with the increase! We obtained by it neither "key" nor "base," as respects Mexico. We simply had products to sell her at better prices than were offered her elsewhere; we took her exports in return, to the tune of $50,000,000; and, keeping on increasingly friendly terms with her, built up peacefully this large and growing trade. Meanwhile, our exports to the Philippines have confessedly disappointed the glowing hopes of getting rich out of them. By 1902, the value of our shipments to Manila had mounted to $5,250,000, and there were many prophecies of their great expansion; but they afterward declined by more than one-fifth and last year were but $5,450,000. And if one turns to the figures for the adjoining markets, which, according to Admiral Dewey, our possession of a naval base in the Philippines is to enable us to monopolize, it will appear that the trade fluctuates from year to year, but for reasons with which our being at Manila has nothing whatever to do.

That annexation does not of itself mean trade is a conclusion which is getting into the heads of statesmen all over the world. Thus we had the dispatch from Tokio a day or two ago stating that the policy of Japan is not to annex Korea, except as a measure of dire necessity. Marquis Ito spoke of annexation as "merely a crude and cruel means of securing the desired friendship of Korea." This, of course, may be insincere, or may be repudiated later by the Japanese Government; but it at least witnesses to the growing perception that annexation is not the last word of either statesmen or merchants.

The way to get trade is to go and get it, in obedience to the laws of commerce. Statesmen may hinder manufacturers and explorers, but they cannot really help them much—except by repealing the foolish statutes which profess to help. Voltaire has a passage on the contrast between the views of the actual trader and those of the public man. The latter contends that the former cannot buy and sell in India without ruining himself. But the former, not waiting for the new legislation, said to be necessary to aid him, quietly goes into the Indian trade and makes a fortune. Similarly, when the American people truly get ready to go after the commerce of the Orient, they will do it, not because they have or have not a base at Manila, but because they see their way to a profit in the business. And they will ask no assistance from the law-makers, save to break their tariff-fetters.

CATHOLICISM AND MODERNISM.

The Pope's encyclical on "Modernism," on which we made passing comment last week, would prove, were its recommendations capable of rigorous enforcement, a staggering blow to the whole progressive element in the Church, but to none more than to the liberal Catholics in America. At the end of the encyclical Pius X. himself admits that adversaries will represent the Church as the enemy to science and progress; and despite all protests from His Holiness many ardent friends also are sure to take the same position. The provisions of the encyclical as reported by cable are in brief as follows:

(1.) The teaching of philosophy, positive theology, et cetera, is to be carried on in the Church schools and universities, but in a Catholic spirit.

(2.) Modernists are to be removed from professorships and the direction of educational institutions.

(3.) The clergy and faithful are not to be allowed to read modernist publications.

(4.) A committee of censorship is to be established in every diocese to pass upon the publications which the clergy and faithful shall be permitted to read.

(5.) The encyclical of the late Pope Leo XIII., prohibiting the clergy from assuming the direction of publications without their bishop's permission, and providing for supervision of the work of ecclesiastical writers, is confirmed.

(6.) Ecclesiastical congresses, except on rare occasions, are prohibited.

(7.) A council is to be constituted in every diocese to combat modern errors.

The object of these several directions to "the clergy and faithful" is plainly to prevent their discussing, teaching, reading, or even knowing about those current views of science, philosophy, and theology which might conceivably unsettle their orthodoxy. Thus the Pope would cut off Catholics from many of the most important intellectual movements of the age.

Without going into the details of administration, we may point out one or two principles implicit in this utterance. The removal of "Modernists" from professorships and the elaborate machinery for a censorship of printing are simply efforts to check by brute force the spread of ideas. Such attempts have not been really effective at any time since the invention of printing. To-day they are childish. Priests in the remote hill towns of Italy may be able to do something to guide and regulate the reading of their parishioners; but in America, England, Germany, and France, countries where all kinds of books and newspapers circulate easily and rapidly, such

prohibitions are worse than useless. Placing a book upon the Index is an advertisement of it, a notification that here is a volume worth attention. The terms of the encyclical are evidence that its writers have no conception whatever of the intellectual and social conditions in the United States and the more enlightened regions of Europe. The reply to these directions for muzzling teachers and suppressing books was made once and for all more than two hundred and fifty years ago, in Milton's "Areopagitica." Those who love the twilight, who are afraid of freedom of research, freedom of reading, freedom of teaching, and freedom of speech, are afraid of the truth. For, to take Milton's famous phrases, "though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

The resistance of the Pope to those new views of man and the universe that are working like a ferment through Europe, America, and even Asia, is but another skirmish in the age-long struggle between dogma and science. The story has been told at length in Lecky's "History of Rationalism in Europe" and Andrew D. White's "Warfare Between Science and Theology." Here we need do no more than point out that Catholicism rests on authority, on divinely revealed dogmas which, once defined, cannot be changed, and cannot, without sacrilege, be tested by mere human reason. The Church of Rome declares that the deliberate judgment of its whole organization is infallible—St. Augustine's *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* This offer of certainty is the magnet which through all the centuries of Christendom has attracted wearied souls, who utter Thomas à Kempis's longing cry, "Tu vera pax cordis, tu sola requies; extra te omnia sunt dura et inquieta —Thou art the true peace of the heart, thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are full of trouble and unrest." It was this passion for some sure footing in the encircling gloom that drew Newman to Rome. This is the thesis of Mallock's brilliant but meretricious "Is Life Worth Living?" It is worth living, he argues, only within the fold of that Church which lifts us from the waves of eternal doubt and sets us on the rock of eternal verity. But eternal doubt is the one essential to scientific progress. The postulate of the scientist—and the term includes the student of history, language, and theology—is *Dubito, ergo sum.* For him there are no certainties, no dogmas, nothing but temporary "working hypotheses." He accepts for the moment the hypothesis which explains the most facts, but he searches continually for the hypothesis which shall explain more. The dogmatist reposes in the faith once delivered; the scientist demands each day a new and larger revelation.

As to the outcome of the collision between the present Pope and the forces of science, it would be idle to predict. He has seen the choicest pearls of Protestantism dissolved in the acids of the higher criticism. The awful deathbeds of Tom Paine and Voltaire no longer terrify the unrepentant. Our orthodox pulpits no longer thunder against Unitarianism; and were Channing to return to the scene of his labors he would find radical Presbyterians and Episcopalians regarding him as a reactionary. Bishops have long since ceased to explode at the mention of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" are relegated to the upper shelves, as containing only the commonplaces of conservatism. As this record has unfolded before the eyes of the Roman pontiff, he may well exclaim that admission of the right of private opinion is the beginning of the end. But his system of censorship is in danger of breaking down of its own weight. Can any hierarchy hold out against the remorseless sappers and miners of science? If we follow the analogy of Protestantism, we must answer no. The Roman Church, however, seems to bear a charmed existence. Its overthrow was predicted at the Reformation, but it has withstood that shock. We commonly think of it as Newman has described it in his "Apologia"—"a religion which has flourished through so many ages, among so many nations, amid such varieties of social life, in such contrary classes and conditions of men, and after so many revolutions, political and civil"; and we incline to agree with Newman that it can still "subdue the reason and overcome the heart." That is, though it may, if it go on in its present course, alienate men of the scientific temperament, men who cannot blindly accept any creed on authority, it may, with or without a successful censorship, always overcome the hearts of those who feel that life is empty and purposeless without a grasp on what they feel is the unalterable truth as opposed to the change and development of scientific knowledge. They care nothing for hypotheses. Such men and women there have always been and always will be while humanity remains what it is.

THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.

In connection with the proceedings of the eighth International Zionist Congress, which met at The Hague during the third week of August, a sharp controversy has broken out in this country over the question whether adherence to the principles of Zionism is consistent with the duties of American citizenship. The Zionist movement was recently stigmatized as essentially anti-American by so prominent a member of the Jewish community as Jacob H. Schiff of this city. The charge was vehemently repelled by the American delegates to the congress at a mass meeting in Cooper Union; and it is only fair to say that at first sight the supporters of Zionism have much the better of the argument. It would be interpreting patriotism in an impossibly narrow sense to assert that members of a certain nation or creed, living under a particular flag, may not sympathize with or participate in a movement designed to improve the condition of others of their class four thousand miles away. It is especially difficult to maintain such a thesis in this country, whose history has been such as to necessitate the development of a modified conception of patriotism which would permit the vast foreign element in our population to be Americans without completely severing ties of sentiment and tradition that bind them to Europe.

There is, however, opportunity for dispute in the matter of Zionism because of the lack of a precise definition for that term. Commonly, it is taken to stand for a scheme that would create a separate Jewish state in Palestine, established under political guarantees from the Powers as a home for the oppressed Jewish inhabitants of Eastern Europe. Actually, this first conception of the founder of Zionism, Dr. Herzl, has grown or changed in various directions and radically. When the difficulties connected with the foundation of a Palestinian state came to be recognized, the more impatient members of the party began to turn their eyes elsewhere. Dr. Herzl himself was ready to consider the possibility of some other location than the Holy Land, and thus supplied a powerful impetus to a movement that has been described as Zionism with Zion left out. Uganda in British East Africa, Argentina, and South Africa have been proposed, but without the slightest result. At present the I. T. O. (International Territorial Organization), as this party has come to be known, unthe leadership of Israel Zangwill, is pursuing a programme of mere colonialism. Not long ago it initiated a scheme for diverting Jewish immigration into this country from the Atlantic ports to Galveston, which was to be made a clearing-house for the entire West. This, of course, is no longer Zionism; and, naturally, Mr. Zangwill's party did not participate in the recent congress, which marked a sharp and definite return to Palestinian ideals.

But though the congress at The Hague was the scene of tumultuous debates on the ways and means of proceeding with the execution of Dr. Herzl's original scheme, there was general recognition of the fact that its complete

attainment was not a possibility of the immediate future. At the same time, the position of the Jews in Russia, whose deplorable condition supplied the first impetus to Zionism and is still its main support, has undergone such a tragic change for the worse that the need for immediate action has impelled a number of Russian Zionist leaders to attempt to utilize the spirit of national self-consciousness, engendered by the Zionist propaganda, for the attainment of remedial measures within the Empire. In other words, while Mr. Zangwill's Zionism became in turn Ugandian, Argentinian, and South African, orthodox Zionism, while clinging to Palestine as an ideal, has become in large measure Russian. The Zionists participated in the Duma elections, though with little appreciable results; they have established self-defence committees against rioters, on the model of the Socialist organizations, and they have their own programme of Russian reform. A remarkable development has been the rise of a Socialist-Zionist party which aims at the creation of an autonomous Jewish régime within the Empire on an equal basis with Russians, Poles, Letts, Armenians, and other nationalities. Undoubtedly, the name Zionist has been adopted by the party because of its intimate appeal to the mass of the Jewish population.

The extreme tendency in this direction was formulated by one of the leading speakers at the recent congress, who declared that Zionism was no longer a national or regional movement, but a universal one. In his view the choice is between Zionism standing for every aspiration of the Jewish race, or assimilation which means the complete merging of the Jewish people with its neighbors. In this sense Zionism becomes synonymous with Judaism; and it is only in this sense that, by becoming a political creed, separatist in aims, it can be called anti-American. In Russia, and in Europe generally, where the ideal of national autonomy for the minor races is widely held, Jewish separatism is at most no worse a crime than Czech separatism or Slavonic separatism. In this country it can have no proper standing.

It has been the misfortune of the Zionist movement that it has not been able to choose definitely between the two irreconcilable principles of a separate Jewish state in Palestine and universalist aspirations. The president of the Hague congress is reported to have brought its sessions to a close with the fervent utterance that Israel would yet conquer the world. The conquest, of course, is to be a spiritual one. It is the same position taken by Mr. Zangwill in the years of his earlier enthusiasm, when he exalted the rôle of Israel as a prophet among the nations and wanted a new Jewish kingdom in Asiatic Turkey as a refuge and defence against persecution. Now, it is a fair argument to advance that if the Jewish race really aspires to the rôle of missionary among the peoples of the earth, it must not object to the incidentals that go with the exercise of a divine mission. The prophet has never had an easy time of it, and the priest is not supposed to hanker after the pleasures of home life, or quiet, or rest from labor. Viewed from this point, events like Kishenev or Bialystok are not the crimes they are usually considered, but the inevitable consequences of such a rôle as Jewish millennial champions look forward to. If a Jewish state is really to be founded, it must be done on a practical, and not on a Messianic, basis.

SCHOLARSHIP AND RESEARCH.

Much recent academic discussion has turned upon the relation of scholarship to research, but few of the debaters have perceived that the admitted drawbacks of our university education are largely due to the fact that, under German leading, we have all assumed that scholarship can no more exist without research than faith without works. But a high degree of learning may exist quite apart from special investigation, whereas a considerable success as an investigator may be attained almost without scholarship. Indeed, for university purposes, one may say that these are divergent paths which may or may not meet again. For the student who occupies the three or four years of his higher studies in gaining a comprehensive acquaintance, say, with a group of associated literatures, will obviously have no time to give to minute investigation, and similarly the student who uses the working time of two or three years upon a single limited topic will have but little opportunity for discursive acquisition.

Now, the humane way to look at such divergent courses would be this: To hope that in after years the unproductive scholar may be drawn into some congenial field of research—failing that, will at least radiate a learned influence in the community—and to hope equally that time will supply to the youthful investigator that general scholarship without which his researches must remain narrow, arid, and unavailable. But, unhappily, universities have assumed that research is *bonum in se*, and, virtually, that it is the single academic aim. Scholarship without the ulterior purpose of research has been regarded as scarcely respectable—as a form of dilettantism suitable for undergraduates, but beneath the dignity of grown men. Accordingly, irrespective of vocation, our university students have been thrust headforemost into special investigation, or, more unhappy lot, have been left to flounder helplessly in the quest of a mission. Only a few have emerged with the Doctorate in Philosophy, and the rest, frequently men of no worse parts, have fallen out in a kind of disrepute, having had neither the benefits of the cumulative nor the discipline of the specialistic régime.

The tendency to give importance to the degree of Master of Arts, in Harvard and elsewhere, is a partial recognition of the rights of mere scholarship. But the value of such a concession is largely offset by the fact that university professors not unnaturally give the preference, in the matter of recommendations, to their more intimate student collaborators; while college presidents and appointing boards still regard the doctorate as an indispensable qualification. More individual and personal methods of appointment will surely come about as the colleges learn that the average doctor has had just about the most inappropriate and impracticable education imaginable for the work required of him. A little frank confession on the part of many a former university fellow in a college chair would bring out the fact that for several years he had held his position and assured his success by cleverly concealing the inadequacy of his preparation for the work of the classroom. In fact, a supplementary course in universities might be one that taught the *doctorandi* how to appear to have the acquirements expected of every cultivated man.

Take a student who, for a matter of three years, has read deeply in Italian literature, covering practically the entire field, and utilizing intelligently the results of former research and criticism; and then take a student who, after a year or two of severe training in the phonology of the Romance languages, settles for a year in some small Italian town and exhaustively records one dialect of a language the standard form of which he hardly knows by ear. Which of these two men may fairly be said to have scholarship? Which is the more available as a mentor to our idle undergraduates?

But the best way to illustrate the evil of the fetich of research is simply to judge it by its fruits. Review the doctor's dissertations that have been produced in any field in Germany and America for the past twenty-five years. It would, we believe, be impossible in the whole range of the aberrations of learning to bring in evidence an equal body of futile enumeration and speculation. Immaturity and formlessness stamp the entire production. Either the students who perpetrated these "contributions to the sum of human knowledge" have never learned to think clearly, candidly, and as practical men, or they do themselves scant justice in work produced prematurely, under pressure,

and at the expense of the studies that make for fine intellectual balance. And the evil of research undertaken without judgment or vocation reaches far into the future. It might justly be maintained that to qualify for Government positions, or for other reasons, the university graduates of Germany have attacked in fifty years, and with only the appearance of scholarship, the work that might have engaged genuine investigators for a century to come. The result is that as creative scholars arise they will find the field encumbered with previous studies too badly botched to be helpful, yet, unhappily, not quite empty enough to be negligible. In other words, through making a fetich of research, the best-instructed nation in the world has, without exhausting, discounted and staled pretty nearly every topic that may engage the future investigator.

It is time to call a halt in the interest of posterity, if not of our own higher education. The remedy lies quite as much with the colleges as with the universities, for if proficiency in research is desirable in a college professor, broad attainments in scholarship are simply indispensable. When appointments are made on this only intelligent basis, the universities will be forced to provide courses with greater regard to the human material and practical considerations involved. By the frank recognition of scholarship as an ideal apart from special research, the latter branch of learning will greatly gain. It will be a distinct advantage to reduce the seminars to those who have a serious vocation, and their output to genuine contributions to science. Meanwhile, a welcome, if impartial, reform would be effected if the universities generally would follow the lead of Harvard in printing only dissertations of a reasonably important kind. Whether we need some more formal certification of simple scholarship is a fair subject of inquiry. To some it seems that (since from the point of view of scholarship the M.A. means too little, while the Ph.D. means either too much or too much of an irrelevant sort) there should be either an advance in the requirements for the master's degree, or a new intermediate degree analogous to the French *Agrégation*. A change in sentiment must come first, with a clearer perception that scholarship and research, both worthy ideals, are not necessarily synonymous.

LITERATURE FOR EXPORT.

The proposal brought forward by the French journalist, Hugues Le Roux, for the establishment in this country of an agency to distribute the best products of French authorship as a vindication of the "proper" character of the national literature, is a plan of the kind that we remember coming across with comparative frequency. M. Le Roux deplores the fact that "the American public has come to regard modern French novels as immoral productions of the worst kind, and that in consequence of this American bookstores are being flooded with books, quite unknown in France, apparently written and published specially for foreign consumption." Eminent men of letters like Jules Claretie, Paul Hervieu, and Marcel Prévost have expressed their approval of the motive behind the plan, though not convinced of its feasibility.

No nation, on the face of things, would be content to be known abroad by its worst side—no nation, that is, except the French. It has been the tradition that the Gallic temperament takes delight in exaggerating its own vices before the world, and in stigmatizing as hypocritical every other temperament which does not. But now it would appear as though France were growing weary of its reputation as the classic home of "wickedness." More than one writer and politician, for instance, has found it necessary to protest against the common conception of French social conditions cherished by Anglo-Saxon minds. We have been assured that the atmosphere of the typical Paris bourgeois home is as pure as that of any Teutonic fireside, and far more heavily charged with the spirit of love and consideration that makes life really worth while. Now, this warning against the wiles of the boulevardier novelist is scarcely necessary, since no people could conceivably go on playing the rôle that France has filled for centuries in the history of Europe and of civilization without being grounded on a healthier basis than the "life" we find depicted in the works of even so skilled a writer as Maupassant. On the other hand, the apologists for France are trying to prove a little too much when they quote a Parisian police prefect as saying: "Keep away your English, your Americans, your Germans and Russians from Paris, and I will make the city the cleanest capital in Europe." After all, English and Americans and Germans and Russians do not go to Copenhagen or Belgrade, and do go to Paris.

In the preface to an early volume of his plays, George Bernard Shaw explains that, after agitating for many years for the foundation of a Modern Theatre to produce modern drama, and getting one finally established, he found that there were no plays that could be presented in the new theatre, and that he had therefore "manufactured the evidence." In the same way, it is to be feared that M. Le Roux and others who would erect a dépôt in America and England for the sale of French books adapted to the prevailing national taste, would have to manufacture the greater part of their apologetic literature. We are far from implying by this that the accusation of mercenary indecency brought against the purveyors of French literature "for export only" would hold good against the really high-class work that is being done in France. But, on the other hand, it is scarcely to be expected that even the manner of a Marcel Prévost or a Eugène Brieux would commend itself to the Puritan taste in this country, if that is the taste the projectors of the plan would seek to conciliate. Putting the Puritans aside, there are two classes left, the people who now supposedly read the export brand of literature, and who would not take to a higher type of reading in any case; and those who know the real worth of contemporary French literature and are willing to take even their Anatole France, in spite of his strong flavor.

French literature, however, is not entirely synonymous with French *belles-lettres*. M. Le Roux's proposed American agency would be fulfilling an important service to France and to this country if it would disseminate a broader knowledge of the admirable work that is done by Frenchmen in criticism, political and social history, and the less abstruse sciences. At the present moment, for instance, the battle against Romanticism which has been under way for some time, has entered on a sharper phase with the publication of Lemaître's lectures on Rousseau. The great world-movements of the time—colonization, immigration, Socialism, feminism—are receiving useful exposition at the hands of French savants, like the brothers Leroy-Beaulieu, Emile Boutmy, and Gabriel Tardieu, as well as a host of younger scholars who therein reveal their traditional dislike for the minute scholasticism of their German *confrères*.

In the field of fiction, on the other hand, it is difficult to see why Frenchmen should be anxious to acquire a reputation other than the one their best work has. With all its exaggerations of worship of the joy of physical life above and to the exclusion of everything else, it stands nevertheless for a system of thought and action that vast numbers acknowledge. It is, indeed, slandering the French nation to say that what we know as their "realism" in literature is the product of purely mercenary motives, rather than the expression of a natural and certainly comprehensible philosophy of life.

OUR "STREPITOUS" POETS.

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly* notes the appearance of a new school of poets. "Instead of loafing and inviting their souls," he says, "these gentlemen fly to the uttermost parts of the earth in search of

verbal monstrosities, and return with hordes of barbaric captives. Not satisfied with this, they seize and torture beyond recognition respectable native citizens of the language. Borrowing from one of their own number, we might call them the 'strepitous' school. . . . In four short and harmless-looking, albeit apparently serious compositions, I discovered the following words: 'Dunching,' 'planished,' 'skelloch,' 'heveril,' 'strepitous,' 'riffling,' beside the more familiar 'wastrel,' 'guidon,' and, of course, 'rede' and 'sib.' "

An equally curious collection could, no doubt, be brought up by a dredger in any month's magazine poetry. From words which regularly belong to poetry, but which everybody understands, like "doff," "tryst," "gyves," "æon," and "mart," we pass by imperceptible degrees to noble and surprising words which nobody understands. Some are gradually making their way into the conventional circles of poesy. Thus "sib" is progressing. Probably few everyday readers knew what it meant till Kipling used it half a dozen times over in "Tomlinson." Now it is a mark of strictly up-to-date culture. Some other words, like the use of "ruin" as an intransitive verb in a line to which the *Atlantic* writer points with horror, "Phaeton headlong ruining down the sky," can lay claim to Tennysonian parentage.

Ruining along the illimitable inane,

is the fortieth line of "Lucretius." But after all deductions have been made for error and over-severe standards, there still remains a singular phenomenon in this eruption of the unusual words.

It would seem, in fact, as if a good proportion of our rhymesters, in and out of the periodicals, had taken seriously the advice given by Hilaire Belloc in "Caliban's Guide to Letters," where he discusses the "prattling" and the "obscure" styles of poetry, "the only two styles possible in manufactured verse." In the course of his instructions for the former he says:

> It is at this point that I must introduce you to a most perfect principle. It is called the Mutation of Adjectives—it is almost the whole art of Occ. verse. This principle consists in pulling out one's first obvious adjective, and replacing it by another of similar length, *chosen because it is peculiar*. You must not put in an adjective that could not possibly apply; for instance, you must not speak of the "Ponderous Rabbit," or the "Murky Beasts"; your adjective must be applicable, but it must be startling, as "The Tolerant Cow," "The Stammering Minister," or "The Greasy Hill"—all quite true and most unexpected.

Dr. Caliban's strictures on the young poets who "have imagined that the mere use of strange words made up the obscure style" have been less heeded.

How far we have passed beyond the stage when Lewis Carroll could name "wild," "lonely," "weird," and "strange" as the "adjectives that suit with every word." Those are the very adjectives to be avoided now, as commonplaces of versification. As the foregoing facts show, we are developing in their place a new set of general utility vocables, including not only adjectives, but nouns, verbs, and all other parts of speech with the possible exceptions of articles and pronouns. These adorn the most ordinary subject matter, turn literalism into fancy, and finally enable the reader to distinguish prose from poetry even more quickly and certainly than by the length of the lines.

But the really tremendous fact about this innovation is the almost limitless possibility of its extension. Admit at once the odd and unfamiliar word to an honored place in letters. Repeal the old regulations of the rhetoricians in favor of clearness and simplicity, and a new world of expression is opened up. What most commentators fail to realize, though the bare facts are to be found in all the textbooks, is the almost inexhaustible stock of words ready to be used. Talk about wells of English undefiled! The young poet who is not afraid to bore—we intend no offence by the word—into new strata of language can tap a veritable Texas "gusher." We open the volumes of the "Century Dictionary" at three places, practically at random, and are rewarded by "selcouth," "seld," pegme," "pegomancy," "pejority," "pel," "goliard," "golion," "gomerel," besides a number of other words which, equally worthy in respect to sound and sense, are either worn out by age, or of shady reputation. Any one may use these who pleases. In fact, we should offer them formally to the poets who may be numbered among our readers but for the fact that any one of them who owns a dictionary may help himself to others as good or better. It would be as presumptuous to proffer these particular words as for a man to offer apples to any casual stranger standing in an orchard that belonged to neither one of them.

The world is running out of many important commodities. The good lumber is likely to be used up before the end of this generation, the petroleum before the end of the next century, the coal and iron and copper somewhat further ahead. But it is safe to predict that every one of them will be exhausted before the writer who uses the English language, at least, will lack for novel and astonishing words. And so long as such words are to be had, we shall still enjoy an adequate supply of a product which, when printed with a capital letter at the beginning of each line and occasional rhymes at the end, will look like poetry.

SULLY-PRUDHOMME AND HIS GENERATION.

PARIS, September 10.

The death of Sully-Prudhomme on September 6 was the death of a philosopher; it was the twentieth year since he published his last line of verse. Six years ago the world was astonished to learn that the poet still lived, when the Nobel prize sought him out. The mass of Sully-Prudhomme's poetry was too gray in color, too devoid of the warm life of earth, and, soaring into ideal heights, too frigid to win even a small public of worshippers. It was understood that the man was France's greatest living poet. Yet no one seemed to read his books—and every one knew by heart a few simple stanzas which had been published in his first hesitating volume. No poem ever lifted its author so suddenly and solely to the position of a classic as the lines on the Broken Vase—"Le Vase Brisé." It was a permanent sorrow to the poet that a few perfect verses should overshadow all the rest of his life's effort. They have reached even the proverbial stage, entering into the language as well as the literature of France during their author's lifetime.

N'y touchez pas, il est brisé

has been said in Parliament of the political *bloc* that held Jaurès and Clemenceau together, just as it is quoted by hearts whose love is evaporating. Another little piece —"Yeux"—may follow the Broken Vase into all future anthologies of French classic verse. For Sully-Prudhomme has already entered into immortality as an anthology poet, and the immortals change not. It was his illusion to be dissatisfied and look for his greatness where it was not.

The technical student of literature will look into the volumes of verse published between 1865 and 1888 for other than poetic reasons. Sully-Prudhomme entered on his intellectual life with the little band of Parnassians, who reacted in the sixties and following decades from the lawlessness of dying Romanticism. They held the sound doctrine of French poetry, that verse should be crystal clear and regular in its harmony. As they constituted a veritable poetic revival, having true poets among them—Leconte de Lisle, Hérédia, François Coppée, and even the wasteful Catulle Mendès, who gave the name—this little band of youth who followed Cicero's advice and determined to mount up the serene heights of the antique Parnassus, wonderfully succeeded in pulling French literature together for a term of years. All the aberration of Decadents, long since happily defunct, and the still dying Symbolism have not undone their work. Sully-Prudhomme, who began life with the scientific training of the École Polytechnique, took time in his later years to reason out the theory of French versification in a prosody which is literature and which may serve to open foreign ears, so often close shut to the beauty of sound in French poems.

It is curious that the kind of verse for which Sully-Prudhomme was to win name and lasting fame—the *Lieder* of a few sentimental stanzas, which he seems almost to have introduced among the French—should have been inspired in him by a hopeless passion. "She" married an-

other—and he, being thirty years old, did not recover. Gaston Paris, his comrade of those years, tells the story. The world liked these emotional echoes of a day that was dead, but never listened to the substitute love-making of "Les Destins" and "La Justice" and "Le Bonheur." Only the name of one of these volumes of abstract verse—"Vaines Tendresses"—took hold of the popular consciousness.

As an earnest, if not conclusive, writer of philosophy, Sully-Prudhomme may continue to be known. The work on Pascal's religious theory was recently received with favor by the public that thinks. There are chapters, perhaps whole treatises, of like speculation ready for publication among the papers left by the dead thinker. The prelude to all these was the very noble translation in verse of a portion of Lucretius, published thirty years ago.

The aged Guizot, whose own life went back to the Terror of the Revolution, felt himself stirred by the first poems of Sully-Prudhomme. Last March a score of friends of the French Academy came out to Chatenay to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the poet's election to their learned body. The hand of death was already upon him. But to the one who read in a voice broken with emotion verses in his honor, he said with gentle philosophy: "Speak louder, only the dead man hears you!"

To the end he protested that science, which he had so ardently cultivated to his art's damage, left him a firm believer in spirit. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

While not the rarest of early books on Virginia, John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles," is one of the most interesting to collectors. It is a folio of 126 leaves, besides the engraved title-page and the four folding plates or maps. There was only one edition, but alterations in the title and the separately printed plates were so numerous that the exact bibliography of the book is complicated. It will be worked out in full by Wilberforce Eames in the next part of his continuation of Sabin's "Bibliotheca Americana." The book was entered in the Stationers' Register by Michael Sparke, the Puritan bookseller, July 12, 1624. It is supposed to have been printed at the expense of the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, to whom the book is dedicated. Evidently the author or publisher, or both, wished to get the book out as soon as possible; and to hasten matters the copy was divided and sent to two different printers. The imprint of the earliest form of the title-page reads "Printed by I. D. and I. H. for Michael Sparkes." The first part, Books i to iii, was sent to one printer, who was expected to fill pages 1 to 104, signatures A to O. When the remainder was turned over to the second printer, he was instructed to begin with page 105, signature P. But Book iii. ends on page 94, leaving one leaf of signature N. Not to lose these two pages, Smith filled them with some of the commendatory verses of his friends; and there is this curious heading at the top of page 95:

Now seeing there is thus much Paper here to spare, that you should not be altogether cloyed with Prose; such Verses as my worthy Friends bestowed upon New England, I here present you, because with honestie I can neither reiect, nor omit their courtesies.

Books iv. to vi. begin with page 105 and extend to page 248.

As originally engraved, the title states that the "Historie" of the colonies extends "from their first beginnings Anº 1584: to this present 1624." One copy only with a title-page set from types is known. According to this, the "Historie" extends "to this present 1625." There is, however, no change in the text. This copy, which appeared in the Bunbury sale at Sotheby's, July, 1896, is now in a private collection in New York. The next year, 1626, the enterprising publisher, desirous of giving buyers an impression that his book was up to date, but not wishing to incur the expense of making a new title, had the copperplate altered to read, "to this present 1626"; and the date in the imprint changed from 1624 to 1626. At the same time a crown was added to the portrait of Prince Charles (now become King), and the inscription in the scroll above was made "Carolus Rex" instead of "Carolus Princeps." In the same way new issues were prepared for 1627, 1631, and 1632. In the case of the first and second of these, the date of imprint is the only difference. In 1632 the stock seems to have changed hands, as a new bookseller's name appears: "Printed by I. D. and I. H. for Edward Blackmore Anno 1632." Still later, probably during the same year (at least there is no further change in date), the portrait of King Charles was again retouched, giving him the appearance of greater maturity. There are thus six different states of the engraved title, and, counting the 1625 printed title, there are seven distinct issues of the book, though the printed sheets of text in all are precisely alike, not merely word for word, but from the same types. Either the original edition of 1624 was large or the sale of the book was slow, leaving a considerable number unsold as late as 1632. Only a single copy of the issue of 1631 is known; and, as already stated, one copy only with the 1625 printed title seems to have survived. The issues of 1627 and 1632 are probably the most common.

The four folding copperplate maps seem to have been printed off a few at a time as required. Two of them had already been used in earlier books. The map of Virginia, made for and used first in Smith's "Map of Virginia," 1612, is found in eight distinct states, the earliest being distinguished by the absence of Smith's coat of arms in the lower right-hand corner and by the absence of the date 1606 below the scale and 1607 below the picture of Powhatan. The earliest states, of course, should not be found in the "Generall Historie." The reference "Page 41 Smith" in the lower right-hand corner appears first in the sixth state. The map of New England, made for and used first in Smith's "Description of New England," 1616, is found in at least nine states. The earliest, 1616 (of which two impressions only are known), is distinguished by the absence of Smith's coat of arms and the two names "P. Travers" and "Gerrards Ils." The fourth state is probably the earliest which should be found in any copy of the "Generall Historie." The two other maps "Ould Virginia" and "The Summer Ils" were apparently engraved especially for the "Generall Historie." Three states of each are known. The earliest in each case can be distinguished by the absence of the imprint "Printed by James Reeve." A fuller enumeration of the points of difference has been worked out by Mr. Eames.

In addition to the engraved title and the four maps some copies contain two interesting portraits, one of the Duchess of Richmond, and the other of Matoaka (Pocahontas). While their presence is extremely desirable from the collector's point of view, they were probably inserted in comparatively few copies. Owing to the rarity of these portraits, they were accurately reengraved at an early period and these copies sometimes pass as originals. In the reëngraving of the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond the "w" in "Howard" in the title is raised above the other letters; in the original it aligns perfectly.

Some copies of the book were printed on large and thick paper with a different water mark. The Beckford copy (now Robert Hoe's) brought £605; the Brinley copy (now in the Lenox Library) brought $1,800; and the Barlow copy (now J. Pierpont Morgan's) brought $1,900. It is small wonder that the book, in the words of the late Justin Winsor, "has long been the delight of the discriminating collector who hunts down varieties with the zest of a botanist in an untried field."

The Anderson Auction Company of this city under its new management has made an important change in the accustomed manner of selling. It announces that hereafter all bids must be made by the lot as described in the catalogue, as is the English custom. Heretofore in the American salesrooms books have been "sold by the volume, part or piece." The first sale of the new season was on September 23.

Correspondence.

THE SITUATION OF HISTORY IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am much interested in Professor MacDonald's communication under the above title, in your issue of September 12. It illustrates once more the curious mental jugglery, by means of which our educational apologists succeed in maintaining their complacent front: The patient is of course hopelessly ill—but under our treatment he has really improved; the operation was a success, but the man died—these are equivalent apologies from another realm.

Now what are the facts as Professor MacDonald states them? Formal use of textbooks has declined, emphasis is placed on social, economic, and international aspects, reference libraries have multiplied, illustrative material is in more common use. So much to prove the operation a success. What are the fatal symptoms still present? The libraries may be dipped into for occasional fun, but there isn't "time" (which, in my experience, is synonymous with "disposition") to use them seriously; the preparation of notebooks based on the use of

outside material is a farce; there is a striking lack of orderly and exact knowledge even of elementary matters; it is often impossible to tell whether the student knows anything or not; textbooks seem to be used just as predominantly as they were before the "epoch-making report" ordered them off the premises, etc. Isn't this a clear case of a successful operation followed by—death?

Let us drop the self-deception we have so long practised in the effort to persuade ourselves that our college education and the secondary preparation determined by it attain some sort of success. A man who dares to call a spade by its name will admit that the whole business is bankrupt; it fails. As for history, our boys are both ignorant and indifferent: they don't know it, and they don't care.

How does Professor MacDonald propose to operate next time? The Eastern nations which the "epoch-making report" had most logically stitched on to Rome and Greece must be amputated; and Charles the Great ought to be tied-off. Next, the examinations must become once more just about what they were before the "epoch-making report" made them what they are. Finally, the secondary schools must do less—though they already do less than they might do, if they were free to do anything intelligently. Meanwhile, with the situation desperately bad, well—the "methods of teaching history have undergone fundamental and praiseworthy change"!

Now, then, facing the facts without the least will to console, I submit that there are two possible ways to proceed: The first is to teach the facts by main force. In the end, the boys will know, though they probably won't care. It is the way of the German *Gymnasium*, where, year in, year out, they club a submissive youth with the precious historic lore. I do not think the method available here. It can be effectively applied only where the compelling force of public opinion is behind it. In Germany they really believe the knowledge in question matters: the schools, the universities, the professions, the government, the family—all believe this knowledge matters. And with this power behind him, the teacher can use the pressure required to attain his end. It is very different with us. We don't take the thing seriously; at heart, we don't believe it matters. And it's a mistake to think that we are going to care more some day—when, as a nation, we quiet down, get cultivated and that sort of thing. We are going, I suspect, in just the opposite direction, to care, in a word, less and less. We are gradually getting our own sense of relations and values—and it's not exactly Melanchthon's, either! It doesn't, of course, permit us to turn our back on antiquity, nor, on the other hand, does it permit us to start there. Our school insistence is therefore hollow, formal, ineffective. There is no conviction—social, scholarly, official, or family—back of it.

The other way requires us to abandon the traditional method—traditional it remains despite the trimmings recommended in the "epoch-making report"—and to abandon it, "lock, stock, and barrel." Isn't it absurd, on its face, to maintain that an American boy should be free to choose which he shall know—the history of Greece or the history of his own country, the Constitution of Kleisthenes or the Constitution of the United States? What availeth it a man to know the Licinian laws, if he be ignorant of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Fifteenth Amendment? We reject outright the pretended equality of values. I have just as little patience with the contention that to understand modern polity it must be approached via the Ancients. That may be sound philosophy, it's abominable pedagogics. In education you start from experience, thence to recede, diverge, explore, as far as you, and the child, will. Once more, let us be honest. Let us even suppose the impossible; let us suppose our boys to know their ancient history textbooks. Well, what is it that they know? Is the reconstitution of a remote and alien life, polity, spirit, so simple that it is a fit occupation for babes? Scholars realize the insuperable difficulty of grasping and interpreting institutions and ideals fundamentally different from our own. The logical outcome of this fact must be the postponement of the effort to the period of mature study. The early result, if successful, is at best a successful make-believe—a guessing game with words, names, and blank symbols.

But there is worse to come: our secondary teaching of history, like our secondary teaching of literature, seems, in the light of results, a diabolically ingenious switch for diverting the attention and interest of boys from both realms forever after. In an age when we need above all things the disposition and the ability to bite into social and political problems, we cling to a scheme of historical education that kills the possibility of either. I propose, therefore, that we cease absolutely to tinker about for a result, bound to crumble in our fingers, even should we succeed in reaching it; that the "epoch-making report" be for good and all laid on the table; that the starting point of our history study be found in the institutions in which the boy lives; that first their actual operation be observed, later their genesis, purpose, etc., be investigated. Our boys will then perhaps know what an institution is—something they will never learn from the desiccated pages of the best textbook in ancient history ever written. Thence a detached, intellectual interest running in various directions may conceivably be developed. But the backbone of a genuine and serviceable, not a merely verbal, historic knowledge and interest must be an actual experience. As to that there can be no choice, not only because it is our own history, but because without it the whole study is futile—as futile as a child's attempt to understand the phenomena of Mars without a knowledge of earthly physics, chemistry, or meteorology. The procedure I urge will be supported by the progressive complications and activities of the boy's life; by a public opinion that is likely to gain in volume and strength. In the end, scholarship itself would gain by it, though that is not one of my reasons for urging it. I see no cause to regret the pass to which we have come. The effort to put ancient history in the centre fails, and it ought to fail. Let us have the sense to try something that can succeed, and that ought to succeed. The ancients will still get their innings—but they won't be first at the bat!

ABRAHAM FLEXNER.

New York, September 18.

COLLEGIATE INSTRUCTION AT NIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading the article in the *Nation* of September 5 on University Extension, it occurs to me that you may be interested in the enclosed circular, which is exactly in the line of what you suggested. Although it has no date, it was issued about the first of September of this year.

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL.

Boston, September 17.

The circular which Professor Lowell kindly sends the *Nation* contains the following announcement:

Believing that there are many young men and women who would be glad of an opportunity to get the broad intellectual outlook to be obtained from college studies, the Lowell Institute, coöperating with Harvard University, proposes to offer to the public a few of the courses now taken at Harvard in the freshman and sophomore years. The plan is to give each year a couple of courses, to be, so far as possible, identical with those given at Harvard, taught by the same professors, and conducted in the same way, with the same tests and final examination, followed by marks on the same scale. A mark of any grade obtained in these courses will therefore be equivalent to the same mark obtained in a similar course at Harvard. The instruction will be given in the evening, in the new buildings of the Harvard Medical School, and will be free of charge. . . . The courses will begin about the first of October, and will continue until June, with vacations at Christmas and in the spring. In subsequent years, courses on other subjects will be given, the courses changing each year.

The courses will be open to men and women and a student may take either one course or both. But no persons will be allowed to attend a course unless qualified to profit by it; and for that purpose, if under twenty years of age, they must have graduated from a high school or an institution of equal grade; and if over twenty must have so graduated, or show in some other way a sufficient degree of education. . . . If a student fails to show sufficient aptitude or diligence, or to attend both lectures and sections with substantial regularity, he or she may be excluded from the course. Any one who completes the course and passes the examination satisfactorily will be given a certificate thereof.

New York University offers a considerable number of courses at night.—ED. NATION.

HOCCLEVE AND THE POEMS FROM DEGUILEVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The latest announcements of the Early English Text Society devote considerable space to a new edition of the prose Englishing of Deguileville's "Pilgrimage of the Soul of Man," containing "poems by Hoccleve." The editor is Dr. Hans Köstner. Since this edition will probably be a final one, an examination of Hoccleve's claim to authorship of the fourteen short poems referred to, scattered through the prose translations, is perhaps worth while.

It should be noted, first, that the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (1744, III, 126), that Miss Cust in her curiously defective edition of the work

(1859), Warton-Hazlitt (1877, III, 67), and Prof. Brandt in Paul's "Grundriss" all accept the work as Lydgate's, both prose and metre. Sidney Lee, in his article on Lydgate in the "Dictionary of National Biography," says it is "perhaps by Lydgate."

But Dr. Schick in the introduction to the "Temple of Glas," (1891, ci—ciii), declares against Lydgate's authorship, and points out the inaccuracies upon which the ascription has been based. He shows there is no external evidence in favor of Lydgate's claim, and adds: "Nothing . . . points decidedly to Lydgate as its author" (p. cii).

Now Dr. Furnivall, in 1897, says that he is satisfied that the metrical portion of the work is Hoccleve's (Early English Text Society Extra Series 72). Dr. Bock, in his "Metrische Studien zu Hoccleves Versen," 1902, accepts Dr. Furnivall's view, which is the one we find in the announcement that gives rise to this article.

What evidence does Dr. Furnivall give for his opinion? In brief, it is this: one of the fourteen poems (No. VII. the "Lamentation of the Green Tree complaynyng of the losyng of hire appill"), appears separate from the rest of the text in MS. Phillipps 8151, ascribed to Hoccleve, in the midst of other poems by him. Dr. Furnivall says:

> I cannot distinguish between the Virgin's Lamentation [the poem above named], which we know is his, and that of the other thirteen poems. In them we find his syllabic *hire* for *their*. . . his *e* before a vowel and *h*, his spelling *honure* (though not his rhyme) and his thwarted accent or stress (wrong acentuation to get words in the metre).

All these points seem to me to be true, from my slight observation of the poems. But these coincidences cannot decide the matter.

Taking up the claim of Lydgate, we may discuss it at once, on one metrical test. There is hardly anything which may be called a rhyme-tag in the whole of the 931 lines of the fourteen poems. To any one familiar with Lydgate's style (it may be examined most easily in the recent excellent edition of "Troy Book" by Dr. Henry Bergen of Yale), this test will be final in excluding Lydgate from consideration.

Turning back to Hoccleve, let us see whether these poems satisfy all metrical tests. E. Vollmer, in his study in *Anglia* xxi., 203 ("Sprache und Reime des Londoners Hoccleve"), says of Hoccleve's rhymes "—*y* und —*ie* werden streng geschieden." That is, Hoccleve, like Chaucer, never rhymed *remedyë* with *whi*, for instance, since he considered the latter word monosyllabic, the other of four syllables. In this view Dr. Bock ("Metrische Studien," p. 59) cordially concurs. My own observation of what is universally admitted as Hoccleve's poetry agrees with theirs.

But it is an interesting commentary on the slipshod methods of some recent theses, that Dr. Bock totally failed to apply this test to the fourteen poems of the "Pilgrimage of the Sowle," which he nevertheless complacently accepted as Hoccleve's, and studied in his dissertation. Had he done so, he would have found in thirteen of the poems (No. vii. being ascribed to Hoccleve elsewhere, and left out of consideration for the moment), out of twenty-four times in which a rhyme occurs with the word ending in —*i*, —*y*, or *ie*, *nine* cases contrary to Hoccleve's and Chaucer's invariable usage. These I subjoin:

Poem i. l. 9, maladyë: forwhi: remedyë.
Poem ii. l. 13, certifië (3 p. pl. pr.): folily.
Poem v. l. 13, on hy: companyë.
Poem v. l. 22, victóryë: enemy. (This is doubly impossible, as Hoccleve never rhymes this word with anything but stóryë, memóryë, glóryë, etc.)
Poem viii. l. 23, companyë: vilanyë: traytoursely.
Poem xiv. l. 90, cryë (inf.): openly.
Poem xiv. l. 184, enemy: hertely: *also:* (!)
Poem xiv. l. 268, companyë, openly, eternally.
Poem xiv. l. 296, on hy: companyë; humble.

Now it is fair to submit that when a group of poems presents 37 per cent. of cases of one rhyme, breaking the absolute rule of an author's practice, we have a right to demand further evidence that these poems are genuine. It is noteworthy that Poem vii., claimed elsewhere as Hoccleve's, does not contain any breaking of this rule, but has four cases in which it is obeyed. I have thus no objection to its acceptance as Hoccleve's; what then has happened to cause this interesting state of affairs? May I present a conjecture? I believe that the unknown translator of the prose versions of the "Pilgrimage of the Sowle" made the poetical versions also, *Poem vii.* alone excepted. This may be Hoccleve's work, and was inserted in the text, just as, thirteen years later, in translating Deguileville's "Pilgrimage of the Life of Man," Lydgate inserted Chaucer's "A. B. C. Prayer to the Virgin" in its proper place in the text, instead of making a new rendering of the same from Deguileville.

Dr. Furnivall will be the first to admit the validity of the rhyme-test I have here put forward.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

London, August 17.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. have in press a volume of reminiscences by the late Gen. John Eaton, called "Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen." The book deals chiefly with the work of Gen. Eaton, when, under the directions of President Lincoln and the War Department, he took charge of the negro refugees.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland announces a biography of Dr. John McLoughlin, by Frederick V. Holman of Portland, Oregon. Dr. McLoughlin, better known as the "Father of Oregon," was for over a quarter of a century dictator in that vast region known as the Oregon Country. The book will contain portraits and illustrative documents.

There is to be a new edition published by Smith & Elder of J. A. Symonds's "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," long out of print. The Preface is by Horatio F. Brown.

William Doxey of Baltimore announces for fall publication: "True Manhood," by Cardinal Gibbons, the basis of the volume being an address to the graduating class at Worcester University this summer; and "Rose of Old Régime," and others poems of home, love and childhood, by Folger McKinsey.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in October the Rotch edition of Emanuel Swedenborg's Theological Works in thirty-two volumes. This is the first complete edition of Swedenborg's theological writings and the first trade edition of his works published in this country.

Clarence F. Birdseye's "Individual Training in Our Colleges" (The Macmillan Company) is a book of wider scope than the title would indicate. In a substantial volume of more than 450 pages, Mr. Birdseye relates in considerable detail the history of higher education in America, and traces the development of our universities from the early sectarian schools and colleges. He takes up the present condition of the various types of college and university, their relations with secondary and professional schools, and with the public, and the problems of athletics, of the social activities of students, of discipline, instruction, etc. His thesis, in support of which he marshals a large amount of testimony, is that our colleges generally fail in the matter of training the individual, both in mind and character. He discusses the several remedies which have been proposed, but he specially urges that Greek-letter fraternities, through the influence of the alumni, be made a more powerful instrument for maintaining high ideals of scholarship and conduct. The book is too long-drawn out, and in parts is repetitious; but it contains much important material in the form of documents and reports, as well as of the author's own observations.

"The Truth About the Congo," by Frederick Starr (Chicago: Forbes & Co.), is a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* between January 20 and February 3 of the present year. It may be sufficient to say that they are frankly and unqualifiedly a defence of existing conditions in the Congo, based on a trip of several months' duration. If a person desires to maintain that floggings, chain-gangs, and prisons are unobjectionable in Central Africa because we have them also in the United States, that the British are no better than the Belgians in the matter of punishments and mutilations, and that the Congo natives are not very susceptible to pain, anybow, there is little chance, or need, for argument.

The article upon Bolivia by its minister to this country, Señor Y. Calderon, is the most prominent feature, barring the illustrations, of the *National Geographic Magazine* for September. A sketch of Bolivia's early history is followed by suggestive facts in regard to its material resources, commerce, and future prospects. Treating of the need of better communication with the coast he says that nearly one thousand miles of railway are being constructed by an American syndicate which will open to commerce the most thickly populated section of the country. As regards the future, he ventures the hope that "a confederation of Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay as the United States of South America, will be established, and that Ecuador, Venezuela, and Colombia, reunited, and Brazil will form a trinity of nations that, with their sisters of the North, will be the beacon light of the world, shining with the undimmed brightness of human rights, peace, and happiness." L. A. Bauer describes the work in

the Pacific Ocean of the magnetic survey yacht Galilee, under the direction of W. J. Peters, the funds being supplied by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He concludes with a plea for the construction of an entirely non-magnetic specially built vessel, which would not only greatly facilitate the acquirement of the magnetic data and reduce the running expenses, but would add materially to the safety of those on board.

A remarkably vivid characterization of the Arabs and Kurds of northern Mesopotamia is to be found in the account given by Mark Sykes of his recent journeys in that country in the *Geographical Journal* for September. His portraiture of them enables one to understand why the region, once teeming with inhabitants, is now practically a desert, though its wonderful fertility is shown by the fact "that the hillsides are splashed with yellow, blue, and purple, while on the riversides our horses could hardly force their way through the snowy banks of daisies and cowslips." Especially interesting is his description of the elaborate form of sport among the Arabs, which is at the same time the serious business of their lives, that is "the regular and endless warfare in which they are continually engaged with one another." Among the rules of war, which are strictly and decently observed, are the following:

To kill an enemy in battle is discreditable and savage; to wound slightly is what is aimed at, and to wound a man slightly with a bamboo lance twenty feet long is no small feat of skill. To surrender is not discreditable; flight is as justifiable as attack; to carry on warfare at night would be scandalous and shameful.

Ellsworth Huntington, the well-known American traveller, gives some of the results of his explorations in the basin of Turfan in Chinese Turkestan, which is of "peculiar interest, because, though situated in the very heart of Asia, its lowest portion lies 300 feet below sea level." Its climate is characterized by extremes.

"A Text-Book of Irish Literature," part i., by Eleanor Hull (London: Nutt), was written primarily as a text-book to meet the growing demands of Irish intermediate schools for works on the national literature, but it will be found equally convenient by the general reader who wishes a brief introduction to the subject. With a few reservations, we can commend it cordially for both these uses. Our chief criticism of it would be that Miss Hull accepts too freely the traditional dates and ascriptions of early Irish writings, or, at least, fails to distinguish clearly between dates which are merely traditional and those which are historically assured. She is familiar, to be sure, with the methods of critical scholarship and makes frequent use of its results, even in the matters to which we now have reference. She shows a prudent skepticism about the works of pre-Christian poets like Amergin and Ferceirtne (page 203); and she recognizes that the hymn attributed to St. Fiacc must be considerably later than the date of its reputed author (page 150). But, for the most part, she speaks of the poems assigned to the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries as if their authorship were definitely proved, whereas, in many cases, it is doubtful, and some of the pieces are now believed, for good reasons, to be of a later age. The splendid "Song of the Sea," for example, said on page 230 to have been composed by Ruman Mac Colmain, who died in 747, is held by Dr. Kuno Meyer, on linguistic grounds, to be as late as the eleventh century. On the whole, the defects of the work are such as might be easily corrected in a revision. Its excellences, on the other hand, are more organic and important. The materials are well chosen to illustrate all the important phases of early Irish literature; the style is clear and agreeable, and the arrangement effective. The literary judgments expressed are sound and independent; not lacking in enthusiasm, but free from the extravagances of praise in which perfervid Celts are wont to indulge. We would commend particularly what the author has to say (on page 99) of an "element of fine and healthy optimism which is strangely at variance with the modern popular conception of the prevailing melancholy of Irish literature." It is a satisfaction to have a text-book which will not perpetuate a misapprehension of Celtic literature which has been almost ineradicable since the time of Macpherson.

"The Apology and Crito of Plato" have been edited by Isaac Flagg (The American Book Co.) primarily in order to present an edition of these two dialogues, which would contribute to the mastery of the text as so much Greek. The commentary, which is at the bottom of the page, lays especial stress upon the linguistic side, the grammar and syntax, and upon what English teachers of to-day call the rhetorical analysis of the text. Professor Flagg's long experience as a teacher renders this part of the work eminently practical and thorough. Other matters such as geographical allusions, biographical details, technical terms of Attic legal procedure, as well as the elusive twists and turns of meaning which are characteristic of Plato's style are explained in later pages. It seems unfortunate that the main commentary on these immortal dialogues should be grammatical, and yet they are usually read early in the college course, when the important matter is that the student should learn Greek. The introduction is devoted to a sympathetic discussion of Socrates as the great dialectician, and to dialectic itself. It is admirably written. Its very value, however, will render it difficult to teach; it can hardly be assigned in regular lessons. But a judicious teacher can probably find a way to make his students read it so as to touch the emotion as well as the mind—and that is doubtless all that the writer could reasonably expect.

Prof. William F. Giese of Wisconsin has edited Renan's "Ma Sœur Henriette" (Henry Holt & Co.), a delightful bit of biography, appealing to a taste for delicate intellectual pleasure, made more serviceable by the annotations of an experienced teacher.

The same firm has issued Edmond About's "Le Roi des Montagnes," with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by Otto Patzer of the University of Wisconsin. About is a satirist too little known in America, and "Le Roi des Montagnes," a yarn about the capture of a young German and two English women by a Greek bandit, is sure to interest the advanced high school student or freshman.

The new quarterly review *Menschheitsziele* (Humanity's Aims), edited by Dr. Molinaar of Munich, and published by Otto Wigand, in Leipzig, is an important addition to German periodical literature. The three numbers which have already appeared show that every effort is made to secure the best contributors, who treat a variety of artistic, literary and scientific topics in an interesting and instructive manner, and with an independent and liberal spirit.

A new edition of the fun-poking "Faust: der Tragödie Dritter Teil," by Deutobold Symbolizetti Allegoriowitsch Mystifizinsky, otherwise Friedrich Theodor Vischer, author of "Aesthetik oder Wissenschaft des Schönen," and "Auch Einer," has just made its appearance, to commemorate the centenary of the author's birth in 1807. Tübingen: Laupp'sche Buchhandlung.

"Streifzüge durch die Welt der Grossstadtkinder," (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) is the title of an attractive pedagogical help in the form of "excursions" undertaken by the Bremen schoolmaster, F. Gansberg, who seems to know city youngsters well and just what is likely to interest them. Little Hans and his comrades have all sorts of adventures in the streets, the markets, the warehouses, the parks and the suburbs, and with saucer-like eyes learn a deal about the big and noisy world, as well as something of its quiet corners. The book deals with German life, of course, but wide-awake American teachers reading German and believing in *Anschauungsunterricht* should find the work suggestive. Profuse pen and ink drawings by C. Windels adorn the volume and make it practical.

It used to be the fashion for several of the illustrated English journals to issue their Christmas numbers so early in the season that the dazed bookstall visitor wondered whether it was autumn, winter or spring. Now come the German *Kalender* for 1908. First there is the "Historische Kalender des Lahrer Hinkenden Boten," which, in its course of one hundred and eight years, has proved to thousands of German families as welcome as the old-fashioned "Farmer's Almanac" was to our fathers. Latin names of saints, heroes of German tradition, reproductions of old-time woodcuts, peasant love-stories, and a review of President Roosevelt's performances and other strange manifestations of nature in the New World are jumbled together in black and red ink. The "Fliegende Blätter Kalender" is perhaps the next best known, maintaining its reputation for quiet humor and tender pathos, much of the text being well illustrated. The "Münchener Kalender" is the quaintest of all, got up in old German letter, with mediæval drawings suggesting both monastery and *Rathskeller*, and printed in black, red, and blue. The "Daheim Kalender" is a modern affair, neatly bound in cloth, with an illustrated necrology, original poems and stories, and much up-to-date statistics of value to all who are interested in the German Empire. All these annuals are imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York.

Rütten & Loenig's Literarische Anstalt in Frankfort publishes, as the latest number of Die Gesellschaft, edited by Martin Buber, "Die Sprache," by Fritz Mauthner, designed as an introduction to the discussion of the

relation of language to custom and morality, religion and training, politics and law, people and social intercourse. Other recent publications in this series are: "Der Handel," by Richard Calwer; "Der Architekt," by Karl Scheffler; "Die geistigen Epidemien," by Willy Hellpach; and "Das Warenbaus," by Paul Göbre. Twelve numbers in all have thus far appeared. It is characteristic of the changes being daily wrought in scientific and commercial Germany that books of this sort should be issued in highly ornamented text—colored initials and fancy titles.

Not merely love of travel, but the stimulation of patriotism and an increase of interest in local history, are evidenced in the constantly increasing numbers of special works, well prepared and well printed, dealing with German towns and localities. Paul Ernst has just written up "Der Harz," and Wilhelm Schäfer "Der Niederrbein und das bergische Land" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) Each volume contains eight full-page illustrations, some from recent photographs, some from modern paintings, and some—would that authors and publishers more often appreciated the value of this class—from old engravings, giving us the Harz and the Rbine not only as Ludwig Richter, Heine, and other Germans saw it, but as it was viewed long ago by our early American travellers. In the same series with the Harz is a volume "Wien," by Hermann Babr (somewhat celebrated because its sale has already been prohibited there); "Münchben," by Joseph Ruederer; and "Der Bodensee," by Wilbelm von Scholz. Such books, and not Baedeker alone, should be studied carefully by those Americans who go abroad, know their route beforehand, and yet are too negligent of their preliminary reading to get the most from their journey.

Prof. Philip Schuyler Allen has edited for Ginn & Co. Goetbe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris", with 42 pages of introduction, 47 of notes, over 450 questions in German, and a vocabulary. These last two features differentiate the edition from others that have preceded it. Professor Allen defends tbe use of a specially prepared vocabulary by declaring that Flügel, Muret-Sanders, and Tbieme all fail at times to give adequate English for Goethe's "Ipbigenie."

Viktor Blütbgen's "Das Peterle von Nürnberg" has been edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt for D. C. Heath & Co. Blütbgen is a contemporary author, who still lives in Freienwalde, near Berlin. By this romance, old Nuremberg, with its ramparts and battlements, is brought again to view, and to make it still more realistic, the editor has added a picture of Dürer's *Haus* and another of the *Markt*, accompanying them with quotations from Longfellow's well-known poem on Nuremberg.

Tbe extent to which the historic conception of the origin and early development of Christianity has taken the place of tbe traditional dogmatical interpretations of its beginnings is apparent from the fact that two new works on tbe history of tbe New Testament age, as the historical background in wbich the New Testament teacbings live and move, have just appeared, wbile two old and important works on the same subject have been published in a thoroughly revised form, and still another is to appear in its fifth edition—all the work of German scholars. Tbe last mentioned is the standard work of Prof. Emil Schürer of Göttingen, wbose "Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte" is forthcoming in a new edition from the press of Hinrichs in Leipzig. Of W. Bousset's work, "Die Religion des Judentums im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter," a second and greatly improved edition has just been issued by Reuther & Reichard of Berlin. This work, as might be expected from the author of "Jesus," in the Religionsgescbichtlicbe Volksbücher, regards tbis wbole period from the modern point of view of tbe historical school, seeing in the teachings of Cbristianity to a large extent a syncresis of the current religious ideas and ideals. Dr. Oskar Holtzmann's "Neutestamentlicbe Zeitgescbichte," has also now appeared in a second edition from the press of Mohr, in Tübingen, and in its new form is an excellent handbook for students, a *Studentenbuch;* but Holtzmann confines himself strictly to the Jewisb world of tbought. In a more popular form and under the same title, Dr. W. Staerk publishes, in two booklets, an outline of tbe civilization and culture that formed tbe background of Christianity (Leipzig: Goeschen); while in Wendland's "Die hellenistiscb-römische Kultur in ihren Beziehungen zu Judentum und Christentum" (Tübingen: Mobr), which constitutes one of the series called Handbücher zum Neuen Testament, edited by H. Lietzmann, we bave a refreshing novelty in the shape of a discussion of this absorbing topic, not by a theologian, but by a classical philologian.

Those interested in the details of Palestine archæological investigation will welcome the new annual reports of the German Evangelical Institute in Jerusalem, which has now published two issues of its "Palestina Jahrbücber," edited by tbe leader of this school in Jerusalem, Prof. Gustav Dalman of the University of Leipzig. This Archæological Institute is entirely independent of the German Palestine Association and its *Journal*, having been founded by tbe representatives of the different German state churcbes as these meet biennially in the Eisenach Conference. The institute is modelled after the classical schools in Rome and Athens, the purpose being largely to equip young university graduates for an academic career in the Biblical departments at home. These two volumes contain reports of researches made by the members of the Institute in different parts of Palestine. Most of tbese papers are geographical, topographical, and archæological. The publishers are Siegfried Mittler und Sohn, in Berlin.

The death of Eugene Lee-Hamilton is reported from Bagni di Lucca. He was born in London in 1845, and was a half-brotber of Miss Violet Paget (Vernon Lee). After studying at Oxford, as well as in France and Germany, he entered the diplomatic service and was successively stationed at Paris and Lisbon. He published a number of volumes of verse, and was particularly successful in the sonnet form. Among his books are: "Poems and Transcripts," 1878; "Gods, Saints, and Men," 1880; "Tbe New Medusa," 1882; "Apollo and Marsyas," 1884; "Imaginary Sonnets," 1888; "The Fountain of Youtb," 1891; "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," 1894; Translation of Dante's "Inferno," 1898; "Forest Notes" (with Mrs. Lee-Hamilton) 1899; and "The Lord of the Dark Red Star," 1903. He married Miss Annie E. Holdswortb, the novelist.

THE SEIGNIORIAL SYSTEM.

The Seigniorial System in Canada: A Study in French Colonial Policy. By W. B. Munro. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

This is a volume which belongs to the borderland between history and law; or, rather, it is such a study of institutions as would illustrate, if there were further need, the indebtedness of law to the historical method. The subject of seigniorial tenure in Canada has already been approached by able minds. Canadians, indeed, may well doubt whether any question arising from the life of their country has been debated with equal acumen. Tbe Seigniorial Court of 1855 embraced an array of legal talent which did high credit to British North America, and would have deserved to attract attention anywhere. Among the fifteen judges were Lafontaine and Mondelet, Caron, Day, and Morin. Among the counsel were Angers, Barnard, and, above all others, Christopher Dunkin. But, despite great natural ability and exhaustive researches, these men were unable to say the last word upon seigniorial tenure. It has been reserved for Professor Munro not only to coördinate materials which were brought togetber fifty years ago with those which have been accumulated by his own efforts, but to supply the proper perspective, enliven obscure details by critical insight, and set forth the seigniorial system as an organic whole.

We must point out tbat the significance of tbe subject is more than local. For Canadians the seigniorial régime connotes the whole social order as it was in the days of Champlain and Talon, of Frontenac and Vaudreuil. But tbis is not all. D'Iberville and Bienville, François Hertel and Hertel de Rouville, have a part in the annals of New England which represents, besides personal heroism, a sharp conflict of ideals, a divergence in national evolution that takes one back to the France of St. Louis and the England of Simon de Montfort. The strife for political mastery in North America loses mucb of its meaning if the reader has neglected to learn wbat lay behind the raids upon Pemaquid and Deerfield. Nor can there be any due apprehension of the course followed by this unequal struggle without previous knowledge of French colonization and the militia system of New France as these were bound up with the relation of Seignior and *censitaire*. Finally, tbe present work should make its appeal to scholars who, caring little for the episodes of American history, are yet interested in the forms assumed by a belated feudalism wben divorced from the land of its origin.

We may expect, then, that Professor Munro will command a wider audience than is claimed by most writers on legal and institutional subjects. But while his book is likely to be read with much interest in the United States, England, and France, it sbould find its warmest welcome among Canadians. Limiting still further one's range of statement, it is clear that this

study belongs chiefly to those who inhabit the Province of Quebec. On the banks of the St. Lawrence from île Perrot to the Gulf was the home of the seigniorial system, and here there linger curious survivals of it which cannot fail to catch the attention even of summer tourists. Nor is it in an academic or antiquarian spirit alone that Canadians approach a system of land tenure which long since lost its social importance. On July 12 the Orangeman of Ontario still delights to think of the French Canadian as a base sort of person, descended from a serf who suffered his wheat to be ground at the master's mill and confessed servility by dancing around the manorial Maypole. After all, when A. G. Bradley can call the habitant of the Old Régime "a slave," it is not so strange that Canadian Protestants who love to proclaim the Protestantism of the Protestant religion, should find a handle for taunt or argument in the subjection of the *censitaire*.

Apart from wilful prejudice, most of the misapprehension that has arisen regarding the nature of the seigniorial relation may be said to spring from one of two causes. There are, of course, many in whose habitual talk about feudalism, vassal and serf are synonymous terms. A second source of error is the failure to allow for great changes in the spirit and practice of feudalism under conditions which were imposed upon French colonists and the French Crown by the New World. Of one special blunder historical writers seem to be guilty no less often than the man in the street, or the general reader. Neither *ex hypothesi* nor as a rule was the seignior of New France a noble and therefore endowed with the privileges attaching to membership in the Second Estate. The typical seigniors of the Laurentian valley were men like Louis Hébert, who had been an apothecary in Paris, Charles Lemoyne, whose father was an inn keeper of Dieppe, and Jacques Le Ber, who, having made money from his shop in Montreal, purchased the estate of Senneville. A few genuine nobles made their way to Canada and occasionally a colonist was ennobled for distinguished service. In New France one never finds a noble who is not also a seignior, but the *bona fide* aristocrat with letters patent appears but seldom in Canadian society. As for the *lods et ventes* and the banalities, the habitant was far from being a serf in the European sense of the word. For example, *lods et ventes*, which in France constituted a considerable tax, were in Canada but a slight encumbrance, while in the important case of the banal mill Professor Munro is able to prove that the Crown compelled the seignior to maintain it for the benefit of his dependents, though frequently at a loss to himself.

It is a matter of practical moment that the English Canadian should realize the exact position of the habitant under the Old Régime, and full data for forming such a judgment are supplied by Professor Munro. In our opinion this whole question assumes greater dimensions when viewed from the standpoint of the *censitaire* than from the standpoint of the *seigneur*. The seigniorial system has practically vanished, and among titles of honor the barony of Longueil is only a picturesque survival. But the habitant remains and feels a pride in his antecedents which will not be lessened if ever Mr. Bourassa becomes premier of Quebec. We therefore believe that Professor Munro renders a genuine service to public life in Canada by giving a learned, impartial, and discriminating account of this institution under which the destinies of the French Canadians received their first direction. M. Sulte points out how prone the English Canadian is to harp upon feudalism and serfdom whenever he has a chance to mention seigniorial tenure. Henceforth there will be no excuse for loose talk upon this subject since we have before us a work which distinguishes with perfect clearness between the French noble and the Canadian seignior, between the French *roturier* and the Canadian habitant.

Having thus emphasized what seems to us the chief utilitarian aspect of Professor Munro's monograph, we must say a few words regarding its structure. Each of the twelve chapters is an essay on some salient aspect of the central theme. Professor Munro first fills in the European background of the seigniorial régime, dealing chiefly with the *coutumes* and the establishment of the *Coutume de Paris* as the basis of law in New France. After this come two chapters on seigniorial grants, early and later, the line of division being made to fall at 1666. Chronology thus placated, the body of the work comprises eight studies which display the seigniorial system in full working order. "The Seignior and his Superiors," "The Seignior and his Dependents," "The Seigniorial Noblesse," "The Seigniorial System in the Church" are titles which reflect several leading features of the inquiry, while many details relating to privilege and status are swept together under the head of "The Banalities," "The Corvée, and Other Exactions," and "Seigniorial Justice." Nor does Professor Munro close with the surrender of Lévis to Amherst. The volume finds a fitting termination in two chapters which supply the sequel—the "Seigniorial System under British Administration" and "The Abolition of the Seigniorial System."

We have given the foregoing abstract of contents because it will show more clearly than much comment the range of this work and the elaboration of its analysis. Obviously it is impossible that we should give even in epitome an account of the rights which the seignior possessed over his dependents or of the obligations by which he was bound to the crown. Following out, however, what has been said before, we must repeat that for us the chief interest of the volume resides in what it shows forth concerning the fortunes and character of the habitant as affected by seigniorialism. Hence we are led to scrutinize most closely the account which Professor Munro gives of the rights possessed by the seignior as these do or do not imply servility on the part of the *censitaire*. In other words, we turn to the chapters on the banalities and the *corvée* for the most important information which the investigator is likely to furnish.

Under the head of banalities the *censitaire* of New France was subject to two obligations, and two only, whereas the French peasant was burdened by a large number. As Professor Munro says:

> In various parts of France the seigniorial banalities included the right to build and operate grist-mills, cork-factories, hemp-factories, saw-mills, bake-ovens, wine-presses, cider-mills, slaughter-houses etc.: but the nature and extent of the rights varied very greatly in different provinces. Out of the long list of privileges only two were ever claimed in Canada, the grist-mill and bake-oven banalities; and of these only the former was ever enforced to any extent.

How little the *droit de four* weighed upon the habitant may be inferred from the fact that at most only three or four seigniorial ovens were ever erected in Canada. If it be urged that the seigniorial mill could not be escaped, the answer is that, on the whole, the lord was the loser by the bargain. "The banal mill," says the Intendant Randot in 1708, "is always to the advantage of the inhabitants, who have not the means of erecting mills themselves."

In writing upon the subject of *corvée* labor Professor Munro brings out one fact which is not unlikely to cause surprise, and may be cited as showing how wide an interval separates the *corvée* of feudalism from the *corvée* of the seigniorial régime in New France. It is actually a fact that the seigniors were able to increase their demands upon the time of their dependents after the conquest of Canada by the British. Here is a statement worth recommending to the notice of A. G. Bradley, who flatly calls the habitant a slave to the *corvée*. Any slavery there may have been was greater from 1760 to 1843 than under French rule. "Very rarely," says Professor Munro, when speaking of the conditions which prevailed from Champlain to Vaudreuil, "did the seignior demand more than six days in all"—or less than two per cent. of the time. In 1716 the crown had intervened to restrict the operation of the *corvée*. After 1760, however, the seigniors, in the absence of special check, widened their claims upon the time of the habitant whenever they had a chance to execute new deeds. As a result the seigniorial system during its last years was attacked with more bitterness on the ground of the *corvée* than on any other. But it should be remembered that the amount of *corvée* service referred to in the report of the Commission of 1843 meant a distinct enhancement on the demands which had been made for a generation before the Cession.

We shall not tabulate at length the other exactions that were legalized by the seigniorial system, for upon analysis they appear of no great scope. Parkman would have us see in the *droit de pêche* an important burden, whereas, says Professor Munro, with fuller knowledge, "it appears to have been insisted upon quite infrequently, and never to have been regarded by the seigniors as of much account." The *droit de chasse* was even more trivial, nor can one see a severe source of oppression in the seignior's right to collect toll for the use of his ferry. The final judgment which Professor Munro has formed after an exhaustive study of the whole evidence is expressed in the following words:

> Taken as a whole, the burdens imposed upon the habitant by the seignior of the old system in Canada were far from onerous. To declare that they were "more nominal than real," seems scarcely justifiable, in view of the general poverty of the class upon which they were imposed; they certainly were not so regarded by the habitants themselves. Still, the Ca-

nadian habitant was, in this respect, much better off than his prototype, the French *censitaire*. In all cases his obligations were fixed with, at least, some degree of definiteness, and the method of exaction was never harsh or cruel. From the most odious incidents of the seigniorial system in France he was almost entirely free. He was protected, moreover, not alone by the letter and the spirit of the law, but by the administrative jurisdiction of the intendant, to whom he might appeal, with little expense, and with reasonable hope of success, whenever a seigniorial exaction, though legal, seemed unjust or contrary to public policy.

Next to the interest which Professor Munro awakens by his discussion of the contact between seignior and habitant we would place that which springs from his account of "The Seigniorial System and the Church." In French Canada the race owes much more to the Church than the Church owes to the race. In other words, it is the Church which has preserved the race rather than the reverse. Knowing this, as every one must who has the slightest familiarity with the Province of Quebec, the chapter on the relations of curé and seignior at once comes into the front rank. Examples of ecclesiastical influence and control in New France need hardly be emphasized. But it may be worth while to point out one limitation upon the powers of the French Canadian clergy. Unlike the bishops and abbots of the mother country, the upper clergy in Canada did not seek to supplant the customary law of the domain by canonical jurisprudence. Professor Munro brings out the point we have in mind when he says:

Had the hierarchy of New France assumed its feudal judicial power, it would have been interesting to note how far it would have departed from the custom of Paris in favor of that system of jurisprudence with which it was more familiar; but the various clerical officials and orders manifested no desire to exercise judicial authority. Indeed, when the royal court was established at Montreal, the Sulpitians petitioned that their seigniorial judicial powers might be revoked, and secured an ordinance effecting this revocation.

In seeking to accentuate certain features of this admirable study that must modify the harsher judgments which have been passed on the seigniorial system, we must not give much positive praise to the form of land tenure established in New France during the days of its infancy. M. Sulte contends that the seigniors did much for colonization. Up to a certain point he may be right, but once established, seigniorial tenure helped to depress agriculture and check private enterprise. On the whole, we are inclined to give judgment in some such terms as these: Transferred under a belated form to the New World, French feudalism was softened by the wilderness, but never became well adapted to colonial needs. It furnished a scheme of civil society which was neither ignoble nor oppressive, but which did little to expand human faculty. It did not make the habitant a slave, but it failed to make him a prosperous, enlightened citizen.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Secret Agent: A Simple Tale. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Conrad (Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski) has disappointed some of his early admirers. On the strength of his first stories, he was hailed as the coming novelist, a man whose writing possessed both substance and style. English was not his mother tongue, but he had mastered it completely, and wrote with astonishing power. Some of his descriptions, especially in his tales of the sea, stood comparison with the work of Stevenson and Kipling. But "Nostromo" was rather a heavy dose—prolix and in construction suggesting Browning's "The Ring and the Book." When you finally got through it, you felt that you had read an impressive novel, but in many passages attention flagged.

"The Secret Agent" is still less of a story. Mr. Conrad is fluent, almost too fluent. He is a master of striking phrase and of mechanically admirable sentences. He offers us some brilliant bits of description, but the narrative as a whole does not move. It tells us of a secret agent employed by the Russian Embassy in London, and of his relations with his employers, with the police, the anarchists on whom he spies, and the members of his own family. The incidents are bomb-throwing, murder, and suicide—the raw stuff of a shilling shocker. But the events are so overlaid with description, analysis, and the study of the psychological side of the characters that the book is hard to read. The characters stand forth clearly enough, but you cannot get interested in them till you have gone through the first half of the volume. This is too heavy a draft on the faith of a reader.

A Lost Leader. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The prolific Mr. Oppenheim has again brought forth a mouse. As usual, his plot is ingenious, and his narrative moves with facility. There are even moments when we seem to be approaching a real significance of characterization or incident; but the thing never quite comes off. The truth is, Mr. Oppenheim's manner is a bit too candidly professional. He has done the trick many times, and is confident of doing it many times more; one may imagine him blandly aware of the fact that it is not much of a trick after all.

Glance at the substance of the present story. You would think from the cover it was a golfing romance, and from the opening chapter it was a political novel. In fact, it merely chronicles the silly love affairs of a he-puppet. Mannering is supposed to be a statesman who on the eve of supreme success steps out of politics and retires to a cottage by the North Sea. Here he is pursued by the heavy villain, a sneering and worldly-practical politician of a villain, who adjures him in the sacred name of the party to return to his proper task, and says he may easily be Premier if he will be good. Mannering says no; he has found Nature, and proposes to stay with her. Exit the villain, disgruntled on two counts; for, besides failing in his mission, he has discovered that Mannering is hand in glove with the woman he himself intends to marry. She is a duchess, a widow, one of those lady Britons who, fiction informs us, have an important finger in the political pie of our thicker-than-water cousins. Under an alias and in the name of the party, she has followed Mannering to his retreat, with the intention of winning him back to the party ranks. By the time the villain arrives, however, the two are upon philandering terms. It is an excellent situation. Unfortunately, little or nothing is made of it; the subsequent evolutions through which the personæ are put are of a purely mechanical order. As for the reality of the characters, it should suffice to say that Mannering deliberately proposes marriage to two women at once; and that the duchess pursues him with vulgar overtures after his marriage to the other woman. He is a cad and she is a cat, but apparently Mr. Oppenheim does not notice it. Perhaps he merely takes it for granted that his audience will not notice it.

Who Killed Lady Poynder? By Richard Marsh. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Prof. Brander Matthews, who, in a recent magazine article, discussed Poe in his capacity as the father of the short detective story, gave scant attention to the paternity of the long detective story. Possibly Wilkie Collins was its father. At all events, the difference between these two forms of sensational fiction is not merely one of length. Detective stories have a way of being very long or very short. The purely intellectual problems of the short variety are likely to be replaced in the long by a lavishness of plot that is sometimes a superabundance.

"Who Killed Lady Poynder?" is a story of nearly 130,000 words, constructed on the principle which has produced so many rattling stories in the past, that of supplying really damning evidence against every person, male or female, who has any connection with the plot at all. Lady Poynder was shot in her own house in London. The author's ingenuity is expended in showing how many persons had or might have had both opportunity and motive for the murder. As one after another is taken up, accused, and then proved innocent, one thinks of Gilbert's ballad of Pacha Bailey Ben:

> But why should I encumber you
> With histories of Matthew Coo?
> Let Matthew Coo at once take wing
> 'Tis not of him I'm going to sing.

Granting one tremendous coincidence—a coincidence of coincidences, in fact—the reasoning is plausible and the tale entertaining enough. But in respect to method it is a horrible example of the effect of trying to put a novel of mystery and a novel of manners between the same covers. Those who do this sort of writing best are content to kill one bird at a time.

Human Affairs. By Vincent O'Sullivan. London: David Nutt.

Mr. O'Sullivan is an art-for-art's-sake man, so he naturally has several manners, none of which is determinably his own. From the evidence of this collection of tales one might construct for him an amazing trinity of masters composed of Carlyle, Henry James, and Maupassant. He is ready to be sardonic with the first, drily cunctatory with the second, and grimly pictorial with the third. He can turn you off a *conte*, a psychological study, or a pungent satire. It is all amusing, above the average in contents and workmanship, but not quite (alas that we are driven to the word) convincing. The style is not the man. Almost any one of these tales, satires, sketches, would be more effective read by itself.

"Verschoyle's House," the longest of them (it takes up half the book), is a parabolic narrative of not a little grim power. The action is set in Cromwell's time. A girl in love is married to a wicked old man, whose malignity is rendered more sinister by certain reputed dealings in the occult. Presently, out of sheer wantonness, he puts the young wife and her lover under the strain of a long temptation. At a moment when the lovers, still innocent, have almost forgotten his existence, the old man lodges false political information against the young one, who eventually becomes his executioner. The lovers are married, but the old man's curse is upon them. Something forces the young man to haunt the grave of his enemy. A subtle change begins in him, so that while he remains himself in other ways, he gradually takes on the bodily aspect of the dead man. The wife shrinks from him increasingly, dies half-maddened by the horror at her side, and leaves the wretched monster to linger out the rest of his piteous days alone. "Notices of the Life of Mrs. Fladd" is a rather bitter satire upon popular idols, in the elaborately casual manner of our psychological humorists. There are one or two briefer satirical bits; the sketches which remain are comparatively slight. One of them, "At the Revue," sounds like a close translation from the French.

The Burning Torch. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

With its young girl fortuitously returned from the colonies, and thrown upon the mercy of relatives at "home," this story at first glance seems to belong to a popular type of English novel. The heroine, however, is not a pauper, to start with, and she does not marry a lord, to end with; and in the interim she is not merely the tender miss who waiteth for the bridegroom of attested eligibility. In fact, it is only fair to warn gentle readers that though "The Burning Torch" has certain of the earmarks of the pretty story, affairs are not managed at all according to code. The heroine not only does not marry, she is killed in a railway collision. This, being a kind of domestic Cassandra, she has foreseen, as, helpless to prevent or to convince, she has foreseen all the other catastrophes which have befallen her circle—the suicide of her father, the almost patricide of her favorite cousin, the violent death in the desert of the man she loves. The fatal gift of second sight has descended to her from a remote Highland ancestor. Yet she keeps her girlish sweetness and faith to the end; and is, indeed, a really lovely and lovable figure of womanly steadfastness and loving-kindness.

William Blake. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Blake begins to rival Browning as a corpus for exegetes, and it must be admitted that some of the recent publications have been profitable even for the rational reader. John Sampson's edition of the Poetical Works (1905) not only gives, for the first time, a correct text of the lyrics, but by its ample notes shows how the poems grew to their final form. "The Letters of William Blake; together with a Life by Frederick Tatham," edited by A. G. B. Russell (1906), gives in print two of the early sources of information. Practically everything of value both in the Letters and in Tatham's Life had been used by Gilchrist, but it was well enough to have the material complete and separate. Then in 1906 came E. J. Ellis's "Poetical Works of William Blake," the only edition containing the Prophetic Books, and, in 1907, the highly desirable reprint in a single volume of Gilchrist's standard Life, with a number of reproductions of Blake's pictures. Nor do these titles exhaust the list. It will be seen, therefore, that any new book on Blake must justify its appearance by extraordinary merit, and it cannot be said that Mr. Symons's work quite stands the test.

Any such qualification of praise, however, can hardly be applied to the second part of the volume. Mr. Symons has here gathered together and reprinted from the MSS., where possible, all the records of Blake's life from contemporary sources, down to the publication of Gilchrist's Life in 1863, but excluding the Letters and Tatham's Life, which were made easily available last year. Among other things we have here a complete and exact transcription of the parts of Crabb Robinson's Diary and Reminiscences alluding to Blake. To be sure, only one correction of the vulgate edition of Robinson is of special importance, but that is a passage, hitherto unprinted, which throws a curious light on Blake's ethical ideas—morals would scarcely be the word:

> 13th June (1826).—I saw him again in June. He was as wild as ever, says my journal; but he was led to-day to make assertions more palpably mischievous and capable of influencing other minds, and immoral, supposing them to express the will of a responsible agent, than anything he had said before. As, for instance, that he had learned from the Bible that wives should be in common. And when I objected that Marriage was a Divine institution he referred to the Bible, "that from the beginning it was not so." He affirmed that he had committed many murders, and repeated his doctrine, that reason is the only Sin, and that careless, gay people are better than those who think, etc., etc.

Mr. Symons uses the passage as evidence that Blake's reputed project of adding "a concubine to his establishment in the Old Testament manner" may have been something more than a whim of the imagination, but he makes haste to add that Blake "was of all people least impelled to go and do a thing because he considered the thing a permissible one to do."

It is of the first half of the volume, containing Mr. Symons's own contribution to the Blake literature, that we are somewhat doubtful. As a biography the work is readable and sufficiently brief. It also clears up one or two minute errors, such as the names of Blake's brothers and sisters, the dates of their births, and the date of his wife's birth. It explodes, so far as negative evidence can do so, the fiction that the family—like that of every genius, if one accepts current biography—was of Celtic origin. But even Blake enthusiasts will scarcely make a stir over these discoveries, whereas we fear that certain of them will make too much of a stir over the critical parts of the work. There is to-day a class of hungry souls who, having graduated from Dante, Shelley, Whitman, and a succession of other gospels, have at last fixed their intellectual teeth on Blake. You will meet little circles of them here and there in the country, sad-eyed women and feline-looking men, who find in the Prophetic Books the last word of spiritual truth. Now, Mr. Symons is too well-trained a writer to fall into the jargon of these unfed spiritual Searchers, but his work does show the complete blindness to everything outside of the field of extreme romanticism, which makes the pabulum of such coteries. "To define the poetry of Blake," he says, "one must find new definitions for poetry; but, these definitions once found, he will seem to be the only poet who is a poet in essence"; and again, he "is the only poet who sees all temporal things under the form of eternity." There is a sense in which such sentences may be true; they are entirely misleading as they stand in Mr. Symons's pages, and give the impression that he places Blake above all the hierarchy of poets and sages—side by side with Nietzsche! In truth, Blake often, as Mr. Symons insists, has the uncorrupted wisdom of childhood, the pure vision untroubled by the dust and passions of the world; his abhorrence of the experience of life and his contempt for education were, as he meant them, often signs of an aerial spirituality. His two famous dicta:

> Bacon, Locke, and Newton are the three great teachers of Atheism or of Satan's doctrine.
>
> Everything is Atheism which assumes the reality of the natural and unspiritual world—

come from a region of inspiration closed and double-barred to almost every other mind of the eighteenth century. All this is true; but it is also true that a good deal of Blake is mere childishness, and that be paid a heavy penalty in merely stuttering mysticism for repudiating the forms of thought of his age. Mr. Symons has his reservations when he comes to the more unintelligible of the Prophetic Books, but his criticism, as a whole, has the ring of a thin and belated romanticism. The best of his paragraphs are those which pass from criticism into the lyrical manner of Swinburne, such as this impression of the Prophetic Books:

> The drama is the division, death, and resurrection, in an eternal circle, of the powers of man and of the powers in whose midst he fights and struggles. Of this incommensurable action we are told only in broken hints, as of a chorus crying outside doors where deeds are being done in darkness. Images pass before us, make their gesture, and are gone; the words spoken are ambiguous, and seem to have an under meaning which it is essential for us to apprehend. We see motions of building and of destruction, higher than the topmost towers of the world, and deeper than the abyss of the sea; souls pass through furnaces and are remade by Time's hammer on the anvil of space; there are obscure crucifixions, and Last Judgments return and are reënacted.

That is excellent in its kind.

Of Blake's art, Mr. Symons is, we think, a firmer critic than of his poetry, though here he suggests, but does not develop, the essential idea of the decorative nature of the drawings, just as, in the poetry, he suggested, but did not draw out at length, Blake's relation to Swedenborg. The gist of his criticism is in a remark of Rodin's:

> I was once showing Rodin some facsimiles of Blake's drawings, and telling him about Blake, I said: "He used to literally

see those figures; they are not mere inventions." "Yes," said Rodin, "He saw them once; he should have seen them three or four times." There, it seems to me, is the fundamental truth about the art of Blake: it is a record of vision which has not been thoroughly mastered even as vision.

And we may add that there, too, is the truth about the poetry of Blake. So much Mr. Symons might agree to, but he would not admit that this involuntary subjection of the poet to his own fleeting vision, however radiant the vision may be, is the last condemnation of the ultra-romanticism of which Blake was so noble an example, and of which he himself is a dwindling disciple.

Science.

Denatured or Industrial Alcohol. A Treatise on the History, Manufacture, Composition, Uses, and Possibilities of Industrial Alcohol and the Laws and Regulations Governing the Same. By Rufus Frost Herrick. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $4.

Alcohol occupies a peculiar position in the industrial world. It is useful in many manufacturing processes and indispensable in some, yet its use in the various alcoholic beverages of all degrees of strength is so much more extensive as to quite overshadow its industrial aspects. Considered as a luxury, and to a large extent a harmful one, it is seized upon by all governments as an important source of revenue and forced to bear a tax of several times its cost. In the United States, for example, each proof gallon of distilled spirits is taxed by the Government $1.10, about ten times its cost of production, and then additional burdens are imposed in the form of national and local licenses on manufacturers and dealers. European countries have solved the question by releasing from taxation alcohol to which some liquid has been added making it undrinkable, and we have now followed their example.

Mr. Herrick, one of the leaders in the fight for "free alcohol" before the last Congress, has brought together practically all the available information on the manufacture, regulation, and uses of denatured alcohol, and has produced a needed and timely book. That it is deficient in some of the information that we most want is not his fault. What is the sphere of usefulness of industrial alcohol in this country cannot be told until we know how much it is going to cost and this will have to be settled by competition or agreement between the gentlemen most concerned. The popular expectation that, when the free alcohol bill was passed, every farmer could set up a still and run his churn, cradle, and automobile with the by-product of his corn cobs and rotten potatoes is doomed to disappointment. Mr. Herrick takes a sane and conservative view of the subject based upon such data as are available. The first use to be made of denatured alcohol by the general public will probably be in lamps with the Welsbach mantle and in small heaters and motors. Even though it cannot at present compete with gasolene in automobiles and engines, the fact that we have in alcohol a fuel almost as cheap that cannot be exhausted or monopolized will keep down the petroleum products to reasonable prices.

This is an age of specialization, and yet in "Elements of Biology," by George William Hunter (American Book Company), the subjects of botany, zoölogy, and human physiology have been correlated and homologized into a single course. The volume is intended for a general course in biology for first-year students in the high school. On the whole, this rather daring attempt has been successful, and the three enormous fields have been covered in a well-balanced way, and as thoroughly as is possible within the compass of four hundred pages. It would have been better, perhaps, to allow more space to the mammals and less to such comparatively unfamiliar groups as the coelenterates. One of the most valuable features of the book is the number of experiments defined and illustrated, the author rightly holding that a fact or theory is made far more memorable when it can be demonstrated to the pupil. The more important part of the text has been printed in large type, while facts of less moment, directions for field work, etc., are in fine type. In the section on human physiology an interesting innovation is the frequent comparison with corresponding tissues and organs in the common frog, the dissection of which animal, supplemented by a summary of the points of difference, gives the pupil a vivid idea of his own physiology. The illustrations are numerous and generally excellent, and the subject matter is terse, well-chosen, and adapted to the class for which it is intended.

The International Congress of Hygiene and Demography opened in Berlin Monday. Twenty-three countries are represented, including delegates from every continent. Their reports will deal with methods of combating tuberculosis and all forms of contagious diseases; with disinfection, inoculation, and the most recent discoveries concerning the hygienic care of children, working people, soldiers, and sailors; the control of schools, dwellings, barracks; ships, railroads, and other public conveyances; food inspection, water supplies, the disposal of sewage, baths, emigration, the surveillance of ports, birth and death rates, midwifery, and sanitaria. Among the papers presented by American delegates are the following: Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, "Legislation Concerning Foodstuffs"; Dr. Stephen E. Baruch of New York, "Public and Factory Baths"; Dr. Herman M. Biggs of New York, "Conquering Tuberculosis, and the Care of Consumptives"; Dr. Richard Pearson Strong, director of the Government Biological Laboratory at Manila, Philippine Islands, "Preventive Inoculation against Plague and Cholera"; Col. William C. Gorgas, chief of the Sanitary Department of the Panama Canal Zone, "Campaign against Yellow Fever"; and Dr. R. G. Freeman of New York, "Milk Control."

Prof. Wilbur Olin Atwater, head of the department of chemistry at Wesleyan University, and widely known on account of his experiments with the calorimeter, died September 22 at Middletown, Conn., after an illness of two years. He was born at Johnstown, N. Y., in 1844, and was graduated from Wesleyan in 1865. He received his doctor's degree from Yale in 1869, and afterward studied at Leipzig and Berlin. He was professor of chemistry at East Tennessee University, and at the Maine State College before he came to Wesleyan. in 1873. While occupying his position at Wesleyan, he was director of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, 1875-1877; director of the Storrs (Conn.) Experiment Station, 1887-1902; he did considerable work for the United States Department of Agriculture, and from 1903 was chief of the nutrition investigations for that department. With Prof. Edward Bennett Rosa of the Bureau of Weights and Measures, he invented the Atwater-Rosa calorimeter, for experiments on the metaholic changes going on in the human body. His work along this line excited wide interest and comment. Dr. Atwater was the author of numerous articles on physiological and agricultural chemistry, notably (with F. G. Benedict) "An Experimental Inquiry Regarding the Nutritive Value of Alcohol," vol. viii., National Academy of Sciences. He was a member of several foreign scientific societies.

Elmer Robert Reynolds died at Washington on September 18. Born in Danville, N. Y., in 1848, he served in the Union army while still a mere lad. After the war he became a teacher and then an examiner of pensions. Early in his career he began to devote all his leisure to the exploration and study of aboriginal remains in the valleys of the Potomac, Piscataway, Wicomico, Shenandoah, and other rivers. His researches included the mortuary mounds, shell banks, mines, burial places, ancient camps, and earthworks. On the subjects of his investigations he published many monographs, including "Aboriginal Soapstone Quarries in the District of Columbia," "Cemeteries of the Piscataway Indians at Kittamaquindi, Md.," "Aboriginal Shell-Fields of the Potomac and Wicomico Rivers," and "The Shell Mounds, Antiquities, and Domestic Arts of the Choptank Indians of Maryland." He was a founder of the Washington branch of the American Anthropological Society, and its secretary from 1879 to 1881. He was knighted by King Humbert of Italy in 1887, and in 1899 he received a bronze medal from the Royal Portuguese Society of Archæology.

Drama.

Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages. By Joseph S. Tunison. Pp. xi., 350. The University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

Some years ago Mr. Tunison wrote an interesting book on Master Virgil—Virgil in his mediæval career as prophet and magician. This treatise made no pretence of rivalling Comparetti's well-known work on this subject, yet it told the story clearly and offered an important corrective of Comparetti's fundamental point of view. In the present volume Mr. Tunison returns to the Middle Ages, with distinctly less success. His main purpose is to popularize the investigations of the learned, cumbrous, and eccentric Sathas, who sought to show that whatever dramatic tendencies

appeared in Western Europe during the Middle Ages were directly inspired by Byzantium. There is certainly a place for an intelligent epitome of Sathas, for though his theories have not been approved by the foremost authorities on Byzantine literature, his material is both important and, in its present shape, well-nigh inaccessible. But the present work will gain no adherents to his cause. In view of the author's modest disclaimers, both here and in his former work, it would be ungracious to cavil at his lack of philological training, his whimsical selection of inferior authorities, his slipshod methods of citation; these things might do no harm if he could keep his fancy within bounds.

It is true enough that an intelligent interest in the stage was cultivated in Byzantium, that scenic exhibitions were given, and that the liturgy of the Eastern Church included dramatic elements. Further, the direct influence of the ancient Greek drama persisted longer in the East than in the West during the closing centuries of the Roman empire. But Byzantium had its own dark ages—from the middle of the seventh to the middle of the ninth century—when no glimmer of interest in the genuine drama is observable. The West had emerged, meanwhile, in the revival of letters under Charlemagne, and from that moment on, it took few lessons from the East. Occasional breaths of influence came in throughout the Middle Ages, but the great mediæval movements, such as scholastic philosophy and the liturgical drama, though building on the past like any movement, were none the less individual creations, and owed nothing to Byzantium. The Byzantine renaissance of the eleventh and succeeding centuries anticipated in its renewed enthusiasm for ancient ideals the Italian humanism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but it created no vital movement in the drama, and nothing great in any kind of literature. The revival of the secular drama in the Italian renaissance was inspired in the first instance by Seneca, Plautus, Terence, and other Latin poets. New inspiration came in with the rediscovery and the gradually deepening appreciation of the Greek dramatists; this came of course by way of Byzantium, but there is no significant evidence of direct influences from the Byzantine popular stage.

It would profit little to enumerate here the unfortunate errors and absurd inferences which disfigure this work. We will cite one passage only as a specimen of the author's method. He has stated that the marriage of Otto II. and the Byzantine Princess Theophano "seems to have much to do with the curious literary episode of Roswitha's dramas" (p. 161). We may grant that Roswitha may indeed have picked up a bit of Byzantine Greek, but the immediate model for the structure of her dramas is, as she states in her preface, Terence. Then, speaking of her poetical legends, Mr. Tunison continues (p. 164):

> But Roswitha took an unusual step for her time when she turned for materials to the synaxaries of the Greek Church. The life of St. Pelagius, the histories of St. Proterius, St. Blasius, and St. Dionysius, the martyrdom of St. Agnes, the conversion of St. Theophilus were for the most part material quite fresh in her time. The Theophilus, in particular, was not only new, but was almost the first experiment, so far as the West is concerned, in an endless series dealing with a complicated problem of religion, philosophy, and literature.

The first sentence seems to imply that Roswitha's sources were Byzantine. But where did her materials actually come from? St. Pelagius was a boy martyr of Spain, put to death a few years before Roswitha was born. The calendar knows no St. Proterius; the legend, accessible in Latin translations since the ninth century, is of the slave Proterius, who was converted by St. Basil. St. Blasius is not in Roswitha's list at all; Mr. Tunison or one of his authorities has confused the name with Basilius of the preceding title. Dionysius is the great French saint, who had long since absorbed the career of his Greek predecessor; his life by Hilduin is the acknowledged source of Roswitha's poem. St. Agnes was a favorite in the West from the days of St. Ambrose and Prudentius. The story of Theophilus, that Interesting precursor of Faust, Roswitha knew in the ninth century translation by Paulus Diaconus (of Naples). It is surprising, in view of Mr. Tunison's statement here, to find him referring to this translation later (p. 182). Here, then, is a patent case where facts are adjusted by main force to the author's theory.

In this easy fashion all evidences or probabilities or suspicions of a mediæval interest in the drama are scooped by the author into his Byzantine drag-net. The results are valueless for scholarship, and dangerous for seekers of information. This is a pity, as Mr. Tunison has read widely in many fields, and when his obsession is not on him, can write entertainingly and convincingly—as in his remarks on Seneca and Mussato. But it is hard to sift the wheat from the chaff. The author commands plain facts enough to make up a useful popular history of dramatic tendencies in Byzantium and the Western empire, but owing to his vitiated method, he merely gives the impression of being widely misinformed.

The "Three Plays with Happy Endings," by St. John Hankin (New York: Samuel French & Co.), furnish some capital light reading, and each of them has won a measure of success upon the London stage. They are "The Prodigal's Return," "The Charity That Began at Home," and "The Cassilis Engagement." The first and the third were produced under the enlightened management of Granville Barker, a fact which in itself affords some presumption of their superior quality. This they undoubtedly exhibit, but their merits are neither so rare nor so substantial as to justify all the eulogy bestowed upon them by some prominent English critics. In many of the essentials of really vital drama, in sincerity of purpose, in solid as opposed to superficial observation of life, in inventiveness, and in human interest, they are almost totally deficient. They have no plots, present no conflicts of character, and are practically destitute of dramatic action. Moreover, the types which they employ are, in the main, conventional. On the other hand, they are written very cleverly, with plentiful flashes of genuine wit. Familiar as most of the personages are in the world of the footlights—the rich and vulgar parvenu, the complacent parson, the self-excusing wastrel, the East Indian military bore, the quack, the music hall siren, her mother, and their rich young dupe—they are sketched with such happy dexterity and vivacity that they assume a certain semblance of freshness and reality. Mr. Hankin's sentimental enthusiasts in "The Charity That Began at Home" are in a more original vein, but amusing as are their misadventures, the cynical spirit that animates the comedy is not altogether agreeable, while the story itself, what there is of it, is spoiled by manifest extravagance. "The Return of the Prodigal" also, in spite of its many amusing features, leaves a somewhat unpleasant after-flavor, as well as a conviction of its utter improbability. It is only "The Cassilis Engagement" that has a really sound and useful idea at bottom, and in this piece the dramatic workmanship is defective. As a dramatist Mr. Hankin has a good deal to learn, but there ought to be a future for a man who can see the humorous side of things so clearly. But he must not try to imitate Bernard Shaw, as he seems inclined to do now and then. He could scarcely choose a worse model.

"Das Ibsenbuch: Ibsen in seinen Werken, Briefen, Reden und Aufsätzen" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) presents, under the experienced editing of Hans Landsberg, a series of extracts, in prose and poetry, suggesting the dramatist in his varied moods. In the introduction the editor maintains that, since Shakespeare, no foreign poet has exerted an influence on the intellectual life of Germany equal to Ibsen's. There are portraits of Ibsen in his thirtieth, fortieth, fiftieth, sixtieth, and seventieth years, and reproductions from his manuscript. The selections treat of the poet's life, the wisdom of living, reflections on the state and *Kultur*, art, literature, and the theatre, and give parts of his dramas.

Equally attractive typographically are two other volumes of the same sort (Stechert & Co.) dealing with another great dramatist, whose diary and letters are of perennial attraction. "Alles um Liebe" is a collection of Goethe's letters, written in the first half of his life, put together in biographical form, with notes by Ernst Hartung, and a tasteful border and other ornamentation by Käte Vesper-Waentig. Fair Frau von Stein and the dear mother Aja, as well as his sister, Cornelie, Kätchen Schönkopf, and Friederike Brion, are all presented to posterity again as the fortunate recipients of the young poet's missives. "Vom tätigen Leben" is the title of the group of letters written by Goethe later in life, and edited and illustrated by the same persons. Whatever one may think of Goethe and his life, as a whole, or in phases, almost every letter that came from his hand is full of interest.

Although Ibsen's "The Master Builder" has been played in this city, it never had a fairly adequate representation before it was produced in the Bijou Theatre, on Monday evening. It has been pronounced the masterpiece of the author, by some of his most enthusiastic admirers, but from this verdict future critics will be likely to dissent. Undoubtedly, considered in the light of a study in dramatic form of the effect of motives upon character, it is

a remarkable example of technical skill. It may even be granted that some of the stages of the spiritual conflict create suspense and interest. But as a whole, the drama is tedious, owing to the prevailing drab of its atmosphere, the mean and sordid nature of its principal characters, its prolix discussions, and its general lack of sympathetic quality. As for the symbolism with which it is supposed to be charged, that is so misty, when any attempt is made to extract a consistent meaning from it, that discussion of it would be profitless. The interest in the present performance centred in the Hilda Wangel of Madame Nazimova, an extraordinarily vital and characteristic bit of portraiture. Except in the matters of facial resemblance and verbal accent, it was entirely distinct from either her Hedda or her Norah. The conception was that of a young girl, frank, arch, impulsive, passionate, romantic, and unscrupulous in the pursuit of her ideal. She could be just, tender, or affectionate, upon occasion, as in her dealings with Ragnar, Kaia, and Mrs. Solness, but, at any crisis in her fortunes, promptly demonstrated her possession of the "robust conscience" which she recommended to others. This part Madame Nazimova acted with charming vivacity, strange fascination, and perfect realism. Her by-play was delicate, varied, eloquent, and incessant, her facial expression brilliant, her outbreaks of passion intense and spontaneous. She is undoubtedly an actress of a high order and of rare versatility, but she has yet to undergo the test of the best poetic drama.

Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, "The Galilean's Victory," is to be presented in the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on September 30. The cast includes a number of favorite performers.

Signor Ermete Novelli will set sail for this country on October 18. He will open his season in this city with one of his last year's successes, "Papa Lebonnard."

Beerbohm Tree has decided to give his first performance of "The Beloved Vagabond" in Dublin, on October 10. This is the four-act play which William J. Locke has made from his own novel of the same name. Mr. Tree, of course, will be Paragot. Soon afterward he will begin rehearsals of Comyns Carr's "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Both these plays will be features of the London season at His Majesty's Theatre.

Music.

A Collection of Sixty-two Songs by Robert Franz. New York: G. Schirmer.

"Fidelio." By Beethoven. G. Schirmer.

Time was when an American edition or reprint of foreign musical works meant poor type, bad paper, careless editing and proofreading, and usurious prices. We have changed all that. To-day there are in the market several series of publications that have few equals abroad. One of these is Schirmer's Golden Treasury of Music, which aims at covering both the vocal and instrumental masterworks. It is pleasant to record that one of the first dozen collections in this series is devoted to Robert Franz, comprising sixty-two of his best songs. They are issued in two volumes containing the same songs, one for high voice, the other for low voice. Such a procedure would not have met with the approval of Franz himself, who used to say that all his songs were written for mezzo-soprano, and who would not allow a transposition to other keys: "It may be possible," he said, "to transpose songs the accompaniments of which are only harmonic stuffing; not mine." Now, while it is true that there are cases where a change of key results in difficult or ugly details, these are of little consequence compared with the disadvantage of having these songs confined to those only whose voice comes within their range. Franz was unpractical, and that is one reason why he had to wait so long for recognition. It must always be a matter of pride to Americans that one of the four greatest of all song writers was really appreciated in full in this country before he was in Germany. H. E. Krehbiel, who has furnished an introduction to the collection, does not refer to that fact; but he has gathered together from Franz's "Boswell" (Dr. Waldmann) and other sources a number of illuminative facts regarding Franz and the songs here presented, which much enhance the value of the volume to singers and students. When these songs were issued by the composer, Wagner and Liszt were among their first and most ardent admirers, and it was natural that they should have been labelled as music of the future. To thousands of amateurs they are still such, the more's the pity.

An introductory essay by Mr. Krehbiel is also included in the latest edition of Beethoven's "Fidelio." The title-page further contains the names of Theodore Baker, who made the English version; the librettist, Josef Sonnleithner; the revisers of the text, Stephan von Breuning and Friedrich Treitschke; the reviser of the vocal score, Gustav F. Kogel; and the composer. "Fidelio" remained his only opera, and if any one wonders why, the story of its fate, which is interestingly told by the editor, provides a full explanation. In speaking of the climax of the opera—the trumpet signal which tells of the approach of the rescuing Minister of Justice—Mr. Krehbiel remarks:

> The device adopted by the late Theodore Thomas and some other conductors, of having this call sounded louder the second time than the first, is without justification either from the dynamic markings of the composer or the dramatic situation from which it is borrowed. The trumpeter is supposed to be stationed on the ramparts of the prison, and there remains; he does not come nearer to the scene of action with the Minister of Justice, of whose approach he was instructed to give warning.

We suspect that conductors will nevertheless continue in their way of doing, which undoubtedly makes the climax more thrilling.

Paderewski will make his only appearance with an orchestra in New York this season with that of the Boston Symphony Society. Among the other soloists are Anton Van Rooy, Theresa Careño, Fritz Kreisler, and Carl Wendling. The subscription sale will open at Carnegie Hall, October 14.

Mme. Nordica, Miss Alice Nielsen, and Señor Contantino will again head the San Carlo Opera Company in this country under the management of Henry Russell. Wagner's operas will be sung in German, and to the operas previously in the repertory "Aïda" and "Martha" are to be added. The orchestra will be under Mr. Conti.

Before Felix Weingartner begins his duties as director of the Imperial Opera, in Vienna, he will make a tour of England and Scotland, playing the piano in a series of programmes devoted entirely to his own chamber music.

Art.

French Furniture. By André Saglio. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The key-note of Mr. Saglio's book on French furniture is struck in the first page of the Introduction. We are told there that "a history of furniture in such a country as France is very different from a technical review of archæology or art." It is in the attempt to make it something different that the author of such a book often spoils his work—trying to make it a history of tendencies and influences, a philosophical inquiry, to the exclusion of the obvious and necessary facts. The author is often so much in dread of being thought a mere accumulator of detached scraps of information, he is so desirous of showing the consecutive and logical sequence which he has established, that the book runs to metaphysics rather than to narration or art criticism. That is in part the fault of the book before us. The author has a great familiarity with decorative art, as found in the French national collections, and he is familiar with the evolution of French art; but he has wished perhaps to make a thoughtful and a readable book. The result is that we are presented with an essay upon the decorative art of many periods of French history, without being enabled to grasp firmly the manufacture and the design of any one period.

The first chapter deals with the Gallo-Roman epoch and the early middle ages. Here there are no illustrations; and it is admitted that furniture in the usual sense does not exist for our investigation: we have to deal with the stalls of church choirs, and with two or three presses in sacristies. The main purpose of the text is, however, to explain the moral development of early French society. The second chapter pursues this subject; it is a general essay on the ages of Gothic art and of the Crusades, and here again there are no illustrations. It is not till the third chapter that a definite epoch is reached and definite designs come before the reader. Plate 1 is an admirable chest in the Cluny museum, which, though stated to be of the fifteenth century, is late in style—a piece of the early neo-classic rather than of the lingering florid-Gothic. It is hard to see how that piece can be dated so early, while the text opposite, p. 36, dates the choir-furnishing of Amiens as of 1508 and the Church of Brou at Bourg-en-Bresse as of 1522. Plate 3, p. 46, is more frankly Gothic in character, and this also is put down as of the fifteenth century. It must be repeated that the interesting thing in such a case is a nearer approximation to accuracy in dating. If Mr.

Saglio, with the great authorities which he has at hand in Paris, really thinks that the chest at the Cluny Museum is earlier than the carved stalls of Amiens, or that one given in Plate 3, it would be a great help to us to have the reasons for that opinion, and a close approximation to its date.

An attempted analysis of Gothic art and the social condition which led to it, and an attempted explanation of the classical renaissance brought from Italy into France, occupy the fourth chapter. And here it must be said that the illustrations are extremely well chosen and that they are all half-tones printed as separate plates and all from important originals in the best collections of France. The museums of the Louvre, of the city of Paris at the Hôtel Carnavalet, of the Garde-Meuble, and of the city of Nancy; the national palaces of Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Le Trianon, l'Élysée, and the Préfecture of Indre-et-Loire; the abbey church of St. Denis and famous private collections, have all been called upon for contributions. It is the later period of the fully organized classical renaissance which is drawn upon for illustration, from and including Plate 4 until the close of the work. With this no possible fault can be found. It is the art of this period which the student expects to find in a treatise on French furniture. The reader asks only for a little more candor, and for a confession that the art of the Middle Ages is talked about, only in a general way, while the examples furnished, from which precise lessons are to be learned, date from 1520, or thereabout, and the established classical style.

Chapters viii. and ix., dealing with the Regency, and the periods of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., form naturally the most adequate part of the book, which is one more of Newnes's Library of Applied Art, a series of which we have had occasion to review previous numbers in the *Nation*.

H. M. Caldwell Company has secured the American rights for the little volumes in the Great Galleries of Europe Series, each book containing sixty or more reproductions of the famous pictures in each of the principal galleries of Europe. Four volumes, "The National Gallery," "The Tate Gallery," "The Louvre," and "The Luxembourg," have already been published, and others are in preparation. Concise notes on the pictures or the artists are appended to each reproduction, and the several volumes are prefaced with an historical account of the gallery represented.

It has seemed sometimes that the "modern painter," who writes in the *Burlington Magazine* the articles on "The Case for Modern Painting," would have been more accurate had he called them "The Case of Modern Painting." The instalment in the September number, which deals with the "Ideals of Modern Germany," might, indeed, be called "The Case Against Modern Painting," so much more salutary than laudatory are his remarks. His complaint that modern painters, far from being too much occupied with technique, have much more intelligence than technical power, in which "they are immeasurably inferior to the most unknown and in some respects even contemptible painters of the past" has a great deal too much foundation for our comfort. There is little else of great interest in the letter-press of this number, but the plates, including a color-reproduction of Reynolds's Nelly O'Brien, and a magnificent landscape drawing by Rembrandt, are of the usual high standard. "Art in America" deals with Turner's Fishing Boats Entering Calais Harbor, Corot's Le Lac, and Rousseau's Village of Becquigny, recent additions to the Frick collection; and with the recent growth in this country of interest in our native art as shown, particularly, in the gifts of Charles L. Freer and Mr. Evans to the Smithsonian Institution, and of George A. Hearn to the Metropolitan Museum, and in the purchase of American pictures by the Corcoran Gallery and the St. Louis Museum.

Recent discoveries by the Italian expedition to Crete are described by Luigi Pernier in the *Bollettino d'Arte* for August. The site of a primitive palace has been uncovered at Pheastos. At Prinià has been unearthed a temple of archaic type, with a rude frieze of horsemen. Bits of the sculptured throne of the goddess have also been recovered. The figures include lions and stags of a noble naturalism which seems to have relations both with Mycenæan and Etruscan work. The dates of these extremely archaic reliefs remain problematical. The longest article of the number treats the decorations of the Monastery of the Tor de' Specchi, Rome. These paintings consist chiefly of twenty-six frescoes treating the life of Santa Francesca, comprising twice as many incidents of the legend. These stories are impressive from the point of view of illustration, and seem to be the work of a late fifteenth century Umbrian painter, almost equally inspired by Gozzoli and Bonfigli. They attest the popularity of that Umbro-Roman school which has only recently become the subject of investigation. In the long-neglected Villa Pandolfini, near Florence, whence Andrea Castagno's series of heroes was taken, to be finally deposited in the museum of S. Apollonia, fragments of the incidental decoration, cupids bearing garlands, have been rediscovered. Prof. Cesare Ancona, the proprietor of the villa, has generously presented these fragments to the state. They will be detached from the walls and reunited to the major compositions. With a similar generosity Comm. Vittorio Avondo has given to the state the historic castle of Issogne in Piedmont. It was built towards 1480 for the famous Challant family, has never been greatly marred by restoration, and contains, besides some of the original furniture, an unusual series of frescoes, genre subjects, by artists of the Basle school of the sixteenth century.

The discovery of an important work by Masaccio is announced by Bernhard Berenson in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for August. The panel, which represents the Madonna enthroned with two angels, is in the collection of the Rev. A. F. Sutton at Brant Broughton, England. It appears to belong to the early years of the master, having stylistic similarities with the Madonna with St. Anne of the Accademia, Florence. A fuller study with a reproduction is promised for the near future. Other articles of interest in the number are a partial reconstruction of the work of Girolamo di Giovanni of Camerino, by Mr. Berenson. This painter derived chiefly from the Muranese school, and since he was active before the middle of the fifteenth century, must be regarded as a precursor of Crivelli in the Marches. His only dated piece (1473) is at Monte San Martino. His other works at Camerino, Milan, London, and the current Perugian exhibition, have been variously attributed. By no means a great painter, his work has much charm. Two fine male portraits by Titian, in the city gallery at Verona, and in the Ambrosiana, Milan, are discussed by Dr. Gronau. Although quite in Titian's best manner, they have been neglected by general writers on the subject. Two interesting pen sketches by Carpaccio, studies for the St. Jerome in St. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice, are reported and reproduced by Victor Golubeff from the Dolgoroukoff collection, Moscow. A single number of an art magazine is seldom so well freighted with new and important matter.

The latest addition to the useful picture books on Italian art collections—Raccolte d'Arte—published by the Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche, Bergamo, is "La Galleria dell' Accademia Carrara in Bergamo," by Dr. Gustavo Frizzoni. Dr. Frizzoni's publishers have supplied nearly two hundred half-tone illustrations of quarto size and good quality; and since the Bergamo Gallery abounds in the eclectic painters who chiefly occupy modern connoisseurship this book will be useful to students as a means of quick reference. Cariani, Catena, Becaruzzi, Padovanino, Previtali, and others of their stamp are prominently represented. For what public Dr. Frizzoni's rather perfunctory text is intended is not quite apparent. He not infrequently neglects to give the dates of dated pictures, and then he communicates a recondite bit of criticism from the manuscript remains of Giovanni Morelli. He reproduces Morelli's St. Jerome, ascribed to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, without giving any hint that it is an old and indifferent copy, the splendid original of which is in the Jarves collection at New Haven. He describes the early Raphael, a St. Sebastian, in the Lochis Gallery, without mentioning the contemporary version in the Boston Museum. This was plausibly attributed to Raphael's studio mate, Lo Spagna, by Berenson, and is one of the strongest bits of circumstantial evidence for the authenticity of the Bergamo example. In short the essay gives habitually either too much or too little. Not quite slight enough to be ignored, it falls far short of scientific thoroughness. One frequently wishes that such books might be published without text, or, better, with a kind of *catalogue raisonné*. But these books are bought for their pictures, and from that point of view the present volume is excellent value at the price of six and a half lire.

Charles Scribner's Sons have issued the third and fourth volumes of the beautifully printed edition of "Don Quixote," Shelton's translation, illustrated by the late Daniel Vierge. When the first two volumes came out, we noticed them at length in our issue of May 9. Concerning these volumes, nothing need be said except that they fully maintain the standard and furnish added proof that Vierge is the ideal illustrator of "Don Quixote." Royal Cortissoz supplies an adequate introduction, in which he discusses the art of Vierge.

The Autobiography which Augustus Saint-Gaudens wrote shortly before his death is now in the hands of his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, who will enlarge it with biographical notes upon his father's reminiscences, and with such of Augustus Saint-Gaudens's letters as may be collected. Homer Saint-Gaudens will be grateful to those who will send such letters to him at Windsor, Vt. The letters will be copied, and the originals returned without delay.

Finance.

CASE OF THE SPECULATING MILLIONAIRES.

It was pointed out in this column, several months ago, that the troubles in the financial markets of 1903 were largely due to the fact that enormously rich capitalists had gone into speculation beyond their depth. Facts which have come to light this past week, prove what had long been suspected, that the disorder in the markets of the present year sprang from similar causes.

In 1903 the group of capitalists who suffered most severely were those who had promoted the United States Steel Corporation, the Shipping Trust, and half a dozen other undertakings, whose total capital ran into the thousands of millions. Confident that the public would promptly take all the shares off their hands, they had signed agreements guaranteeing sale, expecting to derive such commissions as the $50,000,000 cash paid for the first "Steel Trust underwriting." While doing this, they indulged extensively in the purchase of other stocks, which also they expected to sell at large profits in the open market. The public would not buy; and when 1903 arrived, the underwriters were compelled to make good their engagements by paying for the new stock out of their own pockets. They were unable to do so except through the sale of extraordinary amounts of their own reserves of high grade securities. The outcome of this forced liquidation was the 'rich men's panic" of 1903.

The news of this past week shows that another and probably even wealthier group of financiers had within the past eighteen months got into almost exactly the same scrape. The reader will recall that as far back as the autumn of 1905, signs of a severe strain on American money markets were plainly visible. It was at the close of that year that the Wall Street rate for demand loans rose to 125 per cent.; it was in the following April, 1906, that the New York bank reserves fell below the minimum allowed by law, the first spring deficit since 1882. Conservative bankers recognized these events as danger signals. Yet it was immediately after these warnings that speculation on an enormous scale was suddenly started. Wall Street, whose information on such points is rarely mistaken, ascribed the whole undertaking to the so-called "Standard Oil group."

These men either dominated or actually controlled, in addition to the great oil monopoly, several large railways, among them the Union Pacific; and several industrial companies, among them the Amalgamated Copper. The "inside" speculation in stocks which began in August, 1906, was accompanied by such an increase in dividends of the Union Pacific and other railways as startled and scandalized conservative financiers; it was also accompanied by a rise in the price of copper to the highest figure reached since paper-money days. Every effort was made to create an impression that prosperity was unlimited, and thus stimulate the public to rush in and buy at rising prices the stock of these millionaire speculators. But the public as a whole refused to follow the lead of "high finance." With the American money market and American bank reserves in the condition which existed a year ago, it was flatly impossible to obtain in this country the resources requisite to continue the buying of stocks by the group of millionaires. As a consequence, capital was raised from the foreign markets on a scale which, if the testimony of foreign bankers is to be trusted, has had few precedents in international borrowing.

As events developed, these European borrowings, said at the time to have run into the hundreds of millions, turned out to be insufficient to do more than merely sustain the position of the speculating millionaires. They endeavored to borrow more abroad, but were checkmated by the Bank of England, and from that time on, the door of foreign relief to the already hard-pressed American millionaires was shut.

In an affair of this sort, a retreat of the defeated party is conducted with such secrecy that it is never easy to say precisely how it was effected or in what position the men concerned were left. In this case, events have so fallen out that the facts are now obtainable with unusual clearness. Last March—probably at the time when many of the large foreign loans fell due and had to be paid off—selling of high-grade securities in enormous quantities broke the back of the stock market. At that time it was familiar comment that only from powerful capitalists could such liquidation have proceeded, on a declining market, without actual insolvency. In May another spasm of liquidation seized the market, undoubtedly due to the efforts of these same persons to extricate themselves. In August, a month when demoralized Stock Exchange markets are rare, came another sacrifice of stocks, even greater in volume than that of March or May.

The precise cause of this midsummer collapse is now disclosed—the straits in which one of the wealthiest members of this group had run through almost incredible recklessness in his personal ventures. Not content with the rash and ill-timed speculation on the Stock Exchange, in which he and his associates had engaged, he had undertaken, chiefly in reliance on his private resources, construction of a railway involving $40,000,000 capital. Before the railway had approached within sight of profit-earning, $10,000,000 cash had been required. This requirement came at the very time, last spring, when old and well-known railways in the highest credit were issuing short-term notes, at 6 per cent. interest or higher, to raise urgently-needed capital. An enterprise such as has just been described, naturally found little welcome in such a market; to raise the $10,000,000 the capitalist in question had to assume as a personal liability the notes put out, at a rate amounting to nearly 8 per cent. Nor was even this accommodation permanent; the notes soon matured. Apparently, they could not be renewed, and it was sales of the unlucky endorser's personal investment securities at an extraordinary sacrifice, to secure the money, which crushed the stock market last August.

The result of this whole episode, which began thirteen months ago with the Union Pacific's increased dividend, has been to impair the fortunes of three or four of the richest men in the United States, almost as heavily as it has impaired their prestige. On the financial markets, the disclosures have been received with mingled feelings; relief that the process has at last been completed is perhaps the prevailing sentiment. Presumably the explicit disclosures would not have been made at all, until after the forced liquidation had run its course, and the embarrassment of its victim was at an end. What will be the longer sequel is a matter of conjecture. The one sure inference is, that a lesson has been taught to the speculating millionaires which they are not likely to forget in the present generation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abrahams, Israel. Short History of Jewish Literature. Scribners.
American Jewish Year Book. Edited by Henrietta Szold. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Aston, W. G. Shinto, the Ancient Religion of Japan. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Bailey, Temple. Judy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Battle, Kemp P. History of the University of North Carolina. Vol. I. Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards and Broughton Printing Co.
Beale, Harriet S. B. Stories from the Old Testament for Children. Duffield & Co. $2.
Beveridge, Albert J. The Bible as Good Reading. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Bonds and Investment Securities. The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Philadelphia.
Bruce, Philip Alexander. Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Buchanan, Alfred. The Real Australia. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.
Bunyan's Grace Abounding and Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by John Brown. Putnams.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. The Cozy Lion. Century Co. 60 cents.
Chatterton-Hill, George. Heredity and Selection in Sociology. Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.
Christ that is to Be. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Craig, Neville B. Recollections of an Ill-Fated Expedition. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $4 net.
Duncan, Robert Kennedy. The Chemistry of Commerce. Harpers. $2 net.
Edwards, Alba M. The Labor Legislation of Connecticut. Macmillan Co.
Elkington, E. Way. The Savage South Seas. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Emerson's Essays. Edited by Mary A. Jordan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents net.
Escott, T. H. S. Society in the Country House. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $4 net.
Escrich, Enrique Pérez. Fortuna. Edited by Edward Gray. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Ferguson, William Scott. The Priests of Asklepios. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press.
Gayley, Charles M. Plays of our Forefathers. Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.
Gerson, Virginia. The Happy Heart Family. Duffield & Co. $1.
Gibson, Elizabeth. A Book of Reverie. John Lane Co. 50 cents net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1907.

The Week.

Secretary Taft lived up to his newly acquired title of Secretary of Peace in his address at the banquet in Tokio on Monday. Nothing could have been franker or more truthful than his emphatic assertion that war between Japan and the United States would be a "crime against civilization," and that neither nation desired it. In his treatment of the relations of the two countries, there was no palavering and no dealing in glittering generalities; nothing but an emphatic denunciation of the "infamous suggestion" of war between the two countries, which have not a single real cause for hostility. For this timely speech Secretary Taft deserves high praise, as does his chief, President Roosevelt, with whose authority Mr. Taft must have spoken. This is the kind of American statesmanship of which all Americans can and should be proud; and it must go far towards stopping the malicious talk about impending hostilities between the two nations. Go far towards stopping talk of war, we say. But so long as the dispatch of our entire battleship fleet to the Pacific is insisted upon, the danger of friction with Japan remains. Mr. Taft may make a dozen such admirable addresses; they could not hide the fact that the proposed cruise of the fleet is everywhere taken as a threat against Japan. So it is considered throughout Europe. The German press has declared it to be an anti-Japanese act; a naval writer in the *Contemporary* speaks of it as explicable only because the Administration regards itself in danger on the Asiatic side. By the yellow journals of this country, and some that have hitherto been counted as conservative, it has similarly been accepted as a reply to Japan's "hectoring diplomacy." No well-informed person anywhere believes that the cruise is in the interest of the navy's efficiency. Even from the Imperialistic and Jingo point of view, the cruise is folly, for the fleet is nearly as unprepared as the Russian, and as little drilled in battle tactics. The cruise may impress the unthinking part of the American public; prove effective with the next Republican Convention; help Secretary Metcalf to get into the Senate from California; induce Congress to vote more battleships and build more navy yards on the Pacific; but scare the Japanese it will not. They know as well as our own officers the defects of our fleet—that it has practically no torpedoes, or torpedo-tubes, or reserve ammunition, or, on many ships, proper range-finders. In short, so long as this mischievous cruise is adhered to without any public announcement as to its real reason, the statesmanship of Mr. Taft remains sadly embarrassed.

President Roosevelt's offer to pay Americans 50 per cent. more than foreigners for coal for the Pacific cruise is described as "generous," but is it? It seems to us a case where the Administration should be just before it is generous. Some of the tariff duties are 200 per cent. How, then, can our struggling coal-transports expect to do anything but founder with only 50 per cent.? Besides, as the spokesmen for our shipping interests (and their own pockets) eloquently pointed out to the President, the terror of our fleet to foreign nations will be much impaired if they see us carrying coal for the battleships in anything but American bottoms. Whereas, if the foreigners merely see the Government held up by its own citizens, and compelled to pay two prices, they will be filled with dread and, very likely, amazement. However this may be, we hope that a Republican President is not going to admit that any price can be too high for Americans to pay, provided they pay it to Americans, in American money, for American goods, and in order to make Americans appear like fools.

In advising his party to press the issue of States' rights in its new form, Mr. Bryan is unquestionably supported by a much stronger sentiment among other leaders than he could command for any of the various policies he has recently put forward. The Democrat who reads that Bryan, Parker, John A. Johnson, Tom L. Johnson, Hearst, and Folk are substantially agreed on a certain line of policy, experiences a sensation as agreeable as it is novel. The Nebraska Democratic platform, which Mr. Bryan himself is supposed to have drafted, expresses the issue felicitously:

> While we favor the exercise by the general government of all its constitutional authority for the prevention of monopoly and for the regulation of interstate commerce, we insist that Federal remedies shall be added to, and not substituted for, State remedies.

Neither parties nor individuals have taken sides on this question consistently, yet the relations of State and Federal functions have really been fundamental to most of the political activity of the present Presidential term. That it will be the issue of chief popular interest in the canvass of next year we are not prepared to say, but if it is, there is already a large amount of material on hand for its discussion.

It is impossible to take seriously the assertion that the Independence League is to stay in politics as a third party without nominating Mr. Hearst for the Presidency. In the name of all that is radical, whom else can it nominate? The other men who sit in its councils are unknown to the country, or owe such fame as they have in chief part to their association with Hearst. The League's founder has been explicit and apparently earnest in his denial of any intention again to seek office. But the question of his nomination is logically settled in the decision for a "third party" policy. The wisdom of that decision is another matter. It is customary to speak of an independent association like this as a "third" party, though, as a mere matter of mathematics, there are at least six other parties ahead of it in the field. One election in our history, that of Polk, is generally thought to have been determined by a seceding element which held the balance of power, and by putting up a ticket of its own defeated the candidate of the party to which most of its members formerly belonged. But it may be doubted if Mr. Hearst can possibly make as much trouble outside the Democratic party as he has inside.

Another clash between State and Federal courts seems threatened, this time in Minnesota. A county judge has issued a writ of mandamus to compel the Northern Pacific to obey a law which a Federal judge had declared to be null and void. The matter will, we presume, be amicably adjusted before October 5, when the writ is returnable, just as the two jurisdictions were recently kept from conflict in North Carolina and Alabama. But the incident will give fresh point to the revived discussion of the proper limits of the power of the national Government applied within the territory of the States. In a recent issue of the New York *Independent*, Judge Walter Clark of the North Carolina Supreme Court writes (or rails) about the whole system of appointive judges. He goes so far as to argue that there is no warrant in the Constitution for the Supreme Court of the United States to hold an act of Congress void because unconstitutional. The practice of pronouncing upon the validity of laws enacted by Congress, Judge Clark regards as pure usurpation. He admits, however, that this "illegal grasping" of power has been "too long acquiesced in to be questioned." This makes his argument seem rather academic for a man who is so stout an advocate of doing practical things for the people's welfare that Mr. Bryan has named him as fit for the Presidency.

The really vital and sober political issue in Massachusetts this year is the tariff. Henry M. Whitney is making it the burden of all his speeches. He argues forcibly in behalf of the hampered merchants of Massachusetts, not forgetting the consumers. Following up the line of reasoning on which Gov. Douglas was elected, and on the strength of which Mr. Whitney himself received so large a vote for Lieutenant-Governor in 1905, he is waging war upon the selfish and stolid protectionists, and demanding lower duties, with reciprocity, as the economic necessity of Massachusetts. The universal expectation is that on that issue he will get the vote of thousands of Republicans. If so, he can be defeated only by Democratic disaffection. Gov. Guild's famous letter to President Roosevelt declared that the Republicans could not have carried the State unless they had promised immediate tariff revision. Unable to make even that delusive promise this year, they cannot be entering the contest without apprehension.

The more the refusal of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge is studied, the less satisfactory appears the action of the New York Yacht Club. In the first place, Sir Thomas challenged, not with a 68-footer, but with a 68-rater, which would have meant a water-line length of about 75 feet, or only 15 feet less than a 90-footer. But if one turns back to the Thistle and Genesta and the Vigilant, it appears that the proposed racer would only be from eight to ten feet shorter than these famous boats. Yet no one would think of contending that these racers were too small to preserve the "dignity" of the America's Cup. Since the New York Yacht Club maintains that 75 feet is beneath that dignity, it would be interesting to know just where it begins to be offended. Is it at 79, or 80, or 81 feet? Meanwhile, Mr. Fife is absolutely justified in refusing to design a racer for Sir Thomas under the old rules. Why should he? They were always vicious, and we ourselves have gladly discarded them for a more sensible set. Now the question is whether the New York Yacht Club will insist that Sir Thomas shall build under rules that we have abandoned as detrimental to the sport. If the club maintains this attitude, it assumes an indefensible position which will expose it to severe and justified criticism. We prefer to believe that it will revise its action. If it does not, people will assume that it does not want any race—for no Englishman will build hereafter under the old rules—or else that, for reasons personal to himself, it is trying to crowd Sir Thomas out.

The death on September 24 of Miss Anna T. Jeanes of Philadelphia, before the trustees of her million-dollar fund for the benefit of negro schools in the rural South have been able to organize their great work, removes another of the many modest public benefactors with which this country is richly blessed. Certainly, one can never guess from what quiet home, or what out-of-the way corner will come some notable philanthropic undertaking. True, in the tremendous field it must cover, Miss Jeanes's gift is merely a drop in the bucket; yet if wisely administered, as it is certain to be, it may induce other contributions and stimulate, we hope, recreant communities to realize that ignorance is a cure for nothing, but a positive detriment to the region where it exists—whether that be a farm district of Alabama or the most densely populated block in New York.

Last year Swarthmore College defeated the University of Pennsylvania 4 to 0 in football. To-day the college is in a position to add the estimated sum of $1,000,000 to its endowment if it will abandon "all participation in intercollegiate sports and games." In these two sentences we have a problem presented, compared with which the conflicts of every dramatist from Æschylus down to Clyde Fitch pale into insignificance. Honor versus glory, love against duty, filial affection against country and flag—what are they as compared with the open choice of becoming a college of the first class or beating Pennsylvania? We do not envy the Swarthmore trustees the task of coming to a decision, so complex are the factors involved, and so lacking in precedent the situation. To accept the donation would be to sell Swarthmore's birthright for a generous mess of pottage. If games were wrong before, why were they continued in a Quaker institution? If they are right, would not any board of trustees that dared to abolish them be fit subjects for their own contempt as well as public execration? It is bad enough to omit courses in sociology or economics that might be obnoxious to a generous benefactor, but omit football!

That there should be Cubans enough of any class with sufficient temerity to make an uprising against the present provisional government is astounding. The last insurrection had for its object the overthrow of the Palma Government through American intervention. The intrigues and agitations that have followed the establishment of the provisional government have also started out with the presupposition that where the favor of the United States went, there would go power and offices. That armed filibustering will pay is possibly the hope which agitates certain Cuban breasts, but it is, of course, a baseless hope. We must take into account, however, the ardent southern temperament, which does not reason by the ordinary rules of logic, mathematics, or prudence. The minute topographical map of the island prepared by the War Department, we were told, has made Cuban guerrilla warfare impossible. But the trouble here is the same what occurred in the case of the man who preferred to climb a tree when assailed by a bulldog, though he was convinced that the human eye can subdue the fiercest raging beast. "You know the fact and I know the fact," he explained to a friend, "but the dog, he doesn't know it."

Sharp action by the British government has made impossible any further bickerings over the Newfoundland fisheries, till the question is finally disposed of by the Hague Tribunal. Once arbitration had been agreed upon, it seemed mere gratuitous borrowing of trouble for Premier Bond to rail against the terms of the temporary *modus vivendi*, and to threaten the enforcement of the colony's anti-American laws in spite of it. This is the view taken by a majority of the colonists themselves who have protested in mass meeting against the Premier's contemplated action; by the body of press opinion in Great Britain; and, of course, by the British government itself, which, in compliance with obligations assumed when it agreed to refer the case for arbitration, has now issued an order suspending the Newfoundland laws directed against American fishing vessels and prohibiting the initiation of legal prosecutions under such laws. Premier Bond, desiring to avoid a conflict with the Imperial authorities in which he could come off only second best, has announced his intention to suspend the enforcement of restrictive legislation until the question has been adjudicated at The Hague. The British government has been compelled so frequently of late to see the interests of the Empire as a whole antagonized by the refractory conduct of its subjects in Australia, South Africa, and, only the other day, in British Columbia, that it has probably relished the opportunity to vindicate its authority against Newfoundland.

Publication in England of the new Australian tariff has produced a most disagreeable impression. True, there was the promised "preference" for British goods, but first the duties had been marked up to such a height that, even with abatement in favor of British imports, the rates remained highly protective and, in some cases, prohibitory. But this discovery, unpleasant as it is to the Colonial preference champions, is only what might have been expected. Lord George Hamilton, one of the Conserva-

tive leaders who refused to bow the knee to Chamberlain, has a trenchant letter in the London *Times* in which he sets forth the exact truth. As he says, "the spirit of unbending protection" is absolutely inconsistent with any movement for the freer exchange of products between nations. Australia is at present dominated by the protectionist idea, and so long as she remains so, she will give no real "preference" except upon articles which cannot, even in part, be supplied at home. "If the imposed duty, minus the preference, is insufficient to prevent the successful competition of British goods with native productions, it is raised until it has effected that purpose." Lord George asks with much pertinence what would have been thought of the British government if it had assented to food taxes in order to get Australian preference of this barren variety.

The questions raised by the Anglo-Russian agreement with regard to Western and Central Asia are numerous. At one stroke we have the solution of three problems, each of which has been important enough to threaten war. Afghanistan, Persia, and Tibet will no longer exercise a preponderant influence in determining the relations between Russia and Great Britain, not only in Asia, but in Europe as well. On the face of things, Great Britain has obtained the better of the bargain. In Afghanistan she has secured confirmation of her asserted rights, through formal recognition by Russia of the British government as the sole intermediary of the Ameer in political negotiations. Great Britain is to refrain from interfering in the internal administration, but her present influence, based partly on an annual subsidy to the Ameer, is sufficient for her purpose—the defence of India. In Tibet both Powers agree to keep their hands off; no representatives are to be sent to Lhassa, and Chinese suzerainty is recognized. But here, too, Great Britain holds the advantage she secured as a result of the Younghusband campaign in Tibet a few years ago; for it is provided that direct relations between British commercial agents and Tibetan authorities shall be permitted on the basis of conventions concluded in 1904 and 1906. In other words, the British government retains rights in Tibet which it refuses Russia in Afghanistan. It is when we turn to the provisions regarding Persia that we touch the most interesting, if not, perhaps, the most vital, feature of the agreement. It is the fashion to speak of reform and parliamentarism as the only means that can save China from disappearance or partition; yet Persia's Parliament and manful attempts at reform have not saved her from partition, for that practically is what the Anglo-Russian convention contemplates. The long-discussed delimitation of interests has become a fact. To Russia has been assigned a sphere of influence in the north comprising more than one-third of the entire empire. Within this region, in which lies the capital Teheran, with Tabriz, Ispahan, and other important towns, Great Britain resigns the pursuit of commercial and political concessions, and agrees not to oppose Russian activity in a similar direction. Reciprocal obligations are assumed by Russia in respect to a smaller but still vast quadrilateral in the southeast. An extensive middle zone, including the ancient ruins of Persepolis, is left unprovided for. In the case of failure on the part of the government to pay interest on its foreign loans, the two Powers may assume control of the sources of revenue in their respective spheres.

The adoption by the Spanish government of a strong anti-emigration policy is in line with the current discussion of measures for restricting emigration in Italy and Hungary. The lack of agricultural labor has become a problem of pressing importance for the land-owners, to a point where there has even been talk of importing Chinese coolies. The drift to the towns so marked at present in Italy, which is passing through a period of feverish industrialism, is almost as serious a drain on the rural districts as actual emigration. Spain has been sending colonists to South America and the French possessions in North Africa, and the emigration has often been *en masse*. The immediate drain against which the Spanish government wishes to contend is the recruiting of labor for the Panama Canal; and the means it intends to employ are a rigorous enforcement of the laws of military service and the enactment of severe shipping regulations. It is difficult to believe, however, that measures savoring of the mediæval Statute of Laborers can prove efficacious nowadays. At the present moment parts of Spain are suffering from disastrous floods, which are reported to have rendered many thousands homeless. Such a calamity supplies an impulse to emigration that restrictive laws can scarcely check.

Concerning the French separation question, a Catholic writer in a recently published volume on the subject advanced the ingenious statement that Mohammedanism is at present the official religion of France. His argument was that, with the disestablishment of all other creeds, Islam, which in Algeria enjoys state protection, became *ipso facto* the only recognized faith. The defect in the argument is that, as a matter of fact, the Separation Law of December 9, 1905, was not made effective in Algeria until a few days ago, when an administrative decree set the date for the separation of the churches from the state at January 1, 1908. As in France, the chief Christian denomination affected is the Catholic Church, which has in Algeria an archbishop and two bishops, with nearly 400 priests. There is no reason to suppose that the attitude of the Catholic Church in Africa will be different from what it is in the mother country. But chief interest attaches to the Mohammedans, who are now deprived of the support guaranteed them by the French Government after the conquest, when the mosques, with their attached properties, were sequestrated. Moslems, like others, must now organize into *associations cultuelles*, in order to receive legal possession of their ecclesiastical establishments. Inasmuch as the French government has always used the Mohammedan religious institutions as one of its most efficient instruments for controlling the native population, the emancipation of the Mohammedan clergy from government control, if real, will be an important factor in the future relations between Europeans and the followers of Islam in North Africa.

In connection with the thickening shadows of approaching constitutionalism in China, it is of interest to note the results of the studies undertaken by the Imperial Commission under the presidency of Viceroy Tuan Fang, which in 1905-06 made a journey of investigation around the world. The report of the commission has been published under the title, "Epitome of Politics," and deals, in 133 chapters, with the subjects of constitutional government, official organization, local government, education, naval organization, commerce, industries, finance, justice, and religion. The work is for the greater part a translation of important political documents. The Constitutions treated are those of Italy, Prussia, the United States, and Austria, with briefer reference to France, Belgium, and Great Britain. It is remarkable that in the matter of organic principles of government, as well as in administration and local government, Italy is accepted as the model to which all other nations only approach. Full treatment is given to our own State governments, of which those of New York and Massachusetts are taken as types. Under the head of Law, Italy again takes the most prominent place with a translation of part of the civil code. Of American law a summary is given. Instead of being a body of conclusions and of direct counsel towards political action, the report is, therefore, mainly a collection of original sources which, in the meagre state of China's knowledge of modern government, is expected to prove of value.

TEMPERATURE OF STATESMEN.

Several influential Western newspapers, in discussing the extraordinary way in which the Governor of New York is coming to be talked of for the Presidency, have dwelt upon the fact that Mr. Hughes is a "cold" man. Says the Portland *Oregonian:*

> There was a time, which we can all remember, when the epithet of "icy," justly earned, sealed a statesman's doom, no matter what qualities of the intellect he might possess, no matter how unbending his integrity.

Yet the remarkable fact is that Gov. Hughes, though "all that we used to think a politician must not be," has surpassed all recent politicians in the strides he has made towards the highest office in so brief a time. Similarly, the Indianapolis *News* remarks that Mr. Hughes is "not impulsive or magnetic," and is said to have "no popular qualities"; yet that he is, "almost against his will, one of the leading candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency."

This warming up of the West to an icy man shows that, possibly, the temperature of a statesman is not so important as some political oracles would have us believe. So much depends upon the conditions to which the ice is to be applied. For example, the old jokes about the awful chill which surrounded the Adams family were supposed to be not only highly amusing, but indicative of the popular dislike of such austere severity in a public man. Yet when the Adams ice was so effectively used to lower British heat—when Charles Francis Adams, as American Minister to England, turned his cold douche upon Lord Palmerston, or wrote icily to Lord John Russell: "It is superfluous for me to point out to your Lordship that this means war"—there was no lack of popular appreciation of the service. In times of fevered politics it may be that even an impatient democracy would not be averse to warding off inflammation of the brain with a cooling and grateful ice-bag.

Indeed, a large reading of our political annals would reveal the truth that the cold men have a way of going further than your gentlemen all aglow. Washington did not slap his Secretaries on the back, or call any of them "old man." As for familiarities with the Father of his Country, a contemporary would as soon have thought of attempting them with Mont Blanc. Even the great democrat, Jefferson, was not an effusive man. The story-telling Lincoln knew how to preserve, in public, the dignity of his office. Grover Cleveland was as cold-blooded as the fish he loved to catch, yet somehow he was twice elected President. On the other hand, the famous gushers among politicians, the men all heart, and that heart worn on the sleeve, have generally failed of their ambitions. There was no suggestion of ice about Henry Clay—except as it may have been an ingredient in a favorite drink of his. He was regarded with more personal affection than any public man of his time; but he could not reach the Presidency. What happened to the magnetic Blaine—"the greatest combination of heart and brain ever seen on this continent"—was surely not of a sort to encourage the high-temperature school of statesmanship.

The perfervid men have their uses. They can stir an agitation; they can arouse enthusiasm. But even their own following has doubts, when it comes to putting a man of warm impulses into a great executive office where cool judgment is requisite. Stephen A. Douglas was a man capable of generating a terrific amount of heat. Living men who have heard him speak, tell in an awed sort of way of the impression of almost appalling energy which he made. Yet there was ever in his case the little less and what worlds away. The heat was without a harness for useful public ends. People will listen to such burning orators gladly. A North Carolina mountaineer was heard to say of Gov. Glenn: "I like to hear that man make a speech. He do sweat so powerful." But fervent heat is, after all, not the first quality which the voters think of when, in time of peril or of perplexity, they look for a man to lead them. Ability and conscience, steadiness and a strong sense of justice, will then take precedence; and concerning the man who displays them, citizens will not too curiously inquire whether his temperature is above or below normal.

Falling in a period of sensationalized politics, this marked turning of people throughout the country to a man like Hughes seems to us of the happiest omen. It argues that the people are on the watch for the sterling virtues, and know how to appreciate them; and that when they find a man possessing them, it makes little difference how he looks or dresses or speaks or bears himself. "Coldness," if it be of the right kind, Americans will not only tolerate but will admire. Cold truth can yet hold its own against hot air. Of course, mere frigidity is no recommendation. An icicle adrip is loved by no one. Fairbanks is a cold man, but consider the difference between him and Hughes! It is only when the cool exterior and the austere manner go with the reason high and resolute will, that the people begin to think how comfortable it would be to pass from a tropic Executive to one of the temperate zone.

THE NEW ATTACK ON JUDGES.

That Hearst, with the incongruous aid of the Attorney-General of New York, should have taken up the cry against the judiciary, shows that he believes this course popular. Otherwise, he would not think of it. He and Attorney-General Jackson ring the changes on judges named and controlled by corporations, who upset laws intended to relieve the poor and to help organized labor. In this way Messrs. Hearst and Jackson apparently imagine that they can put themselves at the head of a large following. It is a matter for sober inquiry whether they are mistaken, or whether there is real ground for distrust of the judiciary, and what are the proper limits of criticism of judges.

With the pretence that judges are above all fault-finding, we have scant sympathy. They are public servants; and, like all others, ought to be carefully watched to see if they do their work well or ill. They are erring mortals, with their full share of human nature. There will be an occasional unjust or corrupt judge, precisely as there will be cheating lawyers, embezzling bankers, malpractitioners among physicians, and blackmailers among editors. We have had to impeach judges, now and then, in both State and nation. How could we have stripped the judicial robes from Barnard and Cardozo if the doctrine of the absolute inviolability of judges had been accepted? We are certainly not prepared to say that the judge can do no wrong.

Nor can we be blind to the fact that judges, like other public officials, are sometimes subject to undue influence. Shrewd men have always known this. John Selden remarked in his "Table Talk": "We see the pageants in Cheapside, the lions and the elephants, but we do not see the men that carry them. We see the judges look big, look like lions, but we do not see who moves them." Some judges are not above the suspicion of being swayed by personal or political motives. Political bosses have their creatures on the bench. Tweed had his; Boss Cox of Ohio had his; Murphy would have his if he could; it has been charged that the Metropolitan Street Railway had its; Hearst's nominations last year showed that he wanted his. With all these facts before us, it would be absurd to say that no criticism of a judge's character or motives should ever escape us. A democracy can have no sacrosanct officers.

Furthermore, we know that judges are not exempt from the dread of what their fellow-citizens dread—often in unmanly ways. They dislike to be unpopular; they are afraid of the yellow press; they shrink from conflict with executive power. By this last influence, to quote Selden again, "we know what judges can be made to do." He may have had in mind King Charles's ship-money, the legality of which was upheld by the courts, under scandalous pressure from without. Clarendon wrote of the "de-

served reproach and infamy that attended the judges" in consequence, and traced the later disregard of law to "the irreverence and scorn the judges were justly in."

Against the recurrence of such a state of things it behooves us all to be vigilantly on our guard. Thus much we are forced to concede. But the Hearst outcry against the judiciary goes far beyond this. He ventures to assail judges who decide cases differently from the way in which he thinks they ought to be decided. And he is bitter against the practice of the courts in setting aside statutes. Judges ought, he says, to "interpret" the laws, never to "repeal" them. Thus he would remove the last safeguard against hasty or confiscatory legislation. Any popular "craze" might write itself into the statute-book without fear of being judicially erased. There would even be an end of that common way of voting for bad bills in Congress, on the plea that no harm could be done, since the Supreme Court would be certain to disallow such unconstitutional legislation!

A timely and pat comment on the railing of Messrs. Hearst and Jackson is made by the New York State Labor Commissioner, P. Tecumseh Sherman. He speaks of the number of labor laws held invalid by the courts, and notes that they have "in certain quarters" aroused "antagonism" to the judges. This is wholly unfair, he argues, for most of the legislation thus set aside was carelessly and ignorantly drawn. It was framed in "heedless disregard for Constitutional principles." The men really to condemn are, not the judges, but the unskilled and negligent framers of the statutes. Mr. Sherman avows his belief that the Constitution does not stand in the way of the "legitimate objects" sought by the statutes that have been declared void, and that it was only because the laws in question were at once crude and too sweeping that they necessarily fell under judicial condemnation.

The real point and danger of such attacks as Hearst's upon the judiciary lie in the desire to get rid of the restraints which judges have power to impose upon a temporary mania in a democracy. It is not with Hearst a question of personnel. He is perfectly ready to nominate unfit judges. One of his nominees for the Court of Appeals is really disqualified on the ground of age. Nor is it, with impatient agitators, a question of electing rather than appointing judges, for short terms rather than long. What is wanted is the immediate right to lay a despoiling hand upon property, by means of legislation whooped through; or permission to interfere with personal rights and liberties which antedate our laws and Constitution, and which the courts are set to safeguard and enforce. No mischief is done to the commonwealth without the consent of a judge, is the old saying; and this latest attack upon judges is made for the purpose of rendering mischievous legislation easier. Understanding exactly what is intended, we ought to be able the more readily to meet and repel the assault.

TRACKING CAPITAL TO ITS LAIR.

These are troublous days for the owners of property represented by negotiable securities. In the United States, such properties are being subjected to new restrictions and limitations. In Europe, the pursuit of owners of securities is more distinctly a question of national revenue. Foreign governments care less than President Roosevelt how much money corporations make, but they feel bound to get their share of it. France has perhaps suffered more than any other country in recent years from the transfer of her corporate wealth to other jurisdictions. This is because her own taxes—imposed directly not only upon ownership, but also upon every transfer or issue—have been larger and more exacting than those of nations which have been less hard pressed to raise revenue.

So notorious has become the exportation of French wealth to Belgium and Switzerland that M. Caillaux, the present Minister of Finance, seriously proposed at the recent sitting of the Chamber to require the foreign branches of French banks, as well as foreign banks having branches in France, to report to the government the names of French depositors, including those depositing securities, with the amounts of such holdings. The project failed with the adjournment of the Chamber, but is likely to be renewed at the next sitting. M. Caillaux even went so far as to declare that deposits of French securities abroad were essentially fraudulent, and that he was already in negotiation with other governments to inaugurate a crusade to check efforts to escape taxation on securities. As one of the French journals describes the situation, it is proposed to create extradition treaties for capital like those for other criminals. It appears that a convention already exists between the governments of France and Belgium for the exchange of certain statistical information, and this M. Caillaux hopes to turn to his uses.

The project of extraditing criminal capital, however, seems likely to involve nearly as many difficulties as the effort in this country to place the strong hand of the law upon "tainted money." It does not appear that either Switzerland or Belgium has responded with enthusiasm to the suggestions of the French Minister. Both countries have profited greatly by the freedom which has prevailed on their stock exchanges and in their banking methods. Hundreds of millions of French capital are admitted to be on deposit, chiefly in the form of securities, in Swiss and Belgian banks, and large transactions are carried on by Frenchmen in the markets of Geneva and Brussels. The financial system of these countries profits by these transactions, and their governments are naturally loath to take any step to impair this benefit. Already the Swiss government has intimated in a courteous manner that, whatever the Federal Council might be willing to do, there will be difficulty in securing the consent of the twenty-five cantons to the inquisitorial statistics desired by the government of France.

The difficulty in most of these official efforts to check the movement of capital is that capital is more nimble than the government. Hunted from one lair, it seeks another. While governments may be adopting new measures or framing treaties to extradite or expel capital which has taken refuge in Belgium or Switzerland, the crafty capitalist has only to shift his holdings to some other country. The Bourse of Vienna would probably welcome transactions which might be checked in other countries, and the growing Stock Exchange of Genoa affords a convenient asylum for French capital crossing the frontier. The French nation had comparatively little difficulty in sequestrating the real estate of the religious orders when it began its crusade against the Church some years ago, but was less successful in confiscating property in other forms. Millions of dollars of securities held by the orders and the churches were thrown upon the market. The decline in the quotations for *rentes* was attributed at the time to the sales by the Church, but was probably due quite as much to the growing demand for capital. Much money formerly invested in French securities, however, went into Italian bonds, and other sums into other enterprises.

If it seems surprising that the government of a country so enlightened as that of France should take measures which tend to fetter the free movement of capital, it should be remembered that the Ministry has been for some years under the control of Radical and almost Socialistic elements. The normal hostility to capital is heightened by the fact that much of it belongs in France to those who are not cordial supporters of the republic. It will be interesting to observe whether the French government, if it continues in the hands of the Radicals, will succeed in collaring and leading back to France guilty and fleeing capital, or whether, as in so many other governmental efforts to interfere with commerce, there will be only another case of the locking of the stable door after the horse is stolen.

THE NEW SCIENCE OF EUGENICS.

"The Scope and Importance to the State of the Science of National Eugenics" is the title of the fourteenth Robert Boyle Lecture, delivered at Oxford last May by Prof. Karl Pearson, and just published by Henry Frowde. To Oxford, proud of its philosophers, Professor Pearson puts the question bluntly, "Has philosophy, as such, taught us a single law by aid of which we can understand how a nation becomes physically or mentally more vigorous?" Anticipating the answer that this is not the particular function of philosophy, he goes on, "What weight have philosophy, anthropology, or political economy at present in the field of statesmanship?" These studies, he answers, "do not, alone or combined, form a technical education in statecraft." Premising that "permanence and dominance in the world passes to or from nations, even with their rise and fall in mental and bodily fitness," and that here lies the real explanation of defeated armies and lost provinces, he maintains that "the primary purpose of statecraft is to insure that the nation as a whole shall possess sanity"; that is, shall be "sound in body and sound in mind." Thus, according to Professor Pearson's view, the training for statecraft must be the science of eugenics, which he defines as "the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally."

The range of investigation is a wide one, including as it does problems of inheritance, of environment, and of nurture, of disease and health, vigor and impotence, intelligence and stupidity, sanity and insanity, conscientiousness and irresponsibility, clean living and license, of sanitation, housing, and schooling. Eugenics seems, in fine, to be a combination of sociology and medicine—or to be a branch of biology, using the term in its broadest signification. Professor Pearson claims for it a place as a true science, to be treated with the "observational caution and critical spirit" of other sciences. He asserts that it has already gone through two stages of development and reached a third. The first is the *ideological*, in which men form ideas about phenomena "on the basis of very limited experience," and spend their time and energy in discussing these ideas, without much reference to the phenomena themselves." The second stage is the *observational*—a period devoted to "observing phenomena critically, and recording and describing their sequences." The third stage is the *metrical*, in which "we proceed from observation to measurement, to accurate numerical expression of the sequences involved."

This last stage is the one on which Professor Pearson lays the strongest emphasis. He explains in some detail the work done by him and his colleagues in the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics in the University of London. There have been collected already between three and four hundred pedigrees of tuberculous stock; four hundred family histories of insanity; four hundred descriptions of parentage and home environment of mentally defective children, with as many more of normal children, the records of nearly four hundred noteworthy families and three hundred normal families, with psychical and physical descriptions and entries as to ailments and causes of death. These, he says, are but the beginnings of collections which "will one day represent large samples of the physique, the mentality, the fertility, and the disease of wide classes of the nation." These data are being ground through the mill of the matbematician in order to give us exact knowledge as to points regarding which medicine or economics or sociology has hitherto furnished only broad and often loose generalization. We need not dwell on the details—the coefficients for inheritance of eye color or of vivacity and conscientiousness; the size of families of deaf-mutes and professional men; and the death-rate from phthisis among lunatic paupers. Enough to say that if figures do not lie, these tables, averages, percentages, and coefficients—the results of what Professor Pearson calls *biometry*—contain a body of truth apparently precise enough to satisfy an astronomer.

The new science is, of course, on probation. It now boasts but one laboratory; but Professor Pearson confidently predicts that within twenty years the eugenics laboratory will be a recognized part of the equipment of every university. He may be right; to deny such a sweeping statement would be almost as rash as to make it. We may be fairly sure, however, that the science will not be accepted into the hierarchy until its field is more sharply defined, its methods perfected, and its pretensions substantiated. At present, it is, like sociology, suspect; and, for the same reasons: its boundaries are too hazy; it seems to take, as we have already noted, an easy, eclectic course through the realms of economics, anthropology, medicine, general biology, and *omne scibile*. The handicap under which such a science labors is that it attracts as votaries men who are prone to slipshod thinking and haphazard generalization. We would not say that sociologists as a class are intolerant of rigorous intellectual processes, and incapable of conforming to them; but this is the weakness of too many of that profession; and it is likely to be the weakness of eugenists—if we may coin the word. For example, one of Professor Pearson's tables gives in exact percentages for boys and girls the resemblances of "siblings" in psychical characters—namely, "vivacity," "assertiveness," "introspection," "popularity," "conscientiousness," "temper," "ability," and "handwriting." Now, these qualities are hard to define, and still harder to detect and measure in the individual with any approach to scientific precision; and the table, we make bold to say, despite the mathematical skill of the computer, is almost worthless.

The findings of this new science, the nurse of statecraft, are to be the basis both for laws and for voluntary action looking toward the improvement of racial stocks. Conceivably, eugenics will furnish important material in regard to housing, sanitation, quarantine, and the management of hospitals and schools. Along these lines we still have much to learn. We also join Professor Pearson in the pious hope that in time young men and women may marry and rear children under a strong sense of their duty to "decrease the fertility of the unfit, and emphasize that of the fit." But we fear there will be no great change from present procedure until the new science has done what hitherto no science has succeeded in doing—until it has both convinced the mind and overcome the heart.

THE LOCK-STEP AGAIN.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., September 24.—The superintendent of the Sycamore School considered Terry Wickham, ten, so bright that he promoted him from the fifth to the seventh grade. The Board of Education refused to recognize the promotion, and today Dr. W. H. Wickham, the boy's father, brought mandamus proceedings against the board. A similar case is unknown.

The word *similar* is ambiguous. It may refer to the mandamus proceedings, to the action of the board, or to the promotion. There are, we grant, too many places where skipping a grade is unknown. The bright child is forced into the lock-step with the stupid, and there he stays through all the years of his schooling. The attitude of the Board of Education—we cannot certify to the accuracy of the dispatch—is common among old-fashioned educators. It is devotion to the system run mad. Originally, school was made for the child, but the organization tends to become so complete and rigid that pedagogues proceed upon the principle that the child is made for the school. The rules, of course, are crystallized experience; but conditions change, and the crystals formed a generation ago should often be broken. On the other hand, in administering a large system it is clearly dangerous to make exceptions; if one bright boy skips the sixth grade a dozen more boys, some bright and some not, want to skip it also. But we would have the rules so framed that skipping

grades, or else promotion by subject, is the regular thing and not the exception.

The topic is one which has lately attracted much attention among teachers. Within a year Charles S. Hartwell, chairman of the Committee on School Problems, Brooklyn Teachers' Association, has conducted an elaborate *questionnaire* on promotion. His circulars were sent to all parts of the country; and some of the answers are extremely depressing. For example:

In your school is there much flexibility and variety? Yes, 349; no, 205.

Do you promote your students by subjects or by grades? Subjects, 261; grades, 293.

Do you make a student who has failed in some of the work of the grade take all the work of the grade again? Yes, 206; no, 357.

Do your schools take care of the individual students' needs in any way? Yes, 473; no. 86.

Do you think each student should be advanced as rapidly as his ability will permit, without reference to his fellows? Yes, 473; no. 86.

The theory of our teachers is obviously better than their practice. An overwhelming majority, 530 to 60, believe in promotion as rapidly as ability will permit; but as a matter of fact, more schools promote by grades than by subjects; and 206—as against 357—make a dropped student take all the work of the grade over again. This particular set of answers we commend to the attention of Superintendent J. M. White of Carthage, Mo., who wrote to Mr. Hartwell: "A rule requiring a high school pupil to repeat *all* the subjects of a certain term or year because he failed in one or more is simply monstrous. I have never before heard of such a practice."

Monstrous is, we agree, a fair description of the rule. But in what pedagogical paradise Superintendent White has spent his time we cannot imagine; for the practice to which he objects is, as we have just seen, widely prevalent. The reasons are not far to seek. It is easier to lay out a cast-iron plan by which the whole class is held in a solid block, and like Wordsworth's cloud, "moveth altogether if it move at all." The alternative is half-a-dozen or more programmes, adapted to the cases of individual pupils in small groups, with the resultant conflicts in hours and the trouble and expense of maintaining a larger number of sections. All these irregularities vex a small mind which, instead of mastering a system, is mastered by it. It is doubtless true that absolutely unrestricted promotion would break all class lines and lead to chaos; but there must be, and in many places there is, a practicable mean between that and the rigid lock-step.

This method of freeing the individual from the clog of a grade is now approved by the most progressive educators. They are coming to see that President Eliot was right when he said that "to discriminate between pupils of different capacity, to select the competent for suitable instruction, and to advance each pupil with appropriate rapidity, will ultimately become the most important functions of the public-school administrator—those functions in which he or she will be most serviceable to families and to the state." No one can deny that promotion by grade, more especially in the high school, is terribly wasteful of a pupil's time, energy, and interest. For example, Mr. Hartwell examined the work of 163 boys in the middle of a high-school course, and found that 55 of them had been "left back" seventy-one terms of work. In few of these cases had the deficiency been in more than half the subjects. The needless repetition amounted to fully thirty terms' work, or fifteen years. If evidence of this kind were spread before parents and teachers throughout the country, the 293 schools which, according to Mr. Hartwell's report, promote by grade would be compelled to make a quick change, or else hundreds of fathers would follow Dr. Wickham's lead and resort to the mandamus.

BROWNING'S "OLD YELLOW BOOK."

Come then, all ye youths! And, careless of censure, give yourselves up to *steal* and drive the spoil from every source. . . . Often I love to play on some ancient phrase, and utter some far other thought in the same words. Nor will any wise man care to blame my self-confessing thefts, thefts open and to be praised and approved by our children's children. So far be it from me to wish to hide my stolen goods, and conceal my plunder, from any fear or the penalty of infamy.—Vida (1527), translated by Saintsbury.

This gallant proclamation of the literary road, made half a century before Shakespeare, may be regarded as expressing the working principle of the majority of the great Elizabethans. And Shakespeare's own exemplification of the right of eminent domain in letters is familiar to all students of his plays. Still further, modern European criticism has spent much of its energies in illustrating the theory and practice of literary spoliation. Yet after all, our present-day writers are a timid folk, jealous of their reputation for originality, and making their thefts as cautiously and secretly as the sneak thief. Browning was bolder. His example in the longest and most important of his poems, "The Ring and the Book," is a case in point. Many of his subjects he gathered from books, not the classic, or the well-established myth or tale, but book-stall trash. In the "Old Yellow Book," however, he met the most congenial and effective appeal ever made to him in this way.

He himself has told of the chance finding of this volume. One June day of 1860, he left the Casa Guidi home, as was his wont, to mingle in the busy life of the streets. His prize for the day's walk was a parchment-covered collection of old law records, discovered "mongst odds and ends of rav-age" in the Piazza of San Lorenzo. Nor was it by mere chance, as he felt, but rather by "predestination," that this relic of what had been the sensational tragedy of its period, fell to his hands, possibly the only hands of his century in which it would have proved more than rubbish. This treasure-trove, for which he paid "eightpence English just," was to prove one of the most important stimuli to which Robert Browning was ever subjected.

Yet familar as the mere name of the "Old Yellow Book" is to admirers of Browning, the volume itself is scarcely known to them. Any one may see it as it rests in the showcase in Balliol College library. A few of the poet's surviving friends have seen him handle the volume occasionally. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, in a recent note, says that once Browning "tossed it in the air, and twirled it round by the crumpled vellum covers." Yet not a dozen persons have had opportunity and patience to find what these covers really contain. Now, however, it is on the eve of being exhibited in a photo-reproduction by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. This will not merely show the basis in fact for "The Ring and the Book" itself, but will throw a flood of light on the creative processes, the peculiar masterfulness of Robert Browning. And still further, it will afford a new and extraordinary opportunity for studying the more general problem of the artist's relationship to his raw material.

The original writers of the volume were lawyers with but pedestrian literary skill, under the pressure of haste, and bent solely upon their professional tasks in a thrilling murder case. The sensational, brutal mass of fact was treated merely for presentation in type before a small board of judges. The arguments have not even the sort of popular appeal which the modern presentation of a case before a jury must have to prove effective. This is the crude original of the Franceschini story.

Now the drawing of material at almost first-hand from life is not uncommon with modern writers of fiction. Our important novelists have utilized such plebeian material abundantly. But the student is generally unable to watch the process of making it over; we cannot find just how much or how little the artist had for a basis of his imaginary superstructure. In the "Old Yellow Book," however, we have practically the complete data that fell into the hands of the poet, and we can trace all the changes effected by the play of imagination.

Browning's stylistic powers were practically unaided by the original; the chaos of the book offered him a more unusual problem; for most important source-books show a semblance of orderliness. The crude drama or the ineffective novel before Shakespeare had at least developed an orderly story and plot. The "Old Yellow Book," however, was made piecemeal; a bundle of confusing repetitions, and contradictions. Missing evidence has left wide gaps in our knowledge. The result is a confusion thrice confounded, an irreconcilable warring of the parts, a dismemberment and scattering of the facts. One of the most interesting features of Browning's creative mind is the executive energy, the generalship by which he brought order out of confusion. His imagination pieced together the fragments till they were once more a connected story. This generalship

has been a constant requisite for the novelist's art; and Browning has undoubtedly learned much from his abundant readings of the novels of his great contemporaries.

Perhaps the most important feature of Browning's recreative mastery is his conscientious truthfulness not merely to the larger facts of human nature, but to specific detail of this particular story. Evidently he made it a principle to use fact as he found it and to take to himself the congenial task of searching the motive behind the fact. He will supplement what is told, he will fill in the gaps, but he will not substitute a substantiated fact of the book by one that is more agreeable to his feelings. Such fidelity is doubtless a handicap to creative activity; it sets hard and fast bounds at many a point. Shakespeare had to observe the facts more or less when he dealt with English historical subjects; yet he assumed far more freedom than Browning did in retelling this utterly forgotten murder story. But apparently Browning had come to share the regard for fact which is so characteristic of the scientific nineteenth century. So "absolutely good is truth," he says, in "Fifine at the Fair." Browning's exactness may be illustrated in many ways. Thirty-three names of persons he takes directly from the book without change. Practically every locality in the progress of the story from Rome to Arezzo and back to Rome again is adopted and not invented. The minute chronology of the seventeen years of Francesca Pompilia's life is followed at all points, save in one significant detail. Incident after incident is likewise taken from the book, but they are given an iridescent coloring of motive by the poet's art. An interesting example is the comfit-throwing at the theatre. In Pompilia's affidavit in the book we read:

> While we were in a great crowd at the play one evening, Canon Conti, the brother of the husband of my sister-in-law, threw me some confetti. My husband, who was near me, took offence at it, but not against Conti, but against Caponsacchi, who was sitting beside the said Conti.

The poet tells the same fact in the words of Caponsacchi:

> Found myself at the theatre one night
> With a brother Canon, in a mood and mind
> Proper enough for the place, amused or no:
> When I saw enter, stand, and seat herself
> A lady, young, tall, strange, and sad. . . .
> I was still one stare,
> When—"Nay, I'll make her give you back your gaze"—
> Said Canon Conti; and at the word he tossed
> A paper-twist of comfits to her lap,
> And dodged and in a trice was at my back
> Nodding from over my shoulder. Then she turned,
> Looked our way, smiled the beautiful sad strange smile.
>
> —[Book VI., ll. 394-399, 406-412.

The chance moment had become a turning point in the hero's life, one of the crises which built themselves into his character. From that hour there was born in the Canon a new taste, a more serious view, a new regard for woman, and a new sense of duty to God and to the Church. In the book, there is nothing either to confirm or to controvert this spiritual significance of the incident.

Many descriptive features, especially those concerning the murder and the execution, are taken directly from the book. Here again a parallel will be of interest. In the book we read:

> The condemned were made to go down stairs and were placed upon separate carts to be drawn to the place of execution. Franceschini showed more intrepidity and composure than the others to the wonder of all. Many stands were constructed for the accommodation of those curious to see such a terrible execution and so great was the concourse of people that some windows brought as much as six dollars.

The poet throws this into blank verse:

> Palchetti were erected in the Place,
> The houses, at the edge of the Three Streets,
> Let their front windows at six dollars each. . . .
> The Count was led down, hoisted up on car,
> Last of the five, as heinousest, you know;
> Yet they allowed one whole car to each man.
> His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance,
> As up he stood and down he sat himself,
> Struck admiration into those who saw.
>
> —[Book XII., ll. 113-115, 132-137.

Browning's fidelity to his source-book is even more surprising in the monologues of the two lawyers, Books VIII. and IX. These have perhaps been the parts against which most readers of "The Ring and the Book" have protested; and even Stopford Brooke would pass by this portion. But to one who has read the book, it becomes evident that Browning was led to create these monologues by the impression the actual lawyers of the case made upon himself. The poet reproduces their professional jargon, their sophistries, their narrow and ignorant attitude; arguments, illustrations, citations of authority and precedent, and law-Latin he takes over verbatim from the source-book. The monologue of Archangeli indeed is a skilfully wrought mosaic in which the fragments from the book are laid in a new, grotesque design. This same lawyer's peroration of nearly two hundred Latin words is lifted almost bodily from the actual Archangeli's final argument.

The "Old Yellow Book" has also in all probability guided the poet in his unique and appropriate form—not straightforward narrative or architectonic drama, but the multiple-monologue which presents every phase of many-sided truth. Indeed, the book contains two semi-popular Italian narratives which distinctly suggested "Half Rome" and the "Other Half Rome."

Altogether, this old volume thrown by chance in Browning's way affords one of the most interesting opportunities for studying the transmuting power of genius. It convinces us also that fidelity to fact is not necessarily a handicap; and that the crudest of raw materials may become vital through the power of the master, and may admit of his highest and most significant expression of himself.

CHARLES W. HODELL.
The Woman's College of Baltimore.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The comparative study of the types of early printers, which might count its beginning from the publication of the late Robert Proctor's Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library, will presumably receive a new impetus from the organization of the Gesellschaft für Typenkunde des xv. Jahrhunderts, which was organized last year and has now sent out its first publication (Leipzig: R. Haupt). The object of the society is to present (as a companion to Professor Haebler's "Typenrepertorium der Wiegendrucke" and the catalogue which is in preparation by the Prussian Commission for the cataloguing of incunabula), a facsimile collection of characteristic pages and as far as possible complete alphabets of all the types used during the fifteenth century. There are already two such comprehensive facsimile collections, the well-known "Monumenta Germaniæ et Italiæ Typographica," edited by Konrad Burger under the auspices of the Reichsdruckerei in Berlin; and that published by the London Type Facsimile Society founded by Proctor and working on the basis of his Index. The compass of Burger's work, however, is comparatively narrow, and the English collection, though not so limited, is issued in only fifty copies at a correspondingly high price. The object of the new society, which is international in scope, is to present ultimately a complete series of the types of the printers of the fifteenth century, and there is no intention to limit the number of subscribers. The membership fee, 25 marks a year, is moderate enough. It was originally the intention to issue 100 sheets a year, but on account of the small number of subscribers, only sixty will be issued the first year; of these thirty now lie before us. Each sheet gives, in addition to a page in the size of the original and the individual letters of the alphabet, references to similar types used by other well-known or unnamed printers and to descriptions in bibliographies. Several of the sheets just published are from books connected in one way or another with the recent studies of Dr. H. O. Lange in Copenhagen, whose "Analecta Bibliographica" has already received notice in these columns and of the society's secretary, D. D. Collijn in Upsala.

While the bibliography of the first half-century after the invention of printing has been the subject of extensive research by a horde of bibliographers, the sixteenth century is as yet largely an unbroken field. Monographs like K. Schottenloher's "Buchdruckertätigkeit Georg Erlingers in Bamberg" (Leipzig: Haupt), and C. Höfer's "Beiträge zu einer Geschichte des Coburger Buchdrucks" (Coburg: Riemann) are therefore welcome not only as pioneer work, but as material for the student of the Reformation period. Erlinger began his activity in 1522, as an enthusiastic adherent of the ideas of religious and social revolution. For the spreading of these ideas he worked as printer, bookseller, and writer. But they did not gain a strong foothold in Bavaria, the Church there was too powerful; and from 1525 Erlinger printed chiefly official documents for the bishop of Bamberg. The main purpose of Schottenloher's book is, of course, typographical and bibliographical, and he is able to show, more conclusively than Höfer, the connection between Erlinger and the Coburg printer Aegidius Fellenfürst. It appears that the latter's type came into Erlinger's possession and constituted his earliest stock in trade; later he replaced them with others, presumably of his own make. His last dated work is from 1543. Höfer carries the story of printing in Coburg to the year 1564, through the careers of three printers: Fellenfürst, Hans Bern, and Cyricaus Schnauss.

Correspondence.

PRESERVATION OF CUBAN NATIONAL ARCHIVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent publication of the Carnegie Institute, Luis M. Perez's "Guide to the Materials for American History in Cuban Archives," describes the deplorable condition in which the national archives were found when the provisional government assumed control of Cuban affairs in September last. It also recounts the measures taken by Major E. St. J. Greble, under instructions from Gov. Magoon, for shelving the rooms in which the archives are now stored and for placing the broken *legajos* where they can be sorted and preserved from further injury.

It may interest historical students to learn that in furtherance of the work of preservation the Governor issued last month an official decree prohibiting absolutely the removal of documents from the files of the archives, and ordering the return of such as have been loaned or abstracted either with or without permission. His decree further provides that hereafter a fee of five cents shall be charged for each sheet of copy issued by the keeper, and that new documents shall be forwarded for filing, properly bound or sewed together, with an inventory in duplicate duly signed by the department official responsible for sending them. Courts, government officers, public officials, or private persons who acquire access to papers or documents for reference or note-taking, must obtain a special permit from the Department of Government (Departamento de Gobernación), which permit may be refused in the case of private individuals, shall the department deem the issuance unadvisable. Persons who damage or remove without permission documents exhibited for reference shall be proceeded against under the provisions of articles 587 and 589 of the Penal Code.

Edwin Morgan,
American Legation.

Havana, Cuba, September 19.

OVERDONE INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. F. B. Gummere, in your issue of September 19, has struck a resonant chord, and so timely that I want to strike it again if only to keep the sound a little longer in our ears. Two days before reading his article, in a letter to a teacher who asked advice about the organization of high school work, I wrote:

> I have but one conviction—that there cannot be too much good instruction in grammar and composition, and in reading aloud; but the teaching of literature would be wisely curtailed.

And two months ago, in a tract which I trust will some time get out of the printing office, I entered a protest against including prose fiction in the curriculum of the secondary schools. If we are to continue in the present drift, let us make haste to give credit for marbles and football.

It is not, of course, that literature, even in the form of the simplest fiction is unworthy. I trust I share the utmost enthusiasm of those who feel its inestimable moral and cultural value. But the lighter literature requires no teaching; its office is supplementary; it belongs in the margins of the day's work. Why, as Professor Gummere intimates, try to *teach* "Ivanhoe" when it should be read with an avidity that brooks no denial or should not be read at all? As for the deeper and finer things, so far as they are not purely intellectual and therefore of fairly general appeal, they must, for all but the most imaginative, wait upon that experience of life and sharpening of sensibility which alone will make them luminous. Moreover, the teacher who can impart their significance is nearly as rare as the pupil who is ready to grasp it. One would hesitate to trust many teachers to do anything more with, let us say, Matthew Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman" than perhaps to require his pupils to learn it by heart. Indeed, teachers in this field are sadly bewildered, and most of them would have to confess that they do not know just what they are trying to teach. Certainly the labor expended is out of all proportion to the meagre results achieved. Tens of thousands of pupils are haled through a prescribed course of English masterpieces, only to turn no less contentedly in the end to the solace of the Sunday newspaper, the scrap-bag magazine, and the "storiette."

Would I give up all attempt to teach literature? I would give up nearly all prescription of it. The history of literature may be taught, when it is desired; it is as worthy as the history of other things. And there is always plenty to do in the field of grammar and rhetoric, in the mere mastery of this English speech of ours, ennobled as it has been by so many great voices. I have just been undergoing some illuminating experience. In the attempt to wrestle with this very problem, which meets us in the colleges as well, I have undertaken to guide a class of freshmen through certain prose classics. We have begun with Bacon's Essays, and it sometimes looks as if we should not get any farther. It is no less than astonishing how little the students understand. Only one in sixty can even guess what Bacon means by saying that communion with friends will "evaporate thy affections," while they pass over as quite too simple for consideration his statement that a certain wily trick in diplomacy is "a thing of great patience, but yet of much use." They can scarcely be trusted to interpret aright a single sentence. However, the teacher's dismay in discovering this is equalled by his delight in discovering that they can be made to understand. Bacon is not too deep. It is mostly a matter of being able to construe English sentences and becoming alert to the varied and subtle meanings of words. Here is disciplinary work of the best type, and such as cannot fail to yield measurable results. Verily, so long as the mother-tongue is so little understood as to jeopard the reputation for wisdom of one of our wisest moral counsellors, there is work enough to do in English without straying down the flowery paths of fiction.

While I am on this subject, let me say a word about another abuse—the use of over-edited text-books, perhaps a natural result of the general bewilderment as to what there is in literature to teach. The maker of the text-book, having found something, or at least imagining that he has found something, kindly tells the puzzled or jaded teacher all about it. But he tells the pupil, too, and the pupil, having nothing at all to find for himself, goes uninstructed in precisely the kind of instruction that he needs most. For my freshman class in Bacon I am employing a judiciously edited text that gives scarcely three notes to an essay. I might have used a text (printed by the Cambridge University Press, too) that contains from ten to twenty-five paraphrases at the foot of every page—half-page rather! But it would have left my students absolutely nothing to think out for themselves, therefore without any mental discipline, and, I suspect, without the ability to read Bacon in the end.

As for the inner spirit of literature, which we have so long hungered and striven to teach, may it not be largely trusted to find its way? The teacher who really feels it will never be able to conceal his feeling. The radiation that reaches him will be radiated in turn, the communicable communicated to so many as are ready to share in that grace. But the less ostentatiously this is done, the better. Prescription is the sheerest folly.

A. G. Newcomer.

Stanford University, Cal., September 25.

WORDSWORTH ON SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the innocuous discussion of "simplified spelling" has any one hitherto noticed the following opinion of Wordsworth, recorded in the "Memoirs" (vol. ii, p. 458) by his nephew?

> He mentioned incidentally [October, 1846] that the spelling of our language was very much fixed in the time of Charles the Second, and that the attempts which had been made since, and are being made in the present day, were not likely to succeed.

Attempts at what? And what has become of them? Lane Cooper.

Ithaca, N. Y., September 25.

MR. BURTON AND THE CLEVELAND CHARTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the interest of the future historian, it may be worth noting that there is a slight inaccuracy in your reference to the charter of the city of Cleveland in the editorial article of September 12, dealing with the candidacy of Mr. Burton. Speaking of the mayoralty, you say:

> The office of Mayor has been clothed with more power. The tendency of all the new city charters is to centre responsibility in him. In that aspect Cleveland's charter is one of the most progressive, and if Mr. Burton is chosen Mayor, he will have a free hand in moulding the municipal administration.

It is just because Mr. Burton will *not* have a free hand in moulding the municipal administration that the most judicious friends of Mr. Burton grieve sorely that he has allowed himself to be inveigled into a contest that will probably not redound to his credit even though he should be successful, which is by no means assured. To an impartial observer he presents the sorry spectacle of a man of intellect, culture, and distinction lending himself on the one hand to the sordid purposes of the small-fry city politicians, and

on the other hand to the "larger" views, the higher politics, of the national administration. The one class is making desperate efforts to get "in on the inside" of the municipal trough; the other class is not oblivious to the prestige accruing from the "redemption" of the largest city in the State in the prosecution of the Taft candidacy.

But he that as it may, it is certain that Mr. Burton will find himself deceived should he be elected. Cleveland once upon a time had a progressive charter—the so-called Federal plan. Five years ago, however, at the behest, it is commonly believed, of Senator Hanna, then the Republican State leader, and with the avowed object of Mayor Johnson's political destruction, every city government in the State was overturned, and at an extraordinary session of the General Assembly in 1902 a new municipal code uniform over the State was enacted. Squinting at the incipient machine of the budding Johnson, the executive power of the Mayor was greatly curtailed, and boards galore were instituted. The powers of the municipal government were carefully decentralized. The legal powers of the Mayor's office are now small. The actual power wielded by Cleveland's present executive is due to a combination of qualities wholly foreign to Mr. Burton. Eminent as a statesman and legislator of national scope, he would need to bring to the task at the City Hall of Cleveland a rare synthesis of cajolery, demagoguery, bossism, and — a popular cause. And just because such a condition of things is the legitimate fruit of the Ohio system of municipal government, it ill becomes a Republican, as a Republican, to cry out against machine methods when the only present alternative is dilettante inefficient government. And history does not record that Mr. Burton uttered a single protest when party expediency dictated this municipal code outrage upon the people of the State.

Isn't it a pity that his fine talents should be employed in a field where they will inevitably be so tragically ineffective? Has his Nemesis come to plague him?

A. B.

Elyria, O., September 23.

THE FISHERY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to be at last definitely settled that the interpretation of disputed questions between England and America concerning the agreement of 1818, known in diplomacy as the Convention of Ghent, is to be submitted to the newly created permanent Tribunal of International Arbitration at The Hague. As it is really the first important question submitted to this new court, the issue will be watched with great interest.

Without going into the history of this very remarkable convention, which public opinion in America is at last beginning to see in its true light as a one-sided and obsolete agreement, an intolerable burden on a British colony and entirely unsuited to modern conditions, we may note that one characteristic of the arrangement comes out very distinctly. England's sovereignty over Newfoundland is clearly defined, and the territorial privileges given to the inhabitants of the United States are very definitely limited. The reason for this strict limitation is very clear: England at the time had no fisheries rights to give away as she had already made over to the French a virtually exclusive territorial and fishery jurisdiction over the west coast. This was done to make the Bourbons more acceptable to the French and to uphold the principles of monarchy. The Americans were only allowed to buy *wood*, not fuel, and it has been decided that they have no right to purchase *coal*. They may obtain water, and enter port for shelter, and repairs, but "for no other purpose whatsoever." All this is definite and distinct. There is no room for question or ambiguity. At the Halifax Convention the American commissioners very frankly admitted that their countrymen had no right to buy bait, hire men, obtain supplies, or do any trade with the natives. The only questions to be submitted to the Hague Tribunal, therefore, concern the fishery privileges.

The fishing rights are given to inhabitants of the United States (not to ships or crews), in common with his majesty's subjects, to take fish of every kind along the coasts of part of Newfoundland, "and on the coasts, bays, harbors, and creeks" of Labrador. In Newfoundland the rights of Americans are confined to the coasts. In Labrador they are more general and extend to harbors, etc. One of the first questions, therefore, will be a definition of the term coast, and the extent of American fishery privileges on the shores of Newfoundland. Is it confined to the outer coast, or does it extend into narrow bays and harbors? The two really vital questions between the two countries are:

First, are American fishermen visiting Newfoundland, bound to obey the local revenue laws, to enter their vessels on arrival at the colonial custom house, clear when they leave, and pay light dues? Canada has always compelled them to do so, and Newfoundland claims the same right. Every civilized country has a right to adopt all reasonable precautions to prevent its revenues being robbed. Why should Newfoundland be debarred from the same exercise of authority? It is well known that the Gloucester men are notorious smugglers, and always carry a special supply of goods known as "the slop chest" to barter with the natives.

The really important question of all is the control of the fishery. It is to be carried on in common with his majesty's subjects. Who is to regulate it? It is sound international law that the sovereign power alone can exercise coercive jurisdiction within its own territory and jurisdiction. In a common fishery its regulations should be absolutely fair and reasonable. They should be framed for the clear and definite purpose of protecting the common fishery from wanton injury and destruction. Let us test the question in this way: American fishermen have lately been caught and punished for using dynamite on the coasts of Nova Scotia. Will any one for a moment contend that Newfoundland would not have the same right to punish offenders of this kind, or any one who might use a destructive engine whose general effect would cause injury, curtailment, or destruction of the common fishery?

Public opinion in America is being gradually enlightened on this question. Gloucester alone prevents the Hay-Bond treaty being ratified by the Senate, a treaty which, in return for the fullest privileges in Newfoundland waters given to Americans, allows a free entry into the United States for the fish and natural products of the colony. It is a most reasonable arrangement. The present outrageous tax of three-quarters of a cent a pound on all foreign fresh fish imported into the States is put on simply to enrich Lodge's smugglers, as they have been well called, and to compel the eighty millions of American citizens to eat dear fish while there is an unbounded supply in British North America, whose natural market is in the republic.

The question is asked by some American papers, Why does the Newfoundland government still fight against the *modus vivendi*, when the Sunday fishing, the use of purse seines, and the obligation to obey the local customs laws are all conceded? The answer is very simple. The *modus* is an illegal attempt to override the laws of a self-governing colony; it is direct contravention of the terms of the treaty and concedes rights to foreigners neither included nor intended by the convention. It is further a breach of a solemn promise made by England in 1857, that our fishery rights should never again be either lessened or given away to a foreign Power without our consent. D. W. Prowse.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, September 6.

Notes.

Duffield & Co. announce as forthcoming this month "Historic Churches of America," by Nellie Urner Wallington, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale; "The Holy Grail and Other Fragments," by Richard Hovey; "Gypsy Verses," by Helen Hay Whitney; an illustrated edition of "Stories from the Old Testament for Children," by Harriet S. Blaine Beale; and "Childhood," by Millicent and Githa Sowerby, a volume of verses and pictures by two sisters whose work has attracted considerable attention in England.

The forthcoming double section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" has been enlarged so as to complete the letter N (Niche-Nywe) and the volume. It is the work of W. A. Craigie. Vol. vii., O-P, has already been published as far as Pargeted, and vol. viii., Q-S, as far as Ree.

An illustrated edition of "The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" will be issued by John Lane Company this autumn. Poems hitherto unpublished in book form will be included. The illustrations are from original drawings by Gerald Metcalfe. The same firm announces "The Sentimental Traveller," in which Vernon Lee takes her readers through Germany, France, and Switzerland.

From the Macmillan Company we receive a reprint of the "Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," by

Philip Alexander Bruce. In its review of that book, May 21, 1896, the *Nation* spoke of it as "the best history of the early agricultural growth of any State in the Union."

"A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century," by G. Locker Lampson, the English edition of which was reviewed in the *Nation*, June 28, is now on the regular list of E. P. Dutton & Co.

G. G. Coulton's "From St. Francis to Dante" was first published in 1906, and that a second edition should be called for in a year shows the interesting character of the work. Mr. Coulton has added a good deal of fresh matter from Salimbene's inimitable and highly realistic chronicle, and has extended the notes and appendices. For those who wish to see the seamy side of the Middle Ages, this is the best book in English.

The coming of Christmas is heralded by attractive reprints. T. Y. Crowell & Co. are early in the field with a number of volumes on thin paper in limp leather. One group contains seven of Victor Hugo's novels in eight volumes, "Les Misérables" occupying two. Another set gives nine of Dumas's best works, including "Monte Cristo," "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne." Nine other volumes are added, of a miscellaneous character.

Edward Manley of the Englewood High School, Chicago, has edited for Ginn & Co. a volume from Prosper Mérimée, "Carmen and Other Stories." The sketches, "Les Bohémiens," "Les Voleurs de Grands Chemins de l'Andalousie," and "Les Courses de Taureaux" will indicate the varied style of the novelist. A biographical outline, notes, and vocabulary complete the volume. As Mérimée's "Colomba" is one of the most popular of modern French narratives adapted to classroom use, this volume exhibiting other aspects of the author's skill will be welcome.

Notwithstanding the variety of good German grammars already on the market, Dr. Francis Kingsley Ball of the Phillips Exeter Academy has tried his hand at another, encouraged no doubt by the success of his "German Drill Book." The arrangement of the matter is topical, and the author seeks to drive home each topic within the space of a two-page lesson. The exercises are supposed to have sufficient continuity to furnish materials for conversation, but as a matter of fact the connection is not of the closest. There is a ten-page supplement with the more important facts of English grammar treated side by side with the German. D. C. Heath & Co. are the publishers.

To the growing interest of college students in foreign missions, Dr. Arthur Judson Brown's "The Foreign Missionary, an Incarnation of a World Movement" (F. H. Revell Company), is largely due. Though there are numerous histories of missions and biographies of missionaries, there has been no general work on the man himself to which the student looking forward to this field could go for information, or which could be used as a text-book in the mission study classes in our colleges and churches. To supply this need, the secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has prepared this volume. It would have been difficult to find one better fitted for the task. Not only has he had for twelve years the oversight of a society which has brought him into intimate association with missionaries scattered over the heathen world, but, an extensive traveller, he has seen the missionary at work and he writes of the problems from personal experience. Beginning with a statement of the missionary motive and aim, he describes simply and clearly the essential qualifications for the work, then passes on to a detailed account of the missionary's relations to the society which sends him out, his duties to it, and its obligations to him. The principal arguments against foreign missions are briefly stated and answered, and the book closes with a striking portrayal of the modern missionary, not as a saint on a pedestal with a halo about his head, but as "preëminently a man of affairs," whose chief reward here is the conviction that he is using life to the very best advantage in laying foundations for future Christian nations. Dr. Brown has an attractive style and his book is enlivened with numerous quotations from biographies, reports, and addresses, and with an occasional humorous anecdote. We only regret, and it is our single criticism, that he has not given some information as to the way in which young English, German, and Swiss candidates are prepared for missionary work in Asia and Africa. It is with great satisfaction, however, that we note that he is an earnest advocate of the policy of not making the missionary aim at the establishment of a branch of an American church in India or in China, but at the foundation of a self-supporting and self-governing body, which, while holding the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith, shall adopt a church organization and ritual adapted to racial characteristics and circumstances.

"Einleitung in das Neue Testament," by Prof. Theodor Zahn of the University of Erlangen, two massive volumes in large octavo, together about fourteen hundred pages, the second edition of which appeared as late as 1899, has now been published in the third edition, correctly described by the author as "vielfach berichtigte und vervollständigte Auflage" (Leipzig: Georg Boehme). The significance of this work lies in the fact that on the whole it is a bulwark of the traditional views of the origin and authenticity of the New Testament books, and yet the product of a scholar of high repute. Notwithstanding its strong conservatism, the book is critical and keenly analytic, and Zahn has independent views on not a few subjects.

An aggressive movement is in progress, chiefly in Germany, for the purpose of undermining the Wellhausen school of Old Testament criticism. The head of the new school is the Berlin Assyriologist, Professor Hugo Winckler, and the movement, known as Panbabylonism, aims not at an overthrow of the literary substructure of Wellhausen's theories, but at a reconstruction of the history of Israel's religion along the lines of natural development. Panbabylonism finds in the old religious ideas of Babylonia and the Orient in general, the evidence of a highly developed astral-mythological scheme, and traces the details of this scheme in the religion of both the Old and the New Testaments. This school has recently organized a Gesellschaft für vergleichende Mythenforschung, which has begun the publication of a series of popular works in advocacy of its views, entitled Im Kampfe um den alten Orient. Two of these have just appeared, one entitled "Die Panbabylonisten, der alte Orient und die ägyptische Religion," by Alfred Jeremias; and the other by Winckler himself, called "Die jüngsten Kämpfe wider den Panbabylonismus." The new school is remarkably prolific. Professor Peter Jensen, of Marburg, has issued a volume of one thousand pages on the Gilgamesh Epic of the Babylonians, and he finds the hero of it to be the prototype not only of many Old Testament characters, but even of Jesus himself. More recently E. Stucken has issued a work entitled "Astralmythen der Hebräer, Babylonier and Ägypter," (Leipzig: Pfeiffer); while the more theological side of the new scheme is brought out in the second edition of Jeremias's "Das alte Testament im Lichte des alten Orients" (Leipzig: Hinrichs), with 216 illustrations and two charts. Perhaps the best general guide to the literature and ideals of this new school is the work of O. Weber, "Die Literatur der Babylonier und Assyrier, ein Überblick. (Leipzig: Hinrichs.) This work we shall consider later at some length.

In the publication of the third volume of Th. Granderach's "Geschichte des Vatikanischen Konsils von seiner ersten Ankündigung bis zu seiner Vertagung," edited on the basis of authentic documents by K. Kirsch, S.J., and published by Herder of Freiburg-im-B., this virtually official record of the historic church council of 1870, that brought with it as its chief outcome the promulgation of the doctrine of papal infallibility, has reached its close. This new volume discusses the development of the council from the third public meeting down to the final adjournment. The ups and downs of the debate in word and writing are here described, with a clear report of the opposition to the doctrine of infallibility. The addresses of such anti-infallibilists as Schwarzenberg, Hauscher, Ketteler, Darboy, and others are given more or less completely, and the vote of July 13, which was encouraging to the opposition, is fully detailed. The last third of this volume describes how the dogma was received in the different states, and the means to which the Papal See resorted to compel the submission of the opposing bishops. This volume, like its two predecessors, is absorbing, notwithstanding the apologetical undercurrent that compels the reader to be discriminating. The whole work is without a doubt a leading source for the study of the history of the Vatican Council.

The literature of book-trade biographies has recently been enriched by a life of Emil Strauss, bookseller and publisher in Bonn, written by Dr. Oskar von Hase, head of Breitkopf & Härtel in Leipzig, and author of an important historical study of the old Koberger family of printers and publishers in Nürnberg. A nephew of David Friedrich Strauss, the young bookseller soon after his establishment in 1870 published the uncle's "Nachwort als Vorwort zur 4. Auflage meiner Schrift 'Der alte und neue Glaube,'" and ultimately secured from the original publishers the copyright of all Strauss's works, so that

in 1876 he could publish an edition of his collected writings. With this as a basis Strauss built up a publishing house devoted largely to works representing modern liberal thought, *e. g.*, Haeckel's "Monismus" and "Welträtsel." The last named was, indeed, the outcome of a suggestion by the publisher; Haeckel himself wrote to the author of the biography, "Without Emil Strauss the 'Riddle of the Universe' would not have been written; he prepared the way for it and pushed it through." Besides these and similar publications lying on the boundary line between religion and science, Strauss published a large number of works in pure science, such as J. Bouché's "Die insekten-fressenden Pflanzen," Heinrich Hertz's "Bezlehungen swischen Licht und Elektrizität," and not a few in history, philology, etc. His art publications were important, and in many cases were the results of his own suggestions; for instance, Ullbrich's etchings from Rome, which were originated during a journey to that city by the publisher and the artist. Strauss was also the publisher of Carmen Sylva. But he was not only publisher; this branch was long a side issue to his retail business. A direct outgrowth of the retail business was the remainder trade which Strauss developed and put in its present recognized place in Germany. Dr. Hase's book is not merely a biography of one German bookseller, it is a contribution to the history of the recent struggle within the trade, in which Strauss took a leading part.

W. Spemann of Stuttgart announces that he will publish this year the "Geschichte des niederen Volkes in Deutschland," a radical work in two volumes, whose author, under the pen name of Eccardus, will feel free to inquire into the deep mistrust and dissatisfaction on the part of the lower classes in Germany, notwithstanding the fact that their material condition has so greatly improved in late years.

"Die unsterbliche Kiste oder die 333 besten Witze der Weltliteratur," put together by Alex. Moszkowski, from the *Lustige Blätter*, is imported by G. E. Stechert & Co. Mark Twain is represented with his "Widow Stiggins"; but otherwise American humor is ignored, not even a single wonder from Chicago, such as so often proves a tempting morsel for the German journalist, being recorded.

The trustees of the E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Series have decided, very properly, to issue the late Sir J. W. Redhouse's translation of Al-Khazraji's History of the Rasulide Dynasty of Yemen, and the first part has now appeared, being vol. iii. of the series (Leyden: E. J. Brill; London: Luzac & Co). The dynasty, established as the Ayyubide was falling into decay, lasted over two hundred years (1232-1441); the history is here brought down to the year 1400. It is a faithful picture of the manners of the time, and is of special interest in view of recent events in Yemen. Redhouse's manuscript has been edited by E. G. Browne and R. A. Nicholson. These three names are a guarantee of accuracy. An Introduction gives a brief sketch of the history of Yemen from the earliest known times to the present. Volume iv. of the Gibb series contains "Umayyads and Abbasids," being the fourth part of J. Zaydan's History of Islamic Civilization, a work that has been favorably noticed by de Goeje; the translation is by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth of Oxford. The author is a Syrian, long resident in Cairo, where he edits the monthly magazine *Hilal*. His book, which consists of detached observations on the history, manners, and customs of the pre-Islamic Arabs and the various Islamic dynasties and communities, is valuable for the personal details it introduces, and is to be welcomed as the contribution of an Oriental Semite who has studied European works and learned something of a precise historical method. His references are to Arabic authorities. There is added a good index.

The last volume of the Archæologia, the tracts of the London Society of Antiquaries, does not yield to any of its predecessors in interest and variety. We notice that the Roman period is particularly well represented. Besides the reports of the Society's excavations at Caerwent and Silchester, there is an interesting account by F. Haverfield of two marble sculptures and a Mithraic relief found in London, and a contribution of some hundred pages on other discoveries, relating to the metropolis, by Philip Norman and Francis Reader. A good deal of space is also devoted to early and mediæval English history. Under this head belong Mr. Bidder's account of excavations in an Anglo-Saxon burial-ground at Mitcham Surrey, St. John Hope's paper on "The Loss of King John's Baggage in the Wellstream," that of Albert Hartshorne, "The Brass of Sir Hugh Hastings in Elsing Church, Norfolk," and Mr. Lethaby's "Palace of Westminster in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries." The pre-Christian period, on the other hand, does not figure so largely as usual, the only papers relating to it are Canon William Greenwell's "Early Iron Age Burials in Yorkshire," and Horace Sandars's "Pre-Roman Bronze Votive Offerings from Despeñaperros in the Sierra Morena." The volume has numerous and handsome illustrations. It is sold by the Society's agent, Bernard Quaritch.

Recent discoveries in the neighborhood of Edinburgh and as far north as the confines of Perth and Inverness shires are exciting among Scotsmen an unprecedented interest in the Roman occupation. Accumulating evidence that it took a far more solid hold than is currently supposed has stimulated the exertions of the Scottish Antiquaries and resulted in an appeal for funds to which public generosity is not slow in responding. Interest is guided and stimulated by what may truly be called the Roman Museum now open to inspection in the rooms of the Antiquaries on the ground floor of the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh. There may be seen the surprisingly rich bronze helmet and the remarkably beautiful iron tilting-helmet, or mask, recently unearthed at Newstead, being within a mile of Melrose Abbey. If the trips of tourists were not such cut-and-dried affairs, visitors to Abbotsford, Dryburgh, and Melrose might easily include in their purview the Roman camp and Roman baths which James Curle has there brought to light—the bath is now in process of excavation. Besides the helmets, Mr. Curle has found vases in bronze, helmets, swords, and axes, which, along with plentiful shards of "Samian" and other ware, suggest that Newstead was a very solid and firmly rooted outpost. Definite points showing evidence that there were three and probably four successive occupations here are made in detail by Mr. Curle in the *Scottish Historical Review* for July. His general drift may be summarily stated as follows: There is evidence of (1) a fort with an earthen rampart and an encircling palisade defended by a single ditch; (2) this same fort extended slightly and very considerably strengthened; (3) the same original fort reduced in size and provided with a wall parallel to its Via Quintana; and (4) a return to the area of (2), but this time with a rampart faced by a fall 7 ft. 6 in. thick and defended by triple ditches. The fort area is now restored to cultivation, and Mr. Curle has nearly completed excavation of the extensive bath immediately adjacent. Here he is finding varied and striking evidence in confirmation of the four successive occupations outlined above. In one place especially he who runs may read by inspecting the stratification of four pavements—each definitely characterized and differentiated from the two others. It is fortunate that, when all the evidence shall have been gathered by this season's excavations, the excavator will have the best of opportunities for presenting his results. He has just been appointed Rhynde lecturer for the coming season, and printed as well as oral publication is thus assured.

In a letter to the Wisconsin Library Commission, Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, recommends that the "story hour," which is becoming such a popular feature in library work with children, be utilized in developing the interest of children in local history. Even in Wisconsin, he says, where the materials of local history and tradition are comparatively scanty, there is still enough in most communities, if properly handled, to give interest and richness to the local background, and thus to awaken in young minds a feeling of local pride and patriotic sentiment; while in the older parts of the country there is a wealth of material for such uses. An instance is cited by Dr. Thwaites of the successful carrying out of such a plan in one of the older Wisconsin towns, where a series of eleven talks and readings on the history and romance of the district were given by the librarian, with an interest and attendance greater than that accorded to similar readings on Greek or Norse mythology.

The Verein Berliner Kaufleute und Industrieller, in conjunction with the Central Executive Committee of the Berlin Business and Industrial Association, has sent to the Culture Ministry of Prussia a strong petition urging that the study of the English language be made obligatory in the classical gymnasium course. The petitioners insist that knowledge of the English language has become a *sine qua non* in the interests of German business and the spread of German commerce.

News of the death of Josefa Naprstkova comes from Prague. She was the wife of Voitja Naprstk, who had devoted his life to building up in Prague a museum to illustrate the history and ethnology of Bohemia. After his death, his wife carried on the work, and thereby won for herself the intense love of the Bohemian people.

FERRERO'S HISTORY OF ROME.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero; translated by Alfred E. Zimmern. Volumes I. and II. Pp. vi., 328; vi., 389. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.25 net.

It requires considerable courage in these days of specialization to borrow the title of Montesquieu's famous essay and write a treatise on the greatness and decline of Rome. Historical fashions have changed since the eighteenth century; the general essay bas disappeared before the special monograph, and students of history have been interested chiefly in the origin and development of states, leaving disquisitions upon their decline and fall to the public orator and the sociologist. In the field of Roman history this movement has cleared away a mass of legend and guesswork and greatly enlarged our knowledge of the real nature and workings of Roman institutions, but there is ground for thinking that it has also tended to emphasize unduly the period of Roman history which has the smallest general significance, and which, by reason of the paucity of trustworthy information, can never be satisfactorily known. We may, if we choose, share the ancient opinion of the virtues of early Roman days and admire the type of character which laid the foundations of Roman greatness under the early Republic; but Rome's great work for the world was done under the Empire, and in any large view of Roman history it is the Empire which must claim the principal place. There are signs that the interest in the later period is increasing, but the lack of any satisfactory general history of the Empire is still one of the great gaps in historical literature. Dean Merivale's elaborate prelude to Gibbon is hopelessly outgrown; Schiller's "Kaiserzeit" is useful, but inadequate; Mommsen's "Provinces" is only a small part of the great story and must be read by the layman with something of the self-denial with which it was written. How far Ferrero will go in his ambitious attempt to fill this gap it is as yet too soon to say, but it is an attempt that must at least be taken seriously. His work is generously planned; it rests upon a familiarity with the ancient sources of information which is quite remarkable in one whose reputation has hitherto been that of a writer on criminology and public affairs rather than on history; and it has literary quality and at times brilliancy. The three volumes which have appeared have already had considerable vogue in France, where their popularity was enhanced by the author's recent lectures at the Sorbonne—and perhaps by a preface to the French translation which proclaims Cæsar's conquest of Gaul to be the most important fact in Roman history—and it was high time for the publication of an English version.

After a preliminary sketch of five chapters Ferrero begins, like Merivale, with the death of Sulla in 78 B. C., and, under the caption "The Empire Builders," the first volume deals with the tangled and often obscure events of the succeeding twenty years, a transitional period, significant for the rise of new men and new policies, but not easy to treat in a unified and effective fashion. To Ferrero the most striking personality of this age is plainly Lucullus, whom he regards as "the strangest and most isolated figure in the whole history of Rome." Known to posterity only as a builder of villas and organizer of banquets, Lucullus here appears as the real creator of the new Imperialism which Pompey and Cæsar took up and turned to their own advantage through comprehending, as the aristocratic inflexibility of Lucullus could not, the new relations between commander and soldiers which corresponded to the changed conditions of Roman politics. This view of Lucullus is stated, indeed overstated, as follows:

During the six years which he spent in the East he had made a revolution in Roman politics which it would be impossible to over-emphasize. His part in the history of Rome is so analogous to that of Napoleon in the history of Europe that we may perhaps justly define him as the Napoleon of the last century of the Republic. He found the foreign policy of the Roman Republic in very much the same condition as that in which Napoleon found the foreign policy of Europe at the end of the eighteenth century. It was embarrassed by traditions of slackness, paralyzed by an indecision which took alarm at shadows and gave way at once before any determined opposition, and accustomed to regard intrigue and procrastination as satisfactory substitutes for rapid and resolute action. It felt an almost sacred respect for the established order, and an extreme terror of laying a finger upon its familiar workings. It habitually preferred diplomacy to war, and never understood how to make the most of a success or drive home any vigorous effort, generally accepting some compromise which settled the question for the moment along the line of least resistance, at the risk of raising new and inevitable complications in the immediate future. This policy was not without a certain sagacity of its own, but it had become stultified by the very exaggeration of its own virtues. Like Napoleon eighteen centuries later, Lucullus effected a revolution in the methods of government. He substituted war for negotiation as the usual method of solving the difficulties of Eastern policy. He replaced the interminable machinations of senatorial intrigue by the sharp and vivid impression of his swift campaigns, with their bewildering attacks and their complete and amazing victories. By the adoption of a strong and sustained policy of aggression he succeeded in becoming the arbiter of the entire East, reducing one state after another to helplessness in a series of almost foolhardy campaigns. In this he was as overwhelmingly successful as Napoleon himself; for he reëstablished the equilibrium between the obsolete policy of the Senate and the changed circumstances of the day.

In the second volume, entitled "Julius Cæsar," the great dictator naturally occupies the largest place. Ferrero, however, is no hero-worshipper, and he has succeeded to a remarkable degree in freeing himself from the influence of Mommsen, whose glorification of Cæsar and Cæsarism has had so profound an influence upon the historical writing of the past half century. To Ferrero, Cæsar is "a man of genius, not a demi-god"; "he could see no farther than the other men of his day; and he acted, like all politicians, according to the impressions and the needs of the moment." Instead of being the outcome of a well-formed plan, a continuous effort toward a supreme goal, Cæsar's career was thwarted and twisted by circumstances and accidents, and his plans were continually being modified to correspond. He was "an incomparable opportunist." Seeking the *materia triumphorum* in Gaul, he went out "without any definite ideas of policy, and with only the meagrest knowledge of the country and its inhabitants." His war against the Helvetii was an egregious blunder, from which he was saved only by great good fortune, and the story would read very differently if we had Divico's memoirs instead of Cæsar's. His Egyptian sojourn was another serious blunder. He entered upon the civil war, "not out of lust for the supreme power, but to win a secure and honorable position in the aristocratic republic"; his unexpected success, which ostensibly made him master of the Roman world, really placed him in an impossible dilemma, from which he hoped to escape by the conquest of Parthia. He failed in the great political objects for which he strove, and he accomplished no great and enduring work of constructive statesmanship. Circumstances steadily proved too strong for him. We read further:

Cæsar was a genius—a man whose powers have seldom or never been equalled in history. He was at once student, artist, and man of action; and in every sphere of his activity he left the imprint of greatness. His soaring yet intensely practical imagination, his wonderfully clear-cut and well-balanced intelligence, his untiring energy and lightning quickness of decision, his marvellous elasticity of temper and iron power of self-control, his indifference even at moments of the greatest strain to anything of the nature of sentiment or mysticism, would have made him, at any time in the world's history, one of the giants of his age. Under twentieth-century conditions he might have become a captain of industry in the United States or a great pioneer or mine-owner or empire-builder in South Africa, or a scientist or man of letters in Europe with a world-wide influence over his contemporaries. In the Rome of his day both family tradition and personal inclination forced him into politics. Political life is always perilous to the man of genius. There is no sphere of activity which is so much at the mercy of unforeseen accidents or where the effort put out is so incommensurable with the result obtained. In the field of Roman politics Cæsar succeeded in becoming a great general, a great writer, a great character. He failed to become a great statesman. . . . Cæsar was not a great statesman; but he was a great destroyer. In him were personified all the revolutionary forces, the magnificent but devastating forces, of a mercantile age in conflict with the traditions of an old-world society—its religious skepticism, its indifference to morality, its insensibility to family affection, its opportunist and undisciplined politics, its contempt for precedent and tradition, its Eastern luxury, its grasping militarism, its passion for the baser forms of commerce and speculation, its first tentative efforts toward intellectual refinement, its naïve enthusiasm for art and science. There is hardly a stranger irony in history than that the rulers of Germany and Russia should have assumed the title of this prince of revolutionaries. For we fail to grasp the true significance of Cæsar's career till we discern that, like Pompey and Crassus and the other great figures of his day, his mission was primarily destructive—to complete the disorganization and dissolution of the old world, both in Italy and the provinces, and thus make way for a stabler and juster system.

All this is a wholesome reaction from "the entire and perfect man" of Mommsen's imagination, and much of it is true. Ferrero is historically sound in bringing Cæsar down from the clouds and placing him in the every-day world of intrigue and petty rivalry which surrounded the public men of the later republic; and there is much that is suggestive in his efforts to trace the influence of varying conditions of health and environment upon Cæsar's policies and character. We come into closer touch with the man and realize better the complexity of the problems he had to face. On the whole, however, the effect is belittling, even to a greater degree than the author in-

tends, for the body of the narrative does not support the characterizations of the concluding paragraphs. Ferrero calls Cæsar a great general, but the account of his campaigns does not lead the reader to that conclusion. We are told that he was a great genius and a great character, but the story of intrigue and expedient leaves only the impression of an astute politician of the Tammany type. He who has been a rather ordinary man throughout the volume cannot suddenly be made great at the end. And whatever Cæsar was, he was not ordinary.

Cæsar's opponents, as one might expect, fare better at Ferrero's hands, and the judgments, though less noteworthy, are in the main just. There is warm appreciation of Cicero's literary talent and even a defence of his much criticised administration of Cilicia; he "was neither cruel, nor rapacious, nor insincere, . . . but there were qualities in his nature which forbade him to be powerful." It reminds one of Mommsen to find Pompey called "a *grand seigneur* who thought himself a great man," but the following summing up shows an evident desire to be fair:

Pompey was not a fool, as several modern historians in their enthusiasm for Cæsar have been pleased to call him, but a typical, and in some ways exceedingly capable, aristocrat, with all the faults and all the virtues of the old nobility, upon whom the circumstances of his time had imposed a task which was far beyond his powers. If he lacked the consuming activity and the unwearied intellectual energy of his successful rival, yet it must be remembered that he owed his fall not merely to the blunders which he himself committed, but also, and in a far greater degree, to the vices and faults of the upper classes, whose champion circumstances rather than any deliberate policy had forced him to become. Nor must we forget the very considerable part which he played in the history of Rome. He annexed to the Roman Empire the country of Christ, with results of perhaps even supremer importance than the occupation of Gaul. Moreover, by the building of his theatre, by the festivals he gave to the people, and by his indiscriminate liberality, he did more almost than any one to disseminate Eastern culture throughout Italy, to give Rome a taste for the luxury of the imperial epoch whose remains we still continue to admire and even to imitate.

The freshness and point of his characterizations show that Ferrero has a strong interest in the personal element in history, but, as the treatment of Cæsar makes clear, he is not one of those for whom the course of historical development is shaped by a few dominant personalities. Human history he conceives as "the unconscious product of an infinity of small and unnoticed efforts"; and "its work is done, spasmodically and in disorder, by single individuals or groups of individuals, acting generally from immediate motives, with results which always transcend the knowledge and intentions of contemporaries, and are but seldom revealed, darkly and for a moment, to succeeding generations. To find a clue to the immediate, accidental, and transitory motives which have pricked on the men of the past to their labors" becomes, accordingly, an important part of the historian's task. Motive-hunting, however, in spite of its fascination, is dangerous business, as the example of Tacitus shows; it easily passes beyond the available evidence into the field of conjecture and subjective interpretation and by filling in the gaps with the author's assumptions, it tends to modernize ancient characters in an unhistorical fashion. These dangers Ferrero does not succeed in avoiding. He has an acute mind, sharpened by studies in morbid psychology, and the Italian gift, so useful in this confused period of Roman politics, of following out a tangled series of intrigues, but the intrigues are sometimes of his own creation and the portrayal of motives often subjective. The account of Cleopatra, for example, though it may seem consistent enough to the author of "La Donna Delinquente," lacks sufficient support from ancient writers.

One of the best features of Ferrero's treatment of this period is the attention given to economic and social history. It is his main thesis that the Roman conquest of the ancient world was the result of "the growth of a nationalist and industrial democracy on the ruins of a federation of agricultural aristocracies"; and he traces in Italy the spread of commerce and industry, the growth of towns, the rise of the bourgeoisie, and the changes in the conditions of life throughout the peninsula. There is less on the decline of agriculture than is to be found in most works on Roman history, but there is an account of the process by which, "to match the changeless beauty of her sky and sea, Italy eagerly cast off her old barbaric trappings of corn and wood for a more smiling vesture of vine and olive"; and the introduction of the cherry tree into Italy is set down among the most important results of the campaigns of Lucullus in the East. There are also some sensible remarks on the corn trade, pointing out the necessity of state purchases and distributions under ancient conditions of commerce. The intellectual movement is likewise not neglected, although the attempts to connect literature with political events are forced and often conjectural. Indeed, Ferrero's treatment of all non-political topics suffers from a lack of continuity arising from his close adherence to the annalistic method of the ancient historians. The history of a war may quite properly be written "by summers and winters," after the model of Thucydides, but by their very nature social and economic changes generally defy exact dates, and to assign them to specific years is to sin against historical accuracy, as well as against effective presentation.

Here and there, as in the passages last quoted, it is pleasant to note the touches which reveal the Italian's feeling for the soil and sense of the continuity of history in the peninsula. Most of us are not in the habit of regarding Cæsar as an Italian, and only a fellow-countryman of Dante and Garibaldi would remark, apropos of Cæsar's sojourn in Ravenna on the eve of the Civil War, that this little town "seems predestined to be the refuge of great Italians in the stormy hours of their career." We are also glad to see that, while the bibliography is somewhat provincial in its omissions and in its abundant citations of minor Italian monographs, the work as a whole is singularly free from the spirit of hostility to foreign scholarship which appears in the writings of certain Italian students of Roman history and archæology, and sometimes degenerates into personal malignity. Such chauvinism is not needed to maintain the intellectual independence of a country which is producing such excellent, and such varied, work as that of Ferrero and Pais and many lesser writers upon ancient Rome.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Weavers. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Seldom since the appearance of "Peer Gynt" has a work of imagination showed a more cosmopolitan range of dramatis personæ than Sir Gilbert Parker has assembled in "The Weavers." There are English Quakers, Egyptian eunuchs, a drunken Romish chairmaker, a duchess, a stage Chicagoan, a lady of English, Celtic, American-Dutch extraction, effendis, pashas, palace intrigues, murders, and a great many dreams. All the characters talk at great length; every event is narrated at least twice, sometimes oftener; and the effect of the whole is singularly lacking in movement. Although Sir Gilbert Parker uses a civilized if somewhat heavy English, and puts his book together in practised fashion, his treatment of Egyptian troubles culminating in the siege (presumably) of Alexandria, on the whole lacks the brilliancy given to the same event by the late Archibald Clavering Gunter. It is hard to believe that "The Weavers" comes from the same hand which once gave so thoughtful and sincere a study of character as Charley in "The Right of Way."

Helena's Path. By Anthony Hope. New York: The McClure Co.

Anthony Hope Hawkins labors under the disadvantage of having written early in his career two books, each in its kind of unusual interest: "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Dolly Dialogues." The question commonly asked in regard to a new work from his pen is whether it is like—or as good as—either of these. In the case of "Helena's Path," the answer to both inquiries must be no. And yet the style is crisp and with frequent happy turns—as when excesses of costume are described as "that facile path to a barren eccentricity." The story, too, moves very rapidly. The theme is conceived in a vein of high fantasy—the love affair between two brilliant persons: Lord Lynborough, whose "profile stood as carved in fine ivory," and the Marchesa di San Servolo, whose profile could be compared "to nothing less than a Roman empress on an ancient silver coin." They begin with a theatre quarrel, which runs through all the stages to proposal and acceptance. Neither the characters nor their actions are of this earth, earthy; but the tale is not on that account the less vivacious and amusing.

Santa Fé's Partner. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The American cowboy and miner—Bret Harte's kind—are said to be obsolescent, but there is no sign of their passing in current fiction or drama. The magazines are full of the jargon of the plains, and the popular stage blazes with Western color. Perhaps fear accounts for our renewed enthusiasm over this theme. What a dreadful thing if our one picturesque asset should be lost! Every man to his derringer, and a bead on the first tenderfoot who ventures to hint that it is not all real!

It is noticeable that while on the stage, as is natural, the heroic West holds its own, in fiction we are lapsing to a contemplation of the humorous West. "I've been around considerable in the Western country," says Mr. Janvier's interlocutor, "and I've seen quite a little, one way and another, of the folks living there; hut I can't really and truly say I've often come up with them nature's noblemen—all the time at it doing stunts in natural nobility—the story-books make out is the chief population of them parts." Palomitas, the scene of the operations of Santa Fé and his partner, is supposed to be a place in Indian Territory "where the track got stuck"; and while the rail-laying awaits further contributions from the English stockholders of the new road, the camp remains and degenerates—a town without occupation and without laws. Santa Fé is, on the whole, the chief scalawag, a professional gambler and sharper; with his black clothes and his suavity, plus utter selfishness, a rather obvious reduction to the real of the chief outcast of Poker Flat. His partner is a very close female version of him, pleasantly known as the Sage-brush Hen; and their hilarious joint adventures are amusing in a broad way. Much the usual tenderfoot subjects are provided for their experiments—a representative of the aforesaid English stockholders, a maiden aunt from Vermont, and a preposterous sportsman from Boston. In the end resumption of work upon the railway and a rising tide of virtue exile Santa Fé and his partner, as their prototypes, Jack Hamlin et al., were exiled from Poker Flat. It is all good magazine copy, though hardly more.

Growth. By Graham Travers (Margaret Todd, M.D.). New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This seems a survival or revival of a type of story much attended to a decade or two ago, the religious novel. Robert Elsmere, however people may have felt about him, was an important figure in his day. He was talked about; his soul was a matter of moment even to the ungodly; and he had many imitators. Now it all seems a trifle out of date. "Growth" was, we should say, written primarily for Scotch Presbyterians. Edinburgh supplies the setting, and the protagonists are all persons living more or less consciously in the shadow of the kirk. The sad, dour ardors of the Covenanters' faith, the strict creed, the stricter discipline—these are matters with which the reader of this story will be much occupied. A young countryman, son of a Presbyterian minister, comes up to the University, expecting to prepare for the ministry. At first he is full of zeal for his books and the church life; but presently he begins to rebel against the narrowness of it all. He makes cheerful acquaintances, who are ready to talk on other than theological subjects. He goes to the theatre for the first time in his life, and falls in love with the leading lady. She, as it happens, is a good woman, the sister of his best friend, a young parson of much promise, for the sake of whose position the relationship is concealed. The boy discovers a relationship, but misunderstands it. Much tribulation follows, involving a perilous approach to moral disintegration on the boy's part. He comes right in the end, however, as do the other persons concerned—though not right according to kirk standards. There are two characters in the book more interesting than the nominal hero—very modern persons both, and strikingly in contrast with that rather crude and jejune youth.

The Domestic Adventurers. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

One fears Mrs. Bacon may come to be numbered among that rather large class of American story-writers who have been spoiled by an early magazine popularity. The peculiar style of workmanship involved has merits rather journalistic than literary; above all, an unhalancing premium is paid to smartness. Mrs. Bacon has scored so often by virtue of sheer hard cleverness that it is not to he wondered at if the note grows yet harder and thinner as time goes on. "The Domestic Adventurers," to be sure, is good-natured enough—a chronicle of certain typical experiences with the American servant, varied by "a spice of love interest," as the book advertisements are wont to say. Three unmarried New York ladies (perish the thought of old maids), aged respectively twenty-nine, thirty-four, and forty, after a somewhat prolonged experience of city flats, take a house in a suburb. To the thirty-four-year-old the part of housekeeper falls, since she has no stated profession, while the youngest teaches in a fashionable boarding-school, and the oldest is an editor. The housekeeper tells the story, giving an account of her contact with the servant problem, and of the supposed love affairs of the gay young schoolmistress. Eventually the supposed lovers bestow themselves somewhat unexpectedly to the persons in the hook, if not to the reader.

The House of the Vampire. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Vampire is a man of letters, living in contemporary New York, a dominating creative genius, "whose style possessed at once the chiselled chasteness of a Greek marble column and the elaborate deviltry of the late Renaissance. At times his winged words seemed to flutter down the page frantically like Baroque angels; at other times nothing could have more adequately described his manner than the timeless calm of the gaunt pyramids." Reginald Clarke attains his universality by quietly vampiring every one with whom he comes in contact, or at least any one to whose talent he takes the slightest fancy. If it be a music-hall singer with one note in her voice, he manages to appropriate the note. Thus when he reads his new play to Ernest Fielding, Fielding at once recognizes it as a child of his own imagination to which he had not yet given birth. This is not a case of common plagiarism. The Vampire works, so to speak, while his victims sleep, and next day they find their completed product (of which they have never breathed a word to any one) neatly written out in Clarke's handwriting in the drawer of his desk, which they have occasion honorably to rifle. When Ernest Fielding confronts him with these misdeeds, Clarke, so far from being abashed, appears "like a gigantic dynamo, charged with the might of ten thousand magnetic storms that shake the earth in its orbit and lash myriads of planets through infinities of space." He justifies himself by explaining:

> I carry the essence of what is cosmic . . . of what is divine. . . . I am Homer . . . Goethe . . . Shakespeare. . . . I am an embodiment of the same force of which Alexander, Cæsar, Confucius, and the Christos were also embodiments.

Of course the theme of the consuming power of greatness, from the time of Semele on, has been eternally interesting; its manifestations, whether maleficent or merely indifferent, are eternally capable of new and significant treatment. The difficulty with Mr. Viereck's treatment lies in his purely melodramatic conception of character, an utter lack of subtlety in dealing with the whole situation, and a distressing congestion of large words. It is the type of theme in which Robert Hichens excelled in the good days before he became a popular writer, and of which Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Grey" is a happy example. But Mr. Viereck's overladen prose is still at the stage where people look "mingled hate and admiration," and where the effort towards blended profundity and beauty is more apparent than convincing.

Paulus und Jesus. Von Prof. D. Adolf Jülicher. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co. 13 cents.

The time-worn question whether the Apostle Paul handed down the essential content and true spirit of the Galilean gospel, or, on the other hand, seriously misrepresented it and changed the Christian message for the worse, appears in the series of popular handbooks by liberal German divines known as the Religionsgeschichtliche Volkshücher. Two years ago there was published in the series an essay on Paul, by Professor Wrede of Breslau, which was distinguished even in its brilliant company for sharpness of generalization and lucidity of style, and which was recognized at once on all sides as a masterpiece of historical criticism. With full recognition of Paul's sincerity and devotion, his zeal as a missionary and skill as a dialectician, Wrede asserted nevertheless that Paul had supplanted the pure and gentle personal faith of the Nazarene by rabbinic dogma and ecclesiastlcism, and that the Christian religion had suffered in his hands a serious and permanent impairment of its finer qualities and principal merits. The total impression upon the reader of Wrede's monograph was not less unfavorable as concerns the character and influence of Paul than that made by a radical pulpiteer who flings his periods at the contrast between the Sermon on the Mount and the Epistle to the Romans. The man of Tarsus was made to figure as the second founder of Christianity, of greater, but less beneficent, influcnce than the Nazarene himself.

The present essay of Professor Jülicher is confessedly a critique of this unfavorable judgment upon the great Christian Apostle. It is admitted freely that Paul is not Jesus, and that the epistles fall immeasurably below the gospels in the

quietness and confidence which is the strength of religious faith. The title of the first chapter is "The Cleft Between Paul and Jesus," and here a large portion of what may be termed the theology of Paul is clearly described, with no concealment of the fact that its rabbinic framework and scholastic refinements are far removed from the parables and beatitudes. Yet even here Professor Jülicher finds that the differences are not so much between Paul and Jesus, as between the entire early company of Christians and the Teacher to whom they owed their inspiration. A good case is made for the thesis that much at which offence is taken in Paulinism is but the common heritage of the primitive Church. In the second chapter, on the agreement between Paul and his Master, the apologetic is more vigorous. Professor Jülicher asserts that as regards faith, hope, and love, which are the greatest treasures of religion, the Galilean spirit is handed down unimpaired. The vocabulary is different, as Corinth and Rome were not Capernaum and Bethsaida, but the message is essentially the same. Paul defends the gospel against Jewish aspersions in language with which his rabbinic education had equipped him, but it is the gospel he defends and not the product of his own invention. We hear Paul only from the pulpit, and largely in debate which he did not invite, but which was forced upon him; we hear Paul's Master from the fishing boat, opening the kingdom of heaven to sympathetic disciples. Paul has a right to be judged by his best, by his utterances in moods and surroundings best calculated for expression of the real Christian spirit. It is not fair to judge his Christianity by his temper in theological argument, by his conduct in the presence of the *rabies theologorum*. The author of Romans iii. and ix., the constructor of the doctrine of election, wrote also of the love without which all speech is sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Here is perhaps the source of difference between Professor Wrede and Professor Jülicher. The former has kept chiefly in mind the theological sections of the epistles; the latter has thought chiefly of the more human utterances. Of course both must be taken together in a complete estimate of the man, and this old-time debate illustrates the difficulty of constructing a satisfactory picture of a personality so complex as that of Paul from a few casual letters. It can scarcely be denied that it was a one-sided view of Paul which Professor Wrede presented, and that the Volksbücher series now represents more fairly and completely the consensus of judgment among historians, since Professor Jülicher has spoken for Paul the man with as much enthusiasm, learning, and freedom from dogmatic prejudice as his predecessor had spoken for Paul the rabbinic apologete.

The explanation of the differences between Jesus and Paul is in large part in the situations they severally confronted. Their problems, their tasks, and the length of their activity, were not at all the same. The founder of Christianity was a sower of seed, but the garden was left for others to till. In his eloquent conclusion Professor Jülicher describes Paul erecting a wall about the garden, which the hate of enemies threatened utterly to destroy. The bodies of the first enthusiasts were a useless defence, but the rude stones hurried to the ramparts by the man of Tarsus held back the forces of hate, and the garden is kept in its fairness to this day. Some take offence at the rude protecting stones, and in their ruin they are certainly unlovely, but the teacher of Galilee had at heart no more true and kindly friend than the Christian rabbi who preserved the faith with means we now call ugly. He never thought to put his theology in the place of the gospel, but as a citadel about it. Christianity is indebted to him for much, but its existence it owes not to him, but to his greater Master.

Such is the apology for Paul made by the Marburg teacher. Some will think the Apostle needs no defence, others will declare the apology insufficient. But it certainly is able and interesting, and a contribution to the history of the early Christian church of no small merit and importance.

The Automobilist Abroad. By Francis Miltoun; illustrated by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3.00 net.

Automobile touring in Europe is not new, as time is reckoned in the twentieth century, but leisurely motor-touring is still somewhat of a novelty. A few motorists, and among them Mr. Miltoun, have grasped the fact that the real charm of the automobile lies not in racing from Paris to Berlin or "scorching" from Paris to Rome, but in discovering the remote and the inaccessible. The motor-car can enter where the train cannot; this is his true merit and virtue (for the French Academy has pronounced the automobile to be masculine). Mr. Miltoun has the distinction of looking upon his machine as a means, and not an end, and his book has the distinction of being one of the first satisfactory volumes of travel written by an automobilist.

"The Automobilist Abroad" is divided into two sections: the practical and the picturesque. The first five chapters give excellent accounts of the past history and present condition of roads, information about hotels, talk concerning travel, suggestions of routes, descriptions of quaint milestones and road-signs, regulations for speed, and lists of obstructions. Concerning the difficulties of the road, Mr. Miltoun, not without a touch of humor, says:

> In La Beauce the geese and ducks are prudent, in the Nivernais the oxen are placid, and in Provence the donkeys are philosophical; but in Brittany the horses and mules and their drivers take fright immediately they suspect the coming of an automobile.

Of practical interest, and of value to all European motor-tourists, are the appendices on custom dues, lists of road books and maps, regulations of motor-car travel, particulars of road races, and much useful information in tabular form.

But the real attraction of the book lies in the lightly-drawn sketches of tours in France, Britain, Flanders, and along the Rhine. France is the paradise of auto-cars and auto-boats; and if followed along the lines of the unconventional no more fascinating field can be found. Mr. Miltoun knows his France, and whether it is in Languedoc and Old Provence, in The Pyrenees, by Rhône and Saône, or by Seine and Oise, we are filled with the desire to follow in his steps—if we have not already been before him—to have an intimate view of the land of Mistral, of Dupré and Daubigny, of Jehan de Meung, to see Martigues, "La Venise de Provence," the artists' sketching ground, to camp out with Père Chabas and eat his *bouillabaisse*, his *langouste*, and his *omelettes au rhum;* to take a run through the Valois, the country of Dumas; to cruise on the Seine in that pert *canot-automobile* the "Cà et Là." "The motor-boat is highly developed in France," writes Mr. Miltoun, "from the simple fact that you can tour on it. You can go all over France by a magnificent system of inland waterways; from the Seine to the Marne; from the Oise to the Sambre—and so to Antwerp and Ghent; from the Loire to the Rhône; and even from the Marne to the Rhine; and from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic."

Britain's roads, Britain's police, and Britain's hotels are not favorable to motoring. But the "Automobilist" braved these inconveniences for a run on the famous Bath Road, a tour on the south coast and the Isle of Wight, and a five days' trip over the classic itinerary from "Land's End to John o' Groat's," 888 miles of straight road over eight ranges of mountains, through the heart of the Scottish Highlands, and skirting along the surging waves of the North Sea. Of greater charm was the author's rather too rapid tour in Belgium, Holland, and by the Rhine. The level, straight, brick-paved roads of Holland are as good for the automobilist as the granite-block and cobble-stone roads of Belgium are bad. And beautiful, dainty Holland repays the tourist with her lovely sunken gardens, her myriad windmills, her Paul Potter cattle, her color, costumes, and canals, her sunsets and *sabots*, her dykes and Delftware.

Mr. Miltoun has an eye for the quaint and the characteristic, his style is piquant; he is not an art-critic, but history is at his tongue's end, literature is his ready ally, and he has a prodigious memory. He has the knack, in a few dashing lines, of making you see the place, and he gives an original twist to his words. The volume is liberally illustrated with good maps, numerous photographs, which are good for "kodaks," but tantalizingly small, and a number of wash drawings colored and otherwise.

Det Nittende Aarhundredes Kulturkamp; Norge. By Hjalmal Christensen. Christiania: H. Aschehong & Co.

In his Cultural History of Norway in the Nineteenth Century Dr. Christensen presents a clear and scholarly picture of the intellectual and material progress of Norway, since the regaining of independence in 1814. To the student of educational or social and political movements there can be no more interesting and instructive chapter. Although the little kingdom has only recently entered upon an era of material prosperity, no careful observer can have failed to notice that in the last fifty years, it has, in the purely intellectual domain, taken an active part in general

European movements. As is well known, Norway was for four centuries associated with Denmark in a union in which she had become financially impoverished, apparently sapped of all intellectual life and politically reduced to the virtual position of a dependency. Then in the beginning of the last century came a reawakening of the spirit which had been dormant during a "night of four hundred years"; and Norway united with Sweden on terms of equality. Thereupon followed a period of intellectual development characterized by striking achievements. In less than a hundred years this little country has produced in politics such men as Schweigaard, Stang, Sverdrup, and Mikkelson; in law, a Bernhard Getz; in science Abel, Oersted, and Sophus Lie; in historical and linguistic research, Keyser, Munch, Sars, Gustav Storm, Aasen, Sophus Bugge (who died last August), and Joh Storm; in music, a Sinding, a Kjerulf, and a Grieg; and in literature a score of great writers headed by Henrik Ibsen and Björnstjerne Björnson. And this progress, of which such names are, so to speak, the milestones, reached a kind of climax in 1905 in the severing of the political ties which had bound Norway and Sweden for ninety-one years.

The author's presentation has been made on the basis of literature in the broad sense, writings on science, politics, and law, as well as belles-lettres. The introductory chapter, "What Is Culture?" is followed by an analysis of the Norwegian character, and the relation of the Norwegian peasant and Norwegian society to the cultural movements. The bulk of the volume, pages 52-371, is devoted to a discussion of the "leaders of culture" (*Kulturförere*). The author analyzes with fine critical insight the work of such men as the national propagandist Wergeland and the conservative Welhaven, the former of whom he characterized as the pathfinder and champion of the broader humanitarianism. Then follows a chapter on the Norwegian press. The book closes with three short chapters on Pseudo-Culture (*Halvdannelse*), Enemies of Culture, and The Right of Property and Personal Liberty in Norway. The author argues that Vinje is the creator of the modern Norwegian sentence structure; and that Georg Brandes has been a powerful uplifting factor. He also maintains that while the character of the Swedish people has been modified by mixture with Finns and by the outlook upon and association with the Slavic East, and while that of the Danes has experienced a similar influence from German civilization, that of Norway forms a composite of those mental traits which distinguish the English on the one hand and the Scotch on the other.

The Future of Japan. By W. Petrie Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

From his first arrival in Japan, Mr. Watson has been anxious about her future, for his first book dealt with "aspects and destinies," and this second volume has for its burden implicit prophecy. Now, in the world of science, prediction is the final crown, set upon mastery of all details of knowledge; induction of facts reveals law. In the realm of spirit, profound insight of past and present reality is necessary. Has Mr. Watson the qualifications of astronomer, or seer?

It is but fair to the author to show first his work, before appraisal or final judgment. His well-arranged and indexed volume, of nearly 400 pages, treats in part i, "Conditions of the Times." He tells us much that is accurate, valuable, and thoroughly sane about leaders and people, the social order, political status, administrative conditions, education and character, superstitions, the moral systems of the past and the present "moral chaos." Part ii. deals with "The Future and Its Problems." He shows tendencies, modern philosophical conditions, the Constitution and its difficulties; and various other subjects, on which we need light, he treats both interestingly and suggestively. The final question he asks is this:

> Have we, in the sudden and formidable forthcoming of Japan, the appearance of a new idea, of a new interpretation, representing a new beginning of history, the opening of a new adventure of humanity?

To this question he gives a negative answer. Whatever Japan hopes or proposes, "she is too like the West to be to Europe a new idea; she is too like the East to be a new hope."

Mr. Watson argues that there can be no fresh "beginning" of history which has not been born from a new religion, or accompanied its propagation. Japan, so far from offering humanity a new religion, proposes to carry on history without one. Japan has no "beginning" of history, because there is in her mind no concept or interpretation of man's relation to the universal. Therefore, the strength and potency of the world remain with Europe, which holds "a concept and image of the universal that guarantees the essential permanence of the European idea against every particular type and every peculiar originality." In a word, Europe possesses the idea of concrete Personality, while Asia, including the Japanese genius, has no universal relationship or reference and no universal motive. In his chapters on Japan and Christianity, progress and individualism, and the Christ-personality, the author further argues that we need not expect from Japan any fresh surprises (such as Renan has hinted at), and this also is the burden of his seventeen-page Introduction on Japan and Europe. The difference between the mind of Japan and that of Europe is, in his view, the absence or the presence of a "dogmatic sense." He would not only say that the Japanese are destitute of the mental trait which has made Europe, but he asserts that she intends to pursue her career without religion, or "the great divine fact at the heart of that European civilization in which she [Japan] seeks completely to habit herself." In Mr. Watson's eyes Japan has risen to a place among the leading states by challenging every precedent, political, social, religious, in the moral fabric of Western civilization. The apparition of this child of the world's old age seems to shrivel up that which we have deemed essential and fundamental to the merely incidental.

Those who love zealous discussion of a vital and increasingly interesting theme, will find in this volume both enjoyment and profit. Those who rigidly require high qualifications for prophecy from the point of view either of America or of critical scholarship, will be disappointed. Saturated with Anglicism and knowing European development apparently only in the traditional way, the author has certainly not the spirit or the outlook of the cis-Atlantic man, who has discarded so much of what is mediæval, feudal, and inherited from political ecclesiasticism, to which Europe still clings. Indeed, the general cast of thought, despite the author's interviews with Tokio statesmen, and his familiarity with review articles and measurably even with science, seems curiously mediæval. Another serious defect, which shortens the author's base line and discredits most of his measurements of the yet unseen, is that his outlook, so far as regards the origins or the real history of the islanders, is not founded on science. The Japanese are not, in the strict sense, an Oriental people, nor can they be put in the same category with the old nations of China or India. A mixed race, in which the Aryan blend is strikingly large, as archæology, linguistics, and a critical reading of their history shows beyond cavil, they are not old, for no such thing as a Japanese nation, that is, a body of fairly homogeneous people, having the same social system, religion, and government, existed until the twelfth century. Furthermore, the Japanese are not a nation in the sense that the English and French, for example, are. For centuries, a minority of armed gentry, besides terrorizing a great body of conquered, of semi-serfs, or of people only partially privileged, made "public opinion" and government. Within fifty years we have seen an oligarchy surrounding a semi-divine emperor, of whom and with whom they make mystery play, and, under the show of a constitution, compel the obedience of millions in war and peace.

Yet none the less is it true—and the apparent contradictions are only in healthy growth—that there are vast potential changes almost in sight. Mr. Watson, to be a true prophet, ought not only to have become familiar with the results of research and the facts of actual history, but he ought to have known far more than his pages would lead us to suppose he does know about the actual state of Christianity in Japan and the real mind of the leaders of the nation. The popular agglomerate of dogmatic Christianity, with all the accretions from Greek philosophy masquerading under the name of Christian theology and from Roman pragmatism and church imperialism, traditionally accepted among us, is not indeed making much progress in Japan, and organized Christianity in statistical expression shows no notable progress. But as a leavening spiritual force, the moral influence and teaching of Jesus is steadily remaking the nation. The dogmas that are silently sinking below the horizon in Europe and America have little relish to the Japanese taste. But to intimate that Japan intends to get along without a religion superior to any that she has thus far tried, is to misread the signs of the times. Furthermore, our English prophet does not seem to see, certainly not to measure in true proportions, the steadily rising Nation of Japan, before which her own fairy-tale theories of the Universe, and of the Imperial Family, and of the Throne, as well as half her world of superstition and fond belief, is to pass away.

Peers or People? The House of Lords Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting: An Appeal to History. By William T. Stead. Pp. viii, 264. New York: A Wessels Co. $1 net.

Mr. Stead's indictment of the House of Lords was published when there was some expectation that a great popular agitation would follow the wrecking of the Education bill of 1906 by the Conservative majority in the upper house that takes its instructions through the Marquis of Lansdowne from Mr. Balfour, the leader of the minority in the House of Commons. That expectation was not realized. The movement failed to take hold with the Liberals, Radicals, and Labor men, because Free Churchmen regarded the Education bill as falling so far short of the measure necessary to set up a really national system of education—a system from which all churches should be excluded—as not to be worth a great constitutional struggle. The movement failed for another reason. Just as soon as the Campbell-Bannerman government was well established it began to pay campaign indebtedness by creating peerages for men of newly acquired wealth; for men who had absolutely no claim to be peers except that they had bestowed some of their money on the party treasury or had expended it in maintaining party newspapers. Any assault on the Lords would have been hampered by these recent creations of peers.

But the unconcealed partisan activity in the Parliamentary session of 1907 of the peers who take their commands from the leader of the minority in the Commons makes it possible that a conflict with the Lords may occur within the lifetime of the Parliament that was elected in 1906. In case of such a conflict Mr. Stead's statement of the case against the peers will have an outstanding place in the literature of the propaganda for this reform. Mr. Stead goes no farther back than 1832; for before the Grey administration took up the long overdue work of reforming the representation there had been no struggle between the Commons and the Lords which aroused popular interest. Indeed, prior to 1832 the Lords directly or indirectly controlled elections of some three-fifths of the members of the House of Commons. From 1832 onward, however, Mr. Stead gives a full narrative, adequately supported by authorities, of the action of the Lords on Parliamentary reform, land legislation, labor and factory legislation, religious equality, education, and democratic municipal government. Their opposition to these movements has been actuated by privileged interest. Even of more practical value are Mr. Stead's statements of the small part in the work of government and administration which is now within the province of the House of Lords; of the small value that can be attached to the House as now constituted, as a reviewing chamber; and of the utter neglect by three-fifths of the peers of their Parliamentary duties except when measures in which they are interested either as landlords or as Tory partisans of the Bourbon type are before Parliament.

Here and there in the 250 pages Mr. Stead's characteristic methods of handling a subject manifest themselves. But there is far less of Mr. Stead than is usual in his political or social monographs; and were all of Mr. Stead discarded, the authorities he has drawn upon—covering a wide range and extending over the whole of the period—are brought together with much skill and care; and these alone would greatly help to an understanding of the problem.

Science.

Altitude, Azimuth, and Geographical Position. By G. W. Littlehales. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The history of navigation, if ever written *in extenso*, from the Phœnicians to Bowditch, will show a variety of stages, each compact in itself and definitely marked. As practised to-day, on merchantman, ocean liner, and man-of-war, it is one of the most useful of the exact sciences, tending directly to reduction of the cost of a vast variety of commoditics essential to human existence and comfort, and the safety of uncounted millions' worth of the products of man's intelligence and industry.

One of the milestones in this history was passed when, some seventy years ago, an American, Capt. Thomas Sumner, first discovered the principle underlying a precise and easy method of deriving a ship's longitude at sea, now taught every tyro in navigation, and employed every day by navigating officers the world over—known as Sumner's method. It is probably the greatest practical contribution of the nineteenth century to the progress of navigation, and is so important that much interest attaches to Capt. Sumner's account of his discovery in his own words, now quite forgotten:

> At about 10 A. M. [December 18, 1837] an altitude of the sun was observed, and chronometer time noted; but, having run so far without any observation, it was evident that the latitude by dead reckoning was liable to error and could not be entirely relied upon. However, the longitude by chronometer was determined, using the uncertain D. R. latitude, and the ship's position fixed in accordance. A second latitude was then assumed, 10′ to the north of the last, and working with this latitude a second position of the ship was obtained; and again a third position by means of a third latitude still 10′ farther north. On pricking off these three positions on the chart it was discovered that the three points were all disposed in a straight line lying east-northeast and west-southwest, and that when this line was produced in the first-named direction, it also passed through Smalls light. The conclusion arrived at was *that the observed altitude must have happened at all three points, at the Smalls light and at the ship, at the same instant of time.* The deduction followed that, though the absolute position of the ship was doubtful, yet the true bearing of Smalls light was certain, provided the chronometer was correct. The ship was therefore kept on her course, east-northeast, and in less than an hour Smalls light was made, bearing east by north one-half north, and close aboard. The latitude by D. R. turned out to be 8′ in error.

It has often been remarked that Sumner's elegant method would be most readily adaptable, if his circles of position, as given by the two observations of altitudes, could only be transferred to a perfect sphere on shipboard, of such size that the critical intersection points would give the vessel's position on a scale sufficiently large for the accuracy required. But a sphere of eight to ten feet diameter—what ship would have quarters for such a bit of apparatus? It would only prove a white elephant, though very useful if at hand to pilot one through the jungle of an archipelago.

But this happy thought has struck Mr. Littlehales—and quite possibly many others before him, though he is the first to put it into serviceable form—why not reduce a manageable sphere to simple projection on a series of lithograph plates, and bind them up in a book? This is what he has done with all the care and system essential to complete adaptability of his scheme to the needs, not only of navigators, but of practical astronomers and surveyors. In the stress of storm at sea, with the sun beclouded for days, and one's faith in dead reckoning eclipsed, what could be more gratifying than instant application of one simple rule to the chance observation, once it does come, and one's longitude found from trusty graphic plates without the intermediary of the usual and rather protracted, not to say often erroneous, logarithmic computation? Littlehales's method, the most significant improvement in the theory and practice of navigation since Bowditch and Sumner, is based on a twelve-foot globe, embodying a stereographic projection of the celestial sphere on the meridian plane of the point of observation. As this would be too extended for presentation in one continuous sheet, the four quadrants are each divided into ninety-two sections, overlapping, and all conveniently indexed; thus providing even greater facility in practical work than the continuous sheet itself would do. To be sure, the graphic tables themselves are not small, nearly fifteen inches by twenty-four; but they are by no means unmanageable in the chart-room. Only two openings of the book, half the usual calculation time saved, no trigonometry or logarithms requisite, and but a single brief rule, simple in operation, quick of application, and infallible as to result—this is what every ship's master has been on the lookout for, ever since his first command. An easy prediction is that every deep sea yachtsman and navigating officer will quickly discard the antiquated logarithmic rule, once he gets acquainted with the direct, unerring and time saving Littlehales method. And besides this, astronomer, as well as geographist and surveyor, will find these graphic charts most excellent in their adaptability to every sort of conditions wherein spheric problems are involved, whether on sea or land, wherever the sun, or only a single star, is visible.

"Laboratory Exercises in General Zoology," by Glenn W. Herrick (American Book Company), is a brief manual of directions for simple laboratory work on various common forms of life. The author has had the courage to begin with microscopic work and to proceed systematically from amœba and sponge to the English sparrow and the cotton-tail rabbit. This is certainly logical; and if the beginner does not break his microscope lens, it is an admirable method. First impressions are of the highest importance, and if the scheme of classification can be thus presented in order from the lowest to the

highest, there is no better way imaginable. Every second leaf in the book is left blank for written notes of the pupil. Though these abortive thoughts and theories usually fail to fulfil the youthful student's hope of revolutionizing science, yet the very proving of their fallacy impresses the real truths on his mind. The author has succeeded in his effort to present clear and explicit directions for laboratory observation and dissection. Suggestions for collecting and preserving specimens and a bibliography are given in an appendix.

A little pamphlet, "Beobachtungen über den Aussatz im Heiligen Lande," has been published by Dr. Einsler, who has for nearly two decades been head physician of the Jesus Hilfe Hospital for Leprosy in Jerusalem, under the management of the Moravian Brethren. This booklet has been issued by the mission publication house of the Moravians in Herrnhut, Saxony. Dr. Einsler takes issue with the specialists who, at the international leprosy congress in Berlin, in 1897, insisted that this disease is contagious, but not hereditary. The experience of the management of this hospital in the forty years of its existence has not, Dr. Einsler declares, shown a single instance of leprosy as the result of contagion, although opportunities existed in abundance. He also says that among the inhabitants of Jerusalem he has in all these years never seen a single instance of such contagion. His belief in the inheritance of leprosy, Dr. Einsler bases on the fact that in many families it has been transmitted for several generations. He, therefore, particularly deplores the fact that at the three Turkish stations for the isolation of leprosy patients, at Ramleh, Nablus, and Jerusalem, the government permits the marriage of these unfortunates, with the result of broods of leprous children. The authorities of the Jesus Hilfe Hospital have repeatedly petitioned the government to forbid the marriage of lepers, but, so far, without success. Dr. Einsler's observations have led him to the conclusion that there are two kinds of leprosy in Palestine, namely, the "knotty" (*knötchen*, or *knotenform*), and the nervous form. The former shows itself chiefly in external growths on the face, hands, arms, or legs; the latter begins usually with the destruction of the more deeply seated nerves, followed by severe rheumatic pains. According to the latest report, this Moravian asylum had in its care fifty-four lepers. The great majority, namely, forty-one, were Mohammedans.

Sven Hedin is not the only European savant who has been exploring the high lands of Tibet. In "Das Rätsel des Matschu" (Berlin: Mittler und Sohn) the German traveller, W. Filchner, gives a richly illustrated report of his expedition into this land between June 14 and November 8, 1904. The expedition was aided financially and scientifically by the Grosser Generalstab and the Topographische Anstalt of Prussia. This is really the third book on the researches of Filchner in these regions, the first being his "Ritt über den Pamir," and the second a good-sized monograph on the great Buddhistic cloister colony at Kumbum, in northeastern Tibet. The present volume is a report of progress, amid dangers and disappointments, Chinese soldiers and servants, in the region east of the upper Hoang-ho, from 5,000 to 6,000 metres above the level of the sea. The scientific gains to the present volume are chiefly geographical, but the political and social condition of the tribes with whom Filchner came into contact are also instructively portrayed. The full scientific reports, however, of the expedition are to be published in a separate volume, the time of whose appearance has not yet been announced.

Prof. L. F. Vernon Harcourt, a distinguished civil engineer, died in England on September 21. In 1882 he was appointed professor of civil engineering at University College, London; and he served as British member of the Suez Canal Work Consultative Commission. He was the author of a number of works, including "Rivers and Canals," 1882; "Harbors and Docks," 1885; "Achievements in Engineering," 1891; and "Civil Engineering as Applied to Construction," 1902.

Drama and Music.

Le Théâtre au Collège du Moyen Age à nos Jours. Le Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard. Par L. V. Gofflot. Pp. xv., 323. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion.

The Harvard undergraduate who learns a part for the annual performance of the Cercle Français is not often aware that he is thereby continuing an ancient and important historic tradition, and, likewise, contributing his share to the growth of French influence in the United States. These matters will be clearer to him if he turns the pages of M. Gofflot's entertaining work on the academic drama. The book is dedicated to James Hazen Hyde, whose interest in strengthening the intellectual alliance between our country and France is deeply appreciated by both the author and Jules Claretie, who writes the preface.

The author takes us back to the times of Abélard—he might have begun with Ausonius and the later Roman empire both West and East—and traces the influence of academic productions on the growth of the drama. He restricts his treatment to French plays, mentioning those of England incidentally, and those of Germany not at all. His statement that the theatre of the Renaissance and of the Middle Ages "prit naissance et se développa dans les collèges" neglects, for the moment, the liturgical origins of the mediæval mysteries and their part in the development of the later drama; but he does not otherwise overestimate the importance of the school play. The members of the Pleiade owed their inspiration to a university professor, Jean Dorat, of the Collège de France, an institution which upheld the ideals of humanism against the scholastic programme of the Sorbonne. Rabelais and Montaigne thought well of school performances and of the part they had taken in them. Even the Calvinists did not altogether neglect the drama, while the Jesuits, to whom M. Gofflot devotes the longest and most valuable section of his book, cultivated the art systematically. The Jesuits could criticise the ancient stage with proper vituperation; a German authority calls them zealots and obscurantists on the subject. But this is only half the story, as the present pages show; the Jesuits banished love and alluring vice from their plays—which, therefore, have no lineal connection with the modern French novel—but the principles of the drama and its value they understood well and inculcated in their pupils for nearly two centuries. Corneille, Molière, and Voltaire owed their early dramatic training to the Jesuits; Le Sage and Descartes were also their pupils. The performances of their school plays were notable social affairs, involving large outlays for scenery and costumes and for banquets in honor of the visitors. We read among other anecdotes of a niece of the Archbishop of Paris, a lively Mlle. de Luc, who witnessed one of the spectacles from the window of an adjoining house and amused herself by throwing several pounds of toilet-powder on an assemblage of monks below her; the various garbs of Capuchins, Carmelites, and Barnabites presented a uniform appearance when the dust cleared. Nor were the convents far behind in patronizing both the drama and, later on, the ballet, a fact which the author promptly connects with developments at Radcliffe and Smith. The convent of the Dames de Saint Louis at Saint Cyr was indirectly responsible for Racine's "Esther" and "Athalie," which Mme. de Maintenon had requested for the school. With the expulsion of the order of the Jesuits in 1762 and the approach of the Revolution, the drama gave place to debates, which also form an important part of modern college life. School plays appear sporadically in the nineteenth century; an important centre is Orléans, a stronghold of humanism in the Middle Ages as well, where various Greek dramas were presented from 1855 to 1869.

M. Gofflot devotes his final chapter to theatrical performances in American colleges, especially at Harvard. There the practice was started, with no reference to the ancient tradition, by the Hasty Pudding Club in 1844. An important precursor of the French plays was the performance of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" in 1881, followed by that of the "Phormio" in 1894 and of the "Agamemnon" in 1906. What with annual German and Elizabethan plays, to say nothing of club performances, Puritan Harvard in paying almost as much attention to the theatre as did the Jesuits of old. Perhaps some day a professor of rhetoric may be obliged, as in those times, to write a tragedy in verse every year. Perhaps too, the actors may accomplish their training, as then, "sans négliger aucune des leçons ordinaires."

The book includes a satisfactory, if not altogether complete, bibliography, and a useful list of school plays in France and at Harvard. There should certainly be some account of the first drama devoted to the fate of Queen Mary, the "Stuarta Tragoedia," by Adrien de Roulers, performed at Douai in 1593.

A selected list of plays for amateurs has been compiled by Elizabeth A. McFadden and Lilian E. Davis, with an introduction by Ludella L. Peck, professor of elocution, Smith College. This bibliography consists of some three hundred and fifty titles. It is divided into a general list, a list for children, and a list of Christmas plays. It

is further supplemented by appendices giving some twenty-eight plays for outdoor presentation, and a smaller number of old English plays which are possible for amateurs. The bibliography will be published if sufficient subscribers are procured.

Octave Feuillet's "Le Village," a little play suggesting provincial pictures, is edited for Henry Holt & Co. by Dr. F. J. A. Davidson, who supplies a vocabulary.

Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, "The Evangelist," produced in the Knickerbocker Theatre on Monday evening, is notable for its outspoken treatment of social and religious problems. It does not offer much help toward a practical solution of them, but a play informed by moral purpose is welcome as a rarity. The theme of it is the impotency of the various churches, with their conflicting creeds and innumerable jealousies, to grapple with worldly and spiritual difficulties which would disappear before the spirit of the pure gospel. As might be expected, the piece is largely a bit of special pleading, in which sentiment too often becomes the substitute of fact. The hero, with his religious exaltation, his self-denial, and his persistent optimism, conquers the riotous spirit of strikers, restores the outcast to self-respect, brings an erring wife to repentance, is a help to all who have any dealings with him, and is finally sent to prison through a conspiracy of clergymen, opposed to his methods, who find that he has committed a technical offence against the law by the employment of living pictures in his revival meetings. Mr. Jones, being an enthusiast, is not entirely ingenuous in the conduct of his case. His clergymen are touched with caricature and he ignores the fact that expert opinion is doubtful, to say the least, concerning the value of revival methods. Nevertheless, his position that the spirit of religion is more than the letter, if somewhat trite, is impregnable; and some of his satire on current hypocrisies is as trenchant as it is just. The moral of it all seems to be that religion is a necessity for the poorer classes and most women, although cultivated souls may contrive to get along without it. As drama, the piece is weaker than Mr. Jones's best work. The credibility of the action is sometimes strained, almost to the breaking point, to fulfil the requirement of the moral argument; but there are some strong individual scenes and that prevailing alertness to theatrical effect in which Mr. Jones is seldom found wanting. The acting was capital, and the piece is likely to run, although it will offend almost as many as it pleases.

Laurence Housman, whose "Prunella" was highly praised by some of the best London critics, is at work upon a new three-act play. It is fantastic in character and Eastern in subject. Like "Prunella," it is an attempt to convey in whimsical allegory a serious criticism of life. The music, which will play an important part in the dramatic development, will be composed by Joseph Moorat.

At the recent Trade Union Congress in Bath, England, the stage union was represented by a delegation, whose special grievance was that actors suffered more from an abuse of the overtime system than almost anybody else. Their spokesman, Frank Gerald, said:

No delegates but myself and my colleagues, I undertake to say, represent men who work for nothing, but the actor has that experience in the shape of matinées and rehearsals. Imagine rehearsing a new play for six weeks and getting no pay, and then the play being a failure, and only running one week. That really means seven weeks' work and no pay. Is that right? Would any one here do it? I say no. Some may call our work play, but I would put it the other way about, and say our play is work, and should be regarded so. The actor has awakened to the fact that he is no more nor less than a worker and a laborer, and one who is worthy of his hire. We are workers; we are here as workers; and we recognize the fact that by taking up our share of the work in this great labor movement is the only way to work out our salvation.

No doubt there is sometimes much hardship in unrequited rehearsals, but after all the actor who has wasted his efforts on a play that proves a failure is no worse off than any other artist who has put labor and pains into a work—book or painting or sculpture—which nobody will buy. And then it is to be remembered that the reward of a successful actor is often out of all proportion to his actual deserts.

St. Petersburg will soon have three opera houses. The Imperial Opera long ago ceased to have room for all who wanted seats. A few years ago, Prince Zeretelli opened a second opera house, but this, too, was so remarkably successful that it no longer accommodates all who are eager to hear operatic music—especially those whose means are limited. Consequently, arrangements are being made for a People's Opera House, which will hold 4,000 spectators, who will pay popular prices. Several Russian capitalists have provided the funds, and a number of young artists will coöperate in an attempt to produce the masterworks in a worthy manner. The repertory is to include two operas that will be new to St. Petersburg—Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba."

Art.

The Brasses of England. By Herbert W. Macklin, President of the Monumental Brass Society; with 85 illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

A brass means, as the term is employed by Mr. Macklin, a "plate which is engraved with inscription, figure, coat-of-arms, religious symbol, or the like, and which is also a memorial or part of a memorial to the dead." The art of engraving these memorials is no longer practised. It reached its apogee in England about 1400, when the fashion prevailed among the comfortable classes of thus perpetuating their lineaments and characteristic dress, depicted as accurately as the standards of draughtsmanship of the time would permit. The art died lingeringly in the eighteenth century. In England it had technical peculiarities which distinguished it from the brass engraving of the continental parts of northern Europe, where rectangular plates, covered with engraving after the manner of a picture, constituted the prevailing mode. Then, too, the British brasses are historically interesting. Sometimes they are works of considerable beauty; almost always they convey valuable information as to the costume and armor of the period. Concerning the seriousness with which they were projected much documentary evidence has been discovered—as in a will quoted by Mr. Macklin giving directions to make "a very faire decent and well p'portioned picture or portraiture of a gentleman representing ye said Thomas Fermor wth furniture and ornaments in armour, and about his necke a double cheyne of gold wth creste and helmette under his head and dagger by his side and a lion at his feet."

The metal was not strictly brass at all, but a tough alloy consisting of 60 parts copper, 30 of zinc, and 10 of lead and tin. It is, in fact, the "latoun" frequently mentioned in Chaucer—as of the "gentil pardoner" in the Prologue: "He hadde a crosse of latoun ful of stones." The alloy was manufactured on the continent in rectangular sheets known as Cullen plates, a name derived from the city of Cologne. Color frequently entered into the monuments through the use of enamels of the kind developed by the potters of Limoges. Broad smooth surfaces of brass would not hold the enamel, but color could be used solidly in borders, and often larger extents of the metal were cut away, leaving a slightly lowered bed, cross hatched, to which the color would adhere.

As is the case with many of the mediæval arts and crafts, comparatively little is known about the lives of the artists. Mr. Macklin shows, however, that there were undoubtedly schools of engravers in provincial centres and that it is often reasonable to conjecture that a number of very similar brasses were from the same hand. Not until the reign of Charles I., when the art was already moribund, was a brass ever signed.

Of these memorials, according to Mr. Macklin's estimate, not fewer than 150,000 were laid from first to last in British churches. Many of them were destroyed when English places of worship were ravaged under Henry VIII. Many more were sacrificed to the iconoclastic zeal of the Commonwealth's soldiery, "Cromwellii flagitiosus grex," in the phrase of Evelyn, who in 1654 wrote of Lincoln Cathedral: "The soldiers had lately knocked off most of the brasses from the gravestones; they went in with axes and hammers and shut themselves in till they had rent and torn off some barge loads of metal." A final spoliation took place, oddly enough, during the Gothic revival in the nineteenth century, when zealots not infrequently removed the brasses from the stones in which they had orlginally been set, and in which alone they had meaning, and transferred them to museums and private collections. Despite many losses of important works, enough, however, remain to give abundant scope to the activities of the Monumental Brass Society. More than 700, for example, have been catalogued in Kent, and about 1,000 in Norfolk. They are to be found usually in out-of-the-way country churches that escaped the Protestant fury.

A carefully summarized statement of the results of antiquarian research in this field appears in Mr. Macklin's book. The treatment is largely literary and historical. The sidelights thrown on the development of English Gothic, on the history of costume and heraldry, and, generally, on the life of the centuries in which the art flour-

ished, are searching and entertaining. The information imparted as to conditions in the metal working crafts of the middle ages, and as to technical processes, is scantier; because, obviously, there is less information to impart. Yet the entire book is certain to interest students of the literature and art of the centuries in which monumental brasses were produced.

"Portraits and Portrait Painting," by Estelle M. Hurll, will be issued at once by L. C. Page & Co.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters will be held at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, October 26 to November 17. The juries of selection are made up as follows: In New York: Alice Beckington, Alice Rushmore, Emily Drayton Taylor, and Irving R. Wiles; in Philadelphia: William M. Chase, Herman Deigendesch, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Amy Otis. The hanging committee consists of A. Margaretta Archambault, Sarah Yocum McFadden, and Amy Otis.

William Shaw Tiffany, the painter, died on September 28, in this city. He was born in Baltimore in 1825, the son of O. C. Tiffany, a pioneer merchant of the Southwest. After graduation from Harvard in 1845, he studied art in Europe. Mr. Tiffany's paintings were generally of religious subjects or illustrations of legendary poetry. Some of them were taken by the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. At the time of his death he was laboring on what he had termed his life work, a series of pencil illustrations for Milton's "Ode on the Nativity."

The death is announced of Dr. Adolf Seyboth, director of the Hohenlohe Museum of Strassburg. Born in 1848, he became an authority on the history of Strassburg. Among his writings are "Costumes Strassbourgeois," "Das alte Strassbourg," and "Strassbourg historique et pittoresque."

Finance.

A STEP TOWARDS CURRENCY REFORM.

The action of the American Bankers' Association at Atlantic City last week, in regard to the currency, was of real significance in the movement to give greater flexibility to our system. The report made by the special commission appointed a year ago, with A. B. Hepburn at its head, was approved, and the commission itself was authorized to keep up the fight for legislation and to add to its numbers. This step was taken after a debate in which the opponents of change put forward their strongest advocates. It was taken, too, in the absence of any organized effort to rally the friends of the special commission, more than half of whose members were unable to be present.

This is the first official endorsement by the bankers of the country, in recent years, of the principle of a credit currency. Two or three years ago, such a declaration from a national convention of bankers could not have been obtained. Events have moved rapidly, however, since call money went to 125 per cent. in 1905. Probably money rates would have gone as high this year if liquidation had not been so severe on the New York Stock Exchange. But the prolonged scarcity of capital for permanent investment has had an effect more potent than the arguments of the most enthusiastic currency reformer. In the meantime, the ground for action in the right direction had been prepared by the long campaign of the advocates of credit currency, until a year ago they saw their doctrines approved by so conservative a body as the New York Chamber of Commerce and accepted by the special commission of the Bankers' Association.

The plan adopted at Atlantic City is far from radical. It authorizes national banks to issue notes to an amount not exceeding 25 per cent. of their capital. These notes are not to be specifically secured by deposits of bonds at Washington, but are to be generally secured by the great mass of assets in the custody of the bank. This maximum of 25 per cent. of capital is limited by several other provisions—that the new notes issued by any bank shall not be in excess of 40 per cent. of its bonds to secure the old type of circulation; that such issues shall be taxed at the rate of 2½ per cent., and part of them 5 per cent., and that against such notes reserves of lawful money shall be held in the same proportions as are required by existing law against deposits. When it is considered that the proceeds of the taxes are to constitute a guarantee-fund to redeem the notes of failed banks, and that, according to past experience, they will cover such losses twenty or thirty times over, the plan cannot be described as lacking in conservatism. The provision for reserves against the notes, which was absent from the Chamber of Commerce plan, has the merit of linking the note issues to the supply of legal tender money and preventing unwise inflation. The special commission apparently intends to bend its whole energy to the enactment of a measure of this character during the life of the Congress which meets in December.

The subject of a central bank came up incidentally at Atlantic City, but did not find much favor among the mass of delegates. Even if such a project were at any time practicable, either politically or economically, it would require many years of education to eradicate the prejudice which would be felt against it under present conditions. This is partly political—an outgrowth of the memories of the clash over the second Bank of the United States, and partly economic, upon the ground that this country is too large to permit the successful operation of such an institution, and that it might injure the local banks. Whether the project have any merit or not, the Bankers' Association decided wisely not to "swap horses" while crossing the stream, and to make a determined fight for the project of its special commission.

The fact that the bankers have been divided has always been the refuge of those politicians who were disinclined to deal with the subject. By the vote cast at Atlantic City, this excuse has been taken away from those who are afraid to legislate in favor of business interests. They may find that the pressure from home for early legislation is too strong to resist.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aked, Charles F. "Christocentric!"—Mercies New Every Morning. Fleming H. Revell Co. 15 cents each.
Atherton, Gertrude. Ancestors. Harpers. $1.75.
Auringer, O. C. Friendship's Crown of Verse. Clinton, N. Y.: George W. Browning.
Beer, George Louis. British Colonial Policy. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Brown, Abbie Farwell. Friends and Cousins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Browning's (Mrs.) Poems. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Bruce, Philip Alexander. Robert E. Lee. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Buffum, Katharine G. Mother Goose in Silhouettes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Byron, Selections from. Edited by Samuel M. Tucker. Boston: Ginn & Co. 25 cents.
Call, Annie Payson. The Heart of Good Health. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cents net.
Canning, Albert S. G. Shakespeare Studies in Six Plays. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Carson. Wm. Henry. Evelyn Van Courtland. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Carter, James Coolidge. Law: Its Origin, Growth and Function. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Chisholm, Louey. The Golden Staircase: Poems and Verses for Children. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Edited by J. W. Abernethy. Charles E. Merrill Co.
Cox, Kenyon. Painters and Sculptors. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.
Curtis, Natalie. The Indians' Book. Harpers.
Cutter, Ephraim, and John Ashburton. Food: Its Relation to Health and Disease. Gazette Publishing Co.
Dante's Divine Comedy. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Dawson, Nelson. Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work. Putnams. $7.50 net.
Edwards, Owen. A Short History of Wales. University of Chicago Press. 75 cents net.

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Hannis, Margaret. The Emancipation of Miss Susana. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 40 cents net.
Harold, Childe. A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom. Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.
Harris, Miriam Coles. The Tents of Wickedness. Appletons. $1.50.
Hart, Gordon. Woman and the Race. Westwood, Mass.: Ariel Press. $1.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XVIII. Cambridge: Harvard University.
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. Life and Times of Stephen Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Hough, Emerson. The Way of a Man. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Hudson, Charles Bradford. The Crimson Conquest. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Wee Winkles and Her Friends. Harpers. $1.25.
Jackson, Holbrook. Bernard Shaw. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.
Jenks, Tudor. When America Was New. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Lambert, P. A. Computation and Mensuration. Macmillan Co. 80 cents net.
Laupsou, G. Locker. A Consideratiou of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century. Dutton. $5 net.
Leblanc, Maurice. The Exploits of Arsène Lupin. Harpers. $1.25.
Lockwood, Laura E. Lexicon to the English Poetical Works of John Milton. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Loftie, W. J. The Colour of London. Philadelphia. George W. Jacobs & Co. $6 net.
Loudou, Jack. Love of Life, and other Stories. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Lonergan, W. F. Forty Years of Paris. Brentanos.
Longfellow's Hanging of the Crane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Lounshury, Charles. The Will of. Bostou: Alfred Bartlett.
McSpadden, J. Walker. Famous Painters of America. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Miller, J. R. Glimpses of the Heavenly Life. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cents net.
Milton's Poems. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Miyakawa, Masuji. Life of Japau. Baker & Taylor Co.
Mouroe, Paul. A Brief Course in the History of Education. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Moore's Poems. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Nicholson, Frank C. Old German Love Songs. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Nordau, Max. On Art and Artists. Translated by W. F. Harvey. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Olivaut, Alfred. Redcoat Captain. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Oman, John Campbell. The Brahmans. Theists, and Muslims of India. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
One Hundred and One Oyster Recipes. Compiled by M. E. Southworth. Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents net.
Orr, James. The Virgin Birth of Christ. Scribners. $1.50.
Oxenham, John. A Man of Sark. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Paine, Albert Bigelow. From Van Dweller to Commuter. Harpers. $1.50.
Pirscher, Johanna. Growth Without End. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cents net.
Poe, Selections from. Edited by J. Montgomery Gambrill. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Reed, Myrtle. Love Affairs of Literary Men. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Schwed, Hermine. Ted in Mythland. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
See, T. J. J. On the Temperature, Secular Cooling and Contraction of the Earth. American Philosophical Society.
Seymour, Frederick. Siena and Her Artists. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co
Sinclair, Upton. The Overman. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents.
Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys. Translated by Jessie L. Weston. London: David Nutt.
Tahb, John B. Quips and Quiddits. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Tarkington, Booth. His Own People. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Tynan, Katharine. For Maisie. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Vay Dyke, Henry. The Good Old Way.—The Battle of Life. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cents net each.
Verder, Daniel Hugh. The Snow Bride, and other Poems. Charles Francis Press.
Wallington, Nellie Urner. Historic Churches of America. Duffield & Co. $2 net.
Wendell, Barett. The France of To-day. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Whishi, C. W. India. London: Luzac & Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

The Week.

President Roosevelt is muzzled about the tariff—the one subject which he never mentions in his otherwise all-embracing speeches—but his Secretary of Commerce blurts out the truth. Mr. Straus, addressing the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers at Washington last Friday, openly preached the gospel of lower tariffs and reciprocal foreign trade. He declared that there was no hope in "high tariff walls," since they only hampered the manufacturer and provoked retaliation. The Secretary told the cotton men that they were suffering from a too high tariff, and then praised President McKinley for having so clearly seen in 1901 that we stand in need of revised duties. He discreetly left it to his hearers to say who was responsible, since 1901, for nothing having been done. When Mr. Straus entered the Cabinet there was much Republican complacence over his being a business man. Now that he evidently "means business" about the tariff, it will be interesting to see what is said.

As we had with Chili in 1891 a "good enough war" to frighten Congress into voting more battleships, so our current war with Japan is plainly to be used to enlarge the naval programme. The official Administration policy has been simply to hold the fleet at its present level of efficiency, asking for not more than one new battleship a year. But now it is announced at Washington that three, possibly four, will be demanded at the next session of Congress. And the busy advocates of the increase are saying that they hope to get it with little difficulty, by means of a diligent and skilful use of the war scare. Senator Hale, with his great power on the Naval Committee, has been their stumbling-block, but now he is expected to give in easily, since the sailing of the fleet to the Pacific will "leave the Maine coast unprotected." It is even hinted that "this circumstance was not overlooked by the President"! If our naval strategists were only as crafty in using battleships as they are in planning to get them built, we should be the terror of the seas.

Rumors that Secretaries Wilson and Metcalf and Attorney-General Bonaparte are to retire from the Cabinet are discredited at Washington. This will help James Wilson to surpass Albert Gallatin's twelve years and nine months of continuous Cabinet service. There is still another point to be mentioned. The rumored resignations would have deprived Mr. Roosevelt of the last member of the Cabinet to remain continuously in the same office that he held when Mr. Roosevelt became President. Mr. Root, of course, returned to private life before he was recalled to Washington as Secretary of State. Two Secretaries of State, two of War, and two of the Interior have sat at Roosevelt's Cabinet table; three Attorneys-General, three Secretaries of the Treasury, and three of Commerce and Labor, but there have been five Postmasters-General and five Secretaries of the Navy. There have been seventeen changes in nine departments. Grant's record of eighteen changes in seven departments still stands. But, then, Mr. Roosevelt has eighteen months of his term still to serve.

John Sharp Williams is to be a candidate, and presumably a successful candidate, once more for the Democratic leadership in the House of Representatives. He is not content, like his predecessor, Mr. Richardson, to return to the ranks, even for a single term, after having been commander. Mr. Williams may not have realized all the dazzling predictions that were made for him at the time of his accession, when the country learned of his adroitness as a parliamentarian and his grasp of issues. No one will dispute, however, his achievement in making the House minority respectable and respected—as it was not in the days of either Bailey or Richardson. The talk of a contest in the Democratic caucus will doubtless die down this year, as it did two years ago, before the speakership ballot is actually taken. Mr. Williams, who does not take his seat in the Senate till 1911, proposes to take a two years' vacation from public life after his present term expires. This gives the other aspirants their chance soon enough. It also gives the new Senator an opportunity to prepare for the transition. Mr. Williams's qualities are those characteristic of the House leaders. Many of his admirers will watch with interest to see if he can make as good a record in the upper chamber.

Lemuel E. Quigg's checks from the Metropolitan Street Railway, and what he did with them, make an interesting but not very surprising story. It was well known, in a general way, that such things had been done; all that had been lacking was documentary proof and the confessions of the active agent. Those have now been supplied. They furnish a sardonic comment upon the machinery behind the scenes, by which the puppets on the public stage are so often moved. We see a "labor uprising" brought about by the sim le expedient of paying a labor leader $500. "Impressive manifestations of public opinion" now appear to have been artfully engineered on a cash basis. The gentlemen whom the sagacious Quigg hired were what is known as "the right men." There are always certain lawyers to whom it is best to entrust important causes affected by a political interest. They alone have the knack of making "arguments" that really count. When they "appear," we know that results will also appear. Public opinion may have seemed very slow in crystallizing before, but let several of the "right men" be retained, and it will not be long till you see the people rising in their wrath. This, too, is an old story. To get things done for you at one of the departments at Washington, you have to go to the "right" legal firm to present your case. Some one having the ear of a great man, it is better to approach than it is to seek out the great man himself. It was influential hangers-on of Lord Bacon, not the Chancellor himself, who took the bribes to secure favorable decisions. We are not sure that these go-betweens were not known, in their day, as "eminent counsel." The cynicism of Mr. Quigg may prove to have added a word to our political vocabulary. He described his costly efforts as designed to "accelerate" public opinion. This is an advance over the definition which the press agent of the Panama Canal gave of his functions—namely, to keep public opinion "normal." But that was far too slow for the Metropolitan. To suit it, public opinion had to hit up the pace, and, of course, it is money which makes that mare go. Just at present, however, all talk of "accelerating" speed in connection with the Metropolitan's affairs will inevitably suggest, by association of ideas, the Rake's Progress, or the rushing of the Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea.

If Massachusetts Democrats would only fight their opponents with a tithe of the enthusiasm with which they fight each other, they might hope to carry the State occasionally. It is needless to say that their bitter factional quarrels, if unhealed, will make a present of Massachusetts to the Republicans—this, too, in a year when the Democratic outlook was peculiarly flattering. Both Bartlett and Whitney are now posing as the Democratic nominee for Governor. Into the rights of the unseemly wrangle at the State Convention in Springfield we cannot pretend at this distance to enter. The action taken by the Bartlett delegates may have been "regular," under

the rules of desperate party gamesters; it may yet be held lawful, but it was certainly high-handed and outrageous. When over 200 of the regularly accredited delegates to a party convention make affidavit that they were forcibly kept from entering the hall, to call the proceedings fair would be farcical. It is now asserted that twenty-five of the Bartlett delegates disclaim and repudiate his nomination, while John R. Thayer, named with him for Lieutenant-Governor, indignantly refuses to go upon the ticket, which he thinks fraudulent. Moreover, C. Z. E. Charest, nominated for Attorney-General on both tickets, has withdrawn from Bartlett's. It certain seems to be a situation where a reasonable compromise is called for. Passion has run high. Against both Gen. Bartlett and Mr. Whitney resentful feeling has been stirred. Why cannot an adjustment now be sought whereby both would withdraw in favor of another candidate? If ex-Gov. Douglas could be persuaded to stand, there would be hope of his election. And the issue of tariff reform could be made as vital and successful in his hands as in those of Mr. Whitney himself.

The "retirements" of George B. Cox from Ohio politics have been about as numerous as the "last appearances" of certain favorites of the opera. It was supposed that he would stay retired after Secretary Taft had "done sent him in his resignation," like the negro preacher's dissatisfied congregation. Judges Ferris and Hosea, however, of the Superior Court of Cincinnati have made the fatal mistake of taking his retirement seriously, going even so far as to appoint a trustee of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad without first slipping round to his place of seclusion to ask permission. As a result, both have learned that they are not to be candidates for renomination. Both have been efficient and popular judges, but what does that amount to if the man by whose gracious permission they donned the ermine at the start is not to have the privilege of saying who are to manage so fine a bit of public property as the Cincinnati Southern? Here is a good test of Secretary Taft's mettle as a reformer. Will he again hit the foul head of the despicable boss who has so soon risen from the former blow and dares openly to display his control of the Cincinnati courts? Cox evidently does not believe that the Secretary, as a candidate for the Presidency, will have the courage to speak the word which would again hurl him to the ground. We shall wait with interest to learn if this is one of the things which can best be considered after the Presidential election.

Profound modifications in the common law are to be looked for when Anson on Contracts, or Pollock on Contracts, or Langdell on Contracts shall have been completely superseded by the Walking Delegate on Contracts. The labor-union view of that elementary relation of economic life is that it must be unilateral, incapable of enforcement when repudiated by the union. Under such circumstances, we doubt whether even the use of the injunction, resorted to by the president of the Typothetæ against the threatened pressmen and feeders' strike on the basis of an agreement signed last January, can do much good. When the members of a union are simply determined to pursue what they regard as their best interests for the passing moment, in defiance of the rules of fair play or rational consistency, it is impossible to get money satisfaction; and it is quite as impossible to enforce specific performance when the men are determined not to work. It is astonishing that labor unions should persist in this manner in alienating public sympathy, in spite of repeated proof that without public support their cause is usually a hopeless one. Such wanton disregard of assumed obligations might be comprehensible in extreme labor circles, where the theory of "class war" is a main article of faith, and all tactics are considered fair. But our "conservative" unionists who seek to bind down the employer with contracts evidently believe that an armistice is an agreement which compels the enemy to sit still while you fire.

It is an eternal paradox of our world of letters that the books which enjoy the largest sale are barely recognized as existing by the guardians of literary tradition. Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes, who died on Sunday at Brockport, N. Y., wrote thirty-nine novels with aggregate sales, it is said, of more than two million copies, and yet she had not even a paragraph devoted to her life and works in the histories of American literature. Year in and year out her books have held their own. "Tempest and Sunshine," Mrs. Holmes's first book, which appeared in 1854, a year after "Bleak House," and the same year as "The Newcomes," could, doubtless, make a respectable showing in point of American sales with these "standards." What is the quality which has enabled it to survive so many other books incomparably more worthy if the tests applied by the critic mean anything? Barrie observes of the first successful book of his hero, Thomas Sandys, that it should have been entitled "Passages cut out of a story because they prevented it from marching." The twentieth-century reader of Mrs. Holmes is tempted to describe her books as made up of phrases rejected by other novelists because they were crude and hackneyed. Her characters "little dream" of the events that are about to befall them, "an unseen hand seals their lips" at critical moments, every hero "lights his Havana," every heroine "reclines on soft cushions," sounds "grate harshly." Those who sneer at the hackneyed phrase too often forget that the phrase became hackneyed principally because it was so good that writers overworked it. Given a public which has not read other books, and all those rag-bag phrases and situations still make their primitive appeal. We smile at Dora Deane's vow, "I would rather die than marry a man I did not love because of his gold." Yet there is certainly nothing ridiculous in the sentiment; it is one of the noblest known to womankind. Erase all remembrance of the fact that it has been standard coin in the melodrama of two hundred years, and who would not thrill at it? Indeed, Mrs. Holmes's books make their strongest appeal because their moral tone is as unimpeachable as that of the popular drama. It is a common fallacy that any writer of facility could turn out books like these. In rare instances, doubtless, the trick has been done by men and women who have sneered at the finished product. But the simplicity and sincerity of an author like Mrs. Holmes can hardly be imitated. That, after all, is what makes her books live.

Austria's railways are in danger of a strike carried on in accordance with the principles of "passive resistance." This is the same method employed recently with such great success on the Italian railways. It consists in the observance by the employees of every minute regulation affecting themselves and the public, with resulting congestion of traffic and serious delays. Totally aside from the merits of the question at issue, the strike by "passive resistance" deserves attention as part of a movement, in which we in this country are particularly interested, directed against regulations which are not intended to regulate, or books of instruction to employees which are handed out by their superiors with a wink. When a railway disaster results from the error of an overworked employee, the manager points to the rules, which allow only so many hours' continuous duty. That employees refusing to work beyond the stated hours have been dismissed is, of course, purely accidental. Thus Jersey City passes an ordinance compelling the traction companies to give a seat for every five-cent fare, not with the hope of abolishing strap-hanging, but of merely mitigating the intolerable conditions. What wonder if the layman's conception of law in general is of something in the nature of a wholesaler's price-list, from which it is always possible to get 60, 25, and 20 off?

Above all motives of pure sportsman-

ship, the Swedish challengers for the America's Cup are actuated by the desire to turn the proposed contest to national profit. This is frankly, almost naïvely, avowed:

> Our chief motive in making an attempt to capture the cup is, if we are successful, to get American yachtsmen to come to Sweden and try to win it back, so as to create intimate relations between the two countries.

International sport appears destined to become the favorite method for promoting international flirtations—especially among Columbia's suitors. The most prominent aspirant in this direction found this out some time ago. Gifts of books to Harvard and of statues of Frederick the Great and the exchange of professors have been supplemented by Sonderklasse races for a Kaiser's cup in this country, and by annual German-American love feasts at Kiel. What is especially striking in the statement we have quoted is the implicit recognition of the fact that it is better to meet in contest on the chance of becoming good friends than not to meet at all. That Sweden should be desirous of entering into closer relations with this country is illustrative of the degree to which the break-up of the union with Norway, in 1905, has served as a stimulus to Swedish national energy and patriotism. It is simply another case of the salutary effect of tribulation that was exemplified in Spain after the war with this country, in Great Britain after the mischances of the Boer war, and in Russia after her defeat by Japan. Sweden as a partner in an incompatible union held the world's attention less, on the whole, than she does now. She has set her face towards progress by entering on the real democratization of her institutions, including the introduction of universal manhood suffrage, and has attempted to find compensation for the economic losses involved in the separation from Norway by contracting closer relations abroad.

Premier Clemenceau's plea for the maintenance of the patriotic ideal in opposition to the propaganda of the anti-militarists shows, of course, that whatever be his personal inclinations, the head of a state is bound to reckon with facts. But, like other noted rulers and chief magistrates, the French Premier has found it necessary to base his defence of militarism on the ground of its utility to a high spiritual cause. The Kaiser stands for arms and the Fatherland's mission to civilization; the President believes in arms for righteousness; M. Clemenceau, true to the national bias, conjoins arms with idealism. Greece, he argued, like modern France, stood for the realization of lofty ideals, but because of her lack of patriotism "she succumbed, and with her the marvellous efflorescence of intelligence which could only endure by the protection of arms." For this reason he would protest against the "ferocious idealism" which in carrying such theories as international peace to the extreme works only for its own destruction. Yet M. Hervé and the other anti-militarists might argue that the fall of Greece did not prevent, if it actually did not further, the dissemination of that Hellenic culture of which M. Clemenceau claims for France the proud inheritance. What is the use, they might argue, of developing a "high intelligence" and keeping it locked up at home within the squares of a standing army? In any case, when men plead for justice and war, or righteousness and war, or culture and war, the natural tendency is for the variable factors in the different combinations to disappear and the one thing that persists is the common, positive element—war.

The disruption of the French Parliamentary *bloc* seems on the eve of becoming an accomplished fact. Opposition orators have for some time been applying to the historic coalition the sad phrase from Sully-Prudhomme's "Broken Vase," *N'y touchez pas, c'est brisé*, but it was the recent Socialist congress at Nancy, with its adoption of a frankly anti-militarist programme, that precipitated the crisis. The Radicals can no longer march with the Socialists, whose economic theories they might attempt to palliate or in their hearts deny; but they could not show even tolerance for their anti-patriotic views without bringing about their own destruction, and possibly the fall of the republic. Organized by Waldeck-Rousseau in 1899 in the heat of the Dreyfus agitation, the *bloc* has brought about during its existence of eight years far-reaching changes in the internal and external position of France. The great trend has been towards Radicalism, and the country in repeated elections has never faltered in its support of the Radical programme. The readjustment of political groups in the Chamber that must follow is too complicated and uncertain a topic for brief comment. It may only be pointed out that the *bloc*, up to the present, has counted a membership of nearly 400 in the Chamber, consisting of Radicals, Socialist-Radicals, and Socialists, as against about 180 anti-republicans of various kinds and republican conservatives. The transference of some 55 Socialist votes to the Opposition should still leave the Government a comfortable majority, but not a safe one, as majorities come and go in France.

If repeated disenchantment had not taught the world to regard with suspicion the Czar bearing gifts, there might be cause for some measure of hope in the recent reports from Russia. From time to time we learn that the process of endowing the peasants with land, and incidentally breaking up the communal village system, is progressing rapidly with the aid of the rural banks, established as part of Premier Stolypin's policy. The other day it was reported that Gen. Kaulbars, governor-general of Odessa, and a notorious Jew-baiter, who has been proved responsible for the excesses of the Black Hundred, has been dismissed from his post. After that came the news that the Minister of Education had decided to remove "the restrictions hitherto in operation against admitting more than a small percentage of Jewish students to the higher schools of learning." Before the accession of Nicholas II. the ratio of Jewish to Christian students in the universities and gymnasia had been fixed at a maximum of 4 per cent. That full equality should at once be granted seems incredible. During the brief dawn of Russian freedom in the summer and fall of 1905, this was actually done. But the rush of Jewish students to the universities and high schools was so great as to alarm the authorities, and they seized upon the political tumults of the following months as an excuse for rescinding the action. That the present reform, if true, will be lasting we have not the slightest guarantee. Czarism at its best may be palliative; it cannot cure radically.

Menander muck-raked is no unjust description of the process to which that great star of Athens' New Comedy must now become subjected as a result of the discovery of considerable fragments of his plays. The plays of Menander, like the poems of Sappho and Alcæus and Agatho's "Flower," are among the products of the Greek genius whose loss classical scholars have particularly deplored. That loss has not prevented these scholars from assigning to Menander and to Sappho a place in the leading rank of Greek writers, on the authority of old report and traditions. Now it would appear that the discovered papyri containing fragments of Menander reflect little glory on a man who has been placed next to Aristophanes. His plots are perfunctory, and his characters lack animation—serious charges against a dramatist. We are, of course, still at liberty to believe in his incomparable knowledge of contemporary life, his wit, his faultless style—because the material now turned up is scarcely sufficient to condradict what the old historians of literature have said on the subject. On the whole, perhaps, Sappho's reputation has suffered no harm from the destructive criticism of the early Christians and the Goths.

ON "HURTING BUSINESS."

The President was splendid in his speech at Keokuk in scorning the appeal to stop his anti-corporation movement, on the ground that "it may hurt business." As for him, if there was a conflict between righteousness and business, "then the latter must go to the wall." So long as he is President, there will be no change in the policy of "enforcing the law against certain wrongdoers of great wealth." Stocks may fall, bank clearings drop by millions, industry be chilled, but none of these things will move a righteous President bent on doing justice.

It must be said of this, however, that it is magnificent, but it is not Republicanism. For at least twenty years the Republican party has lived and moved and had its being in the one great rule of doing nothing to hurt business. It has boasted of nothing so much as of the prosperity it has secured, the new wealth it has created. Year after year it has gone to the voters with both hands full of bribes—the bribes of promises to make everybody rich. And whenever it has had a chance, as in 1896, to assert that another party in power had been bad for business, it has exalted material prosperity as the be-all and end-all of national existence, and pledged itself to remove everything that could interfere with it. It has bound itself to see to it that fires were lighted in the black mills, and that every laborer should have a chicken in the pot. Thus it is a time-honored Republican principle that was invoked when eminent members of the party went to the President and urged him to call a halt, since his course was injuring business. It was a perfectly legitimate plea, from their point of view, and the party's; and they were justified in being indignant at Mr. Roosevelt, as a good Republican, for denying its rightfulness. Judged by Republican history and avowed standards, he had thereby denied the faith and become worse than an infidel.

The further question needs to be asked: Has President Roosevelt, in fact, always been so loftily contemptuous towards the demand that he do nothing to hurt business? Five years ago he began to make speeches about tariff-revision. It was then a toss-up whether he should come out as a great tariff-reformer or a corporation-baiter. What led to his decision to throw over the reform of the tariff? Who was it that went to him in 1904, after he had been reëlected, and after he had written in the first draft of his message to Congress, "I shall address you later on the tariff," and induced him to maintain the clam-like silence on that subject which he has ever since observed? What argument did these people use? Everybody knows. It was precisely the argument, the appeal, which he now repels with such fine anger. He was told that if he meddled with the iniquities of the tariff, business would be disturbed, the party would lose elections, his own popularity would be cut into; and the proud soul of the President, who can brook no sordid reasoning, allowed the standpatters to have their way without a murmur. Indeed, he and his successor-designate, Secretary Taft, have admitted to the full the argument that business must in no way be hurt by tariff revision. For that reason they have agreed that nothing must be done to right that gross injustice until after the next Presidential election—which means never, so far as their party is concerned. They concede the grievous wrong. They acknowledge that it ought to be remedied immediately; but to attempt to do so would "stir things up," and therefore they cannot think of it. But we say that it is not only inconsistent, it is absolutely indecent, for men who have lain down under that sort of base remonstrance all these years, suddenly to assume that they are determined to do right even if business goes to smash. Of a man capable of living in dread of the tariff beneficiaries, and then posing as one who never allows a business consideration to stand in the way of what he believes to be wise and just, we can almost say: "Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit."

In stating the antithesis between righteousness and business energetically as he does, the President betrays again his fondness for general moral terms. He will do anything to help business, or to aid labor, "except what is wrong." But he leaves, and will leave, this "wrong" wholly undefined. In the end, it comes down with him to a personal conviction, in each individual case. "Righteousness" is the particular course he elects to follow. It is righteous to prosecute the Standard Oil for rebating; it was also righteous to extol Paul Morton for rebating. To Mr. Roosevelt, there is not the slightest inconsistency in this. His desires and decisions become at once to him the embodiment of the moral law—great principles to be fought for to the death. So much the keener is our regret that he did not happen to identify tariff reform with "righteousness," so that, in its behalf, he might have despised the servile argument that to do justice would hurt business!

THE NEW STATES' RIGHTS ISSUE.

It was nearly twenty years ago that Mr. Bryce wrote in "The American Commonwealth" that, while a Democrat always admitted frankly that his cherished doctrine of States' rights had no bearing "on any presently debated issue," he still insisted that, "should any issue involving the rights of the States arise, his party will be, as always, the guardian of American freedom." The point is worth recalling, now that this historic tenet of the Democratic party is being put forward as a possible major issue next year. There was not a word about States' rights in either of the party platforms of 1904. Can it be that in less than three years the matter has unexpectedly arisen as a factor in party alignment?

That Democrats of all schools do take an interest in this issue is indisputable. While Mr. Bryan in Nebraska was drafting a platform demanding that "Federal remedies shall be added to and not substituted for State remedies," Judge Parker at Jamestown was asking "by what process of reasoning the Executive has reached the conclusion that for the various departments of the Federal government to seize power not granted by the States and the people is 'to protect and defend the Constitution.'" Even Republicans show some concern over the subject. There were more Republicans than Democrats among the State attorneys-general who, in convention last week, asked Congress to prevent the interference of the inferior Federal courts with the progress of test cases through the State courts. Congressman McCall, who recently drew attention to the fivefold increase since 1897 in the sum spent annually for various branches of Federal inspection, is likewise a Republican, though of an "undesirable" sort.

To recapitulate the acts and measures which have given present meaning to the shibboleths of a past generation is unnecessary. The Federal authorities have been doing and talking of doing a great many things which, whether done or neglected in practice, had always been classed among the duties allotted to the States. The reaction was unexpected. Instead of consenting to have their work done for them, the States began to busy themselves. Some State or other now asserts that it has shown the Federal government the way in nearly every one of these recent activities. All the States are making new assertions of purpose and efficiency. From a parcel of anæmic, undecided, futile damsels, the States have come to be regarded as a sisterhood of Valkyries, compared with whom the central government is a kindly grandmother, to whose lap menaced corporations gladly run to be cuddled.

The extension of the field of Federal activity has generally proceeded on the theory that a practical people did not care much about abstract notions of governmental functions when the question was whether important work should be done or neglected. This view was supported by many facts. Some States even, as in the matter of interstate liquor shipments, insisted that their own laws were being nullified unless the Federal government lent a helping hand in enforcement. But the past months have

shown that, even as a practical question purely, there are two sides to this issue of State functions. The States differ in their ideas to a greater extent, we imagine, than most of us supposed. With the "Jim Crow car" movement we have little enough sympathy, yet it must be reckoned with as a powerful force against a thoroughly centralized railway policy, still more against government ownership.

Nor is it necessary to take extreme cases like Delaware's whipping post, South Dakota's divorce courts, and New Jersey's corporation offices for evidence that the States have minds of their own, even though, like the minds of individuals, not always entitled to admiration. There is hardly a department of public activity in which there is not some movement to secure uniformity of legislation. Influential men attend conventions devoted to these objects. A complete outfit of "model laws" is at the disposal of every State legislature free of charge. Justice, neighborliness, convenience, and efficiency are all to be promoted by uniform laws. Such laws do make considerable progress in certain departments, yet at some point they come to grief on local crotchets or convictions. The passage of an imaginary line can change the status of a man or thing in ways that are magical. Yet not all of the local differences that excite so much mirth are mere products of chance or indifference. Like so many human beings, the States go on liking their own ways best. The other day, for example, a Montana newspaper argued that Montana had worked out for herself a system of cattle-control based on the registration of brands, and that the government sought to wipe this out entirely. The system may not have been better, but the claim is made that it suited local conditions. As Federal activity spreads still further it is bound to interfere in the same way with other solutions of local problems.

The States' rights sentiment of to-day has little in common with its ante-bellum namesake. That it can take first, or even second place, as a campaign issue next year, is much to be doubted. But the States are sensitive, and interference with their local affairs is irritating. And from the Democratic point of view the issue has a peculiar piquancy from the fact that most of the State officials who have resented the friction are themselves Republicans.

REGULATING THE AUTOMOBILE.

For some weeks past the London *Times* has been printing letters in regard to the evils of automobiling which might readily have been written in this country. There is the same disposition to hold the "road hog" and the reckless or drunken chauffeur responsible for the most flagrant outrages, and there is also general agreement that thus far there has been no satisfactory regulation of automobiling. The dust and the destruction of the roads are in the foreground of the complaints, but there is also much testimony in regard to fast driving, the terrorizing of the timid who used to go out in pony-carts or family carriages, and the overwhelming of the pedestrian with grime and dirt. Altogether, as the *Spectator* puts it, the *Times* letters are proof of the well-reasoned dissatisfaction over the scant progress made in dealing with the problem. And repeatedly there is a note of anger and exasperation, which shows that some people's nerves have been tried to the point where endurance seems no longer possible.

Something of this same feeling is reported from Long Island, where the motor-plague in this neighborhood is at its worst. We hear of roads made impossible for anything besides automobiles, of homes rendered uninhabitable because of dust and noise, and of roads destroyed with such rapidity as to put undue burdens upon the local taxpayers. *Intolerable* is the word generally used to describe conditions there. If one goes north into the rural districts, say, beyond Albany, there is scarcely less dissatisfaction. The farmers' wives have given up their jaunts to town or village for fear of the touring-car that swings suddenly around corners without a note of warning, and the farmers complain of considerable property damage. The tourist who flits at thirty miles an hour through a village that he never expects to see again is generally indifferent to the harm he may do in passing.

Signs that "in this village the speed-laws are strictly enforced" are met on every hand. Often they call for the ridiculously low speed of eight miles an hour, and frequently the warning is merely an empty threat. Local regulation may be called a dead failure, because it is only spasmodically enforced, and because it is frequently used to make money for villages that wish to pile up the fines, if only to meet the extra bills for constables. The latter frequently err in their readiness to provide their own salaries. In one case we know of, the justice of the peace who imposed a fine subsequently admitted its injustice and asked the town board to remit it. But the board wanted the money, and kept it. Frequently, special efforts are made to arrest people when there is a particular attraction, like a football game. Then towns that molest no one on the other 364 days of the year reap a harvest, and the mulcted motorist cannot be blamed for driving away with a feeling of injury and disgust. Intermittent enforcement in city or country avails little.

What, then, are to be the remedies? The police powers of the great countries are surely not to remain impotent in the face of this new and valuable mode of locomotion; but, so far, it must be admitted there are singularly few constructive suggestions offered anywhere. Many of the London *Times's* correspondents have come to the conclusion that special motor roads must be constructed, whatever the cost. There is a general agreement that, if the automobile is to use the general highways, they must be completely rebuilt with much heavier foundations, and that oil or some special preparation must be used to prevent the sucking-up of the surfacing. Few automobilists would object, we think, to an annual State tax—which would be trifling compared to the cost of a single tire—imposed for the purpose of repairing the highways, because the automobilists would themselves profit by the improved roads. Moreover, decent automobilists everywhere are anxious to have the drunken chauffeur or the deliberately reckless driver severely punished. The Automobile Club of America has proved this by its ready coöperation with the police of this city. This phase of the evil is likely to grow less as time passes.

But when all is said and done, the vital question of controlling the speed still remains, and on this point contributors to the discussion seem much at sea. The *Spectator* itself can give no practical advice; it merely reminds its readers that the difficulty of controlling the pace is due to the fact that in a run of, say, twenty miles or so, three or four different speeds may be allowable as perfectly safe, and may be desirable as causing the minimum of discomfort to all who use the road. The man who can suggest a means of regulating these varying speeds is certain of international fame. People are looking for him as eagerly in Germany and Italy as here in the United States or in England. And yet, as our friends from Long Island remind us, something must be done. In that place, at least, there should be a special public automobile highway to which the motors should be confined, precisely as in New England the trolley car is more and more being compelled to buy its own right of way through the fields. And if the Legislature might well discuss the building of an experimental highway north of this city, towns and counties ought to coöperate in establishing patrols, which shall control the roads, not one or two Sundays in the year, but all the time. Finally, exemplary punishments must more than ever be invoked where there is flagrant misbehavior.

SULLY-PRUDHOMME AND POETRY OF REFLECTION.

The recent death of Sully-Prudhomme has provoked the usual critical articles

dealing with his career, with the usual *obiter dicta* regarding poetry. "The man," says our own Paris correspondent, "was France's greatest living poet"; and yet, after all, he was only a poet of reflection, a philosopher, with but few readers. In similar vein a writer in the London *Times* laments that Sully-Prudhomme's verses "lacked the music (as of a confused rushing of wings), the something surging mysteriously from the unconscious foundations of the soul, which vibrates in such poems as Shelley's 'Life of Life,' or some of Victor Hugo's momentous outbursts. Sully was never carried away, never transported by the fierce energy of the Muse." This manner of dismissing Sully-Prudhomme conveys the impression that poets of reflection rather than of passion are merely *dii minores*. Without arguing the case of Sully-Prudhomme himself—time will fix his place—we may remind our readers of the commonplace we are so prone to forget, that the vast bulk of our good verse is this very poetry of reflection of which we often speak so lightly.

The amount of poetry to which we can strictly apply Milton's definition, "simple, sensuous, and passionate," is relatively small. To that high level only the great poets attain, and they can remain in the rarefied atmosphere for but brief periods. The phrase "transported by the fierce energy of the Muse" calls up in our minds such passages as the apostrophe to Helen in Marlowe's "Faustus":

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Illum?
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

It calls up a few of Shakespeare's sonnets, parts of his plays, and the best of Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne. This list is not, however, even for our English tongue, exhaustive; for the minor poets have now and then in a few lines or stanzas reached the summit. To cite examples from other literatures—say from Dante—would carry us too far afield. But we believe that were all the English poetry that is inspired by "the fierce energy of the Muse" gathered into a single anthology, it would make a book not half so large as Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." Indeed, these few jewels might easily be carried in the memory. The great body of our noble verse is, as we have said, reflective. The reflection is suffused with feeling, but not with strong passion. In the most popular of Latin poets, Horace, the prevalent mood is the reflective. And so too in Virgil, and above all in Lucretius, for whom Sully-Prudhomme had such admiration. A list of our English reflective poets would include, of those already mentioned, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Browning; and we should be compelled to add Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Arnold. This is certainly a roll of august names. And the poetry itself—such pieces as Hamlet's Soliloquy, "Il Penseroso," "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Byron's Sonnet on Chillon, or the stanzas beginning, "Oh Rome! my country! city of my soul!" in "Childe Harold," Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and Arnold's "Dover Beach"—this poetry, though it may not be passion, is nevertheless in the grand style.

This larger volume of the poetry of meditation is, after all, inevitable from the constitution of the human mind. One cannot be always young or dominated by the fitful fevers of youth; the Mænads cannot reel in their dance forever. Even Swinburne wrote but one "Laus Veneris." The moments of transport, the spring floods, leave their high mark here and there; but, for the most part, summer, autumn, and winter, the current must subside into its worn channel—a current swift, it may be, and deep, but not raging. Out of the total production of Shelley and Keats, to be sure, an extraordinary proportion glows at white heat; but their souls were unusually fervent, even for poets; and both of them died early.

And the temper of the poet is the temper, too, of his readers. Were he all compact of fire he must make some concession to the coolness of common clay. An epic, even a single book of "Paradise Lost," pitched throughout in the key of Satan's tremendous speech, would be as intolerable as a symphony played *fortissimo* from beginning to close. Poetry must, like nature, speak a various language; and most of us are in the humor for reading high passion even less often than the poet is in the mood for writing it. If poetry is to solace and sustain us through life instead of merely quickening our blood in youth, it must make its longest and steadiest appeal to maturity and age. This was Lowell's feeling when he penned the motto for his last volume of verse, "Hearstsease and Rue":

> Along the wayside where we pass bloom few
> Gay plants of heartsease, more of saddening rue;
> So life is mingled; so should poems be
> That speak a conscious word to you and me.

And the word we long for when we have passed the grand climacteric, or when grave illness has brought home the incredible truth that we are mortal, is the word of sober reflection.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

It is a somewhat disturbing thought that the laborious publications most prized by scholars are just those which are likely to deprive an author of a real public. To take recent examples, there is Mrs. Paget Toynbee's superb Walpole in sixteen volumes, the Hazlitt in twelve, the Thoreau in twenty. How many of those who stand between the haphazard and the professional reader, thinking they must have the best, will, if they can afford it, buy the bulky Hazlitt, will scan its pages, packed with ephemeral salvage, place it on a shelf, and never again take it down? They would actually read the old Bohn edition, in its seven comfortable volumes. And this new Freneau* will, I fear, suffer the same fate, with the additional drawback that no popular selection of his works is available.

I.

It has been pointed out more than once that Freneau was a half-hearted pioneer in that "misty mid region of Weir," from which Poe, later on, was to bring back such astounding reports. An idle fancy might even look for a parallel in the circumstances of their frustrated ambitions, and might stop to compare the death of Poe with that of the older poet who wandered one night into a bog on his way home and was found the next day dying of exposure—intoxicated, it was rumored, although that ugly tradition is denied. Freneau, it need not be said, suffered from no such disabilities of the flesh as Poe, and the only point of the comparison would lie in the tragedy of their genius hemmed in on every side by prosaic surroundings. The later poet, at least, "amid wreck and sorrow," knew the solace of perfect expression, whereas the continual complaint of Freneau is that his faculty of song has been baffled by lack of sympathy. If there is anything real in the years that follow a man's death, Freneau's was the harder fate. Not a little of his best prose and verse was contributed to the *United States Magazine*, a monthly of Philadelphia, which ran through the year 1779 and then, like so many of the periodicals on which Poe lavished his powers, came to a full stop. A large class of Americans, said the editor in his valedictory, "inhabit the region of stupidity, and cannot bear to have the tranquillity of their repose disturbed by the villainous shock of a book. Reading is to them the worst of all torments, and I remember very well that at the commencement of the work it was their language, 'Art thou come to torment us before the time?' We will now say to them, 'Sleep on and take your rest.'" And Freneau himself in his verse never misses an opportunity of girding at the unimaginative age and people into which he was born.

"Before the time" might be taken as the text of Freneau's life. His family was of Huguenot descent, his grandfather having emigrated to New York in 1707. When Philip was born, in 1752, they were prosperous merchants in this city, with something of an estate in New Jersey. In his sixteenth year he went to Princeton, then under the able management of President Witherspoon. In the same class with him was James Madison, whose friendship he retained through life, while just below him were William Bradford and Aaron Burr. Poetry and politics were in the air, and Freneau got his first taste of satire in the rhyming contests between the Whig and Cliosophic societies, which were founded in his sophomore and junior years. Miniature epics, too, such as "The History of the Prophet Jonah," and solemn dialogues, such as "The Pyramids of Egypt," with the

*The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. 3 vols. Princeton: The University Library. 1902-7.

Horatian *Debemur morti, nos nostraque* duly inscribed above, were not beyond his aspiration in those years, and were printed in the later collections of his works. They are really not so dull as might be supposed. We may smile at the old-fashioned manner of such verses as these, perhaps the earliest of his that have been preserved:

In ages past, when smit with warmth sublime,
Their bards foretold the dark events of time,
And piercing forward through the mystic shade,
Kings yet to come, and chiefs unborn survey'd,
Amittai's son perceiv'd, among the rest,
The mighty flame usurp his laboring breast. . . .

but in the work of how many sophomores, aged sixteen, would you find to-day this note of intellectual self-respect? After leaving college he taught school for a while, first at Flatbush, L. I., and then under H. H. Brackenridge, at Princess Anne, Md. In 1775 he is back in New York, writing political pamphlets and poems. He was launched in his career: hatred of the English and to the American Tories was his never-falling theme down to his death in 1832. It is not necessary here to recall the vicissitudes of his fortune; the various papers he edited, his political animosities, his alternations of literary work with cruising the seas and with farming. "The old hag Necessity has got such a prodigious gripe of me!" he wrote to Madison in 1772, and he never for long shook her off. Those who care to follow the adventures of a poet in the troubled days of "this bard-baiting clime"—and the story is well worth reading—may turn to Professor Pattee's admirable Life in the present edition.

II.

Of two periods in his career, however, a word must be said. In November of 1775 he sailed for Santa Cruz with a West Indian gentleman, who owned large estates on the island. During the voyage the mate of the vessel died, and Freneau was put in the place. A good deal of his life thereafter was passed on shipboard as mate and master, so that he is one of the few poets who write of the sea with complete knowledge of the trade. It was no land-lubber who made the odes, "On the Death of Captain Biddle," on "Captain Jones's Invitation," and "On the Memorable Victory." Nor was his experience of the tropics without influence. The three long poems, "Santa Cruz," "The House of Night," and "The Jamaica Funeral," composed during his visit of two years to the island, are distinctly different in tone from the rest of his work. There is more color in them, more warmth of imagination. In the midst of much description of the ordinary amateurish sort, one comes upon a perfect image in a single line:

Fair Santa Cruz, arising, laves her waist;

or upon a stanza marred only by his inveterate taste for adjectives in "y":

Among the shades of yonder whispering grove
The green palmettoes mingle, tall and fair,
That ever murmur, and forever move,
Fanning with wavy bough the ambient air;—

or upon a whole passage of haunting, if imperfect, beauty, ending with a reflection that foreshadows, so to speak, the most famous line he was afterwards to write:

Along the shore a wondrous flower is seen,
Where rocky ponds receive the surging wave;
Some drest in yellow, some array'd in green,
Beneath the water their gay branches lave.

This mystic plant, with its bewitching charms,
Too surely springs from some enchanted bower;
Fearful it is, and dreads impending harms,
And *Animal* the natives call the flower.

From the smooth rock its little branches rise,
The objects of thy view, and that alone;
Feast on its beauties with thy ravish'd eyes,
But aim to touch it, and—the flower is gone.

Nay, if thy shade but intercept the beam
That gilds their boughs beneath the briny lake,
Swift they retire, like a deluding dream,
And even a shadow for destruction take.

Something more than southern warmth enters into the stanzas of "The House of Night." It is the fury of the sudden tropic storm that he tries to express in such lines as these:

Lights in the air like burning stars were hurl'd,
Dogs howl'd, heaven murmur'd, and the tempest blew,
The red half-moon peep'd from behind a cloud
As if in dread the amazing scene to view.

Poe himself never imagined anything more grotesquely weird than this account of the death and burial of Death, nor ever composed lines of more sombre magnificence than a few of those scattered through Freneau's poem; the pity of it is that so much power of imagination should have wasted through the poet's provincial training. The genre has its risks for the most wary hand, and how should Freneau escape without a fall? We hardly know whether to smile or shudder when he writes:

Each horrid face a grizly mask conceal'd,
Their busy eyes shot terror to my soul
As now and then, by the pale lanthorn's glare,
I saw them for their parted friend condole;

there is, unfortunately, less room for hesitation when he concludes this grewsome burial of Death:

That done, they placed the carcase in the tomb,
To dust and dull oblivion now resign'd,
Then turn'd the chariot tow'rd the House of Night,
Which soon flew off, and left no trace behind.

These poems were written during the first years of the Revolution, and far away from the scenes of battle; but Freneau was to learn the meaning of war at closer range. On one of his voyages to Santa Cruz, in 1780, his vessel was captured by a British frigate, and crew and passengers were carried to New York. Here for a while he was confined in the horrible prison ships, and immediately on being released by exchange he set himself to describe his experience in rhyme.

III.

The descriptive verse and satires that resulted from his travels were the strongest and most telling he ever wrote; as much cannot be said for the product of another period of his life. In August, 1791, he was appointed clerk for foreign languages by Jefferson, then Secretary of State, and went to Philadelphia to live. Two months later he issued the first number of the *National Gazette*, a semi-weekly paper devoted to the party of Jefferson against that of Hamilton, not without side thrusts at Washington, and to the favoring of French revolutionary democracy against British monarchy. That was not a day when political writers disguised their feelings, and between the *National Gazette* and *Fenno's Gazette of the United States* there arose as pretty a war of words as one might wish to hear. Freneau swore that neither the *"Gazette* nor the editor thereof, was ever directed, controlled, or attempted to be influenced, in any manner, either by the Secretary of State, or any of his friends"; and Jefferson in a letter to Washington made practically the same protestation. Professor Pattee inclines to defend Freneau through this whole episode, and certainly his virulent abuse can be matched, almost if not quite, by the diatribes of his enemies. On the other hand, it is not easy to defend him against Hamilton's charge, however indirect his relations with Jefferson may have been. His reputation in the end suffers as does that of all barkers at the heels of those who are trying in perilous times to establish order: to Washington he was "that rascal Freneau," to President Dwight he seemed "a mere incendiary, or rather as a despicable tool of bigger incendiaries"; he did not belong to what the Greeks in their days of faction used to call the *agathoi*, the good.

IV.

As for Freneau, the writer, those who expect to find in him anything more than a frustrated poet, a poet of hints and anticipations, will be disappointed; but to those who approach him in the right spirit, he will afford a genuine interest. There is a certain charm, a melancholy charm, if you will, in catching the slender tones of his lyric moods here and there through the noise and bustle of his political writings. And often in these notes one detects strange presage of the future. Sometimes these presages take a very definite form, as in that verse of "The Indian Burying Ground"—the most famous he wrote—which Campbell appropriated bodily: "The hunter and the deer a shade," and which Hazlitt, in his "Table Talk," misquoting as "a hunter of shadows, himself a shade," attributed to Homer's account of Orion. Another line of our poet's, "They took the spear—but left the shield," was, with the change of "took" to "snatched," borrowed by Scott, who knew Freneau's work well enough to call "Eutaw Springs" "as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language." And a poetess of Britain went so far as to dignify the whole of one of his poems with her name. But the real anticipations of Freneau were rather his own outreachings after the romanticism that was preparing in England. "On Amanda's Singing Bird," for instance, sounds almost like a coarsened echo of Blake. Other poems point to the future. A set of verses on "The Power of Fancy," written as early as 1770, has a distinct suggestion of Keats's "Ever let the Fancy roam," which dates at least forty-eight years later. Another poem, "The Wild Honey Suckle," perhaps the most nearly flawless he ever wrote, combines in its rather pallid beauty something of Wordsworth's moralizing love of the less honored flowers with Keats's relish of fragility. It is brief enough to quote entire:

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

Not flawless, for even a clever journeyman's hand could alter a word here and there for the better; not great in the sense that Wordsworth's and Keats's best work is great; colorless as a whole, yet with a clear, unearthly loveliness of its own. And the last stanza, despite the false "thy" in the second line and the slightly imperfect rhymes, would do honor to any poet of the past century. It has the slender brittleness of a costly vase, marred in the burning.

But Freneau's chief affiliations in the future are undoubtedly with Poe. No one could overlook that quality in such a poem as "The House of Night"; it is no less unmistakable in separate verses and stanzas scattered throughout his works. When he bids farewell to Columbus, in his poem of 1774, he dismisses the discoverer

To shadowy forms, and ghosts, and sleepy things.

In an earlier poem he writes, in somewhat boyish fashion:

Now, tho' late, returning home,
Lead me to Belinda's tomb;
Let me glide as well as you
Through the shroud and coffin too,
And behold, a moment, there,
All that once was good and fair—
Who doth here so soundly sleep?
Shall we break this prison deep?

Is not this in the very taste of "The Sleeper," although without Poe's power to touch the reluctant nerve of awe? To follow this vein of frustrated romanticism through his writings is as if we should meet with a Poe who had been snatched into the turmoil of abolitionism and the civil war, and all his music set ajangle by hate.

V.

It is true that a certain inclination toward satire showed itself from the beginning in Freneau's mind, side by side with his lyrical moods, and needed only the impulse of circumstances to develop. Naturally, however, this satirical strain was of the more humane sort, which sends us to the future for comparisons rather than to the past. Thus, the earliest of these poems, "The Adventures of Simon Swaugum, a Village Merchant," would require only a little more avoirdupois in the rhythm, a little more of psychological antithesis, to take its place among Crabbe's "Tales"; it contains, in fact, bits of genre painting which might be passed upon any but the most knowing as actually Crabbe's. Where he differs from the English humorist he tends to forestall the lighter, swifter manner of Lowell and Holmes. Now "Swaugum" was written in 1768 and printed in 1792; "The Library," Crabbe's first important publication, appeared in 1781, and the "Tales" not until 1812. To appreciate Freneau's originality it must also be remembered that in 1782 John Trumbull, in his "M'Fingal," was still trying to reproduce the form and wit of Butler's "Hudibras," tinctured, perhaps, with the more contemporary spirit of Churchill. "Swaugum," with two or three other genre tales, notably "The Expedition of Timothy Taurus, Astrologer," and "Slender's Journey," creates a regret that Freneau did not leave a complete picture of American society in this humorous-satiric vein. For, after all, it is not the poet of purest aspiration, nor the harsh denouncer of crime, that hands down his age to us as a breathing human reality; not Virgil or Juvenal, but Horace. It is by his foibles man lives for posterity; his greater virtues and vices make of him an example, not a companion.

But this kindlier satire was swallowed up in the passions of the Revolution, and Freneau produced a long series of dialogues, declamations, and caustic stanzas against poor King George and his servants. Occasionally there is a grudging humor in the ridicule; oftener mere blank invective. Far the strongest of these poems is the lurid account of his detention on "The British Prison Ship," already mentioned. Of all his ills the doctor's poison seems to have been the hardest to bear:

He on his charge the healing work begun
With antimonial mixtures, by the tun,
Ten minutes was the time he deign'd to stay,
The time of grace allotted once a day—
He drencht us well with bitter draughts, 'tis true,
Nostrums from hell, and cortex from Pern—
Some with his pills he sent to Pluto's reign,
And some he blister'd with his flies of Spain;
His cream of Tartar walk'd its deadly round,
Till the lean patient at the potion frown'd,
And swore that hemlock, death, or what you will,
Were nonsense to the drugs that stuff'd his hill.—
On those refusing he bestow'd a kick,
Or menaced vengeance with his walking-stick;
Here uncontroll'd he exercised his trade,
And grew experienced by the deaths he made;
By frequent blows we from his cane endured
He killed at least as many as he cured;
On our lost comrades built his future fame,
And scatter'd fate, where'er his footsteps came.

That is legitimate and effective satire; the indignation of the poet is fitted to the abject offensiveness of his theme. But too often he falls into mere shrewish vituperation:

Said Jove with a smile—
"Columbia shall never be ruled by an isle. . . .
Then cease your endeavors, ye vermin of Britain."
(And here, in derision, their island he spit on) . . .

There is more of the kind, which I shame to repeat, as Freneau himself was confessedly half-ashamed to write. And indeed these explosions of poetic rage have a sad way of losing their force with time, and degenerating into mere ill temper; for what is George III. to you and me that we should understand this hatred? It needs genius to be a good hater in literature. And if we turn with weariness from this scolding of the English, we are affected with something akin to distress at his railing against his own compatriots, Tory and Federalist:

What is a Tory? Heavens and earth reveal!
What strange blind monster does that name conceal?
There! there he stands—for Augury prepare,
Come lay his heart and inmost entrails bare,
I, by the forelock, seize the Stygian hound;
You bind his arms and bind the dragon down.
Surgeon, attend with thy dissecting knife,
Aim well the stroke that damps the springs of life,
Extract his fangs, dislodge his teeth of prey,
Clap in your plucers, and then tear away.—
Soldier, stand by, the monster may resist,
You draw your back-sword, and I'll draw my fist.
Lo! mixt with air his worthless ghost has fled;
Surgeon, his paleness speaks the monster dead;
Part, part the sutures of his brazen skull,
Hard as a rock, impenetrably dull.
Hold out his brain, and let his brethren see
That tortoise brain, no larger than a pea——
Come, rake his entrails, whet thy knife again,
Let's see what evils threat the next campaign.

In that slough of civil discord were sunk all his raptures of liberty and his visions of "The Rising Glory of America." For not the least of his anticipations was his prophecy of America's empire, and the conscious assumption within himself of so many of the traits of the practical calculating American mind, side by side with its thin mysticism; as if the temperaments of Poe and Franklin were united in one person. Here you shall read lines in glorification of commerce and science, such as our national poet to-day, if such existed, might write; here you shall see the past disparaged in the classics, and that self-flattering absorption in the present which has sapped the very roots of the New World's imagination. And here too is the fullest expression of that spirit of rebellion and mutual distrust in which the country was unfortunately, if necessarily, founded, and which has clung to it like an inherited taint in the blood, marring the harmony of its development and suffering a partial explation in the calamities of the civil war. There is a lesson for us to-day, and, in more ways than one, a little of humiliation, in the career of our first poet.

VI.

But let us rather take leave of Freneau in a different frame of mind. In 1798 he gave up active participation in editing, and retired to the family estate at Mount Pleasant, N. J., where he passed the remaining thirty-four years of his life. Politics were not entirely forgotten, and for a while he contributed to the Philadelphia *Aurora* and other papers a series of amusing letters which were afterwards brought out in book form—the best of his prose writings. But for the most part his time was given to farming in a half-hearted way, and to composing verses under the shelter of a grove that had been started by his father. Professor Pattee gives a happy picture of the poet in his declining age, from the account of Dr. John W. Francis in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature":

He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin, yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct, and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful, it was now thinned and of an iron gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing press, when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred, he would retire for composition, or find shelter under the shade of some tree, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions. There was no difficulty in versification with him. I told him what I had heard Jeffrey, the Scotch Reviewer, say of his writings, that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Gray.

That learned commentator has not yet appeared, and is scarcely needed; but it is agreeable to think of the old poet, in his not ignoble retirement from the world, hearing such dearly-earned praise and finding in the future a compensation for the harsh treatment of the past. Princeton has done well to honor one of the most dis-

tinguished of her sons by publishing his principal poems in substantial form.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Volume XXI. of "Book-Prices Current," covering the English auctions from October, 1906, to July, 1907, just issued by Elliot Stock, records 7,167 lots, selected from about 31,800. The total payment for them was nearly £134,000, or an average of £4 4s. 2d. per lot, the highest average since the record has been kept. J. H. Slater, the editor, says that only printed books and manuscripts of a literary character have been included in his total, mediæval illuminated manuscripts, some of which have brought large sums, being excluded. These manuscripts are, however, described. He says that at present competition is confined chiefly to the "early editions of the English classics, important manuscripts, books containing inscriptions, and Americana"; and that, "speaking generally, all others are, if anything, cheaper than they were seven or eight years ago." The enhanced values of such books and manuscripts as are most sought for he ascribes largely to American competition. The indexes to the recent volumes are much fuller than those of the earlier volumes. Here the index fills a hundred pages, in double columns of small type. Besides the description of the book, the price paid, and the buyer's name, Mr. Slater has, as heretofore, added to some of the more important lots bibliographical notes, either his own or quoted from the sales catalogues. In describing Churchyard's "Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyne Froboishers Voyage to Meta Incognita," London, 1578, he follows the auctioneer's catalogue in describing it as "the first edition in English of Frobisher's first voyage." In our own notes in this column of the sale, which took place March 15 and 16, we fell into the same error; for the book had never been reprinted and no copy was then known in America. Later, however, in examining the book itself, which is now owned by a private collector in New York, we discovered that the narrative indubitably referred, not to Frobisher's first voyage of 1576, but to the second of 1577, of which another and more authentic account by Dionyse Settle had been already printed. The earliest printed account of the voyage of 1576 is in George Beste's "Three Voyages for the Discoverie of a Passage to Cathaya by the Northwest." To Mr. Slater's record of the sale of the rare "Relation of Maryland," 1635, for £400 on the same date, Mr. Slater adds: "The last copy (complete with the rare map) sold by auction, realized £76. That was at the Simon sale, December, 1893; and the copy, then the property of Mr. Lefferts, was afterwards destroyed in a fire at Riviere's bindery in London. There was, however, a perfect copy of the book among the choice Americana sold by Lord Ashburton at Sotheby's, November, 1900. That copy, which brought £165, also came to America.

Almost simultaneously with the "Book-Prices Current" we receive Part IV. of its competitor, "Book-Auction Records," which, in some respects, deserves notice first. "Book-Prices Current" is arranged chronologically by sales, and a reference to the index is absolutely necessary to find any particular record. The newer "Book-Auction Records," which is edited by Frank Karslake, is published quarterly, the lots in each number are arranged alphabetically by authors, and an index to the entire volume is given with the fourth part. "Book-Auction Records" is a less pretentious publication. The transcripts of titles are more condensed, the book is printed in smaller type on poorer paper, and is offered at a lower price (£1 1s., against £1 7s. 6d.); its records are, however, much fuller. The volume just completed (the fourth) contains 15,131 records, more than twice as many as the older. As all such publications are primarily consulted for prices, Mr. Karslake's record should recommend itself more generally to booksellers and collectors. Each number of "Book-Auction Records" contains also, in addition to alphabetical record of sales, some prefatory matter of interest. This present No. 4 contains a sketch of the libraries and book trade of Dublin by Michael J. Ryan (with a half-tone of Trinity College Library), a reproduction, in colors, of a portrait of Benjamin Disraeli, from the *London Magazine* of 1840, and a series of notes, more or less bibliographical, by the editor.

It cannot be said that the late Levi Z. Leiter was possessed by the book collecting zeal, but he followed good advice when he did buy, and obtained excellent examples of early Americana and English literature. His library has been catalogued by Hugh A. Morrison, and one hundred copies printed for private distribution. The descriptions are full and accurate, drawn from many sources, and the volume is of bibliographical value. Mr. Leiter purchased in 1879 the manuscripts of David Hartley, but made no other important venture in that direction. Nearly one-fifth of the catalogue is taken up with the issues made in the Confederate States, 1861-1865. Worthy of special mention are the early Pennsylvania issues (Bradford and Keimer), tracts by Keith and Eliot, the material on the persecution of the Quakers in Massachusetts, and Jefferson's own copy of the London issue of the "Notes on Virginia." It is the judicious notes and collations of Mr. Morrison that confer value on this handsomely printed catalogue.

Charles A. Flagg of the Library of Congress, has compiled a "Guide to Massachusetts Local History," which is intended to give by counties the more important publications on local history. A map of each county, with the cities and towns, is prefixed to its section, making reference simple. Naturally such a list could be accomplished with success only by excluding some classes of material, and the specialist might complain at some omissions. But the inclusion of manuscript material, magazine and newspaper articles, and even of volumes in preparation, will compensate for these omissions. To the genealogist, this guide will be useful, while its merits to the historian may be tested by consulting the article "Salem Witchcraft." Even the bibliographer will find help—as in the editions of Mary Rowlandson. It is issued by the Salem Press Co.

The Anderson Auction Company of this city sells on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon, October 16 and 17, a collection, including thirty lots on tobacco, some old plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve, John Dennis, Shadwell, and others: and first editions of Emerson, Holmes, and Thoreau, etc.

"One Hundred Years of Book Auctions: Being a Brief Record of the Firm of Hodgson & Co.," is a book issued from the Chiswick Press, for private circulation, giving the history of the hundred years of this London house.

Correspondence.

HISTORY IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with much interest the communications which have appeared in the recent numbers of the *Nation* on history teaching. Mr. Abraham Flexner's vigorous letter in your issue of September 26, appears on the surface at least to be an attack on the report of the Committee of Seven; unfortunately, it is based on imperfect knowledge: "The epoch-making report" did not order text-books off the premises; neither did it advocate that an American boy should be free to choose between the Constitution of Kleisthenes and the Constitution of the United States. It did not propose to make ancient history the centre. In fact the whole tenor, temper, and content of that report is different from what Mr. Flexner appears to consider it. It is true it recommends that, if a four-year course in history is given in a high-school, ancient history should be offered in the first year; but this recommendation is based in part on the fact that pupils generally spend some years on American history and civics before entering the high-school. Personally I agree with what I think Mr. Flexner advocates; if I had only one year to give to history, I should not spend it on ancient or mediæval history, but on American history and institutions. Personally I deplore the old-fashioned practice still maintained in a good many schools of insistence on ancient history, and above all of requiring ancient history from students of the classics who have the most appalling need of American history. But nothing in the "epoch-making report" makes against this emphasis of American history; in fact, quite the contrary, was it not a decided breaking away from the old system to recommend that modern fields of history be accepted by the colleges? Personally—and I here appear to differ with your correspondent, however—I have no patience with this idea, which may be good psychology, but is bad common sense, that you must begin with the familiar, the uninteresting, the near, the unappetizing, and gradually lead the unwary pupil far afield. I find my own children much more interested in Moses and Daniel than in Patrick Henry or E. H. Harriman, and the more unreal the fairy story, the easier is it digested. My boy of eight studies mediæval armor and attacks feudal castles, with unremitting zeal, and takes no particular interest in the very actual terrors of the purlieus of Hyde Park. But if Mr. Flexner's experience has been different, nothing in the report of the Committee of Seven need give him pause. However much we differ in our pedagogical psychology, I am one with him in the ad-

vocacy of American history. If the report has been epoch-making, it is in part because it proposes a wider freedom and more room for the tastes and desires of the individual teacher and school.

Prof. William MacDonald, in your issue of September 12, calls attention to the dissatisfaction of teachers with the extended limits of the ancient field as marked out in the report. I don't know how to say forcibly and yet with courtesy and good humor how trivial this matter appears to be. Are not these precise limits supremely unimportant in light of the fact there are so many serious difficulties in the way of making history an effective study in the schools? If any teacher wishes to begin with Thermopylæ and stop with Actium, would any hardened theorist forbid him? And how little difference any limits will make, if he teaches with enthusiasm, zeal, and—knowledge! The report of the Committee of Seven was written ten years ago, at a time when in a majority of schools, and especially in the West, general history covering the whole field of man was taught in one year. From students of the classics, whose studies in other lines were accentuating their ignorance of modern life, ancient history was commonly required, and it was treated as something apart from the general progress of the world, a detached bit. If ancient history could be so extended as to have attachments, it appeared desirable to make the change. Moreover, the real difficulty was to suggest a plan for covering mediæval and modern history in one year, a field tremendously complex and difficult in comparison with ancient history. I do not think any one on the committee supposed that, when schools were commonly devoting but one year to general history, there would be an outcry against the possibility of getting as far along in the subject as 800 A. D. in the same length of time. But how unimportant this matter is! Surely no college in its senses is going to demand a strict adherence to any such limits, if a teacher can get better results with work in a smaller field.

Professor MacDonald's remarks on the vagueness of the misinformation generally elicited by a history examination are too well founded. What are we going to do? I do not think that history is the only offender. Is it not true that in all subjects, with the possible exception of Latin and moribund Greek, the pupils are allowed to indulge in inaccuracies and to familiarize themselves with inexactness? Do not students who come to college without any history disclose the same repugnance to precise learning as do those that have been led into the pleasant paths of dalliance by some new method of teaching history? The trouble lies a good deal deeper than in any method of teaching history. It is altogether unlikely that the recommendations of the "epoch-making report" caused these conditions. Without insisting that history is only in bed with a lot of other miserable companions, we are entitled to emphasize the fact that here is the great problem for us. If we cannot get clear-headed accuracy about either Kleisthenes or Patrick Henry, it does not make much difference what field of history is selected for the amusement of the pupil.

In an effort to escape our difficulty, must we return to the old-fashioned text-book method and beat blocks of well-chiselled history into our children's heads? Probably it would be better to stop teaching history altogether or to stop going through the entertaining motions. At the bottom the trouble—in so far as it is not due to a prevailing air of laxity, weak-kneed good-humor, and a dread of stern insistence on thoroughness—rests in the supreme difficulty of teaching history well and in the lack of preparation of the teacher. As long as it is thought that any one can teach history, even if he has not studied it, and as long as time is not given for the teacher thoroughly to prepare himself for each day's task, so long will history occupy a distinguished position among the diseducational subjects. Latin and Greek have gradually in the course of centuries been shaped into nearly perfect educational tools. Those of us who are teaching history must approach our novel task with patience and courage. But to surrender the ground gained and hurry back to the unencumbered text—what would we think of the teacher of science if he turned the key in the laboratory? Perhaps all the new methods are frantic efforts to reach the impossible, and I believe in many instances teachers without suitable apparatus attempt too much, and would succeed better by adhering more closely to a text. But on the whole the trouble is, not that we have gone too far, but that we have not gone far enough. In poorly equipped classrooms, with overworked teachers, without time and patience and materials, we are seeking to attain the ideal. Even such a course as that recommended by Mr. Flexner would not be a great success without books and a place to use them, or without a live, inspiriting, widely read teacher.

A. C. McLAUGHLIN.

University of Chicago, October 1.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Probably the failure of the "epoch-making" system of teaching history, referred to in issues of the *Nation* for September 12 and 26, may be attributed to the fact that due allowance was not made for the immaturity of the students. This is one of the commonest and most grievous faults of modern pedagogy. Courses of study are generally laid out by people of mature mind who forget one essential factor of the problem—that a child is a child, and that a youth is an immature person mentally and physically. A method of teaching which may be suitable for the senior year of college or for a post-graduate course, is decidedly not suitable for the high school.

The ordinary high school teacher is also rather too immature, at least to teach history well. It is said that almost any one who knows the subject and is enthusiastic can teach high school mathematics fairly well, without knowing much else of the world. But history, properly taught, overlaps sociology, economics, psychology, and anthropology almost imperceptibly. Not that the sixteen-year-old student should make a formal study of these subjects; but the perhaps forty-year-old teacher should be familiar with the cardinal principles of such overlapping subjects, and use them to explain and illuminate facts under consideration in the classroom. It hardly needs to be added that under political, social, and economic conditions in America to-day such ideals of the teaching force are generally impossible of realization.

The public school man and the preparatory school man have to do their own thinking and fight their own battles. The university professor and specialist in pedagogy and educational psychology can render slight, if any, aid. The latter are too prone to build air castles based on false assumptions. Assuming ample equipments, abundance of available time, lack of other attractions, and maturity of teacher and student, it is easy to spin theories and to elaborate courses of study. The fallacy lies in the premises, which in almost every case are false. The marvel is that the secondary school people were ever fatuous enough to try the experiment. The conviction is gradually growing that, in history teaching in secondary schools, under conditions as they actually are, about all that can be done and done well is frankly to use the one best available text book on the subject. In a book on history for the immature the chief art consists in leaving out things that can be omitted, and in laying emphasis on important facts. Perhaps the relation of each fact cannot be referred to a preceding fact as a cause; but enough can be correlated to give the youthful student a fair idea of the purpose of historical study—even at the age of sixteen. At least there ought to be no difficulty in enabling him to form a picture, approximately correct, even if lacking in details, of the conditions of human life in the period studied, the mental equipment of people, their modes of reasoning, their views of their rights and duties, their acquaintance with, or more probably ignorance of, the experiences of the human race in other times and under different conditions. But probably no longer shall we see a youth of sixteen, who is traversing the path of history for the first time, turned loose on original documents and controversial works. Like the Irishman, he can't see the forest for the trees.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, September 28.

Notes.

A memorial volume containing essays and letters by the late Wendell Phillips Garrison will be published as soon as the material can be collected and arranged. Many characteristic letters are doubtless in the possession of contributors to the *Nation*, and of the late editor's friends, who will confer a favor by selecting such as they deem suitable and sending them to Philip McKim Garrison, Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey. Such letters will be carefully preserved and returned as soon as possible to their owners.

The Clarendon Press announces the following books as forthcoming: "The Life of Christ in Recent Research," by Dr. William Sanday; "The Psalter with Annotations," by J. M. Thompson; "The Mirror of the Blessed Lyf of Jesu Christ," translated from the Latin by Nicholas Love, edited by Lawrence F. Powell; an annotated edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," in two volumes, by John Shawcross; "The Writing of English," by P. J. Hartog, with the assistance of Mrs. A. H. Langdon; "Se-

lect Passages of English Prose," collected and put into phonetic transcription by Daniel Jones; "Rob Roy," edited by R. S. Rait; "Legend of Montrose," edited by G. S. Gordon; "Woodstock," edited by J. S. C. Bridge; the third volume of "The Oxford Treasury of English Literature," by G. E. and W. H. Hadow; Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie," edited by J. Churton Collins; Aeschylus's "Prometheus," translated by R. Whitelaw; Aeschylus's "Agamemnon," translated by J. Conington; "Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar," by T. Rice Holmes; "English Society in the Eleventh Century: Essays in English Mediæval History," by Poul Vinogradoff; "Anglo-Chinese Commerce and Diplomacy: Mainly in the Nineteenth Century," by A. J. Sargent; "Court Minutes of the East India Company, 1635-1639," edited by W. Foster; "Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton," by Logan Pearsall Smith; "History of the Peninsular War," vol III., by Prof. C. W. C. Oman; "The Rise of the Greek Epic," by Gilbert Murray; and the third edition of A. E. Haigh's "Attic Theatre," revised and in part rewritten by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. The following additions will be made to the various series issued by the Clarendon Press: Oxford Poets: Thomas Campbell, edited by J. Logie Robertson; Tudor and Stuart Library: Shakespeare's "Sonnets and Lover's Complaint," with an introduction by W. H. Hadow; and Minor Poems of Drayton, chosen and edited by Cyril Brett; Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry: Coleridge's Literary Criticism; Poems of William Collins; and Selections from the Poems of William Clare, with an introduction by Arthur Symons; Oxford Classical Texts: Cicero's Speeches against Verres, edited by W. Peterson; Oxford Library of Translation; Hesiod, by A. W. Mair; and Heine's "Buch der Lieder," by J. Todhunter; Oxford Modern French Series: "Voyage aux mers polaires," by Lieut. René Bellot, edited by H. J. Chaytor; "Servitude et grandeur militaires," by Alfred de Vigny, edited by C. L. Freeman; and "Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre," by Octave Feuillet, edited by J. Laffite; Oxford Higher French Series: "Iambes et poèmes," by Auguste Barbier, edited by Ch. M. Garnier; "Contes et nouvelles," by Prosper Mérimée, edited by J. E. Micheli; and "La Légende des siècles," by Victor Hugo, edited by G. F. Bridge.

The McClure Co.—as McClure, Philips & Co., is henceforth to be called—announces for immediate publication two new volumes in the Temple edition of Molière: "Les Femmes savantes" and "Les Jalousies de Barbouille." The same house has begun a series of monographs "to present authoritative studies, in brief compass, of principal personalities and topics in contemporary literature and art." The series is edited by Georg Brandes, three volumes being now ready: "Richard Wagner as Poet," "Maxim Gorki," and "Aristotle."

Twenty-four new titles will be added this year to the World's Great Classics edited by Henry Morley and published in this country by A. Wessels Co. Sterne, Browning, Dickens, Goldsmith, Tennyson, and Poe are among the authors represented.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing this week "A Year in Russia," by Maurice Baring; "English Church Furniture," by J. Charles Cox and Alfred Harvey; and "The Care of the Body," by Francis Cavanaugh. To their New Universal Library they are adding Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," and Macaulay's "History of England."

Henry Holt & Co will publish soon a volume of essays on "The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," by William Morton Payne. The book contains studies of Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne.

George III. and his court have been the subject chosen by Lewis Melville for two volumes of historic reminiscences and anecdotes. They will be published by Brentano's as "Farmer George."

The Franciscan Fathers at St. Michaels, Arizona, propose to publish the Dictionary of the Navajo Language, upon which they have been engaged for the past ten years. The dictionary will contain a series of articles on Navajo religion, ceremonies, arts, and industries, each to be followed by a list of the Navajo terms employed, with more or less detailed explanation. This descriptive text will comprise articles on the industries, weaving, dyeing, silver working, basket-making, etc.; also lists of Navajo names of persons and places, star names, and names of plants and animals. The work may be best described as an ethnologic dictionary. It is proposed to print it at St. Michaels, Ariz. The edition will be limited to not more than 200 numbered copies, of which only 180 will be sold, at a price of $5 per copy. Stewart Culin of the Brooklyn Institute Museum has undertaken to bring the enterprise to the attention of scholars, and he will receive subscriptions.

Prof. Richard Holbrook of Bryn Mawr has discovered in Italy two unedited letters of Byron, one of them containing a mention of Allegra. He intends to publish them soon.

Frederick Law Olmsted's books on the ante-bellum South being long out of print, and copies hard to come by, the Putnams do well to go on with their reissue. They now add "A Journey in the Back Country," in two volumes. The late E. L. Godkin maintained that these travels of Olmsted deserved to rank higher than Arthur Young's in France. Certainly their minute observation, combined with wide range and sustained interest, strike one afresh on every re-reading.

"The Grandissimes," by George W. Cable, has been issued in a handsome illustrated edition for the holidays by Charles Scribner's Sons. The pictures are photogravure reproductions of drawings by Albert Herter. There are a dozen full-page and eight more smaller photogravures in the text.

"Great Golfers in the Making," edited by Henry Leach (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.), consists of slight autobiographical sketches by thirty-four exponents of the game, both professional and amateur. All but three of them are British. The stories are nearly all on one plan: Where I was born; when I got my first club; how I learned the game; where I won my first championship. Almost no direct instruction is given; but the theory of the book appears to be that golf fulfills the Arabian proverb that the fig-tree, looking on the fig-tree, becometh fruitful.

"Afield with the Seasons," by James Buckham (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), consists of brief essays on the most familiar sights and sounds of nature near home. The book would make much more enjoyable reading were it less heavily burdened with flowery and sentimental comparisons. It is disappointing to turn from such virile work as that of Thoreau, Sharpe, and Burroughs in his earlier days, to such desultory, shallow observations as these. Here and there an apt phrase occurs, as where the note of the cuckoo is likened to "a little muffled French clock striking twelve over and over again among the leaves"; but reiterated descriptions and forced similes in regard to the notes of song sparrows, robins, and bluebirds make but poor literature. The text is hardly worthy the title and decorative cover of the book.

Despite the fact that the life of the late Postmaster-General Henry C. Payne, which has been compiled by his friend William W. Wight and printed in Milwaukee for private distribution, is frankly eulogistic, it is an interesting and in many respects a valuable book. Mr. Payne was one of the cleverest and most astute politicians which this country has produced in the last quarter of a century. And he was rather a political manager than a political "boss." His strength lay more in his adroitness as a campaign organizer than in building up a machine based on patronage. His machine was the "Republican machine," not the "Payne machine." His long and successful career in business and politics was rounded out with his service as Postmaster-General in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Here he was looked upon as the politician of the Cabinet, but he also proved to be the business man. He tried to administer his great department in a thoroughly business-like fashion. It was during his term that the widespread scandals were unearthed and punished. Mr. Payne made the mistake of discrediting the charges at first, and of believing that whatever evils existed could be quietly wiped out without undue publicity. But he came to see that such a course was impossible with offences so grievous, and he then proceeded to clean house with all the thoroughness of which he was capable. The account of the discovery and prosecution of these offenders has probably never been more fully or more fairly told than by Mr. Wight.

New light on the founding of America's great cities is always a matter of more than local interest. It is for this reason that Edward S. Mack's paper on "The Founding of Milwaukee" in the Proceedings of the Forty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Wisconsin State Historical Society (Madison, 1907) is worthy of notice. Hitherto the French trader Solomon Juneau, who established himself on the site of Milwaukee in 1818, and in 1846 became its first mayor, has been generally accepted as the principal founder of the town. Mr. Mack's investigations, substantiated by recently discovered documents, go to show that the project for building a town at this point originated with Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay, a pioneer judge and Congressman, who suggested the plan to Juneau, and became the controlling partner in the enterprise. Other articles in the same volume worthy of mention are P. V. Lawson's "Habitat of the Winnebago, 1632-1832," and

V. S. Pease's sketch of Agoston Haraszthy, a Hungarian nobleman who, driven from his native land for political reasons, became a pioneer of Wisconsin in its Territorial days.

The third volume of the "Report on the American Manuscripts in the Royal Institution of Great Britain," issued by the English Historical Manuscripts Commission, includes the papers from July, 1782, to March, 1783. It was a time of comparative quiet, when conditions were foreshadowing peace, and all parties were preparing to settle the many little questions that would follow an actual agreement. Hostilities had ceased, and the British were concentrating their forces in the places most convenient for a final withdrawal. Some prisoners of war were being exchanged, an event which for years political considerations had prevented, and Congress even now was clogging; and the formal interchange of notes gave opportunity for the expression of courteous and even friendly wishes. "I have the pleasure to inform your Excy." wrote Sir Guy Carleton to Rochambeau, in August, 1782, "that I learn by the last pacquet from England that conferences are opened at Paris for a general pacification, an event which instead of these cold intercourses, may give me the happiness and honour of embracing your Excellency in peace." The Loyalists, though still embodied in corps, were turning towards Nova Scotia, where inducements to settle provided against disagreeable meetings with their former friends in the States. Some of the papers relate to the trial of Lippincott and the Asgill affair; but the larger part refer to claims, payments, and details, which are not of a warlike character. Light is thrown on the removal of the negroes, the relations with the Indians, and the efforts to force or entice the Hessians from the King's service. Nor should the few letters of Arnold escape notice, indicating a part of the price he paid for his treachery. The calendar has been carefully prepared by Henry J. Brown.

The second edition of "Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life," by W. R. Boyce Gibson (The Macmillan Co.)—an excellent statement of Eucken's practical philosophy—differs from the first in that it contains an appendix dealing with the Jena professor's doctrine of "Activism." Activism is a form of Pragmatism, but the difference between the two theories is thus explained by Eucken:

> The Pragmatism which has lately made so much headway, especially among English-speaking peoples, is more inclined to shape the world and life in accordance with human conditions and human needs, than to invest spiritual activity with an independence in relation to these, and apply its standards to the testing and sifting of the whole content of our human life.

But Eucken's Activism is especially opposed to the "prevailing Æstheticism of today," which found its ablest representative in the late Eduard von Hartmann. Activism has in view the happiness of the common people, while Æstheticism is esoteric—the philosophy of an élite. The nature of Activism is best exhibited in its application to religion. According to the Activists, Christianity is in its essence "the truest type of religion, since it best answers the question, What can religion do for life?" This view has been made, in more than one country, the foundation of a new Christian apologetic.

Rudolf Eisler's "Geschichte der Wissenschaften" (Leipzig: Weber) is an attempt to present within the compass of one volume, and not a very large one, the most salient facts in the development of scientific endeavor. On the whole, the author has succeeded well and has produced an admirable guide, not merely for ready reference. The sections dealing with modern times might seem somewhat overloaded with names, at times surnames only, which has led to some confusion; for instance, in the case of the two Swedish writers, the historian C. G. Malmström, and the literary historian B. E. Malmström. The chapter on History, which includes literary history, may be taken as an example to point a few cases which should be rectified in a new edition. Among Swedish historians we miss such names as H. Hjärne and O. Alin; among literary historians the most important of all, P. D. A. Atterbom, G. Ljunggren, and H. Schück; we find J. Tickner among American historians, but Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, seems to be unknown to the author. H. Hettner is given as author of "Literaturgeschichte des 18. Jahrhunderts," and again under English literature, where we look in vain, however, for the name of J. Scherr. H. Hallam's "Constitutional History of England" is given by title, but not his "Middle Ages"; and while a great number of German works on *Methodik* are enumerated, that by V. Langlois and C. Seignobos, which perhaps is more valuable than all the others, is not mentioned. On the whole, it might be said that *Hilfswissenschaften*, such as bibliography and methodology, have been slighted all through the book. The list of histories of the various sciences at the end of the volume is a useful addition, but the index, as only too often in places where such a tool would be of value, is a rather weak point.

A further indication of recent conservative tendencies in New Testament research is seen in the work of Prof. H. Lietzmann of Jena, entitled "Wie wurden die Bücher des Neuen Testaments heilige Schriften?" (Tübingen: Mohr) constituting No. 21 of the Lebensfragen edited by Prof. H. Weinel. Lietzmann, himself a protagonist of advanced theology, declares that it has now become evident that the old contention of the critics assigning the Fourth Gospel to the middle of the second century, because of the recognized influence of Gnosticism in this as in other writings of John, is groundless; and that the Fourth Gospel could easily have been written as early as the year 80 A. D., although for other reasons he prefers to assign it to about 110 A. D. This change in the attitude of criticism is owing to the fact that Gnosticism became a factor in Christian thought, not about 150, as has been generally maintained, but that the movement began before Christ and from the outset accompanied the development of Christianity in the Greek world. Accordingly, the passages in Ignatius and Justin the Martyr, which represented early church tradition, but which were weakened in their interpretation to harmonize with the older critical view, are now accepted at their face value.

The house of Hinrichs in Leipzig has begun, under the general title of Vorderasiatische Bibliothek, to issue a series of transliterated and translated texts from the literatures of western Asia that promises to furnish the student of history, theology, and literature with rich material from the ancient Orient. These texts are accompanied chiefly by explanations of their historical importance, the philological data being subordinate. The whole series is to fill perhaps three hundred sections, octavo, each of sixteen pages, to cost fifty pfennige; and each year to bring about twenty-five sections. As elaborated so far, the work will furnish inscriptions under six heads, viz.: Old Babylonian Kings, Assyrian Kings, Neo-Babylonian, The Achaemenides and Later Rulers, South Arabian, and North Semitic. There will also be Chronicles, Leases and Other Property Documents, Letters, including those of Tel-el-Amarna, Legal Texts, and Mythological Texts. Most of the material naturally is more or less old, but unpublished texts are also promised. The first volume of the series has appeared as a volume of 275 pages, entitled, "Die sumerischen und akkadischen Königsinschriften," edited by Fr. Thureau-Dangin. These inscriptions are arranged under twenty-one heads, evidently chronologically. An appendix follows, together with lists of abbreviations, signs, and proper names. A second volume is to follow in the near future, "Die Amarna Tafeln," in eleven monthly instalments. The series is not intended exclusively for specialists, but for scholars in general anxious to get as near as possible to primary sources.

The second of Putnam's French Classics for English Readers is Montaigne, edited by Prof. Adolphe Cohn. With the aim of this series we are sufficiently in sympathy, although it may seem unfortunate that the two first authors chosen, Rabelais and Montaigne, should necessarily be presented in so imperfect a form, Rabelais *pudoris*, and Montaigne *brevitatis causa*. Professor Cohn was wise in using Florio's translation, with its flavor of contemporaneity, rather than the more accurate version of Cotton. And no doubt it was well in general to select those essays which could be reproduced in full. But the result of applying this rule rigidly has been to make Montaigne look a little too regular and pointed, too much, in a word, like Bacon. And it has brought about one omission of a serious nature. The long essay called the "Apologie de Raimond de Sebonde" could not well be given complete in any book of selections; it would in fact leave no room for anything else in a volume of the size at Professor Cohn's disposal; but it would be perfectly easy, by omitting the long-winded excursions and irrelevancies, to reduce the "Apologie" to moderate compass, and Montaigne, without at least the heart of that essay, is simply not Montaigne. We must add that Professor Cohn's Introduction leaves much to be desired. No one expects or demands a profound disquisition at the beginning of a work professedly popular, but in view of the part played by Montaigne in French thought through Pascal and through innumerable other disciples, in view, too, of his important influence on English literature, a little more criticism and philosophy might certainly have been vouchsafed than Professor Cohn has deemed necessary, and, it may be added, in rather better English.

The Beilage of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 35, contains an instructive ar-

ticle on the secondary schools of Austria, and their proposed reform, from the pen of Dr. Hans Kleinpeter of Gmünden. While Germany has three kinds of secondary schools leading up to the university, each with a nine-year course, Austria has but two: the classical *gymnasium* with an eight-year course, and the scientific *realschule* with a curriculum of seven years. The former leads up to all the departments of the university, but its graduates are not admitted to the technological institutes; the latter does not admit to the theological, law, or medical departments of the university. One of the reforms in view is to equalize these schools in this respect as Germany has done with her three classes. A serious difficulty in Austria is the growing neglect of the languages as the basis of a humanistic preparation for the university, and the scientific studies are slowly crowding the classical into the background. As a result a Verein zur Erhaltung der klassischen Gymnasien has been organized for the purpose of contending against this innovation.

Following the examples of the Swiss, the Belgians, and the French, the Italians also have during the present season maintained so called summer universities, with special courses for foreigners. In Florence, particularly, an Associazione per la Difesa di Firenze moderna, with the assistance of the city authorities, is conducting such a summer institute during August, September, and October. The courses cover the study of the Italian language and literature, the history of Florence and of its arts, the interpretation of Dante's Divine Comedy, and kindred subjects.

David Masson, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, died at Edinburgh, October 7. He was born in 1822 in Aberdeen, and was educated at Marischal College, in that city, and at the University of Edinburgh. At the age of nineteen he began his literary activities in journalism in Aberdeen, but after two years of this work he went to Edinburgh, where he contributed to the magazines and engaged in other writing. In 1847 he settled in London. From 1853 until 1865 he was professor of English literature in University College, London; and from 1858 to 1865 he was editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. At the conclusion of this period, he returned to Edinburgh, where he became professor of English literature and rhetoric. This post he held till 1895; in 1893 he was made Historiographer Royal for Scotland. He was also honorary professor of ancient history at the Royal Scottish Academy. As a writer, Professor Masson was known chiefly for his books on literary themes. His "Essays, Chiefly on English Poets," which appeared in 1856, is still one of his best-known works. It was reprinted in three volumes with additions in 1874. The first volume of his "Life of John Milton, Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time," appeared in 1859, and by 1880 all six volumes of this monumental biography were in print; "British Novelists and Their Styles: a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction," appeared in 1859; "Recent British Philosophy," 1865; a biography, "Drummond of Hawthornden," 1873; "The Three Devils: Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's," 1874; "De Quincey" in the English Men of Letters Series," 1885; "Carlyle Personally and in His Writings," 1885; "Edinburgh Sketches and Memories," 1892. As an editor, Professor Masson was one of the most industrious men of his time. He prepared a library edition of Milton's poetical works, in three volumes, with introduction and notes. He also edited two smaller editions of the same poet. He was the editor of De Quincey's collected works in fourteen volumes. Between 1880 and 1889 he prepared for publication the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, volumes III.-XV. (1578-1627), for which he wrote introductions. He was also the author of many magazine articles, and a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Dr. Ludwig Busse, professor of philosophy at Halle and President of the Kant Society, has just died at the age of forty-five. Among his publications are: "Beiträge zur Entwickelungsgeschichte Spinozas," and "Streifzüge durch die japanisch-ethische Literatur der Gegenwart."

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton; edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Volume X. The Restoration. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

As this great work, now beginning to near completion, goes steadily on its way, it gathers in each successive volume fresh contributors. Some of them are comparatively new to us, and probably to most readers, but all are pervaded by the same spirit of thoroughness and business-like attention to careful statement which characterized their predecessors in earlier volumes. The present volume contains chapters by seventeen authors. Four of these belong to Continental Europe. Émile Bourgeois, professor in the University of Paris, writes two chapters on French history, which deal with the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe; Carlo Segrè, professor in the University of Rome, treats of Italy from 1815 down to the Calabrian rising in 1848; Rafael Altamira, professor in the University of Oviedo, describes the course of events in Spain during the same period; while to Russia and Poland are devoted two chapters from the pen of Dr. Szymon Askenazy, professor in the University of Lemberg. Among the English writers, Lady Blennerhasset; F. A. Kirkpatrick of Trinity College, Cambridge; Professor I. G. Robertson, H. W. C. Davis, E. A. Berrians, Prof. J. H. Clapham, Prof. Shield Nicholson of Edinburgh and W. J. Courthope (the eminent author of an elaborate history of English literature), appear for the first time in this work.

The volume carries us into times which lie within the memory of men still living. It omits the United States, already handled in vol. VII., but it carries the story of the rest of the world so far down as to leave only two more volumes to complete it. The nearer the history gets to our own time, the greater becomes the difficulty of handling the enormous mass of material and of finding room for elucidations and reflections, as well as for the narrative of events. The writers and editors have thought that narrative is more important than comment; and some of the chapters are little more than a highly condensed chronicle of happenings, which leaves no space for sketches of personalities or for summings up of the general character of a period, or the general causes operative on it. Of this we are not prepared to complain. The narrative can hardly be made so interesting when it becomes a dry chronicle of occurrences; but, after all, an exact record of facts is the main thing. Such a record is really more needed the nearer we approach the days within our own memory, for most of us know least about those days, and it is hardest to find really good histories dealing with them.

The present volume has brought forcibly home to us the value of such an undertaking as "The Cambridge Modern History," because it gives within the covers of one volume, in the compass of eight hundred pages, a comprehensive account of all the chief events in Europe and Spanish America during the momentous years which lay between the fall of the Napoleonic empire and the beginning of those new political movements which date in England from 1832 and in the European Continent from 1846-48. The parallelism of political development among the great countries of central and western Europe during that period is remarkable. So is the parallelism in their literary tendencies. This makes it all the more needful to study each country in its relations to the others, and with the others in view. The plan of the book renders such a study much easier and more helpful than it could otherwise be.

Volume X. is entitled "The Restoration." Everywhere in Continental Europe, a restoration was inevitable when the flood of Napoleonic invasion had subsided; but it took different forms in each country; and the reaction against revolutionary ideas and methods which each country witnessed bore in each a character peculiar to itself. Sooner in some countries, later in others, the movement of reaction against the Revolution spent itself, and was followed by a new counter movement in a revolutionary direction. There were unusually few wars, for every state came more or less exhausted out of the struggle between Napoleonic France and the rest of Europe. But in every state there were intestine struggles and disorders. The Greeks rose against the Turks. There was fighting in Spain and in Portugal. France expelled the elder branch of the Bourbons in 1830, and gave an unquiet life to the Orleans monarchy, which crashed to the ground in 1848. Italy was kept in constant unrest by conspiracies which occasionally broke out in revolts. Germany, with less open disturbance and fewer plots, suffered from the repressive methods of her sovereigns, and saw all the more patriotic and enlightened spirits struggling against those methods, till discontent flamed forth in the revolutionary movements which immediately followed the period here described. England, having got over her revolutionary epoch in the seventeenth century, suffered comparatively little from the reaction against France and Napoleon; and when the time came for her to popularize further her government, she did it without bloodshed in 1832. The interest and importance of this period for the European Continent lie in the fact that it was the seed time for the great changes which followed between 1840 and 1871, and

which altered the whole map of Europe, creating national monarchies in Italy and Germany; dividing Austria, and establishing a constitutional monarchy in Hungary; setting up a democratic republic in France, and also narrowing her limits; reducing the area of Denmark, besides rendering the governments in nearly all the countries of Europe more constitutional than they had been before, and extinguishing the temporal power of the Pope.

One of the most instructive and best written chapters in the volume is that from the pen of Lady Biennerhassett, which traces the history of the Papacy and the Papal States from the restoration of Pius the Seventh to the election of Pius the Ninth. Advocates of the temporal power will find little to support their case in the description here given of the administration of this part of Italy, even under so good a man as Pius VII. and so capable and honest a statesman as Consalvi. Such a chapter as we find here is particularly useful, because this important branch of European history is hardly touched on in most of the current compendia, and seldom fairly dealt with even by those who have taken Italian history for their subject. Few phases of recent thought are more curious than the revival of Papalism as a doctrine, almost a philosophy, by Joseph de Maistre and Gioberti. Whether the theories these writers put forward had much practical effect or not upon the world—a point which neither Lady Biennerhassett nor M. Bourgeois discusses—they fell in with the current of opinion flowing at the time, an opinion which needed some foundation on which to establish ecclesiastical power as a bulwark against revolution; and they supplied principles to those who could not think out the principles which their own prejudices or emotions called for.

There were indeed many cross currents of opinion then running, and a chapter might well have been dedicated to an examination of them as they appeared in the several countries of Europe. Although the scheme of the history discountenances anything which approaches speculative treatment, a description of the various intellectual tendencies which were floating about in Europe and some of which were actually influencing politics, while others were forming the minds of the generation then coming to manhood and thereby determining the character of the epoch which began in 1848, would be of great value.

The introduction of chapters dealing with literary and scientific movements has been from the first one of the excellences of this series. In the present volume we find three such, all very well executed. Prof. Shield Nicholson writes upon the English economists from Adam Smith down to MacCullough, and in a terse manner indicates the contributions of each to the science which Smith may almost be said to have created. He does proper justice to the merits of Malthus, whom it is now the fashion to disparage. He brings out forcibly the fact that while the so-called orthodox economics were in full swing in the days of Malthus, James Mill, and Ricardo, there was also in existence another stream of opinion represented by the protests of Godwin against the existing structure of society, and by the attempts at collectivism which we associate with Robert Owen. He indicates that the fundamental notions that appear in the scientific socialism of Karl Marx had been already, some more, some less explicitly, given to the world by earlier English thinkers.

The other two chapters deal respectively with German and with English literature. Both are interesting; and the latter, by Mr. Courthope, has the qualities which readers of his remarkable book on the subject expect to find in all his work—fine taste, wide knowledge, and a graceful style. It is unfortunate that the plan of the book, placing America in a separate volume, has not permitted the literary movements of the United States to be treated in their connection with those of Europe. Mr. Courthope has, however, in a passage worth reading, sought to account for the powerful influence exercised by Byron in France, Italy, and Germany, as compared with the slight impression made there by four contemporary poets whom most people would now deem Byron's superiors, viz., Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. Mr. Courthope's view of the so-called Romantic movement deserves to be set beside that given by Mr. Robertson in the account of German Romanticism which we find in chapter xii. The difference and agreement between the developments of the new literary tendency in the two countries are thus brought more sharply into view. Both English and German Romanticism passed away; nor has any movement of equal force arisen to replace them. It is worth noting that German writers have exerted a comparatively feeble influence upon English. Walter Scott owed something to Goethe and to some of Goethe's contemporaries, such as Bürger and Tieck. Thomas Carlyle owed something to Goethe and to Richter. But those who wrote in English were less touched by German or French writers than both Germany and France were affected by Byron and by Walter Scott. On the other hand, Wordsworth, who left so deep an impression upon English poetry, scarcely moved the European continent at all.

In the period covered by this volume there is, of course, no single figure of what may be called European magnitude comparable to Napoleon. Neither, indeed, is the period, if we pass in review the several states of Europe, an age of great men. Royer-Collard, Villèle, Guizot, and Thiers in France; Canning, Castlereagh, Lambton (Lord Durham), and O'Connell in England, were remarkable men, but hardly as interesting as Bolivar, the hero of South American independence, or such representatives of intellectual movements as Chateaubriand and Jeremy Bentham. If the previous age is described as that of the soldiers, for round Napoleon and Wellington there were many brilliant military figures, this post-Revolutionary age may be called that of the diplomatists. The great Powers of Europe, having undertaken to deal collectively with the difficulties which the Napoleonic *bouleversement* of Europe had created, were constantly in communication with one another, and their leading spirits in each state were bent on exerting their influence on their neighbors. Even after the Holy Alliance had ceased to exist the ideas embodied in it held their ground at the Courts of Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. Thus one may say that the most conspicuous figures of the time, and certainly the most remarkable international figures, were Metternich and Consalvi. The next generation saw the emergence of new types in statesmanship, men who either leaned upon the people, like Cavour and Gladstone, or at least knew how to use and profit by popular sentiment, like Bismarck. What gives to the period from 1815 to 1848 its permanent historical importance is that the doctrines of nationality and popular sovereignty, which were destined to work such mighty changes, were being quietly prepared, and were imperceptibly making way during a time when reaction still reigned, and Metternich guided the policy of half the European Continent.

CURRENT FICTION.

Major Vigoureux. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Q," who is as capable of realism as the next man, maintains as a rule a genial preference for romance. He is apparently satisfied, as Stevenson was, with his rôle of master-entertainer. The character of Major Vigoureux might easily have been made the subject of a sterner treatment, but he is handled very lightly, and the whole story kept upon the romantic comedy plane. The major is commandant of a dismantled and half-forgotten naval post on certain inconsequent islands off the English coast. The garrison has dwindled to two, and their duties are simply to wait upon the commandant. He has lost his authority in the islands, and what with shame and apathy is in a fair way to lose all interest in life. He still receives his full pay, but fancies it must be continued through oversight; yet, for not ungenerous reasons, he lets the matter drift on. To the islands, under most picturesque conditions, comes an extraordinary person. She is a native of the islands who has left them as a girl to prepare for a public career, and after a great success as a singer, returns by a homing instinct to the little lonely isles of her birth. She is, in truth, a somewhat fantastic figure, dealing much in mystification and subterfuge, the uses of which do not always appear. However, she is the *deus ex machina* by whom all things are made straight. The tale is a most agreeable literary confection.

Three Weeks. By Elinor Glyn. New York: Duffield & Co.

About eight years ago, judging by "The Visits of Elizabeth," Elinor Glyn rightly impressed the world as fairly modern. In her present book she seems to have withdrawn into the early manner of—let us suggest E. Marlitt; every i is dotted, every t crossed, every event carefully, not to say obviously, prearranged. It would not so much matter that the plot is a perfect farrago of nonsense—of faithful Balkan servitors, kings in the offing (and the very queerest little baby of all the queerly fathered babies in fiction)—if the book were in the least amusing. But the sprightly wit of Elizabeth has vanished. The attempt at sentimental love making is positively disconcerting. The whole leaves a bewildering doubt—has Elinor Glyn become perfectly indifferent to her reputation or, by any

mischance, is she beginning to take herself seriously? Unfortunately, several reputable libraries have tabooed this production on the score of immorality. If it had been for dulness and silliness, the cause of virtue would have been better served than by lending such rubbish the alluring glamour of impropriety.

The Car of Destiny. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: The McClure Co.

There is no reason why Mr. and Mrs. Williamson should not write fifty more novels on the same plan as this. For variety they could change the setting, the names of the persons, and the incidents. That would be enough. This is a description of several of the more interesting Spanish cities, strung on the thin threads of an automobile trip and a love story. The hero and the heroine fall in love—of course at first sight—at Biarritz. The heroine and her mother are whisked off through Spain in an automobile by the wicked Spanish duke whom this scheming mother wishes the daughter to marry. The hero follows in his automobile. The account of the roads, the country, and the towns is broken by the incidents of the chase—some of them highly melodramatic. The characters are equally theatric—mere lath and pasteboard. At the end the treacherous duke gets his deserts and the hero gets the lady; but so unconvincing is the characterization, that marriage as well as misadventure leaves the reader cold.

The Discoveries in Crete, and their Bearing on the History of Ancient Civilization. By Ronald M. Burrows. Pp. xvi., 244. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Scholars have looked to Crete for the solution of several important archæological problems; and since the withdrawal of the Turkish forces and the erection of a stable government made explorations practicable on that island, these excavations have been conducted with energy and have been followed with unusual interest by the general public. To uncover palaces and cities three or four or five thousand years old, and to find these unexpectedly modern in some of their appointments and comforts, with the arts highly developed, is a fascinating enterprise. The most extensive and exciting of these excavations have been conducted on the site of the ancient palace of Minos at Cnosus, or Knossos; and of this work, its leader, Dr. Arthur Evans, has rendered very prompt and satisfactory accounts, chiefly in the Annual of the British School of Athens, while the readers of the *Nation* have had excellent summary reports from time to time in letters from Oxford. But these excavations have continued for six years, and comparatively few American scholars have been able to combine and correlate the reports of the work of Dr. Evans at Cnosus, of the Italians at Phæstus (published not very promptly, and chiefly in the Monuments of the Lincei), of the work of our countrywoman, Miss Harriet Boyd (now Mrs. C. H. Hawes) at Gournia and Kavusi, of the excavations of the British at Palæokastro, of the discoveries of Mr. Myers in the cave at Kamáres, and of Mr. Hogarth in the Dictæan Cave—the fabled birthplace of Zeus—few scholars, we say, have been able to group all this material so as to secure a definite and harmonious picture which could be brought into comparison with the Mycenæan remains in Europe and with the discoveries of the British at Phylacopi on Melos. A general survey of the field was much desired, even though it must be tentative and preliminary, and leave many questions unsolved. For such a survey, our author seems well fitted. Evidently he has not only seen the excavations and the museum at Candia, and learned the last dates assigned in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; he is in close relations with the excavators, and he has command of a large mass of publications—what is known as the "literature" of the subject.

The book, however, is not a handbook of discoveries in Crete, from which the reader may gain definite information with regard to every part of the field. The author avoids everything that might look like statistics, and prefers to give information discursively and indirectly. The reader would look in vain if he desired to learn when or how long the Italians were engaged in their excavations at Phæstus, or anything about the discovery of the Gortyna inscription with the famous code of laws. The statement with regard to Miss Boyd's work occupies only half a page, and is entirely inadequate. Doubtless much more would have been said about this, if her recent beautiful publication had been made earlier. Only the first two of the twelve chapters are devoted to anything like an exact account of the discoveries. After that the author seems to be writing for those who know what he means when he speaks of "The linear writing of Class A" (nowhere in this book made more definite), and who have open before them several volumes of the Annual of the British School of Athens, and of the Journal of the Hellenic Society—which, as he truly says, ought to be in every public library. The book has no ordinary cuts—but four plates, all good: a ground plan of the palace at Cnosus, a sketch-map of Crete, marking the sites of archæological interest, a strata section of one part of the excavations at Cnosus, and two vases from Agia Triada, near Phæstus. The first of these is particularly good and welcome, but little reference is made to it in the book itself. More illustrations would have been acceptable, but the author's descriptions are generally simple and intelligible, and he conveys a large amount of information incidentally.

The greater part of the book, chapters iii.-xii., is given to the discussions indicated in the second part of the title—the bearing of the Cretan discoveries on the history of ancient civilization. The author admits no doubt that Cnosus was the centre of the development of this culture, and so does not discuss this question. Between the neolithic age and the age of geometric ornament of pottery, Dr. Evans distinguishes nine periods, in an easily remembered scheme—Early Minoan, Middle Minoan, and Late Minoan, each in three divisions. Early Minoan I. is thought to correspond to the first four dynasties of Egypt. Dr. Evans takes a mean between the 3315 B. C. of Eduard Meyer and the 5510 B. C. of Mr. Petrie and assigns it indefinitely to the fourth millennium B. C. Middle Minoan begins about 3000 B. C. and extends to 1800 B. C. Late Minoan II., closing with the sack of Cnosus and Phæstus, begins about 1600 B. C., and ends before 1400 B. C., according to Dr. Evans. Professor Dörpfeld sees no objection to setting the destruction of the great Cretan palaces nearer the time of the fall of Troy and the sack of Mycenæ, or about 1200 B. C. Since the most important arguments for the Cretan dates are the connexions with Egyptian history, and Cretan periods are equated with Egyptian periods, the Cretan dates must be accepted as provisional, subject to the determination of vexed questions in Egyptian chronology. Late Minoan III. follows the destruction of the palaces, and is made to correspond to what is ordinarily known as Mycenæan. Says the author (p. 100):

> The great lesson that Cretan discoveries have taught us is that the art of what we used to call the good or mature Mycenæan type, is not on the upward grade, soon to be arrested by a catastrophe, but on the downward grade, with its catastrophe well behind it.

Criticisms on the term Minoan, as applying to the whole long period the name of a king who lived near its close, are acknowledged to be just. The terms Ægean or Cycladic are thought possible—but not Carian or Mycenæan, though the Minoans were probably akin to the Carians, and on the catastrophe in Crete, many of the survivors may have found refuge with their kin in Asia Minor.

The Minoans, according to our author, were not of Greek blood, and did not speak the Greek language, but belonged to that dark Mediterranean race, "the most gifted in the world," to which the artistic impulses in Greece, Italy, and Spain have been due. The Indo-Europeans, he says, "were not the men who created the mid-European culture; they were rather the men who destroyed it" (p. 196). They did not come to Crete early enough vitally to affect the Minoan civilization. The real glory of Greece and Rome, according to this view, does not belong to our kinsfolk who came down from the North, and held sway for a time in the South. The language of the invader prevailed, but the blood of the pre-Aryan was more persistent. This question was argued at greater length by Professor Ridgeway half a dozen years ago.

In spite of his not allowing the Minoans to be Greeks, and though the Minoan civilization died out gradually, our author thinks the Minoan religion had very great influence on later times. "The supremacy of the woman," *i. e.*, of the nature-goddess, "still survived where the old population was the stronger, or where its cult was rooted in the traditions of some local sanctuary"; and Professor Burrows finds her as Aphrodite in Paphos or Eryx, as "intellectualized into Athena" in Attica, and as Hera, "the goddess of power," at Argos, while she held on at Cnosus as Rhea, the mother of Zeus, and even has her influence to-day in the pilgrimages to shrines of the Blessed Virgin. In the sanctuary of a snake-goddess in the palace of Cnosus a single square equal-limbed marble cross was found, which some archæologists think to have been simply decorative, but our author holds that this "suggests the reason

why the Greek world has always preferred that shape for the Christian symbol, as opposed to the Western 'Latin' cross, with its longer upright." All this is entirely fanciful, and cannot seriously be maintained.

Two criticisms may fairly be made upon the book. The English expression is often careless, and the tone in which the author refers to views with which he disagrees is unpleasant; what might pass in a familiar lecture is out of place here. The following sentence is a specimen of cryptic style which might be used as an example of what used to be called *enallage* (p. 78): [Mr. Evans's dates] "are not earlier than Berlin by nearly so many centuries as they are later than Sinai." The reader who opens the book here could hardly guess that this means simply: Mr. Evans's dates, it is true, are earlier than those proposed by Professor Meyer of Berlin, but they are much later than those maintained by Professor Petrie in his book on Sinai. The author ignores the fact that Professor Dörpfeld is still our highest authority on ancient architecture and all things pertaining to archæological excavations in Greek lands, and actually says that Dr Dörpfeld's architectural observations, with which he disagrees, were made in "seeking support" for a theory about the Carian civilization (p. 78); and Mr. Burrows uses with regard to Professor Dörpfeld the proverb *Quem deus vult perdere*. The views to which Mr. Burrows objects, according to his own statement, were based largely upon the report of Dr. Evans's paper, presented at the Archæological Congress at Athens in 1905, as published in the official *Comptes Rendus*. Surely, under these circumstances, gentle language toward Dr. Dörpfeld would be in place. if he were only the peer of the author. And, even if he were less distinguished than he is, he would deserve special consideration in view of the unusual courtesy and openness of mind which he has shown in archæological discussions.

The last chapter of the book has an interesting title, "Crete and the Homeric Poems," but most of the matter is an irrelevant argument against the unity of the poems. The author does not discuss the relation of the Achæan to the Minoan civilization, but says rightly, "the most important contribution that Crete has made to the Homeric Problem is that it has emphasized for us the greatness of the art whose memories are preserved in the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.'" In obvious oblivion of the Homeric description of the Phæacian city, however, the author thinks that this was Cnosus, which was not fortified, nor on a promontory and accessible only by a narrow isthmus.

The Dawn of Modern Geography, Vol. III.: A History of Exploration and Geographical Science from the Middle of the Thirteenth to the Early Years of the Fifteenth Century (c. A. D. 1260-1420). By C. Raymond Beazley. New York: Henry Frowde. $6.50.

In the completion of his great work Mr. Beazley has done and more than done for the Middle Ages what Bunbury did for ancient times in his "Ancient Geography." We now possess in English a complete history of exploration and of geographical ideas from Homer to Prince Henry the Navigator. Mr. Beazley's work is indispensable both to students of the discoveries and of mediæval culture. We are somewhat disposed, however, to quarrel with his title and to think that "History of Geography in the Middle Ages" would have been more apt. The date where he stops, 1420, is more strictly that of the "Dawn of Modern Geography." From that date geographical knowledge is continuously and systematically extended and its conceptions revolutionized; such changes more properly denote the dawn than a long period which includes the decay, the standstill, and the beginnings of a revival of knowledge.

Going over Mr. Beazley's pages, one cannot fail to be struck with the great activity in exploration and travel exhibited in the century and a half before Prince Henry, by merchants, pilgrims, and missionaries. The narratives of these journeys Mr. Beazley has summarized, and in each case he has indicated the specific addition to knowledge. His first appendix enumerates the leading manuscripts extant of the texts of the authors reviewed in Vols. II. and III. and marks by an asterisk those which he has personally examined. The number of manuscripts of a writer and explorer is an interesting index of the relative diffusion and popularity of his work. Thus of Odoric de Pordenone (1286-1331), one of the most noted of the missionary travellers, there are seventy-three manuscripts in Latin, Italian, and French; of Marco Polo (1254-1324), the Venetian merchant, the greatest of the Christian travellers of the Middle Ages, there are eighty-five manuscripts in the same three languages; while of the fictitious travels of Sir John Mandeville there have come down to us 202 manuscripts in Latin, English, and French. By this comparison it will be seen that Mandeville had nearly three times the circulation of Polo. The printed editions tell about the same story.

The "Book of Sir John Mandeville," believed by Samuel Purchas to be the genuine record of the "greatest Asian traveller (after Polo) that ever the world had," is now known to be the ingenious, if unscrupulous, compilation of a physician of Liège, which was first issued between 1357 and 1371. As indicated by the number of manuscripts, its popularity far exceeded that of his principal genuine sources, Odoric de Pordenone and William of Boldensel. Indeed, the English version became a classic. A copy of the "Book of Sir John Mandeville" was in the possession of Columbus, and its notions reappear in his writings. Mr. Beazley, in a note, gives in brief the sources of the various sections. Of Marco Polo, the most interesting manuscript copy was the one presented by the Signory of Venice about 1428 to Prince Pedro of Portugal, a brother of Prince Henry the Navigator. Of the printed editions none compare in interest with the Latin one, translated by Friar Pipino, which was owned and abundantly annotated by Columbus and is still extant in the Colombina at Seville. That the great sailor based his explorations equally on data supplied by the real traveller and the ingenious compiler, need not surprise us to-day. In the first place, the materials of literary criticism did not exist; but second and more important, those facts in regard to the Pacific coast of Asia, in which Columbus was particularly interested, are treated by Polo in almost as fabulous a manner as by the author of "The Book of Sir John Mandeville."

Among the minor topics which Mr. Beazley discusses and on which his conclusions are given, are the Doria-Vivaldi voyage down the west coast of Africa in 1291, a two-century anticipation in its purpose of Columbus; the alleged Dieppese voyages to the west coast of Africa; and the colony of La Mine, 1364-1410, the genuineness of which he rightly denies. The tale of the discovery of Madeira by the romantic runaway lovers, Robert Machin and Ana de Arfet. Mr. Beazley characterizes as "a matter of no great importance," for, if genuine, it was "neither a true discovery nor likely to have had a determining effect upon Prince Henry, a careful student of older and better sources," relating to the Madeiras. The Zeni voyages to Frisland, Estotiland, and Drogio, so speciously defended by the late John Fiske in his "Discovery of America," are, in accordance with the researches of Storm and Lucas, rejected as legendary and fictitious.

Mr. Beazley considers in considerable detail the development of map-making, and reproduces by photographic process both maps and sailing manuals (*portulani*). Less fully than in the earlier volumes, the work of the non-Christian geographers is surveyed, but interesting and adequate summaries are given of the work of Edrisi and Ibn Batuta. Taken all in all, Mr. Beazley's third volume fitly crowns his work.

Die Literatur der Babylonier und Assyrer. Von Otto Weber. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 5 marks.

Dr. Weber's work is to be recommended as a safe guide to those who wish to obtain a general survey of the literary productions that accompanied the remarkable civilization of the Euphrates Valley thousands of years ago. Naturally a greater part of these productions are not literature in any modern sense of the term, such as the business documents, the school texts, the official letters, the astrological reports, medical works, and the collections of omens, but they are properly included in a volume such as Dr. Weber's; for such texts, even more than the literature proper, illustrate the intellectual activity of ancient Babylonia and Assyria. That activity was largely directed into practical channels. Such sciences as flourished—notably medicine and astronomy—were cultivated because of their relationship to the life and the fate of individuals. Dr. Weber has, in the case of each of the many subdivisions of his theme, given a general survey followed by carefully chosen specimens; while the copious bibliographical references are of value to the special student as well as to the general reader in directing him to the sources for a fuller study of the subject. The literary division in the proper sense is represented by the prayers and hymns, the numerous myths, folk-tales, and more particularly by the famous Gilgamesh Epic.

Naturally, in order to bring the volume within reasonable proportions, Dr. Weber had to restrict somewhat the number and length of the specimens and extracts furnished, but in all cases the translations are sufficient to convey a fair view of the character of each sub-

division. His treatment of the school texts, which are exceedingly interesting because of the light that they throw on the pedagogical methods developed at a very early period, might have been somewhat fuller. Education, to be sure, was restricted chiefly to one class—to the priests and to those in training for the priesthood—but this limitation recognized, the provision made to secure a handing down of the knowledge and traditions of the past from one generation to the other was truly remarkable. Writing lessons, drills in grammar, mathematical exercises, commentaries on texts, examples of methods pursued in legal procedures and in divining the future, are abundantly illustrated in the texts that have in one form or another come down to us from the temple schools of Babylonia and Assyria. The chief source of our knowledge of this intellectual activity is still the royal library at Nineveh, discovered by Layard about fifty years ago and now stored, so far as recovered, in the British Museum. Though much of this material has been published, a considerable proportion yet remains to be studied.

It should be added that Dr. Weber's translations are made in all cases from a renewed study of the texts, and since he has in addition conscientiously consulted the studies made by other scholars, we can be certain to find in his renditions the reflection of the present-day knowledge. In a growing subject such as Assyriology this is important. Renditions ten years old become antiquated because of the steady progress in our knowledge of the language spoken in Babylonia, and it is necessary therefore from time to time to study the texts anew and embody the results of increased knowledge. Dr. Weber has done this for hundreds of texts, and for this service also merits the gratitude of all students of ancient culture.

The Growth of Christianity. By Percy Gardner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Dr. Gardner will be remembered favorably as the author of "Exploratio Evangelica," one of the most able and useful productions of Broad Church Anglicans. The theme of the present volume, which is in the form of ten popular lectures, is the relations of Christianity with the various forms of culture and thought with which it has come into contact. The germ of Christianity is found in the Lord's prayer, and specifically in the petition, "Thy will be done," and its essential spirit is defined accordingly as a passionate devotion to the will of God as operative in the world. This vital plant of pure spiritual religion, which flourished in such simple beauty in the life of Jesus and his Apostles, has been obliged to maintain and increase itself in the most diverse environments and amid surroundings of all degrees of favor and untowardness. In Dr. Gardner's opinion the plant has preserved its essential character and virtue. Historic Christianity, despite degeneracy and corruption, is Christianity still. But as the Galilean faith was brought in contact with the great civilizations of the ancient world, it was compelled to absorb into itself many of their attributes, and to modify its outward forms accordingly. Dr. Gardner contends that such absorption of what is necessary for its growth is an inherent right of a living faith, and the modifications of Christianity under the influence of Greek thought, Asian mysticism, and Roman life, he describes as the "Baptism of Hellas," the "Baptism of Asia," the "Baptism of Rome." He contends that "ideas, thoughts, and beliefs, no less than persons, can be raised from a lower to a higher plane, can be changed in character, translated from the language of the ordinary and sensual life, or from the language of superstition, to that of the true life of the spirit." His lectures are therefore an essay in apologetics, defending the right of Christianity to include beliefs and practices which did not come within the vision of its Founder, but asserting at the same time an inner principle and essential characteristic which marks the bounds of possible assimilation, and excludes much which has been baptized into the name of Christ, though not into his spirit.

Dr. Gardner has surveyed the growth and progress of the Christian faith from a very interesting point of view. The reconciliation of a spiritual religion, existent in the forms of an outward culture, with the life and thought of a larger day, is always a difficult problem for those who are engaged in it, and a profitable object of study for those who can contemplate it as accomplished. The passion for the discovery of the essence of Christianity has led some to careless condemnation of all that was not in Galilee, and the bulb has been lost in the convolutions which have been discarded. Dr. Gardner discerns the essential spirit as clearly as any man, but does not make the fatuous blunder of regarding all that has transpired since the days of Paul as apostasy and sin. In contrast with Cardinal Newman, whose "Development of Christian Doctrine" he lauds perhaps too highly, he does not argue that Christianity grew by making explicit, by logical processes, what was implicit in its earlier teaching, but rather that it "expanded very largely by accepting what was in no way involved in its earlier teaching, in accepting and baptizing the results of the working of divine ideas in other fields than those of Judaism and Christianity." His view that the contributions of the nations to the Christian faith have been truly "baptized," transformed, and spiritualized, in many cases at least, may awaken new interest in the discussion as to the essence of Christianity which was begun by Harnack and Loisy.

The Theory of Good and Evil: A Treatise on Moral Philosophy. By Hastings Rashdall. 2 vols. New York: Henry Frowde.

This is the most considerable philosophical work yet undertaken by the well-known author of "The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages." While written primarily for the undergraduate, it nevertheless exceeds contemporary text books such as Muirhead's "Elements of Ethics," and Mackenzie's "Introduction to Ethics," in both range and thoroughness. As the author admits at the outset, there is nothing very original in his solution of the problems of moral philosophy. His aim is to elucidate, correct, and harmonize the older and truer ideas rather than to advance new theories. Yet we regret his laborious rehearsal of ancient controversies. Why should it be necessary again to argue the old charges against Kant's rigorism and Mill's qualitative hedonism, unless on the ground of a fresh examination of fundamental conceptions? Not only is the present book tedious by its superfluous historical discussions, but the constructive part is confused by the continual criticism of contemporary writers. Thus the author's account of "Vocation," though admirable in design, is merged into a gratuitous criticism of Martineau. Discussions of the problem of evil are appended to the study of Mr. Bradley; and there are lengthy criticisms of opinions which Professor Taylor once held but has recently retracted. It is to be regretted that Mr. Rashdall did not proceed directly to investigate the problems of ethics in the light of experience and of reason. As it is, his statement of his own view is too thin and intermittent to be effective.

In the first volume, Mr. Rashdall deals with the fundamental conceptions of ethics. His general theory may be stated in his own words:

> I have sought to show that the way to find out whether an action is right or wrong, when we are forced to consider such a question for ourselves without reference to some established rule, is to consider whether it will tend to produce for society in general a well-being or Εὐδαιμονία or good, which includes many elements possessing different values, which values are intuitively discerned and compared with one another by the moral or practical Reason. . . . This view of Ethics which combines the utilitarian principle that Ethics must be teleological with a non-hedonistic view of the ethical end, I propose to call Ideal Utilitarianism.

The elements of the good to which our attention is mainly directed are pleasure and virtue. According to Ideal Utilitarianism, virtue is the dominant element in the good, but pleasure and other elements have also intrinsic values of their own. Without criticising this theory at length, we may at least notice a fundamental difficulty. While, on the one hand, we are repeatedly told elsewhere that ethics should be teleological, on the other hand the author contends that virtue must be regarded as an element and as the dominant element in the good. These two ideas when united produce obscurity and confusion as the following passage shows:

> The view that we have arrived at is that the morality of our actions is to be determined ultimately by its tendency to promote a universal end, which end itself consists of many ends, and in particular two—Morality and pleasure.

It is certain that Mr. Rashdall has not sufficiently matured his doctrine to make it logically intelligible. The reader is left in doubt whether morality is valid because it is rationally deduced from a conception of the ultimate good, or because it is intuitively apprehended as a constituent part of the ultimate good. It is impossible to reconcile these alternatives or to adopt either of them without fundamental revision. If morality, or the life of duty, is to be established as the principle which is conducive to the supremely worthy end, it is necessary to define that end and then make it the foundation of the whole system. Only in direct relation to a single universal end is it possible to establish the universal validity of morals. For if there is no conception of a supreme end, if the good is but a collection, then, on teleological grounds, morality is a mere means to some particular end, and the mor-

al is the expedient. To avoid this conclusion, Mr. Rashdall shifts his ground and seeks to show that the supremacy of morality as an end is intuitively apprehended. This, it is evident, contradicts the explicit statement that the value of morality lies in its conduciveness to some end other than itself. But if we forsake the teleological principle utterly, the situation is equally unsatisfactory. Unlike thorough-going intuitionists, Mr. Rashdall does not affirm the exclusive, but only the supreme value of virtue. Yet by making virtue interchangeable with other values, such as pleasure and beauty, he plays into the hands of the hedonist.

In the second volume the author examines what he regards as the metaphysical implications of ethics, but he hardly proves the propriety of introducing such a discussion into a treatise on moral philosophy. He is doubtless right in contending that ethical principles are incomplete without some general philosophical foundation, but he does not show that this is true of ethics more than of other sciences. Ethics may assume a "continuous self," but it is equally true that physics assumes an identical material object. For critical definitions of both of these concepts, it is necessary to resort to metaphysics developed independently and with reference to the whole system of sciences. But Mr. Rashdall's ethical metaphysics is inevitably one-sided and unconvincing.

The discussion is generally sympathetic—often entertaining, and in attention to details the author has been industrious and thorough. Yet the final impression left upon the reader is that of logical looseness and structural weakness.

His Grace the Steward, and the Trial of Peers: A Novel Inquiry into a Special Branch of Constitutional Government. By L. W. Vernon Harcourt. Pp. xii., 500. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

This lengthy and erudite work falls into two divisions. The first describes the evolution of the Lord High Steward of England up to the reign of Henry VIII., and the second treats of the gradual working out of the principle that peers shall be judged only by their peers. In both sections it is Mr. Harcourt's delight to show the fraudulent basis of what have been honored as historic English institutions. His Grace the Steward of England had, for his original, simply the dapifer of the King's household, whose duties were little more honorable than those of milady's butler, and who had no prescriptive right to preside over any court whatever, or any right to bequeath to his son a dignity which he did not possess.

The second and more weighty half of Mr. Harcourt's book deals with the right of the peers of England to be judged in all cases of homicide, treason, and misprision of treason only by their peers. This peculiar right dates from 1400, when an act, supposedly based on the great English palladium of liberty, Magna Charta, was passed abolishing appeals in Parliament. Mr. Harcourt sets out to prove that in Magna Charta there is absolutely nothing which could justly be held to secure this right. He goes further, and shows that had Magna Charta been always correctly understood and accepted in its literal significance, it would have been no palladium of English liberty whatever—a conclusion in which Mr. Harcourt is in substantial agreement with Mr. McKechnie and other recent historians. As both Mr. McKechnie and Mr. Harcourt point out, however, it mattered little to the development of the English nation that Magna Charta was for centuries misunderstood. Into it were read the liberties which the people demanded. Its very name was a shield and a standard; and under its ægis Englishmen gained the rights which they only imagined that it was intended to confer upon them. It was not what it said, but what men thought it said, that gave it its influence in English political and social life.

It is not with Magna Charta as a whole, however, that Mr. Harcourt is concerned, but with chapter xxxix., on which the peers base their claim to peculiar privilege, and on which every Englishman used to believe that the sacred right of trial by jury was founded. In this chapter, King John pledged himself not to imprison, disseize, outlaw, exile, or otherwise destroy any freeman "except by the lawful judgment of his peers or the law of the land." It has long been evident to historians that this clause contains no mention of trial by jury. Nor, as Mr. Harcourt points out, does it establish for peers a right to a verdict from fellow peers. English sovereigns from Henry IV. to Henry VIII. felt that they fully conformed to the requirements, if they associated with themselves or with the presiding justice, some peers in the pronouncement of judgment. The formation of the Court of the High Steward for the trial of peers is traced by Mr. Harcourt not to the Great Charter or to 1400, the date assigned by Bishop Stubbs, and by Mr. Pike, author of the standard history of the House of Lords, but to the necessities and tyrannies of Henry VII. It was King Henry's determination to rid himself of the Earl of Warwick which brought about the institution of the Court of High Steward; and it was a similar necessity on the part of Henry VIII., when he thought his power threatened by the Duke of Buckingham, that secured its perpetuation. A fairly good precedent for such a court was to be found in 1415, when the Earl of Cambridge and Lord Scrope were condemned to death for treason by a court of peers presided over by the Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V.; but the precedent on which Henry VII. relied, dated 1400, was a complete forgery whose true date was probably not earlier than 1499. This forged precedent, strengthened by the true precedent of 1415, was sufficient to give an appearance of validity to the trial of the Earl of Warwick, and to avert the outcry that would have arisen over an illegal execution of that great noble. "This court," writes Mr. Harcourt, in summing up the results of his researches, "was a fraudulent device for the degradation of the nobility generally." "On these grounds," he concludes, "I think we are justified in asserting that the Lord High Steward's Court has an origin which is neither ancient, nor obscure, nor creditable."

Mr. Harcourt's book is scarcely intended for general reading. Almost half the volume is taken up with long quotations, in mediæval Latin or Norman French, from patent rolls, charters, year-hooks, and letters patent. Besides full footnotes, Mr. Harcourt adds to each of the twelve chapters an appendix of these extracts running sometimes to over twenty-five pages.

Red Russia. By John Foster Fraser. New York: The John Lane Co. $1.75 net.

Russia and Reform. By Bernard Pares. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Fraser's book calls for little serious attention. It is a journalistic piece of work, and that not of the highest kind. The pathetic, the dramatic, and the melodramatic are laid on with a heavy brush to the comparative exclusion of important fact or systematic presentation. Ample reason though there may be for comparing the present upheaval in Russia with the great Revolution of 1789 in France, there are writers who, in attempting to depict conditions in St. Petersburg cannot keep from dropping into the tone of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," with its wicked marquises galloping over the prostrate bodies of the *canaille* and lurid flames of Jacquerie lighting up the night. The present volume is an instance in point. It would have had far greater value if the text had been brought to equal in merit the large number of really excellent photographic illustrations.

In Mr. Pares's "Russia and Reform," we have to deal with a book of far different character. From one or two chance remarks in the course of its 568 large and closely printed pages, it would appear that the able correspondent of the London *Spectator* had set himself the task of producing a work that should rank with Mackenzie Wallace's classic volume on Russia; and on the whole, it may be said that he has succeeded in gaining a place close to Wallace and to Leroy-Beaulieu's "Empire des Tsars." In its range, method, and adequacy of knowledge and insight, it is certainly the best account that the Russian liberation movement which began in 1904, has brought forth. Its possible inferiority to the two standard works we have mentioned, in the matter of precision of analysis, may be due in considerable measure to the fact that Wallace and Leroy-Beaulieu were writing of an empire in its ordinary temper and condition, whereas our author has to deal with that empire in the turmoil of change and revolution. If certain parts, like the chapters on the Church or education, show a want of thorough, systematic, and complete treatment, they offer, on the whole, sufficient assistance towards the chief aim in mind, the comprehension of the forces now at work in the Czar's empire. On the other hand, the psychology of the Russian people, as important a factor as any that must be kept in mind by the student of Russian affairs, is portrayed with admirable insight, sympathy, and reserve. The chapter on the Lives of the Intelligents leaves little to be desired as a commentary on the character and ideals of men who are now remaking the history of Russia.

Mr. Pares is more successful in dealing with the present conditions than in treat-

ing of origins. The opening chapter, in which he sketches Russian history from the earliest times, suffers from a certain turgidity of style. He presumes a general acquaintance with the prominent facts of that history, and, in consequence, it is to be feared that the average reader will be insufficiently prepared for accepting the writer's broad conclusions concerning the nature of Russia's development, which, in the main, are sound enough, and certainly illuminating. When the narrative comes down to what is practically our own times, that is, the reign of Alexander III., it becomes at once more direct and more serviceable. In the same way, the long chapter on the Press and the Censorship, running back, as it does, into the eighteenth century, in an attempt at completeness of treatment, fails, in spite of its minuteness, to carry forward the story appreciably. On the other hand, the chapters on Law and the Administration, the Zemstvos and Town Councils, and the Progress of the Peasants, offer a satisfactory discussion of facts essential to a correct knowledge of present conditions.

To write of present events in Russia without a fairly definite point of view, would be extremely difficult. Mr. Pares's standpoint is that of the progressive conservative of English politics. His sympathies go out most readily to the group of moderate men, who, as Conservative Reformers, Octobrists, etc., have played a conspicuous, but on the whole not very effective, part in the history of the last three years. The more radical reformers, best represented by the Constitutional Democratic party, he is inclined to think well of, while deploring their alliance with the elements that stood for violence. The extreme revolutionaries are to the author a mistaken, though quite comprehensible, folk. His own standpoint does not betray Mr. Pares into partiality anywhere but in the last chapter, which gives a useful summary of the liberation movement since 1904. We find his account of the general strike of October, 1905, and of the events immediately following unsatisfactory. The impression is there conveyed that the strike was merely an interjected event, which did not greatly alter the general progress of the liberation movement, whereas, in reality, the historic days before and after October 30, 1905, witnessed the birth of a Constitutional Russia.

In Wildest Africa. By C. G. Schillings. Translated by Frederic Whyte. With over 300 photographic studies and other illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. $5 net.

This new work by the author of "With Flashlight and Rifle" consists mainly of nature studies in that part of the world where animal life is most abundant and man least evident, East Africa. Experiences and impressions of this life in its wonderfully varied forms, gained during long hours of watching by day and by night from a hill top, the branch of a tree, or the tent door, are here recorded, and the result is a book which is unique. As one reads of the stillness of the forest being broken by the rush of an elephant, a rhinoceros, or a herd of gazelles into the open, a photograph on the opposite page makes one realize the scene with extraordinary vividness. Not only the sights but the voices of the wilderness are described, from the songs of the birds, including larks and nightingales, to the laugh of the hyena and the roar of the lion. Among the most thrilling of these noises is the music of the gall-nuts, which have been perforated by ants, and, when the wind blows, fill the air with a melody like that of an Æolian harp. There are also detailed accounts of hunting expeditions after the big game of the region, often, it should be noted, to obtain pictures of them, not to slay them. Mr. Schillings, in fact, never loses an opportunity to plead for the preservation of this animal life, now threatened in German East Africa with extinction through indiscriminate slaughter. He devotes an entire chapter to an account of its needless destruction in South Africa in the last century, and of the measures adopted for its preservation, especially in the United States, by the establishment of reservations and "sanctuaries." The advocacy of this "great and noble task," which he urges upon all European travellers in the "wide hunting grounds of foreign lands," is one of the two main objects which he had in view in publishing his book.

The other was to give to the world another collection of his photographs—nature documents, as they have been aptly termed. These include almost every living creature of that region, from flamingos, pelicans, and storks to elephants, lions, and giraffes. Among the most interesting pictures are those of a hyena visible in the foreground and only the gleaming eyes of two others hidden in the bush, and of two bull-elephants with snow-white shining tusks. There are also numerous representations of camp life, one of which is a really charming group of a baboon and a little naked African child. With a view to help other travellers to secure trustworthy photographs of the rare species of beasts and birds that are dying out, he describes his methods of work, especially at night, his difficulties and failures as well as his successes.

Naturally, in Mr. Schillings's book, being largely a record of impressions—from the opening chapter to the end the reader is under the spell of an ardent lover of nature—there is much that is dreamy and obscure. There is an occasional trace of humor, however, as, for instance, when he says that from the sudden onset of a rhinoceros "you experience the same kind of sensation as when you are knocked over by a motor-car." Mr. Whyte's part in the preparation of this volume is admirably done. So easy is his style and so free from the traces of a foreign language that one hardly realizes that the writing is a translation. It is scarcely necessary to add that the make-up of the book is most attractive.

Corolla Numismatica: Numismatic Essays in honor of Barclay V. Head. With a portrait and eighteen plates. New York: Henry Frowde. $12.

The object of this volume, issued on the occasion of B. V. Head's retirement (June 30, 1906), from the Keepership of Coins in the British Museum, was to make some unofficial recognition of the services rendered by that great scholar to the study of numismatics. For this purpose a number of distinguished numismatists have contributed articles dealing especially with those questions on which Mr. Head's own researches have thrown light. The result is a collection of essays which, besides fulfilling their immediate purpose of honoring Mr. Head, testify to the singular importance of the study of numismatics in the field of archæology. For it is not only on problems of ancient history and commerce that a close study of coins can throw light; almost every department of archæology is more or less indebted to numismatic researches. Thus P. Gardner, in his article "Copies of Statues on Coins," emphasizes the fact that many existing statues have been identified as copies of noted works of sculpture on numismatic evidence; at the same time he points out that the testimony of such coins can only form a safe guide when we recognize fully the various conventions which the die-sinker accepts. Adrien Blanchet, by the help of some bronze coins of Massalia, shows us the type of the tutelary deity Minerva worshipped in a temple on the acropolis of that city. Heinrich Dressel, in his essay "Der Matidiatempel auf einem Medaillon des Hadrianus," proves that even topographical questions can be settled by the help of coins, and shows that the temple of Matidia, the exact location of which has long been a point of dispute, was indeed between the basilicas of Matidia and Marciana on a site about half-way between the Pantheon and the basilica of Neptune.

It would carry us too far to record, however briefly, the points raised in each of the thirty articles—in English, German, French, Italian, and Greek—which make up this volume. We shall only mention a few, so as to give an idea of the variety of subjects discussed and the importance of some of the conclusions or theories set forth. In an interesting essay on Minoan Weights and Mediums of Currency from Crete, Mycenæ, and Cyprus, Arthur J. Evans shows that the metric systems in use in Egypt exercised a predominant influence in the Minoan world, and thus adds one more to the many points of intimate contact between these two civilizations. He furthermore makes an important suggestion, namely, that the "dumps," or drops of precious metal, of which three were found at Cyprus and one at Cnosus, and which date back at least to the twelfth century B. C., formed the immediate antecedent stage to coined money. Between these "dumps" and the earliest known coins there would be a gap of about four centuries, which we must hope that perhaps future discoveries will bridge over. E. Babelon publishes an Athenian obol, unique in that it bears the name of Hippias, tyrant of Athens. No tyrant's name had as yet been found on Athenian coinage. A monograph, "The Chronological Sequence of the Coins of Corinth, B. C. 450-390," by C. Oman, and an essay, "The Study of Byzantine Numismatics," by Warwick Wroth, give valuable facts about these two important, though somewhat neglected, series of coins. The coinage of Pergamon, of Persia, of Luceria, and of some Græco-Indian sovereigns is treated in other articles, and several rare and hitherto unknown coins are here published for the first time.

The book is, of course, principally for

numismatists. The highly technical nature of most of the essays places them outside the interest of the general public. But even the casual reader will be impressed by the patient research and scientific handling evinced in the treatment of each subject. We could not have better proof than this collection of essays of the scientific methods of modern archæology.

Science.

BOOKS BY AND ABOUT LINNÆUS.

The various publications of the two institutions with which Linnæus was most closely connected, the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm and the University of Upsala, on the occasion of the celebration this spring, are veritable testimonials to the manysidedness of the man. This manysidedness is most forcibly brought out in the printed writings of Linnæus, as well as in the *Festskrift* issued by the Academy in Stockholm: "Carl von Linnés betydelse såson naturforskare och läkare." Linnæus's activities as a physician and a medical writer are the subjects of a monograph by Otto E. A. Hjelt, professor emeritus in Helsingfors, who in 1877 published a study with similar title. The remainder of this volume shows us Linnæus as a zoölogist, botanist, geologist, and mineralogist, in studies written by the representatives of these subjects on the staff of the Academy. To Dr. Hjelt's work is appended a reissue of Linnæus's "Clavis medicinæ," while one of his lecture notebooks, "Lachesis naturalis quæ tradit dictum diætam naturalem," is now published for the first time (from a manuscript belonging to the Linnæan Society in London) under the auspices of the Faculty of Medicine in Upsala. With this is issued, after manuscript notes from some of his students, his "Collegium diæteticum eller Academiska föreläsningar öfver dieten." A comparison between these two gives a clear idea of the relation between the notebook and the lectures as delivered from the platform, of the conciseness and clearness of his notes, and of the fluent and lively delivery, full of digressions into all sides of human life.

Linnæus early became interested in ornithology, and among his manuscripts was found a small manuscript volume entitled "Methodus avium Sveticarum," dated January 1, 1731. Originally consisting of thirty-seven leaves, it bas been swelled by numerous interpolations; Linnæus seems to have carried it with him on his travels and used it as a sort of ornithological notebook. It has now been published as the special contribution of the Faculty of Philosophy. The Faculty of Law published his "Pluto Svecicus," from a manuscript in Upsala University Library; also his lectures on geology, "Beskrifnig öfver stenriket," from notes made by his students. The contribution of the Theological Faculty is a monograph, by the Rev. S. J. Enander, on "Salices i Linnés herbarium." The invitation of the Rector Magnificus Schück to the festivities of the university is accompanied by Linnæus's "Vorlesungen über die Cultur der Pflantzen," after a manuscript by one of his students, found in the Botanical Museum of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg. The editor of this volume, Dr. M. B. Svederus, who was also charged with the laborious task of preparing the "Lachesis" for print, is author of a study of Linnæus as a horticulturist, published in the University's Arskrift. A facsimile of the first edition of "Systema Naturæ" has been issued by the Stockholm Academy.

Besides these various single-volume publications, the university has published the first instalment of Linnæus's voluminous correspondence, under the editorship of Prof. Th. M. Fries; and the Academy of Science has begun the publication of a complete edition of his more formal writings, of which three volumes are already issued, namely, "Flora Lapponica," "Classes Plantarum," and a collection of shorter dissertations and papers on general scientific subjects, most of them originally written in Latin, but now translated into Swedish by Professor Fries. Attention might also be called to Professor Fries's two-volume biography of Linnæus (1903), which is now being published in a new edition.

Of great interest is Prof. Tycho Tullberg's "Linnéporträtt," a quarto of 187 pages, with 37 illustrations in the text, and 21 plates. It is a descriptive iconography of the known portraits of Linnæus, 515 in all, paintings and sculptures, originals and reproductions, authentic and fanciful. In the historical introduction, which occupies much the larger part of the volume, the author presents a survey of the likenesses made during Linnæus's life, with the view of establishing an authoritative opinion as to Linnæus's appearance at various periods of his life; later portraits and reproductions of originals are also described.

"Bibliographia Linnæana. Matériaux pour servir à une bibliographie Linnéenne, recueillis par J. M. Hulth," is the title of the publication which the Kungl. Vetenskars Societeten in Upsala contributes to the celebration. The author of the work is the society's librarian. The first part of the first volume, the only one to appear at the time of the festivities at Upsala, contains a chronological list of Linnæus's printed works, giving under the date of the first edition of each the full entries of all subsequent editions, including translations, extracts, etc., which afterwards are merely mentioned under their own years of publication. This method has the great advantage over a strict chronological arrangement under imprint dates, that one can read at a glance the bibliographical history of each work. Dr. Hulth's notes are of particular interest in this respect. References to book reviews are given under each edition or issue. The very first entry is an interesting item in the biography of Linnæus. It is a dissertation presented to the University of Upsala for the degree of doctor of philosophy by another man, J. O. Rudbeck. An original manuscript of it in Linnæus's hand is preserved in the university library; it has the following inscription, also by Linnæus: "J'ai composé cette dissertation en un jour, au prix convenue de '20 daler kopparmynt.' Un autre en a l'honneur." The bibliography, which will contain a full record of all Linnæus's writings, whether printed or not, and a list of all biographies of him, and books and articles about him and his work, will occupy three volumes; it will be completed during the year 1908. Dr. Hulth is also responsible for the reissue in a limited edition (150 copies) of the first—and only—number of "Linnéska Institutets Skrifter," published in Upsala 100 years ago.

A. G. S. J.

In science the Oxford University Press announces the following: "Index Kewensis," Supplement III., bringing the names down to 1905; "Floral Mechanisms," by A. H. Church; "Studies in the Anatomy of Ancient India. Part I., Ætiology of the Bones of the Human Body," by A. F. Rudolf Hoernle; and "Lectures on Evolution," by E. B. Poulton.

"The Sense of Touch in Mammals and Birds," by Dr. Walter Kidd (The Macmillan Co.), is based upon a paper presented before the Zoölogical Society of London. It is divided into macroscopical treatment, or detailed description of the papillary ridges of hands and feet; and microscopical, illustrated with microphotographs of sections of the skin. Eighty-six types of mammals and eleven birds, representing all the principal orders, are described. Among these, seven distinct forms of epidermic modification are distinguished: smooth and corrugated epidermis, scales, nodules, hair, rods, and papillary ridges, the latter group reaching its full development in the primates. One of the most important results of the investigation is the demonstration that remarkable and complex patterns are formed of the papillary ridges, the complexity increasing with the higher organization of the animals in question. Sensory spots of four kinds are differentiated—spots of touch, cold, warmth, and pain, the difference depending on the distribution of the five or six kinds of end-organs of the skin. The papillary ridges are preëminently organs of touch; and an important function of the tactile sense is that by which it supplies to the cerebellum knowledge of the position of the body in space. This reflex equilibration or orientation is especially pronounced in nocturnal arboreal animals, such as lemurs, and it is also highly developed in perching birds. In the hand of man we have discriminative sensibility as the principal tactile use, while the foot exercises maintenance of equilibrium.

Drama.

Bernard Shaw. By Holbrook Jackson. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.

This little book will afford great satisfaction to the admirers of Bernard Shaw; for the author is an enthusiastic disciple of that brilliant but erratic propagandist. The book is also likely to prove interesting to connoisseurs in human intellectual vagaries, not only because it is cleverly written, in a way that often reflects what the faithful call the Shavian attitude and manner, but because it gives an apparently authoritative summary of Mr. Shaw's various theories, social, political, and the like, and furnishes some significant facts which may help to account for a good many of them. All that need be stated here is that owing to circumstances for which he was not responsible, he had practically no

educational guidance during the most important formative period of his youth, which was passed amid influences much more favorable to hasty and revolutionary theorizing than to the habit of solid thought. How quick his agile, impulsive, unregulated, and disputatious brain has ever been to adopt any idea that savored of revolt against established order, in art, science, politics, or theology, and how unreasonable he could be in the pursuit of these ideas have been demonstrated amply in his career as a socialistic agitator, a critic of music, of painting and the drama, as a playwright, and as a contributor to the daily press.

Mr. Jackson discusses him in the fourfold aspect of man, Fabian, playwright, and philosopher, and proves to his own satisfaction that Mr. Shaw is the incarnation of all that is best in modern thought. Against an opinion of this sort it is scarcely worth while to argue, but it may be noted that Mr. Jackson is careful to explain that the object of his reverence is not the whimsical, paradoxical, exasperating, brilliant, but often exceedingly shallow, *poseur*, so often in the public ear and eye, but the potential Shaw, the profound moralist and zealous missioner who has created "an intellectual conception of himself that holds a greater place in the contemporary mind than the reality." The motive of his disguise, apparently, was to attract attention to his true philosophy, which otherwise might have been doomed to obscurity. Mr. Shaw's main dogma, it seems, is the right, nay duty, of every man to do what he wants to do, and thus free himself from the thrall of the spontaneous, universal, energetic, but altogether unintelligent "life-force," of which he is at once the product and victim. Having once broken loose from this paralyzing influence, and such crippling entanglements as order, tradition, duty, conventional morality, and so forth, man will be able to enter into his proper sphere of superman. His problem, in homely phrase, is to raise himself by his bootstraps. On the whole, the real Shaw seems to be rather more incomprehensible than the fictitious, and infinitely less amusing. But Mr. Jackson has written a very entertaining book.

Sarah Bernhardt will begin another London season on October 21 appearing in Sardou's "La Sorcière." Later she will be seen in Hervieu's "Le Réveil."

Music.

Ernest Walker's "History of English Music" is announced by the Oxford University Press for this autumn.

The season of the New York Symphony Society will begin on November 2 at Carnegie Hall. The two events of general interest will be the first production in America of Tchaikovsky's opera, "Eugen Onegin," which will be given in concert form with soloists and chorus, and a Beethoven Cycle. This performance will be the first in this country of any Tchaikovsky opera; and inasmuch as the great Russian had much more musical than dramatic genius, the work will probably not lose very much by being transplanted to the concert stage. The Beethoven Cycle will occur during the last six Sunday afternoon concerts, and will include all the symphonies and other important vocal and instrumental works of this master, in chronological order. Three symphonies new to New York are also announced. Mahler's Symphony No. 7 will be conducted by the composer, if the society's plans do not miscarry. Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the Symphony Society, will give D'Indy's symphony, "A Summer Day on the Mountain," its first performance in America. The other score new to this city is Chadwick's Symphony No. 3. Among the better known works announced are: "Symphonie Fantastique," Berlioz; Symphony No. 3, Brahms; Symphony "From the New World," Dvorák; Symphony in D-minor, Franck; Petite Symphonie for Wind Instruments, Gounod; "Faust Symphony," Liszt; "Ocean Symphony," Rubinstein; Symphony No. 4, Schumann; Irish Symphony, Stanford; "Sinfonia Domestica," Strauss; Symphony No. 4 and "Hamlet," Tchaikovsky. A number of notable soloists will give their assistance to the orchestra. Mme. Eames makes her only appearance in concert on November 23. Mme. Schumann-Heink, soloist last winter also, will sing again. Mme. Teresa Carreno will make her reappearance in this city after a long absence. First reappearances in New York are announced by the society likewise for Fritz Kreisler, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, and Harold Bauer. Josef Hoffman will be the soloist in a Liszt programme, and Emillo De Gogorza will sing in "Eugen Onegin."

The regular chamber-music concerts of the Kneisel Quartet will be given in Mendelssohn Hall on the following Tuesday evenings: December 3, January 7, February 10, March 10, April 7 and 14. The constitution of the Quartet this year will be Franz Kneisel, first violin; Julius Roentgen, second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola; and Willem Willeke, 'cello. Assisting soloists will be Mme. Olga Samaroff, Miss Katherine Goodson, Harold Bauer, Rudolph Ganz, Sigismund Stojowski, Arthur Whiting, and others. The works to be produced include Beethoven, Quartet in F major, op. 18; Quartet in F major, op. 59; Quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131; Trio in B flat major, op. 97; Hadyn, Quartet in G minor; Mozart, Quartet in D minor; Schumann, Quartet in A minor, op. 41; Quartet in E flat major; Mendelssohn, Quartet in D major, op. 44, No. 1; Brahms, Quintet in G major; Quartet in A major; Trio in C minor; Dvorák, Quintet in E flat major; Strauss, Sonata in F major for violoncello and piano; César Franck, Quartet in D major; Charles M. Loeffler, Quintet for three violins, viola and violoncello; Smetana, Quartet in E minor ("Aus meinem Leben"); Léon Boellmann, Quartet in F minor, op. 10, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello.

Arrangements have been completed by R. E. Johnson by which Gerardy, the 'cellist, and Safonoff, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, will collaborate in six recitals in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and Chicago. The first will be at Carnegie Hall in December.

The Adele Margulies trio—Miss Adele Margulies, pianist; Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist; Leo Schulz, 'cellist—announce three chamber-music concerts, to be given at Mendelssohn Hall, on the following Tuesday evenings: November 19, January 14, and February 11, 1908.

November will see the first production in New York of "Tom Jones," by a well-known English composer, Edward German. It will be sung by Henry W. Savage's company, and Robert Courtneidge is coming over from England to stage it.

Art.

Le Origini della Pittura Veneziana, 1300-1500. By Lionello Venturi. Venice: Instituto Veneto di Arti Grafiche. Pp. 427; 120 plates. 30 lire.

In this ambitious but sober work a young scholar shows himself his father's son. But it recalls less the Adolfo Venturi of to-day, somewhat befogged in encyclopædics, than him of twenty years ago at the time of those admirable researches in the Ferrarese school. A similar cautious and methodical quality is displayed in this useful treatise. It has received a prize from the Royal Venetian Institution of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, and it deserved the distinction, for it is a model of a well-conducted investigation. It is timely also, for our knowledge of the early Venetian school has been notably increased within recent years. Berenson has ascertained the importance of Alvise Vivarini as a *caposcuola*, Ludwig and Molmenti have explained the artistic origins of Carpaccio, Cailler has substituted the facts for the Vasarian legend of Antonello da Messina. Meanwhile scores of paintings of consequence have been discovered. It was the hour for a comprehensive summary of these results, and Signor Venturi's book is a criticism as well.

For reference it is very conveniently arranged. Each school has its chapter. The article upon each artist begins with a table of all the documentary evidence in his case; the footnotes cover the literature of the subject quite exhaustively. In general purely æsthetic issues are ignored, but when the author's sympathy is fully aroused, as in the case of Cima, the connoisseurship readily passes over into genuine appreciation. Although in the main a compilation, the book deals independently with attributions, rejecting, for example, and we believe rightly, the three Gentile Bellinis of the National Gallery, and subjecting the work of the greater Giovanni to a more drastic sifting than it has yet received.

On main issues the author confirms most of his recent predecessors. He agrees with Berenson as to the importance of Alvise Vivarini, accepts Kristeller's theory that Jacopo Bellini and not Squarcione was the real master of Mantegna, and admits with Ludwig and Molmenti that the feeble Lazzaro Bastiani was the teacher of Carpaccio. We prefer to believe that here is merely a case of parallel development. Everywhere Signor Venturi has preferred being right to being original, a virtue not so

often illustrated by débutants in the art-critical profession. Naturally so exhaustive a work will provoke dissent at many points. Here is not the place to register exceptions at large, and we will only say that the attempt to derive Carlo Crivelli from Antonio da Negroponte seems to us far fetched. Antonio was a reactionary and barely touched by the Paduan reform, whereas Crivelli, even in his earliest works, is steeped in the Squarcionesque teaching. The development of Crivelli is in so many respects analogous to that of Bartolommeo Vivarini that there is no need to suppose an intermediary influence.

An inevitable defect in the book is the incompleteness of the lists. In part this is due to simple bad luck—for example, the miniature by Gentile Bellini discovered at Constantinople last year, and the Mantegnesque Madonna by Giovanni Bellini, in the Johnson collection, Philadelphia, were published in the *Burlington Magazine* last year just too late for use. In part it may be due to a prudent reluctance to list pictures on hearsay. But the Dead Christ by Antonio Veneziano, in the Jarves collection, New Haven, has been published; the fine Pietà by Giambono in the Metropolitan Museum has been described in its Bulletin; a Magdalen by Bartolommeo Vivarini, in the Shaw collection, Boston, has been signalized by Berenson. An Ancona, signed, of the school has for years been exhibited in the Boston Art Museum. The same gallery has a fine Pietà by Carlo Crivelli, works by the same artist or his school are in the Metropolitan Museum, the Wilstach collection, Philadelphia; and the Walters collection, Baltimore. Mr. Johnson's fine Carpaccio, at Philadelphia, has surely been described by F. Mason Perkins in the *Rassegna d'Arte*. These omissions, a few among many more, emphasize the great need of an authoritative work on old masters in America. The sumptuous volumes edited by Messrs. La Farge and Jaccacl can meet that need only in part. We want something that includes public as well as private galleries, and at a price possible for students. It has been hinted that such a compilation is in progress and in the most competent hands. If so, 'twere well 'twere done quickly.

We can take no serious exception either to the taste or scholarship of this excellent book, but we regret a little the failure to go more thoroughly into the school of Giovanni Bellini. To be sure, this would have swelled the volume, while these painters fall beyond the term Signor Venturi has set for himself. Yet artistically they belong after all to the Quattrocento, and, presumably, no one was in a better position to handle them than our author. Moreover, the problem of some of these school pieces is that of the master himself, since they bear his signature and represent his invention. The case of the charming nude, A Lady at her Toilette—versions at Bienna, in the Widener collection, Philadelphia, and elsewhere—is crucial. We may suppose that the actual painting is by Bissolo, but whose is the invention? It is signed as Bellini's and dated in 1515, the last year of his life. Are we to believe it a casual inspiration of Bissolo's that the master fathered merely as a studio product? Or are we to regard it as an ultimate tribute to the manes of the greater disciple Giorgione? The question is interesting enough to deserve an answer from so careful a critic as our author.

This scholarly history, which includes not merely the extant works, but full accounts of destroyed or scattered decorative series in the Ducal Palace and the schools, may be cordially recommended to all students. For them it is specifically intended, but it will also be available for all whose concern with Venetian art has passed the elementary stage.

The sixth and concluding part of Sidney Colvin's "Oxford Drawings" will be issued by Henry Frowde this autumn.

Among the recent purchases of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are a small Last Supper, by Tintoretto, and an altar piece by Cima, representing in stately attitudes St. Anthony, St. Roch, and St. Lucy. The altar piece is from the collection of the Duke of Leuchtenberg of St. Petersburg, while the Last Supper was formerly in the possession of Lord Methuen. The most important loan made to the museum for several months is that of the Barberini tapestries lent by the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Twelve pieces constitute the set, which bears the general title The Mysteries of the Life and Death of Christ. The set was woven at the pontifical tapestry works at Rome, under the auspices of Cardinal Barberini, for the chapel of Urban VIII. about 1642. The cartoons are still preserved in the palace of the Barberini in Rome. The style is of the late Renaissance and somewhat florid. Much space is devoted in the *Museum Bulletin* of this month to the work of excavating the pyramid temple of Amenemhat I., at Lisht, in Egypt. Nearly one hundred tombs have been opened, but few interesting things were found, until the grave of a woman named Senbtes was opened. This contained a considerable amount of gold jewelry, some specimens of fine textiles, and small pieces of pottery.

The death is announced of Friedrich K. W. Schneider, canon of the Cathedral of Mainz, in his seventy-second year. Dr. Schneider wrote much on art and antiquities, and it was through his efforts that the Roman remains at Saalburg were preserved. Among his works are "Baugeschichte des Mainzer Domes," "Mittelalterliche Ordensbauten in Mainz," and "Schatzverzeichnisse Mainzer Klöster."

Finance.

THE TIGHTENING MONEY MARKET.

The month of September, greatly as it had been feared on the money market, passed with an unruffled calm which caused as much surprise in Wall Street as did the unseasonable disturbances of August. Though rates for demand loans on the New York Stock Exchange had touched 40 per cent. in September, 1906, 25 per cent. in 1902, 10 per cent. in 1901, and 20 per cent. in 1899, the highest rate last month was 6 per cent., and even this reflected a few exceptional operations such as the New York city loan, rather than the general condition of the market. Reserves of the New York Associated Banks, indeed, which last year fell from $2,800,000 at the end of August to a deficit of $6,500,000 on September 8, and which rose to a surplus of only $3,500,000 in the ensuing week, were well maintained this September. The month began with a surplus of $8,700,000, which fell to $6,900,000 in the middle of September, and returned to $8,400,000 the third week. As a result of this maintenance of reserves, not only did call money grow actually easy—the rate went to 1 per cent. for a day in the last week of the month—but loans on time, which were quoted at 6½ per cent. in the later weeks of August, had declined to 5½ before September was over.

Those who look below the surface inferred that the unusual strain of August was in a sense the explanation of the unusual ease of September. In the ordinary course of events, forced sales on the Stock Exchange, with the consequent crash in prices, would have followed an actual stringency of September; but this year circumstances brought on this liquidation a month earlier, thus anticipating, and, in the Wall Street phrase, "discounting in advance," the effects of the usual autumn stringency.

But this is only part of the explanation. Shipments of currency from New York to the harvest States, the usual cause of autumn stringency, were smaller during September than during any corresponding month for nearly a decade. On exchange of currency with outside domestic points, the New York banks lost $15,000,000 in September, 1904, $7,000,000 in 1905, and $12,000,000 in 1906; but their net loss last month was less than $4,000,000, and even of this, practically all occurred in the closing week. People who had watched the crops this year were not at loss to understand the change. The abnormal delay in arrival of summer weather at planting time, made the great crops fully three weeks late.

This explanation was borne out by the magnitude of later currency shipments. In the closing week of September upwards of three million dollars were sent; last week the outflow was equally large. As a result, the surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks fell by last Saturday to the smallest figure for that date in all but two of the past fifteen years. Those two years, 1902 and 1899, saw a serious deficit later. Last Saturday's surplus over the 25 per cent. requirement against deposits, was only $2,628,000, whereas a year before the figure was $9,423,000, and in 1905 was $4 286,000. In other words, on the face of things the position of the banks is weaker than in either of the past two years. Responding to this low reserve, rates for demand loans on the Stock Exchange rose a week ago to 10 per cent.—a higher rate than in the opening week of October in any year since 1902. It was evident, last Saturday, that unless loans and liabilities of the banks should be much reduced, continuance of this outward flow of currency threatened another deficit in reserves.

There are several events which might alter the situation. In ordinary years, when reserves have been drawn down by excessive Stock Exchange speculation, the calling of loans in Wall Street, with the resultant forced sale of stocks and fall in prices, has been the quickest avenue of relief. But the general opinion to-day is, that the stock market is no longer primarily responsible for the burden on the

banks. One and two years ago, a similar difficulty was evaded by heavy borrowings from inland banks. These institutions, attracted by the high rate offered for temporary loans in Wall Street, sent their balances for use here. Such help from interior banks is hardly to be expected now, because these banks are themselves carrying heavy burdens, incurred through local activity in trade and speculation. Recent returns from the country's 6,544 national banks showed that loans for the whole United States had increased $379,000,000 over a year ago, and that, of this increase, $369,000,000 had occurred outside of New York city—clear evidence as to how these outside lenders stand.

Last year, relief to the New York banks came through extensive loans by Europe. Attracted, as were our own interior banks, by the high rate for money in Wall Street, London institutions advanced to New York borrowers such sums that not only were New York's own bank loans much reduced, but cash reserves were increased by import of $40,000,000 gold. Exact repetition of this expedient is probably impossible, for the London banks have changed their attitude toward New York, and are as timid now as they were overconfident a year ago. Nevertheless, two interesting facts, which arise in this connection, are that London, at least, is better able to grant assistance of the sort than at this time in several years, and that our power to draw legitimately on Europe's capital may perhaps be very great. The Bank of England, whose comparatively weak position a year ago was one cause for the 6 per cent. discount rate established later, reported last week a gold reserve greater by $27,000,000 than in the same week of 1906, and a ratio of reserve to liability larger than any touched at the opening of October since 1896. While this is the condition as concerns the power to lend, exports of wheat from the United States are rising to figures unparalleled in recent years. That Europe must buy all the wheat the United States will have to spare, and must buy it at prices higher than last year's—the export price is 35 per cent. above the same date in 1906—is now an admitted fact.

Finally, there remains the attitude of the United States Treasury. Secretary Cortelyou up to the present date has acted with great sagacity. Unlike his predecessors, he has refused to listen to the demands of Wall Street, based on a day of stringency in the Stock Exchange, and has released the surplus funds in the government's hands only as fast as the real commercial needs of a given community gave, in his judgment, legitimate ground for deposits in their banks. The result of his prudent policy is that while public deposits with the banks increased only $12,000,000 in September—of which increase less than $4,000,000 came to New York—he has in hand to-day the greater part of the fund available for relief a month ago. He should be able, therefore, to intervene effectively in case of a real emergency.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Afialo, F. G. Sunshine and Sport in Florida and the West Indies. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $4 net.
American Bible Society, Annual Report of.
Annual Report of Experiment Stations, 1906. Washington.
Baker, Etta Anthony. The Youngsters of Centerville. Holt.
Baring, Maurice. A Year in Russia. Dutton $3.50 net.
Benham, W. Gurney. A Book of Quotations. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. Alfred Tennyson. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Bryant, Walter W. A History of Astronomy. Dutton. $3 net.
Burroughs, John. Campaigning and Tramping with Roosevelt. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Cahle, George W. The Grandissimes. Scribners. $2.50.
Cain, Georges. Nooks and Corners of Old Paris. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1907.

The Week.

Secretary Root spoke with much force, at his reception by the Academy of Jurisprudence in Mexico, on the need of developing international private law. International public law has been pretty clearly defined; but as the era of wars and conquests is passing away, and the day has arrived of peaceful invasion of all countries by the citizens of others, it is municipal law, as applicable to foreigners, and as adapted to the new principles of human liberty and the equality of men, that the jurists and statesmen of the world should now endeavor to codify and enforce. It is a fine conception of friendly intercourse and international brotherhood which pervades Mr. Root's speech. There are to be no more hermit nations. Barriers between one land and another are to be more and more broken down. We are to learn of other nations; they are to come and take of our best. There is in constant process, said the Secretary, between the leading peoples of the world, a free and "peaceful interchange of the products of intellect." What a pity that Mr. Root limited it to the intellect! But he had to do so, as a Republican, a protectionist and a member of a stand-pat Administration. Free trade in ideas, in education, in charity, happily cannot be extinguished by any Dingley; but how much higher might Secretary Root's note have risen could he have represented the different countries as freely admitting all products of industry and invention. Yet such an idea could not be urged on Mexico by a member of the Administration which decides that the tariff cannot be touched.

Rumors of the abandonment of various features of the Federal railroad crusade are coincident with criticisms of the Interstate Commerce Commission's whole career, uttered by the State Railroad Commissioners in session at Washington. According to the report adopted last Friday,

> There have been many general rate reductions in different States, followed by reductions on interstate traffic, and, as far as we know, these have all been brought about by affirmative action of the State authorities. So far as we are advised, we know of no general reduction due to any action by the Federal authorities.

This is not a new charge, yet the Federal authorities will have to find some new answer to it, because for a year past the excuse of lack of sufficient power in the Interstate Commerce Commission has been invalid. The State Commissioners, however, speak as disparagingly of the mighty Federal body of to-day as they did in the days when it was annually complaining that its arm was palsied by a Supreme Court decision. Of course, rate reduction is by no means the be-all and end-all of official regulation, though gradual reduction is normally one of its consequences. Yet there is not the slightest indication that either in this or in other matters the Federal Commission is taking the lead in establishing a general policy. If unity is coming, it is through conferences like that recently ended and agreements between the States, not through mere imitation of the policy at Washington.

Although the Sixtieth Congress will not assemble for nearly two months, speculation is already beginning in regard to the committee and other places which are vacant. That Senator Frye will again be president pro tempore of the Senate, Mr. Cannon, Speaker of the House, and Mr. Williams, minority leader, is, of course, settled. Yet it so happens that most of the vacancies caused by defeats and withdrawals occur this year in committees which deal with questions in controversy. The ship-subsidy committee of the House (that on Merchant Marine and Fisheries) has lost four Republicans and two Democrats; the food and meat inspection committee, Agriculture, lost three Republicans and three Democrats; and the tariff committee, Ways and Means, five Republicans and one Democrat. If it were possible to emphasize any further the responsibility of the Speaker for the course of legislation, this situation would do it. The custom of retaining members on their committees year after year modifies, to some extent, the Speaker's absolute power of assignment. He can now put on each of these three committees a clear third of the members, of whatever way of thinking he prefers. He could turn over the Ways and Means Committee to the revisionists. Of course, he will not do so.

The Navy Department solemnly announces that it might be worth while to detail a couple of officers to make a voyage on the Lusitania, to observe the workings of her turbines. After years of hesitation, the Department has finally decided on a few turbine boats, and is thus true to its habit of following—well behind—the lead of other nations. *Nulli Tertius* was, according to *Punch*, an Irishman's name for a proposed Irish war balloon to rival the British *Nulli Secundus*. It ought to be the Navy Department's motto as well. The most recent explanation as to why our latest destroyers, for which the contracts have just been awarded, are to have a speed of only 24 knots, is that these boats are meant to have this speed in all weathers —rain or shine—while, so it is intimated, the foreign boats that are making 33 knots are doing so only on their trial trips. As a matter of fact, it is our American craft which rarely come up to trial-trip speed. Not long ago there was a race of some of our destroyers from New York to Norfolk. One of them broke down, and not one was able to make its alleged speed—only one going as high as 21 knots. The lack of skilled engineers is one reason for the poor showing. But there is obviously no guarantee whatever that the 24-knot boats will be able to make their speed after a year's service, and they would not be able to catch the Lusitania at any time.

Count Okuma has cruelly betrayed the cause of American naval aggrandizement and our ferocious war press, by declaring that the Progressive party, of which he is leader, will not join issue with the Japanese Government because of its pacific attitude on the immigration question. It is Count Okuma who, according to our Jingoes, has been threatening this country with a yellow invasion, and California with conquest; who has been going to seize the Philippines, bombard Vancouver, and make himself master of the Pacific before the Panama Canal was completed. But, like the Frenchman who was astonished to find that he had been speaking prose all his life, the Japanese political leader is "astounded" to learn that he has been preaching war all these months. "Reports of the possibility of war," he said, "had always emanated from the United States, and naturally were copied by the newspapers of Japan."

The bulletin on our imports of farm and forest products is so discouraging, from the protectionist point of view, that we have felt it our duty to look with special care for mitigating circumstances. It is true that the value of farm products imported during the year was larger than ever before, while forest products have been imported in just twice the quantity of ten years ago. But we have positively turned the cloud inside out to look for its silver lining, and we have found a number of commodities which have been imported lately in gratifyingly decreasing quantities. Such are Mexican and Santo Domingan beeswax, German eggs, Belgian cheeses, crude feathers from Argentina, Hongkong, and Japan, sorted, bunched, or prepared

bristles from the United Kingdom, German prune juice, walnuts from Chili, goatskins from Ecuador, beans and dried peas from Austria-Hungary, and lemons from all the world. Increases in articles like wool and lumber scarcely begin to offset these. Moreover, hidden away between the gray covers of the present bulletin, like a pearl within an unpromising oyster, we have come upon a perfect model for our import trade as the stand-patter would have it. Broom corn is the commodity fortunate enough to provide this object lesson. Imports were six tons in 1904, three tons in 1. and one ton in 1906. So perish all the products of foreign labor.

In New York County the Republicans and the Hearst forces have formed an alliance. Herbert Parsons, president of the Republican County Committee, is now the political partner of that William R. Hearst whom last October he denounced as a man who "does not know what fair play is." We congratulate Mr. Hearst upon this sorely-needed certificate of character, this public admission that Republican estimates of him only a year ago were pure calumnies. If in any one of his future campaigns a Cabinet member should leave Washington to denounce him, in the President's name, he has in Mr. Parsons's league with him an unanswerable reply. One thing is certain: whatever the outcome of the election, and whatever the future may bring forth, Mr. Parsons can never again be heard on the stump in denunciation of the journalist whom last year he described as using "the influences at his command to destroy characters and malign men at will." This surrender to Hearst is nauseating, a deliberate sacrifice of all principles for the sake of procuring a few offices.

Instead of two Democratic parties, the double convention in Massachusetts may have resulted in no Democratic party at all. It is within the possibilities that the Ballot Law Commission may declare void the nominations by both factions, in which event Whitney and Bartlett alike would have to get their names on the ballot by petition, there would be no recognized Democratic State ticket, and all the rights dependent on the party's casting a certain percentage of the State vote would terminate automatically. The question of "regularity," which in a State with our party-column ballot would be likely to overtop most other issues, is of minor importance in a State where there is no premium on the "straight ticket." Whatever may be the decision on the technical point, Bartlett's title must remain under a cloud. Two of his associates on the ticket have already withdrawn because of disgust at the method of the choice. Yet in the comment of the State press personalities have but small part. The Boston *Globe* declares that "perhaps no heavier burden ever has been laid upon [the Massachusetts Democracy] than in this unhappy instance"; and the *Transcript* adds regarding the Bartlett managers that "the methods which they took to enforce their wishes afford sufficient evidence that they were in the minority." Altogether aside from Gen. Bartlett's reputation or personal qualities, it is hardly possible to conceive of his making now a canvass either respectable or successful.

The ousting of Gen. Charles R. Brayton from the Rhode Island State House must be what is known as a "test case." At all events, Gov. Higgins is being congratulated as warmly on the removal of the blind boss's desk from the sheriff's office, as if it signalized the complete redemption of the State from the old sinister influences. It is indeed a victory for sound public sentiment, since Gen. Brayton, who has been all last year conducting business at his office, "often at considerable inconvenience to myself"—in order to spite the reformers—has now given up voluntarily because of the feeling among Republicans "that my continued presence in the sheriff's office endangers the success of the party in the approaching election." We fail to find in his letter of withdrawal, however, any intimation that he will abandon what he calls "legislative or political business." Not to mention other States and cities which have been ruled by bosses not domiciled in public buildings, we have heard tales which indicate that Gen. Brayton has by no means lacked the qualities of leadership outside the sacred edifice. Political dominion may be exercised, as we know, from the corners of hotel lobbies, or barrooms, or even bootblack stands. Cicero would not have so exulted in the expulsion of Catiline had he lived in the days of rapid transit, the telegraph, and the telephone.

Reports that Gov. Hughes may appoint a special prosecutor to try cases growing out of the Metropolitan Street Railway disclosures, are sorrowful reading for the friends of District Attorney Jerome. Such a step, however explained away, could not but be taken as a serious reflection upon him. No one whose opinion is worth anything charges Mr. Jerome with having discovered evidence incriminating the Metropolitan rogues and then deliberately shielding them from prosecution. The complaint is, rather, that he did not himself push investigation home. With every facility, with all the machinery of his powerful office, and after an explicit pledge to the people to follow the Metropolitan trail no matter where it led, he did not vigorously take charge, but confided the work to subordinates who, we now see, were either incompetent or untrustworthy. It was a great opportunity, but it was missed, never to return.

Gov. Hughes in his speech at Jamestown last week attacked one of the most sacred doctrines of modern finance. He boldly denied that the owner of 51 per cent. of the stock of a corporation can do what he pleases in the management of its affairs. The iconoclastic Governor went so far as to maintain that the policy adopted by even the majority in control must be "consistent with good faith and fair dealing with all." If this were true, we ask, what would be the use in fighting and intriguing to get command of the 51 per cent.? Mr. Hughes would plainly cut the nerve of financial enterprise, if he were to insist that the one share over a majority has not a vested right to bond the concern for twice what it is worth, or can pay. We cannot, without regret, observe so conservative a man as Gov Hughes advancing the revolutionary theory that the owners of 51 per cent. of any corporation's stock must not steal the rest.

The Union Pacific Railway's order for close retrenchment need not have been surprising, and hardly deserved the despondency with which the stock market greeted it. The case is simply this—that the railways, from the beginning of the recent "boom" up to this time, have been drawing enormous sums from the money market to pay for new construction and equipment, but have now reached a time when capital is not forthcoming. In former periods similar to that which now exists, such conditions have compelled railway promoters to abandon construction of new lines competing with the old. To-day, the principal difference lies in the fact that competitive building has for years been discouraged, the capital formerly devoted to such purposes being used for increase of track and equipment of existing lines. But for this later process just as much capital has been necessary as for that of the eighties and the seventies; it has been obtained through sale of new railway securities. When capital could not thus be secured, it was an obvious duty to curtail plans for new expenditure. This forced retrenchment is by no means an unmixed evil. Purchases of enormous quantities of material by the railways, at highly inflated prices, have contributed largely, not only to the strain on credit, but to the abnormal condition of the market for commodities. To all far-seeing observers it has been evident for some time past that the feverish demand for all sorts of manufactured goods was leading to unwholesome conditions throughout the

commercial world. Abnormal activity in railway building, as in other branches of construction, was absorbing capital at the moment when the unusually active manufacture created by such demands, was itself compelled to bid for pretty much all of the capital available. The movement in this dangerous circle could not go on forever. Railway men, and indeed the manufacturers themselves, understood some months ago that unless the pace were prudently slackened, an actual break-down of credit might easily be ahead. James J. Hill's rather gloomy forecast of continued increase in the demands of trade on transportation facilities—an increase for which the railways, with a retrenchment policy, could not provide—will probably be answered by a movement of trade to adjust itself to the new situation of the railways. The reasons for conservative retrenchment are as great in the one direction as in the other.

If the aim of the telegraphers was to make their union ridiculous, their strike must be voted a great success. From their course up to date, these principles of unionism are clearly to be deduced: (1) Anybody can call a strike. In this case, it was some unknown man or boy who blew a whistle, and the operators obediently walked out. But (2) the responsible officers of the union cannot call a strike off. When the president of the national association attempts to do so, he is "suspended from his office," and the announcement sent forth that the strike will be hereafter conducted by "men who have red blood." Not even the authors of these heroics can be deceived by them. When a public and official statement has been made that the strikers have not a ghost of a chance of winning, and that their funds are exhausted, nothing is left but for every man to go and get his job back if he can.

A unique course of public lectures began yesterday afternoon at Columbia University. It is the first of a series to be given, one a week, by some twenty-two Columbia professors. They will describe in non-technical language the achievements of modern research and scholarship in their various subjects, with a forecast of future progress. Thus it will be a sort of "congress of the sciences"—using that phrase in its widest meaning—held in a single university, and manned by its own professors. The course, on paper, looks somewhat formidable. It begins with the physical sciences—physics, chemistry, astronomy, and geology. Then follow biology, physiology, and botany. After this survey of the natural sciences, comes the group of social sciences—anthropology, archæology, history, economics, politics, jurisprudence, and sociology. Next comes an opening lecture upon philosophy in general, then one on psychology, metaphysics, and ethics, respectively. Two lectures on philology, as the basis for thought and its expression, and on literature, bring the course to a close. The circular announcing these lectures notes that the subdivision of the domain of knowledge has been carried so far "that few university men are able to keep themselves informed of the movements in neighboring fields, or to obtain even a general view of the remoter fields in which the majority of their colleagues are working." This ignorance, as well as that of the general public, this course of lectures aims to dissipate.

In Russia, where things are different from everywhere else, it would appear that water can rise higher than its source. In the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Josef Hessen, one of the leaders of the Constitutional Democrats and editor of the official organ of that party, declares that, in spite of the Government's tampering with the electoral laws for the avowed purpose of insuring the return of a Conservative Duma, it is by no means confident of victory. He points out that in the elections for the second Duma the same tactics were pursued without appreciable effect. Every provincial electoral college has been so reconstructed as to insure a landlord majority, every obstacle has been placed in the way of the Liberal parties, and yet Mr. Hessen predicts that a reactionary majority will not be chosen. The second stage in the process of choosing the Duma shows, as elected out of a total of 1,903 electors, 516 of the Opposition, 1,131 Moderates, Octobrists, and members of the Right, and 256 without party affiliations. If it be remembered that in the preceding elections the official figures have always greatly underestimated the strength of the Opposition, and that a large number of candidates who call themselves Moderates, to avoid police interference, are in reality anti-governmental, it is apparent that the expected conservative Duma is not very secure. Why an apparently conservative electorate should choose liberal representatives is, after all, not so difficult a question to answer in Russia. Even the most confirmed reactionaries cannot but choose a deputy of some intelligence. And once a man is endowed with that gift in Russia, he is sure to perceive that to landlord, peasant, workman, or professional man the present system is a dead weight and a danger.

The interview between Sultan Abd-el-Aziz and the French Minister to Morocco at Rabat, last week, marked the end of only the first episode in the Moroccan drama. Alarums and excursions are over, for some time to come at least, and diplomatic dialogue is henceforth to carry the plot along. The French representative is said to have insisted on the strict enforcement of the terms of the Act of Algeciras, and the Sultan extended his promise to that effect. But in reality both parties to the interview must have been aware that it is now impossible to return to the *status quo ante* Casablanca. The interest has shifted for the moment to the rebellious brother of the Sultan, whom Abd-el-Aziz and the French government must both take into account. Should it come to actual war between the rival rulers, with whom will the French government side? If it lends its aid to the present *de facto* Sultan, France must thereby acquire a degree of influence at Fez such as she had scarcely hoped for within so brief a period after Algeciras. That French arms should be turned against Abd-el-Aziz is, at present, incredible. That the French should remain neutral is scarcely more possible, in view of the fact that a prolonged civil war would again postpone the execution of the reforms on which France has been insisting and give her repeated opportunities for intervention. After the interview, the French Minister conferred on the Sultan the cross of the Legion of Honor. Presumably, this is to replace the Moroccan crown jewels which are now being pawned in Paris.

The looting of church treasures is a form of anti-clericalism which even the most hardened Jacobin could scarcely countenance. While the French authorities are proceeding with the apprehension and punishment of the criminals concerned in the pillaging of the Church of Ambazac, near Limoges, the Italian government, yielding to a long-existing demand, has decided to make an inventory of ecclesiastical art property, with a view to determining the losses that have already been incurred. In the absence of actual evidence, it is surprising to find a newspaper like the Paris *Temps* bring forward such broad charges against this country, as when it declares its belief in the existence of an international syndicate of art-dealers which encounters no difficulty in disposing of stolen treasures in England and America, "especially in the latter country, where collectors are not particular about their origin. Once their authenticity is established, they care little how the seller procured them." The *Temps* must have been misled by our notorious habit of "collecting" souvenirs. As a matter of fact, the incident of the cope of Ascoli should be a standing refutation of the charge. Not that the accusation fails to bring with it a certain thrill of pride. Once upon a time the American collector's demands were satisfied by having rare old treasures of various kinds made expressly for him. Now he stoutly insists upon the original thing.

TEMPTATIONS OF FINANCIERS.

There is a shrewd saying that "an established character for honesty is too great a temptation for any man." This is the theme of one of Victor Hugo's novels. When the romances and dramas of Metropolitan finance come to be written, we may discover what was the too powerful temptation of the men responsible for the tangled web which Mr. Ivins, counsel of the Public Service Commission, is now *unweaving*. They certainly had an established character, if not exactly for scrupulous honesty, at least for great business skill, very large resources, and unfettered power. The total was too much for them. Instead of spelling responsibility, it spelled to them opportunity; and having unlimited command of vast properties and huge sums of money, they were doubtless astonished at their own moderation.

From their various activities, as now partially revealed, we see corporations acquiring uses undreamed of by the writers of text-books. Personal bills would soon cease to have their terrors, if the Metropolitan practice of paying them out of corporate funds were only extended. And the support of charities and of scientific investigations by the Civic Federation would be comparatively simple, if chargeable to a "construction account."

The corporation furnishes also a new way to pay old debts. For example, Anthony N. Brady testified that he had picked up, in 1898, the title to an undertaking known as the Wall and Cortland Street Ferries Railway Company. This concern neither then nor since has possessed a track, a car, a horse, or an electrical equipment. It had, however, a franchise, and for this Mr. Brady paid $200,000. In 1902, the Metropolitan Securities Company bought Mr. Brady's paper railway. He had agreed to sell for the $200,000 which he himself had paid, plus $50,000 interest. This sale had been personally made through the late William C. Whitney. When the company's lawyers came to pay Mr. Brady, they handed him a check, not for $250,000, but for $965,607.19, and with it "a memorandum" instructing Brady to distribute this unexpected $715,600, through personal checks of his own, to William C. Whitney, Thomas F. Ryan, Thomas Dolan, William L. Elkins, P. A. B. Widener, and the Stock Exchange house of Moore & Schley. The first five names on this memorandum make up the list of the "Metropolitan ring," as all Wall Street knew them. Of the five beneficiaries outside of the broker firm, three—Messrs. Dolan, Elkins, and Widener—were at the time directors of the Metropolitan Street Railway, whose assets had just passed into possession of the holding company which drew the check to Brady. Widener had figured, three months before, as chairman of the street railway shareholders' meeting, where he had suppressed the protests of minority owners, bidding them to vote for the lease which delivered their assets to the Securities Company and discuss it afterward. Whitney and Ryan, though neither was at the time a director in either company, were both well known to be the guiding spirits in the street railway company's financial management. Later Messrs. Dolan, Widener, and Elkins explained that these checks for $111,652.78 had each to do with a "loan matter," as every one of those gentlemen had lent $100,000 to Mr. Whitney two years previously. It would appear, then, that Mr. Ryan made exactly the same loan, on the same day, as his check was also precisely $111,652.78. Furthermore, it follows that Mr. Whitney likewise lent himself the same sum on the same day, since one of the Brady checks was to his order, and was the same to a penny, $111,652.78.

Seriously, these shameful disclosures, of which it is well understood that the worst are yet to come, point one old corporate moral with fresh and conclusive force. No one man, no executive committee, can be trusted with unlimited power. No president of a corporation should have the right to pay out $100,000 or more, and have it carried along on the books year after year, as a "suspense account." It matters not what the financial genius of a chairman of an executive committee may be; for the directors to place all power in his hands, is not only to be false to their own duty, but to subject him to the strain of a temptation too great for any man to bear. In this light, the wording of the Harriman proxies at the annual meeting of the Union Pacific is amazing—

> Including specifically the approval and ratification of all action of the board of directors and of the executive committee since the last annual meeting of the stockholders, hereby ratifying and confirming all that any of the said attorneys or the substitutes may lawfully do at said meeting in the name, place, and stead of the undersigned.

This is not only abdication by the stockholders, it is leading Harriman into temptation. It practically places a blank check in his hands for him to do with what he will.

The doctrine of circumscribed power is everywhere recognized in our political life. Till recently, it had been in our financial life. Directors made at least a pretence of directing, and stockholders would insist upon having the facts before voting. But the tendency has been, of late, to concentrate financial control. By means of voting trusts and small executive committees, the practical disposal of great corporate properties has been put into the hands of a few men, sometimes of one man. Now, human nature is one thing. It is the same in the financier that it is in the politician. If the latter cannot endure too great power, neither can the former. And if we hedge our rulers about with limitations and jealous scrutiny, the need of the same thing in the case of great corporation managers is obvious. We ought not to confide even to the ablest and most upright president or chairman powers which we know would be dangerous in the hands of an unscrupulous man. Against the latter, the general system of accountability should protect us; and the former should have it as a protection against himself.

The argument for publicity of corporation accounts is powerfully reinforced by these Metropolitan revelations. Entry after entry on the books could not bear the light. They would never have been placed there if all were open all the time to public inspection. Doctored, secret, and misleading accounts are another temptation from which great financiers should devoutly pray to be delivered. It should not be left to an occasional investigation to tear away the veils; the constant rule should be entire publicity. That would be hard on the Quiggs and other "accelerators" of public opinion, for no company would dare publish the payments of money to them; but it is better that Quigg should suffer than that Ryan should be tempted beyond the resisting point.

INTEREST RATES AND IMPERIALISM.

The present high rates for money throughout the world have a direct connection with Imperialism. When the Philippines were acquired in 1899, the most serious economic argument advanced for that step was the necessity of new outlets for capital. Interest rates had been declining all over the world, because the older civilized countries had become fully equipped with the machinery of production. The railway network of Europe and America, it was said, was practically complete; old cotton mills, woollen mills, and iron mills were constantly being abandoned because unable to compete with the improved and newer establishments; hence profitable employment of capital for the creation of new enterprises would be found in the exploitation of the undeveloped countries.

Whatever force this argument may have had, apart from moral and political considerations, conditions have entirely changed within the past eight years. We have had radical improvements in transportation and manufacture, which have relegated old equipment to the scrap heap; other causes lie in the cost of Imperialism itself. The increase of the English public debt by $1,000,000,000, as the result of the war in South Africa, and the increase of the debt of Japan by about $700,000,000, and probably that

of Russia by an equal amount, account for the absorption of much of the capital which is now so eagerly desired for constructive work at home. Even in the United States the increase in military and naval expenditures has taken millions that might have been applied to productive uses. When the railways, therefore, have come into the money market demanding the means for increasing their trackage, building larger and more economical cars, and adapting bridges and terminals to the new conditions, it is not surprising that they have found the stock of available capital already bespoken.

As early as 1894, such students as Leroy-Beaulieu predicted that, other conditions being equal, interest rates would continue for some years to decline, because of the rapid accumulation of capital. In view of the stable conditions of the French market and the absence of anything but flurries in regard to war, the quotations of French *rentes* afford perhaps as accurate an indication as can be found of changes in the return upon capital. The 3 per cents showed an average quotation in 1894 of 100.93, which made their yield, without deducting taxes, less than 3 per cent. By 1897, when the movement of accumulating capital reached its limit, the quotation went as high as 105. In 1899 came the outbreak of war in South Africa, collapse of the Kaffir properties, and the dumping of great quantities of English war loans upon the market. By the year 1900 the average quotation of the 3 per cent. *rentes* had fallen to 100.59, and by 1904, under the influence of the war in the East, the quotation was 97.54. The mean for 1906 was 97.66, but the figures for the current year have been down to 94.50, indicating that this premier security is now near a 3½ per cent. basis.

Changes in discount rates at Berlin, London, and Paris have told the same story. The mean at the Imperial Bank of Germany was 3.84 per cent. in 1897, 5.33 per cent. in 1900, and has recently been as high as 5½ per cent. At London, the Bank of England average was 2.78 per cent. in 1897 and 4.27 per cent. in 1906. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the scarcity of capital is the practical cessation of refunding operations in Europe. The Italian Government squeezed in last year, at a time of comparative ease in the money markets, with a conversion of its 4 per cents, but it was necessary to fix the interest rate for six years at 3¾ per cent., and, after July 1, 1912, at 3½ per cent., though prior to the war between Russia and Japan a much more favorable rate had been expected. The practical abandonment of further conversions by the Japanese Government is in striking contrast with events which were going on during the period of redundant capital. When the Prussian Government, in 1897, carried out the conversion of $850,000,000 of consolidated 4 per cent. securities, which had risen above par, the Prussian Minister recalled the fact that in 1894 France had converted her 4½ per cents at 3½ per cent.; that Sweden, Norway, Luxembourg, Zurich, Saxe-Gotha, Wurtemburg, and Bavaria had effected similar conversions, and that Denmark, Belgium, and Holland had converted 3½ per cents into 3 per cents. Between 1887 and 1900, the Russian conversions were so effective that Russia was able to draw from Western Europe nearly $1,000,000,000 in new capital, while suffering practically no net increase in her interest charges.

The lesson of all this is that Imperialism, upon the economic ground of the necessity for new outlets for capital, has been brought to at least a temporary halt. There is so little money seeking investment in strictly commercial enterprises in the Philippines that the Government has been compelled to guarantee interest upon a part of the new railway contracts and upon the capital of the agricultural bank. In Cochin-China, Manchuria, and Korea, France and Japan are compelled to carry on their chief enterprises under the authority and with the capital of the state, rather than by the free initiative of private investors. While the demand for new openings for capital will probably recur within a decade or two, when the savings fund again becomes large, by reason of the enormous accumulating power of the leading civilized peoples, it is evident that for the present the economic reasons for Imperialism have ceased to be at all convincing.

LIGHT ON DARKEST JAMES.

Henry James, besides writing a new story suggested by his recent American visit, is also working upon an edition of his novels, of which the first volume is shortly to appear. It is said that there will be a preface to each, and it is also reported in London that the author is "revising very generously." James himself, in one of his short stories, described a writer as "pricking in lights," as he read his proof. Some may hope that the novelist will try the benefit of that process upon certain of his own darker passages. But we doubt very much if he will concede so much to the unregenerate. If they cannot understand him, he is not the man to undertake to supply them with both eyes and intellect.

The now proverbial obscurity of Henry James's style has a beam of light thrown upon it in W. A. Gill's *Atlantic* article upon "Henry James and his Double." With its main thesis, that the American writer is a sort of reincarnation of Marivaux, a French essayist, playwright, and novelist of the eighteenth century, we do not concern ourselves; but one of the minor points of parallelism adduced is to the purpose. Marivaux, said Sainte-Beuve, had the *style parlé*. "He copies it as closely as he can, with all its little carelessnesses, with the small words that constantly recur, and, as it were, the very gestures." Mr. Gill remarks briefly on the similarity to James. It really goes to the heart of the matter, so far as the mere outward form of writing is in question. James's style is *parlé* in a double sense. It not only follows the methods of conversation—with its syncopations, its suspended sense, its parentheses, its unconventional turns—but it also is made to *sound* like conversation. For some years, as is well known, Mr. James has dictated most of his writing. This habit has doubtless heightened the impression, not that he talks like a book, but that his books talk with him. Simple souls troubled by any given refractory sentence or page of his writings, will find an almost infallible solvent in reading it aloud slowly—or, if their own way of gabbling is too strong for them, in imagining how a reflective artist, feeling for his word, balancing his phrase, seeking the nice shade for his thought, would deliberately *utter* the passage to his secretary. Dictated matter necessarily aims more at the ear than the eye; and, remembering that James's is a spoken style, in both meanings of the word, baffled readers would do well to try to understand by hearing.

We are perfectly aware that all this cuts no deeper than the bark. The true James subtleties are those of thought. A man might perfectly grasp every sentence in "The Sacred Fount," and still feel dazed at the drift and meaning of the whole. The same could be said, in a less degree, of "The Golden Bowl." Both are compact of delicate and elusive suggestion, rather than blurting expression, and he who does not keep his mind bent to the task of following the faintly-marked path, must needs go astray. But such books are obviously not meant for the general. They who write them, perforce, or of set choice, limit their audience. And we suppose the defence of such works always comes down to something like Mrs. Browning's protest against those who insisted that her husband was obscure. She wrote to Robert, after he had sent her a volume of his poems:

> People who still complain of darkness are blind. . . . Subtleties of thought which are not directly apprehensible by minds of a common range are here, as elsewhere in your writings, but if to utter things "hard to be understood" from *that* cause be an offence, why, we may begin with "our beloved brother Paul," you know, and go down through all the geniuses of the world, and bid them put away their inspirations.

Whether James's style is a good style, or not, is scarcely the point. It is the form in which he has chosen to express

himself. That his way of writing fits his mental processes, like glove to hand, is obvious. It is the clearest case of the style being of the man. Now, whether the man be worth trying to understand is a question which people may debate as they please. But if the dispute be whether he can be understood, by those who go about it in the right way, it is one of the idlest and most vexatious of controversies. All the newspaper jokes and the afternoon-tea brilliances and the gibes of the critics about "darkest James" simply prove that superficial people do not catch what was never meant for them.

The supposition, or the pathetic wish, that Henry James might write "clear and plain," like those novelists of whom Mr. Howells has just said that they apparently suppose that "their work can do without literary quality," betrays a hopeless confusion about the whole subject. There is, of course, no doubt that James could do the grammar-school English of the "best sellers," if he chose. He could do it with his left hand, and in his sleep. But he has deliberately gone his own way, with his eyes open, knowing perfectly well, we may be sure, just the kind of appreciation to which he was limiting himself. And if it be a proof of fine writing to win the admiration of fine writers, he has not missed it. No one has had higher praise from the best craftsmen of his time, who admire him most precisely for his mastery of style. Themselves knowing the difficulty of making language come obedient to each refinement or variant of thought, they marvel at his command of the fit word, the exact phrase, the fatally correct shading. And it is barely possible that Henry James finds in their approval more contentment than he would in the laudations of ninety and nine who charge him with being obscure.

SOME MUSEUM PROBLEMS.

The recent opening of the new museum of the Essex Institute in Salem, Mass., which aims, among other things, to give a view of life in New England during colonial days, is certain to start afresh the perennial discussion as to the future of our ethnological collections. Museums of the type of the American Museum of Natural History in this city have their problems as truly as those devoted to the fine arts. They, too, suffer from the generous but indiscreet benefactor who wills a collection on condition that it be retained intact—its rubbish and duplicates as well as its exhibits of value. And museums like the Essex Institute, which have more or less a local character, are constantly in danger of having to devote a room to some hero of their particular city whose achievements in a distant quarter of the globe are the excuse for adding looks and curiosities valuable enough in themselves, but wholly out of keeping with the general purposes of the institution.

An institution the size of the American Natural History Museum has fewer troubles of this kind, but the very complexity and magnitude of the collections bring up other problems. Primarily, there is a certain rivalry between the natural history and the ethnographical and anthropological collections; but transcending that are three questions of a general nature which sooner or later every museum must face: Is it to be purely a resort for popular entertainment? Is its object the serious instruction of visitors? Or is the promotion of research its main purpose? The great majority of the visitors are bent purely on entertainment, much as they would go to a Sunday evening vaudevillo concert. Striking groups of native races, or the memorabilia of an Arctic expedition, the largest meteorite yet found, and the latest skeleton of a prehistoric creature are the things that appeal to them. The significance of these objects is plain; they afford a ready excuse for ohs and ahs. The hope of museum curators, of course, is that those people who are attracted by the more showy exhibits will be awakened to a serious interest in the more strictly scientific displays; that the men who come to be amused will remain to study. But even where the purpose is to arrest the attention of the multitude, the method of display must never fall into the fatal error of sacrificing essential truth to the merely spectacular.

When it comes to those persons who visit a museum for serious instruction, the problem is more difficult. The striking exhibit they glance at; but they wish to complete some study or to master in a general way some one subject. They may be school children or college students sent by their teachers to get a view of a phase in the evolution of species. But, as has recently been pointed out, if a great museum is to be laid out for thorough and systematic study of this kind, the whole is likely to become "a maze of separate and intercrossing systems," wholly confusing to any visitor who is not already an expert. In the arrangement of material there must be some compromise worked out between the rigidly scientific and the merely popular.

Finally, if the student is bent on profound research, he finds even an ordinarily systematic arrangement unsatisfactory. He must have access to every specimen, to every duplicate which the museum possesses, and he is by no means content if he is referred to the cellar and allowed to open box after box of valuable but discarded objects. Moreover, as Prof. George A. Dorsey of the Field Columbia Museum has pointed out in *Science*, collections "forced into retirement always suffer," not only by the inevitable deterioration which follows storing, but by the loss of personal interest as well. Yet the display of every object required by the specialist in his researches would not only be physically impossible: it would bewilder the visitor who wants to see only a few typical specimens in any one line; and it would nearly destroy the usefulness of the museum as an instructor of the general public.

The great museums in large cities suffer most from the complexity of the demands upon them. All three kinds of visitors pour in, and exhibits often increase much faster than wings to accommodate them. Hence, it is a fact that the most representative and systematic collections are frequently to be found in small museums, which are not bothered by a great mass of exhibits along many lines. In a small city, too, the short distances make it easy for classes to assemble in the museum. Along this line the Essex Institute has done much for popular education, more, probably, in proportion to its means, than the American Natural History Museum has been able to do, on account of its distance from Brooklyn and the Bronx, and even from some of our own Manhattan schools. Hence, Prof. Franz Boas has volunteered in *Science* the suggestion that every encouragement be given to the movement to establish school museums. Indeed, he is of the opinion that if museums are to fulfil only serious and scientific educational purposes, as opposed to popular entertainment, small and not large ones are desirable. At the same time, he admits that the large museum has its definite functions as the storehouse of great "series of material which for all time to come must form the basis of scientific inductions."

The solution of these problems in any instance must depend on the size and purpose of the museum. Ultimately we may see the establishment of collections for the public and those intended only for men who are giving their lives to science and research.

A CENTURY OF GEOLOGY.

The Geological Society of London has just been celebrating its centennial, and the speakers of the occasion have dwelt on the vast strides which the science has made in the hundred years and the profound influence which it has had on our conception of man and the universe. The beginnings of geology were the first crude speculations as to the history and structure of the world, a subject that could not fail to excite the curiosity and stimulate the imagination of primitive man. But the ancient cosmogonies and creation-myths were framed with what now seems to us sublime indiffer-

ence to easily observed facts. As Sir Archibald Geikie, the president of the Society for the year, pointed out in his address, the science, according to any modern view, remained in its infancy till toward the end of the eighteenth century. Before that time geologists believed that valleys and mountains were produced by great and sudden upheavals, and that each plant and animal in the long series preserved in the rocks was a special creation. This is the conception embedded in Blake's "Tiger," with its question, "Did he who made the lamb make thee?" Palissy, Guettard, and perhaps others had propounded theories which have since found acceptance; but it was left for James Hutton, in his "Theory of the Earth," 1785, to put forward the new ideas with a lucidity and force that compelled attention. A long controversy raged between his disciples and those of the old school, headed by the Saxon mineralogist Werner; but Hutton was sustained by Playfair, James Hall, and later Charles Lyell. So recently as a generation ago Lyell, born in 1797, was still looked upon as the great champion of uniformitarianism—the doctrine that existing causes, acting in the same manner and with the same intensity as at the present time, are sufficient to account for all geological changes. His "Principles of Geology" was a standard text-book; it ran through many editions in England and America; and from 1830, the year of first publication, till his death in 1875, this book prepared the educated classes to believe that nature's processes are uniform.

Popular interest in the subject was immensely strengthened by the writings of a man who, though not a geologist, had been profoundly influenced by Lyell; that is, Charles Darwin. In his "Origin of Species," 1859, he applied to the development of plants and animals the same theory of uniformitarianism that Lyell and his adherents had applied to the structure of the earth. There were no special creations, but all living things, including man himself, were the product of steadily working forces. This bold attack on the first chapters of Genesis, as commonly accepted, aroused an intellectual storm which only those whose memories run back thirty or forty years can really understand. Lyell and his fellow scientists had been the sappers and miners, slowly but surely destroying the notion that the Maker of the Universe had been incessantly interfering in the operation of it. Darwin, drawing many of his arguments from that branch of geology which is now a distinct science, palæontology, had brought the truth home to men's hearts. Before the "Origin of Species," uniformitarianism had been in the minds of the generality an abstract idea that excited as little emotion as the binomial theorem. Darwin, by applying it to human kind, shook men's dearest convictions, their most passionate faith. It is no marvel that he and his followers drew upon themselves the thunder from a thousand pulpits; and that even in Oxford a learned divine asserted that the fossils in the rocks, of which the new heretics made so much, were placed there by the Devil on purpose to mislead human inquirers.

But all this bitterness and heat have now passed into the limbo of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." The statement that man is descended from a monkey, or even a jellyfish, is coolly admitted by the most ardent theologian. So deeply has the notion of uniformitarianism penetrated the consciousness of educated men that we look upon it as we look upon the law of gravitation, or any other commonplace. Indeed, we no longer realize how wide a gulf the geologists and allied scientists have eroded between us and our grandfathers. The palæontologists of 1907 are still unearthing fossils that exhibit the genealogy of the horse and the elephant; but popular attention now seems turning toward the more terrific manifestations of natural law in earthquakes and volcanoes. For such study the last twenty-five years have provided an unusual amount of material. The catastrophe of August, 1883, which rent asunder the island of Krakatoa, has been followed by a succession of appalling disturbances of the earth's crust: the reawakening of the New Zealand volcano, Tarawera, and the resultant destruction of the famous pink and white terraces of Rotomahana; the earthquake at Charleston, S. C.; the long series of earthquakes in Japan, one of them perhaps the most formidable yet recorded; and the earth-movements of southeastern Alaska, disrupting the Muir glacier. The events in 1902 are still fresh in mind: the destruction by earthquake of considerable parts of Chilpancinzo in Mexico and Quetzaltenango in Guatemala; the eruptions in the West Indies, with the annihilation of Saint-Pierre; and the foundering of the island of Tori-Shima in Japanese waters. And then, more recently, the vast disturbances in Formosa, the new chapter in the history of Vesuvius, and the earthquakes of San Francisco, Valparaiso, and Jamaica.

Here are tremendous catastrophes which a century and a half ago would have been widely regarded as unmistakable evidence of the direct interposition of Providence to punish a guilty world. Men would have instantly recalled Isaiah's threat against Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of hosts with thunder and with earthquake, and great noise, . . . and the flame of devouring fire." But to-day we see in these disasters nothing but the steady and inevitable settling of the earth's crust and the display of those Titanic forces which, without haste and without rest, regardless of puny man, his follies, his sins, and his card-houses, work from everlasting to everlasting.

MEETING OF GERMAN PHILOLOGISTS.

BASLE, September 29.

A notable gathering of scholars, the forty-ninth meeting of the Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner, has been held in Basle, September 23 to 28. In most of the addresses of welcome allusion was made to the fact that Basle had the honor of entertaining the association once before, just sixty years ago. In comparing the programme of the early meeting with that of to-day one is impressed by the greater variety of interests at present represented. Then attention was centred almost exclusively on classical philology, with a section for the pedagogical side and a short glance at the Oriental languages; now there are ten sections in all, sections for classical, Indo-European, and Oriental philology, pedagogy, Germanic, Romance, and English philology, archæology, history and epigraphy, and mathematics and the natural sciences. The association has felt the same difficulty that similar associations in America have felt, namely that of adapting the programme, to such a variety of topics. In accordance with suggestions made at the last meeting, more time was devoted this year to the sessions of the various sections, and care was taken to have in the general sessions only such papers and addresses as promised to be of general appeal.

The most interesting of the general sessions was one in which four addresses were held on the subject of university and school, especially the university training of teachers, Professor Klein speaking for mathematics and the natural sciences; Prof. Paul Wendland of Breslau for the classics; Prof. Alois Brandl of Berlin for modern languages, and Prof. Adolf Harnack of Berlin for history and religion. The addresses were subsequently discussed in a very animated session of the pedagogical section. Professor Harnack's admirable address, perhaps the finest of the whole meeting, pointed out among other things that in the training of teachers of history there were especially three weak places that should be strengthened by new courses at the universities: first, lack of a comprehensive view embracing in broad outlines the whole course of history and connecting the scattered periods that have been studied in detail; second, lack of a proper knowledge and appreciation of the period of the Roman Emperors and the first few centuries of Christianity, the period in which those Christian ideals were developed which in conflict or in combination with the earlier classic ideals reawakened by the Renaissance have determined the course of modern history; third, lack of knowledge of government and institutions of to-day. This ignorance of their own government probably does not exist to the same degree among American students; but it may well be asked whether the first two points do not contain valuable suggestions for American universities.

Professor Brandl's strong emphasis of the practical side of modern language study

aroused stout opposition from others among the modern philologists, who would lay the stress upon the cultural value of the study of the literature. His suggestion that in the schools English should be begun first, then French, and then Latin, instead of the reverse order which now prevails, aroused the classical philologists. In fact the warm discussion of the address, the feeling shown by the speakers, and also by the audience in its free expression of approval and disapproval, all made one realize that these issues, are still very much alive in Germany.

It is, of course, impossible to do justice here to the rich programmes of the various sections. Prof. G. E. Hale of Chicago read a paper before the classical philologists, "Indogermanische Modus-Syntax, eine Kritik und ein System." Prof. Karl Lamprecht gave an informal talk before the historical section, explaining the equipment and plans for his new seminar for universal history and Kulturgeschichte, to be opened this fall in Leipzig. With a thorough study of German civilization as a basis, the civilization of other countries is to be studied, at first certain more important typical ones. The two thus far selected for especial attention are the United States and Japan; and Professor Lamprecht had at the meeting an exhibit of part of the material already available for the study of these two countries. In addition to the ordinary source-material, the seminar has for Japan an extensive collection of its art, and for the United States a collection of material for acquainting the student with the external side, the *milieu* of our civilization. It seemed decidedly odd to find here on exhibition many of our familiar albums of views, also lantern slides, a few American newspapers, and several numbers of the German-American magazine *Die Glocke*.

Graz was chosen as the place of the next meeting. NEIL C. BROOKS.

CONGRESS OF THE RISORGIMENTO.

ROME, September 18.

The second congress of the National Society for the History of the Italian Risorgimento was held in Perugia from September 12 to 14, and proved the most notable among the various congresses organized in connection with the summer exhibition of old Umbrian art in that city. The proceedings were a gratifying demonstration of the vigorous life to which the new Italian society of modern history has been born, and, unlike those of many congresses, presented concrete results, which should contribute materially to the advancement of historical studies. The society, which counts but nine months of existence, has been placed under the patronage of Victor Emanuel III., and includes among its life members the Queen Mother, the Dukes of Genoa and of Aosta, the Ministers of the Interior, of Public Instruction, of War, and of the Navy, as well as a number of municipalities, libraries, and learned societies; the total number of its life members is thirty-five, and of its ordinary members four hundred and eighty-four, including several foreigners, French, English, and American.

The first number of the new historical review, *Il Risorgimento Italiano, Rivista Storica*, the organ of the society, will appear on January 1, 1908, printed by the publisher Bocca, and edited by Benjamin Manzone, editor of the *Rivista Storica del Risorgimento Italiano*, which suspended publication in 1900. The committee on editing announced the initiation of two important series of works upon Risorgimento history—one of popular writings, of which the first volume will be an accurate life of Garibaldi by Abba, author of the Noterelle; the second of documented monographs, of which the first volume will be a study by Victor Ferrari upon the Piedmontese entry into the Italian war of 1848, based upon the unpublished correspondence of Castagneto, secretary of King Charles Albert, with Gabrio Casati, president of the provisional Lombard government. Upon the proposal of Ettore Verga, the congress voted unanimously to conclude negotiations with the editor, Pietro Barbèra, for the publication of a dictionary of characters and events of the Risorgimento in two volumes of about seven hundred pages each, to be compiled under the direction of the society, and to include minor figures of the period as well as those whose services are already familiar in history. This work should be welcome to students, who until now have had no better volumes of general reference than the biographical dictionaries of De Gubernatis, compilations of auto-eulogy and historical error.

Papers were read by Victor Ferrari, "A Little More Light upon the Piedmontese Intervention in Lombardy in 1848"; by H. Nelson Gay, "The Offer of the Command of an Army Made to Garibaldi by the Government of the United States in 1861"; and by Camillo Pariset, "The Liberation of Perugia from Papal Rule." All three of these papers were résumés of monographs soon to be published.

At the closing session it was voted to postpone all modification of the constitution of the society until the convocation of the next congress, to be held in Turin, September, 1908, and the central council of the society was confirmed in office without change for another year.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A copy of Daniel Denton's "Brief Description of New York formerly called New Netherlands," London, 1670, is the most valuable item in the library of the Earl of Sheffield, which is to be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge in London on November 5 and 6. This book is the first extended account of New York printed in English, and this copy is of especial interest as it seems to have the imprint intact. The type page of the title is larger than the text, and in all but a few copies the date, and often part of the imprint, has been cut off by the binder. The uncut copy mentioned by Sabin as belonging to John F. McCoy is now in the Hoe library. Only two copies with the date intact have been sold at auction in recent years; one, the Barlow copy, brought $525 in 1890 and $615 in the Ives sale the next year; the other, Lord Ashburton's fine copy, brought £400 in 1900. Both are now in private libraries in New York. Short copies are not uncommon. There are three in the British Museum, two in the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, and one copy in each of the following libraries: Lenox, Columbia, New York Historical Society, New York State, Long Island Historical Society, Harvard, and the Congressional. There are also several copies in private hands. The earliest sale at auction which we can trace was Topham Beauclerk's copy, which brought 2s. 3d. in 1781.

Though Denton's "Description" is always called the first account of New York in English, there are three or four earlier books, also in English, of even greater rarity, which tell something of the place while it was in the possession of the Dutch. The earliest of these seems to be George Gardyner's "Description of the New World," London, 1651, which contains, on pages 93-94, an account of New York. Of this book there are copies in the Lenox Library, the Harvard Library, and four in private hands. In 1653 appeared "The Second Part of the Tragedy of Amboyna: or a True Relation of a Most Bloody, Treacherous, and Cruel Design of the Dutch in the New Netherlands in America. For the total Ruining and Murthering of the English Colonies in New England." This is extremely rare. There is one copy in the British Museum and two copies are in private libraries in America; but no others seem traceable. This pamphlet was reprinted the same year in a volume having the title "The Commonwealth's Great Ship Commonly called the Soveraigne of the Seas." In Norton's "New England's Ensigne," London, 1659, is an account of Robert Hodgson, a Quaker, who was arrested at Hempstead, L. I., and haled to New Amsterdam at the tail of a cart. "An Abbreviate of Holland's Deliverance by, and Ingratitude to the Crown of England and House of Nassau," London, 1665, contains, on pages 40 and 43, a narrative of the settlement of New Netherlands by the Dutch in 1624. The only copy of this book which could be traced by Mr. Cole is in a private library in New York. These are the more important of the few original books in English, relating to New York, written before the Treaty of Breda, in 1667, when New Netherlands was ceded to the English.

In the Earl of Sheffield's collection are several very rare pieces relating to the Pequot War and King Philip's War in New England. There is a copy of Underhill's "Newes from America," 1638, with the rare "Figure of the Indian Fort of Palizado," which is lacking in most copies; also Vincent's "True Relation of the late Battell fought in New England," 1638. These are the two most valuable contemporary printed narratives of the War with the Pequots. Hubbard's "Present state of New England," 1677, the London edition; Mather's "Brief History of the War with the Indians in New England," 1676, and the still rarer "News from New England," 1676, and "A Farther, briefer, and True Relation of the Late Wars risen in New England," 1676, are all important contemporary pieces. The best of the earlier books on New England is Edward Winslow's "Good Newes from New England, or a True Relation of things very remarkable at the Plantation of Plimoth in New England," 1624, the second issue with the additional leaf "A Briefe Relation of a credible intelligence of the present State of Virginia." Lord Ashburton's copy, also the second issue, brought £240 in November, 1900.

Besides the Americana, the Earl of Sheffield's collection includes a few notable

books in other departments. The best of these are Virgil's "XII Bukes of Eneados," translated by Gawin Douglas, 1553; a curious book with a Shakespearean interest, "The Run-awayes Answer to a Booke called a Rodde for Runne-awayes," 1625; Nash's "Have with You to Saffron Walden," 1596; and some first editions of Goldsmith.

On November 6, Sotheby sells the library of Charles F. Cox of New York, mostly books on magic and other occult subjects, including some rare and unusual volumes. There are a number of books on witchcraft, but none of the early American books on the Salem delusion. Mather's "Angelographia," Boston, 1696, and Whitefield's "Journal," 3 parts, printed in Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin in 1739, are interesting items. On November 7 the same firm offers the library of Francis Baring, which is most notable for the long series of books by or attributed to DeFoe. There are more than sixty numbers, but many of the volumes contain several pieces.

On October 22, 23, and 24, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of Col. A. A. Ripka of Falmouth, Mass., with additions, including books on the Civil War, Lincolniana, Confederate imprints, a long series of American chap-books, first editions, books on the Indians, etc. The most important single item is probably "A History of the Indians Wars with the first Settlers of the United States, particularly in New England," by Daniel Clarke Sanders, President of the University of Vermont, published in Montpelier in 1812. Owing to a caustic review of the book in the *Liberal and Philosophical Repository*, the author made every effort to suppress it, and but few copies have survived. The sum of $102.50 was paid for Field's copy in May, 1875; but the highest of recent auction records is $90, paid for Mr. Chubbuck's copy in 1903.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson of the Doves Press and Bindery, Hammersmith, Englaud, will visit America to lecture on printing and binding. Among the cities which be will visit are Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. He will be in this city early in December.

Correspondence.

ERRORS IN GEER'S "LOUISIANA PURCHASE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some years ago I subscribed to a comprehensive history of North America. In reading the editor's introduction to the first volume I learned that one of the reasons for publishing the history was to permit specialists to deal with their own subjects. We were told that a glaring example of a historian attempting too great a task was found in a recent pretentious general history where more than five hundred errors had been discovered in a single volume.

As yet I have had little time to read the many volumes of this history, but last night I picked up No. VIII., written by Prof. C. W. Geer, "The Louisiana Purchase." By accident the volume opened at page 233. The name of Zebulon Montgomery Pike caught my eye, and I read a few of the following pages, devoted to an account of his and Fremont's exploring expeditions. On page 235 there is one positive misstatement of fact and two inaccurate or incomplete statements. The author says:

> In the course of his explorations Pike discovered and ascended the peak which now bears his name.

It is true that Pike saw the peak, but he never ascended it According to his statement, on Thursday, November 27, 1806, he climbed a mountain which he supposed was the peak, but on arriving at the top, found he was still fifteen or sixteen miles from the base of the "Great Peak" itself. He thereupon gave up the attempt, believing that "no human being could have ascended to its summit." The fact that Pike did not ascend the peak is known to every one acquainted with Colorado history, and is shown to any one who even casually reads his Journal.

Two or three sentences further on Professor Geer falls into another error. Speaking of the expedition, he says:

> At one time their entire food for forty-eight hours consisted of a single partridge.

The Journal shows that Pike left his command at about the point where Pueblo is now located, aud with three companions attempted the ascent of the "Great White Peak." It was on this trip that he states:

> It began to snow, and we sought shelter under the side of a projecting rock, where we *all four* made a meal on one partridge, *and a pair of deer's ribs*, which the ravens had left us, being the first food we had eaten for forty-eight hours.

It is seen that it was only the *four* men who went without food, and a pair of deer's ribs would be quite an addition to a single partridge for four men.

Again, on the same page, Professor Geer tells us that Pike induced the Indians "to give up the Spanish flag that had been left with them, and he hoisted the American flag in its place, a ceremony which meant no more to the Indians than did Lewis's similar action on the Upper Missouri." As Pike relates the incident, the Spaniards had left *several* of their flags in the Indian village, one of which had been unfurled at the chief's door during the day of a conference he was holding with them. Pike induced the chief to take down that flag and to hoist an American flag in its place; and then, on perceiving that the Indians were downcast and sorrowful, he returned to them the Spanish flag, on their promising not to hoist it again during his stay in their camp.

So much for the patent errors found on page 235. As there are five hundred pages it is evident that unless Professor Geer has studied his original source with more care than he has Pike's narrative there may be more than five hundred errors in this single volume.

That not much more care is taken in other instances is shown on page 237, when discussing Frémont's first expedition, Professor Geer writes:

> On this expedition he planted the American flag on the peak which bears his name, which is the highest point in the Rocky Mountains, thirteen thousand feet above sea level.

Every schoolboy knows that Frémont's Peak is not the highest point in the Rocky Mountains, but that Pike's Peak and not less than fifty more in the State of Colorado alone are more than 14,000 feet high. As for 13,000 feet being the highest point in the Rocky Mountains, there are whole regions in Colorado at a greater elevation. For more than twenty years daily trains have been crossing Alpine Pass at an elevation of 13,550 feet, and the fact is proclaimed to the world in millions of railway advertisements. Two railroads in Colorado send trains to an elevation of more than 14,000 feet, and one of them, up Pike's Peak, has been in existence for more than ten years. Frémont's Peak is given as 13,570 feet, and it is the highest point in Wyoming and in the Wind River Mountain Range. But I have shown enough to illustrate Professor Geer's ignorance of ordinary geographical facts and the carelessness with which he goes over his sources. The ordinary layman, of course, cannot check up all the authorities cited in a work of this kind; and all that can be said is that if the proportion of errors continues throughout the book little reliance can be placed on it.

W. H. Bryant.

Denver, September 21.

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it not in ouestionable taste for an author to retell the tale of another without giving proper credit for the same? This seems to have been done by Mr. Vance Thompson in the October *Outing*, p. 20, in his "The Yarns of a Traveller." The yarn entitled "The Uncommitted Murder" is evidently a condensation of the incident related by M. Octave Mirbeau in "Le Jardin des Supplices," p. xviii., published in Paris and now in its twenty-sixth thousand. The similarity is too great for Mr. Thompson to have received this story from a third person, and not to have seen the original at all. For instance, in one case, he says:

> I felt a kind of lightness, an elasticity, an afflux of nervous waves—and, at that instant, without definite will of my own, my hand went out to grip his throat.

The French of Mirbeau reads:

> Mes mains allaient, toutes seules, je vous assure, ardentes et terribles. . . . Je sentais en moi une légèreté, une élasticité, un afflux d'ondes nerveuses.

Comparison of the two stories will show other points of resemblance.

Milton S. Garver.

New Haven, Conn., October 4.

ROSWITHA AND TERENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What Roswitha owed to Byzantine influence, in the genesis of her dramatic efforts, I have never made any attempt to find out, and so have no basis from which to dispute your reviewer's comment (in your issue of September 26) upon the views of Mr. Tunison. As to the assertion that "the immediate model for the structure of her dramas is, as she states in her preface, Terence," any one who has read to any extent in both Terence and Roswitha is qualified to ask just what is meant by an "im-

mediate model." But for Roswitha's own words, I doubt very much whether any critic would ever have thought of referring to her poems as modelled upon Terence, either in their structure or in anything else. The fact seems to be that her allusion to Terence has habitually had read into it a significance which a more careful consideration of her own works would have made impossible to any one who stops to think what the word "model" implies. Roswitha, with her Christian teaching, was scandalized that the scholars of her time, seduced by the beautiful language of Terence, were defiling themselves with the knowledge of pagan wickedness therein expressed. ("Dum dulcedine sermonis delectantur, nefandarum notitia rerum maculantur.") She determined to fill the mould with Christian thought, but the mould was something entirely beyond her humble power. I should like to see some one bring forward from her poems a few concrete traces of supposed resemblance to Terence which would not apply equally well to Plautus and presumably much better to any unskilled dramatic experimenter who might be unearthed from the débris of her own immediate predecessors, either Byzantine or Western.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, O., October 3.

We meant by "immediate model" that which first suggested to Roswitha the general plan of her comedies. Since, as Professor Johnson rightly says, "she determined to fill the mould with Christian thought," one should expect to find Terentian reminiscences as rare as knots in bulrushes. The number of plays is the same, and the dialogue shows some traces of the language of Roman comedy. Barack, in his edition of 1854, p. xxxix, said enough on this subject in declaring the influence of Terence a negative one. Our point was simply that Roswitha was led to write plays, as she tells us, from her reading of Terence—not from anything that might have come to her from Byzantium. Speculation as to her borrowings from unskilled dramatic predecessors will be appropriate as soon as the same are unearthed. THE REVIEWER.

THE ADDITION TO "GOD SAVE THE KING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The additional verse to "God Save the King," attributed to Longfellow, as to which inquiry is made by W. E. A. Axon in the *Nation* of August 22, is the concluding stanza of an "International Ode," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, which was sung by 1,200 public school children on the occasion of the visit of the present King of Great Britain, then Prince of Wales, to Boston, October 18, 1860. The ode will be found in any complete edition of Holmes's Poems.

C. R. C.

Boston, October 8.

Notes.

It is good news to hear that Kipling's verse, hitherto available only in four separate books, will be brought out this month in a single volume by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Kipling has revised the collection and added poems not before included in any of his books.

Prof. Churton Collins is preparing a book on the visits of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau to England. He is said to have new letters of Voltaire's. If he can make clear the exact nature of the mutual borrowing between England and France during those years, he will do a good work.

Alexander Rogers has made a translation in verse of the complete "Shah Namah." His work is to be published immediately by Chapman & Hall.

Of special interest to anthropologists will be the volume of essays by different authors which is to be presented to Dr. Edward Burnett Tylor of Oxford, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. The range of subjects will be wide and the collection as a whole may be expected to sustain the claim of the British to distinction in the anthropological field. As might be expected a good deal of space is to be devoted to Australia and the eastern archipelago. Andrew Lang is to write on "Australian Problems," D. Y. Cunningham on "The Australian Forehead," Alfred C. Haddon on the "Religion of the Torres Strait Islanders," and Dr. C. G. Seligman and T. A. Joyce on "Prehistoric Objects in British New Guinea." Under the head of classical anthropology there will be a paper by Dr. L. R. Farnell on the "Sonder-Götter" in Greek Polytheism, an account of the rite at the Temple of Mylitta by E. Sidney Hartland, and of the Segynnæ of Herodotus by J. L. Myres, as well as a discussion as to the origin of the Dorians by William Ridgeway. The vexed question of Exogamy is to be dealt with by A. E. Crawley and again by Northcote W. Thomas. In addition to the contributions already mentioned, we are to have the views of Dr. J. G. Frazier on the Folklore of the Old Testament, those of Dr. Charles S. Myers on "The Ethnological Study of Music," those of Sir John Rhŷs on "The Nine Witches of Gloucester," and of Dr. Westermarck on "L'Âr, or the Transference of Conditional Curses in Morocco." The volume is to be published by Henry Frowde.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts will hereafter be issued by T. C. & E. C. Jack. Four new reprints are about ready for delivery: "King Darius," "Lusty Juventus," "Nice Wanton," and Heywood's "Ray of the Weather."

The World's Classics of the Oxford University Press are increased by six new volumes: Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" and "Ethics of the Dust" (one volume), Cervantes's "Don Quixote" (two volumes), Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," and Smollett's "Travels Through France and Italy." All are provided with Introductions; in the Smollett this has been extended by Thomas Seccombe to a pretty long and quite interesting attempt to reverse the contemptuous belittling of "Smelfungus" by Sterne and Walpole. We are glad to hear a plea for the author of "Humphry Clinker." One curious point Mr. Seccombe brings out, that the majority of the so-called portraits are not of Smollett at all, but ingeniously altered plates of George Washington. We could wish Mr. Seccombe had given his authority for this statement. There is something piquant in the thought of Washington standing for the author of "Peregrine Pickle."

The "Pleasures of Literature" is well suited to be brought out in handy and attractive form, as we see it in the volume now issued by Putnams. The book was first published in 1851, when the author, Robert Aris Willmott, was incumbent of the living at Bear Wood, where John Walter of the London *Times* had lately built the Church of St. Catherine. The little essays are not much more than a collection of quotations, examples, and anecdotes; but they are put together with a happy touch, and their quaint flavor of learning and morality is still thoroughly enjoyable.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue a new edition of Margaret E. White's "After Noontide," with a sketch of the compiler by her daughter, Eliza Orne White. "No man can be perfectly happy until after his sixtieth birthday," wrote Bonstetten, and these words might be taken to sum up the spirit in which Mrs. White made this selection of paragraphs and poetical quotations for the old.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have begun the publication in ten illustrated volumes of "The Children's Hour," or, as it is further described in the title, "a comprehensive and careful selection of the best literature for children." The selections are arranged by subjects: stories from various countries, myths, classical stories, stories of legendary heroes, poems, out-of-doors adventures, etc. The examination of the proposed table of contents shows that the editor, Miss Eva Marsh Tappan, has made a wise and broad choice of material, and that the books can be recommended heartily to those who have grown disgusted with the ephemeral children's books poured out by the press every year.

Few books have been the cause of more and more wholesome laughter than John Habberton's story of "Helen's Babies," and it is pleasant to see a new edition of the book, with appropriate illustrations, issued by Moffat, Yard & Co.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are gradually filling out their edition of Trollope's novels in volumes of a size and type to enhance the pleasure of reading, or rereading, that most British of novelists. "John Caldigate," of the Manor House Series, is now added in two volumes. The only complaint possible from lovers of Trollope is that the edition is not completed more rapidly.

In placing the price of E. O. Gordon's "Saint George" at $5 net, the publishers (E. P. Dutton & Co.) show a pleasing confidence in the wealth of the American nation. The book contains little more than 40,000 words of text, and can boast of no illustrations which are better than mediocre in execution. When one considers how much good literature can be bought nowadays for five dollars, it would be impossible to praise this book with any heartiness even if it reached a higher level of style and scholarship than it does. So far as scholarship is concerned, not much can be expected from a writer who calls Constantius Chlorus, "King of Britain"; states that Constantine built the "present cathedral mosque of S. Sophia"; calls Tintoretto "Tintorel"; declares that in Caer-

leon alone ten thousand Christians were slaughtered during the persecution of Diocletian; and cites Wykeham's celebrated motto as "Manners make the man." We will not deny that Mr. Gordon shows a spirit of generous idealism in writing of the chivalrous and national associations which centre around the figure of St. George; but his temper is uncritical and his arrangement of material defective. In structure the book consists of four parts. Besides a biographical sketch of the martyr, which would do credit to any hagiology, there are chapters on the Commemoration of St. George in Church Liturgies and National Institutions, on Celebrated Knights of St. George, and on St. George in Art. To criticise details is beyond our purpose, but proceeding from the principle *ex uno disce omnes*, we shall give our readers some means of understanding Mr. Gordon's attitude toward history and legend. The subjoined excerpts speak for themselves:

King Arthur (like St. George) has been, and is still by many, regarded as a mythical hero; but, says Fuller (writing in Queen Elizabeth's time), "The best evidence that once Arthur lived in Britain is because it is certain that he died in Britain as appeared undeniably by his corpse, coffin and epitaph, taken up out of his monument in Glastonbury in the reign of Henry II., whereof many persons of quality were eye-witnesses."

King Arthur, we may be sure, would not have established Winchester as the headquarters of his Society if the Druidical festival of the White-sun-tide had been tainted with any suspicion of *sun-worship*.

Strengthened by historical evidence is the tradition that the British King and his Knights held their Round Table Assemblies within the walls of the stately basilica of the Roman Castle, by the West Gate opposite the Winton (St. Katharine's Hill), and here the venerable relic of chivalry—the Round Table itself—has from that time to this been preserved.

The third volume of H. A. Cushing's "Writings of Samuel Adams" (Putnams) includes papers from 1773 to 1777, a period in which events moved from political agitation to actual war. The Declaration of Independence and a Confederation of the States seemed to crown Adams's efforts with success, yet his part in either measure was small, for his strength did not lie in practical legislation. In the Committee of Correspondence his pen was busy, for the acts of Parliament against Boston brought out material sympathy from the other colonies, all of which had to be acknowledged with suitable thanks and denunciations of tyranny. In the Congress he felt his own limitations, and wished to be recalled, that better men might be sent to meet the "grandest revolution the world has ever seen." His singleness of purpose and the intensity with which he pursued it, made him a strong support to the cause which he espoused, yet he was prone to concentrate his efforts against individuals rather than on practical measures of redress, and friend suffered as well as foe under his criticism. He warmly admired Arthur Lee, and regarded him as a great aid to the American cause in Europe. He disliked Schuyler and favored Gates, even disparaging Washington for pursuing a Fabian policy. His strong religious feeling caused him to believe the times to be infected with "levity, folly, and vice," and he was mortified to learn that in his own State men had been elected to office for their riches, a preference both "dishonorable and dangerous to a government." He gloried in his poverty and invited martyrdom. His private letters, of which Mr. Cushing has made a goodly collection, are more illuminative of his character than his public papers. It is unnecessary to detail his opinions. His prejudices crop out everywhere, as when he says that the New York Legislature is septennial, and "therefore must be corrupted." His strength lay in agitation, in town meetings, and in manifestoes, and he would resort to them even where they were not judicious. How unsuited his views and methods were for actual conditions is shown by his proposed reply of Congress to Gage, only a few sentences of which were adopted by the committee. Mr. Cushing shows great industry in locating his material, but is much too sparing in his notes, leaving too many references unexplained. Initial letters or dashes, when used in place of names, should be noted, as on pp. 268 and 272, where Cushing and Mifflin are intended. There are errors of dates and names, and a wrong committee of Congress is given in the note to p. 336.

"The Savage South Seas" (The Macmillan Co.), the latest of the admirable series of Color Books, is a description by pen and pencil of the natives of British New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides. The main feature of the book is the sixty-eight illustrations, which are beautiful reproductions in color of paintings by Norman H. Hardy. Representing every important phase of native life, industries, amusements, and religious ceremonies, as well as the pile houses and the scenery, they enable one very vividly to realize it. Among the most interesting pictures are those showing the marvellous decorations of the canoes, the carved wooden figures or memorial effigies, and the personal ornaments, which excite wonder that a people so low in the scale of life can possess so much artistic ability. The accompanying text is by E. Way Elkington, a writer and traveller of some experience in these regions, who, to the description of those things which the artist has pictured, adds much information in regard to the customs, superstitions, legends, and practices of the natives and their relations with the white traders. One of the customs described as prevailing in New Guinea, that the woman and not the man should make the proposals of marriage, is not without a grain of practical common sense. If a girl desires to marry a certain young man, she prepares some food and sends it to him. If he eats it, her suit is accepted, and "without any further ceremony they become man and wife." In some parts of this island the boys have exciting athletic games which require considerable skill. In that known as *evanena* two rows of players stand facing each other with arms interlocked so as to form a platform upon which a boy gets up and runs forward:

Immediately he has passed over the first pair, they let go of each other and run forward, and place themselves in front of the others at the end of the row, thus making a continuous passage, enabling a constant race to be kept up with the boy on the platform and those forming it. Roars of laughter greet the youth who is fast enough to reach the end of the platform before another set of arms is ready for him, and if he succeeds in doing this he is a proud winner, but if, on the other hand, he stumbles and falls, he is anything but a hero, and becomes one of the figures of the platform, taking the place of one of the end boys.

A sketch of mission work in the South Seas includes a brief account of James Chalmers, the remarkable Scotchman known as "Tamate," and the chapter and the book close with an affirmation of Stevenson's assertion that "the missionaries are the best and most useful whites in the Pacific." There are a map and an excellent index.

"Turkey and the Turks" (Boston: L. C. Page and Co.) is substantially the reproduction of lectures which the author, Prof. Will S. Monroe, delivered after a visit to that country. The personal incidents and impressions are to be found in the chapters on Constantinople in which he gives many entertaining and graphic descriptions of the life and principal objects of interest in the city, from the mosque of St. Sophia to the whirling and howling dervishes. A brief introductory sketch of the geographical features of the Balkan peninsula is followed by a condensed summary of the history of the Ottoman empire. Other topics treated are the characteristics of the different races and their industries, the Mohammedan religion, the government and education; one chapter is devoted to Abdul-Hamid II., and the imperial harem. As a whole, the book is to be commended for the useful information which it gives, but in some points it merits criticism. From the statements in regard to the present situation in Macedonia, the uninformed reader would be led to believe that the disturbed condition is due wholly to Turkish misgovernment, no mention being made of the principal cause, the racial animosities and ambitions of the Greeks, Servians, and Bulgarians. In the review of the present political situation we find no mention of the formidable revolt of the Yemen Arabs which has been in progress nearly three years. The Hejaz or pilgrim railway to connect Mecca with Damascus, of which 463 miles are in operation, and the 105-mile branch connecting it with the Mediterranean at Haifa are omitted in the enumeration of the Asiatic railways. Harput is not a vilayet as stated on p. 86. Peter should be substituted for Paul in the preface and on p. 79. The illustrations are mostly of scenes in Constantinople with a few of Smyrna and Ephesus.

No. 3 of vol. XV., New Series, of the Modern Language Association's publications has appeared, with eight articles of varied interest. Caroline Strong discusses the "History and Relations of the Tail-Rhyme Strophe in Latin, French, and English," holding that rhythms may have a closer connection with the thought and life of a people than is generally acknowledged, and that efforts to enter into the taste of our ancestors and trace the literary relations of their form and thought may be of help in the important study of comparative literature. A bibliography of sixty-five titles accompanies the article. Robert M. Wernaer writes of "The New Constructive Criticism." Charles Harris finds a theme in "The English Comedians in Germany before the Thirty Years' War." He cites Moryson's reference to the so-called English comedians whom he saw at the Frankfort Fair in September, 1592, and concludes, on the basis of Röchell's Chronicle for Münster, 1601, and other documents of the

seventeenth century, that, while barn-storming was precarious, the actors were reasonably successful in their quest of financial gain. "L'Art dans les *Contes Dévots* de Gautier de Coincy" is rather extensively treated in French by Prof. Albert Schinz. One of the most interesting of the essays is by Walter Y. Durand, who reminds us of "De Quincey and Carlyle in their Relation to the Germans." Mr. Durand seeks to estimate the importance of De Quincey in comparison with Carlyle in introducing German literature and thought into England, and declares in favor of the thorny Scot. He thinks that Carlyle wielded a more enduring influence by transfusing rather than translating. Prof. Albert S. Cook has a scholarly analysis of "The Character of Criseyde," reviewing Shakespeare, Ten Brink, and others in their estimate of the heroine, and finding, both in contradiction and confirmation of their opinions, that Criseyde is amorous and circumspect, in manner a society woman of the period, whose wit and governance never desert her, William Guild Howard puzzles over "Five Obscure Allusions in Herder," and Miss Lisi Cipriani pursues "Studies in the Influence of the Romance of the Rose upon Chaucer." She holds that both Skeat and Ten Brink underestimate the influence of the Romance.

In two small volumes, entitled "Deutsches Leben im 12, und 13, Jahrhundert" (Leipzig: Goeschen), Prof. Dr. J. Dieffenbacher of the University of Freiburg, in Breisgau, gives a clear and concise delineation of German public and private life in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a knowledge of which is essential to a proper appreciation of the literature of that period. This literature consists of epics and lyrics, the latter of which found their most ardent, graceful and melodious expression in the *Minnesong*. In the first volume the author gives a comprehensive description of the political, social, ecclesiastical and judicial institutions of that time, especially under the famous Hohenstaufen dynasty, and also of the characteristics and conditions of all classes from the sovereign to the serf. In the second volume are portrayed the various features of private life: dwellings, clothing, food, courtship, marriage, education, amusements, games, music, gymnastics, hunting, and the rules of social intercourse. Professor Dieffenbacher calls his work a *Realkommentar* to the epic and lyric poetry of that day; and students, who are pursuing their researches in this direction, will find it an excellent key to German mediæval literature.

One of the most genial humorists and keenest satirists in Germany at the beginning of the sixteenth century was Heinrich Bebel, whose "Facetiæ" were published in 1506, twelve years before the author's death. By directing the pointed weapons of his wit and sarcasm against priests and monks he contributed largely to the popularization and promotion of the Reformation. The fact that he wrote in Latin instead of German prevented his works from being so generally appreciated as they otherwise would have been. For the same reason they are seldom mentioned even in the most elaborate histories of German literature. They have now been translated for the first time by Albert Wesselski, and just issued by Müller, in Munich and Leipzig, in two volumes, under the title "Heinrich Bebel's Schwänke."

A carefully written and impartial work based on thorough research is Marianne Weber's "Ehefrau und Mutter in der Rechtsentwicklung" (Tübingen: Mohr). It is an admirable and quite exhaustive history of women's legal rights as wives and mothers, and the different stages of the development of these rights from the earliest times to the present day. Many readers will be surprised to learn that in the code of the Babylonian sovereign Hammurabi, about 2500 B. C., women were placed on perfect equality with men as to the ownership and control of their property. Inscriptions on stone monuments excavated in the valley of the Euphrates prove that these enactments were in force several centuries before they were codified by the great Babylonian king and lawgiver. Similar laws existed also in ancient Egypt. Interesting and very equitable were the stipulations concerning divorce, remarriage and the claims of the children. Much less regard was paid to women in the Mosaic code and in Greek and Roman legislation. The primitive Germans regarded women as mere chattels with no rights which a man was bound to respect.

The educators of Germany are deeply interested in the so-called Mannheimer System of reorganizing the public schools of the country for the special purpose of meeting the practical difficulty that from one-fifth to one-third of the pupils never succeed in finishing the course of eight years in the prescribed time. The "Statistisches Jahrbuch," reports, for example, that in Bremen only 66.6 per cent. succeed; in Darmstadt, 63.8; in Freiburg-im-B., 66.2; in Leipzig, 73.2; in Mayence, 77.1; in Wiesbaden, 75.2; in Munich, 75. Seven years ago the city of Mannheim introduced the system of dividing the public school children, after the first year, into three classes: the *Hauptklassen*, for all normal pupils capable of taking the full course; *Förderklassen*, for the less able; and for the weak-minded (*Schwachsinnige*) special classes, each with its own course of studies, and in case of improvement, the possibility of transfer to the higher grades. Thus, last year 141 out of a total of 872 in the *Förderklassen* were promoted into the *Hauptklassen*. One of the important works on the subject is Dr. Sickingen's "Unterrichtsbetreib in grossen Volksschulkörpern" (Mannheim: J. Bensheimer). This new system has been vigorously discussed by educational conventions, and in educational journals, but generally has been commended, and in several instances been adopted elsewhere. Charlottenburg has done so, with an additional fourth class or grade; Leipzig has experimented since Easter of 1905 with *Förderklassen;* Vienna is trying the plan in some of its schools, and more recently Pforzheim, Zwickau, and Zürich have done the same. Munich reports special success with some twenty *Hilfsklassen* established there recently. The achievements of the movement are presented in full in a "prize" brochure of Oberlehrer Lutz of Mannheim, entitled "Welche Aufnahme die Mannheimer Schulorganisation gefunden hat." The same problem, in so far as it affects the secondary schools from both a medical and pedagogical point of view, is discussed in two addresses on the subject, by Dr. Albert Uffenheimer, of the medical department of the University of Munich, and Prof. Otto Stählin of the Royal Maximilian gymnasium, published together in a pamphlet "Warum kommen die Kinder in der Schule nicht vorwärts?"

Baden, which was the first among the German States to admit women to her universities on exactly the same conditions that prevail in the case of men, has now decided to open the technological institute at Karlsruhe to women, taking the lead also in this innovation. Women can matriculate at Karlsruhe if they can show a *testimonium maturitatis* from a German nine-year secondary school and possess the other qualifications necessary for matriculation. Only German women and not foreigners are, however, to be the recipients of this new academic privilege.

The secularization of the public schools of Germany by the abolition of all specifically Christian teaching in the curriculum and the substitution of ethical instruction of a general character, is the fixed programme of an increasing propaganda in Germany, growing particularly out of the hostility to the Church's influence in these schools. Recently this opposition has assumed organized form in the Deutscher Bund für weltliche Schulen und Moralunterricht, which has held its first general convention in Berlin. A leading agent in the propaganada is Dr. H. Spiller, who reported in full his tour of investigation made in the schools of Germany and Switzerland. The feeling for such secularization seems to be especially strong among the common school teachers.

"Das Neue Testament in religiösen Betrachtungen für das moderne Bedürfnis" is the title of a new popular religious commentary on the New Testament from a conservative standpoint, and intended to demonstrate that the older views are still the most acceptable, notwithstanding modern scientific research. The publisher is C. Bertelsmann of Gütersloh, and the editor Dr. Gottlob Mayer. The whole series is to appear in fifteen volumes, to be issued in about fifty parts. The work is intended to meet as far as practicable the objections raised against the Scriptures in modern criticism; it will deal also with the ethical and social problems of the times.

The *Alte Glaube* of Leipzig, No. 51, gives details of the discovery of a considerable number of parchments and papyri made recently in the ruins of an old Coptic cloister in Upper Egypt, but not in the famous Oxyrhynchos district. A preliminary investigation has shown that these are chiefly Greek and Coptic texts dating from the sixth century after Christ. Among them are gospel fragments, a sermon of Bishop Cyril of Jerusalem, who died in 386 A. D.; a document in the Nubian language concerning the canons of the Nicene Council, and finally seventy-five sheets containing Sayings of the Lord in Coptic translation. As the text of these Logia does not agree with any of the known Greek recensions of these Sayings, it is thought that they represent a translation of a lost Greek collection. Special interest attaches itself to the question of the relation of

these Coptic Logia to the Greek gospel fragments also lately found in Egypt by Grenfell and Hunt. The whole find throws new light on the wonderful ups and downs of the gospel traditions in the first Christian centuries, as also on the erratic history of the New Testament canon.

The Cornell University expedition to the Assyro-Bahylonian Orient, consisting of A. T. Olmstead, B. B. Charles, and J. E. Wrench, has made its first report. The maps of the region have heen found very defective; accordingly, the expedition has devoted considerahle time to fixing sites definitely. Place names which hitherto have heen taken down almost entirely hy ear have heen in many cases corrected. The report continues:

All the Hittite sites west of Kaisariye and Konia have heen visited and the inscriptions collated. Many new readings have heen secured. At Boghaz-Keui, at the suggestion of the German excavators, the Hittite inscription, one of the largest known and generally considered quite illegihle, was studied, and as a result of two and a half days' work the greater part of the inscription was recovered. . . . Inscriptions hitherto visited have heen squeezed, photographed, and copied. Ten days were spent in making a squeeze (paper impression) of the "Monumentum Ancyranum," a most important inscription. A considerahle numher of classic and of Arahic inscriptions have been copied, many of which are new. At Angora and Boghaz-Keui cuneiform tahlets were also ohtained and one Hittite seal.

At Giaour Kalesi, a well known Hittite site, the palace was planned and was found to he of a distinctly Mycenæan character. . . . Over fifty sites have heen carefully examined and proved to he pre-classic, and of these a considerahle proportion can be connected with an already known classic locality. The pre-classic site of Iconium, the most important city of southeastern Asia Minor, has been found. Much of the pottery found there is similar to the early types found at Troy, and a hetter site tor excavation has not yet heen seen hy the expedition. The most important material for dating sites is the pottery. Very little has thus far heen done in attempting to assign to the proper dates the pottery of the interior of Asia Minor. An attempt has heen made to do this in connection with the pottery survey, and while many of the results must he tentative in character, the general development has heen ascertained and has already heen very useful in fixing the dates of the various sites visited. Over three thousand potsherds have thus far heen collected and studied. Most important are the various sherds of Mycenæan character showing connection with the Greek world of the time of Homer. In the light of the material collected it seems almost certain that some of the most widespread views in regard to the earlier people of Asia Minor and their connections must he modified or ahandoned. Nearly a thousand coins, ranging in time from Persian to early Turkish, have heen secured, hut there has heen no time as yet to study them. A marhle idol of a type hitherto found only in the Greek islands in pre-Mycenæan settlements was secured at Angora. This link hetween the early inhahitants of Greece and of Asia Minor is of very great interest.

Some idea of the multiplicity of races and languages in the world can he gained from facts in the annual report of the British and Foreign Bihle Society just issued. The Scriptures, either in whole or in part, are now translated and puhlished in 409 different languages and dialects. This is an increasc of eight since the last report, the new translations heing in dialects in India, China, the Philippines, Tunis, Rhodesia, and the New Hehrides. In addition to these the Editorial Committee has had under consideration the puhlication of translations in 144 other languages, 59 of which helong to Asia, 53 to Africa, 14 to Oceania, 16 to Europe, and 2 to America.

The Italian government is planning to found an archæological institute in Athens after the model of the German archæological schools in Rome and Athens. France, Germany, England, America, and Austria have all long heen represented, and Italians will no douht welcome the opportunity for archæological research in Greece which such an institute will afford them.

John Strachan, profcssor of Greek since 1885, and of comparative philology since 1889 at Owens College, Manchester, dled on Septemher 25. He was born in 1862, near Keith, Banffshire, and was educated at Aherdeen, Camhridge, and Jena universities. In 1891 he edited a school edition of hook vi. of Herodotus. His attention, however, was strongly drawn toward Celtic. On this suhject he published many papers in the learned journals of Germany and England. Among the articles in the Transactions of the Philological Society may be mentioned: "The Compensatory Lengthening of Vowels in Irish," 1893; "The Deponent Verb in Irish," 1894; "The Particle -ro- in Irish," 1896; "The Suhjunctive Mood in Irish," 1897; "The Sigmatic Future and Suhjunctive in Irish," and "Action and Time in the Irish Verh," hoth in 1900. With Dr. Whitley Stokes he was joint editor of "Thesaurus Palæohihernicus," of which two volumes appeared, in 1901 and 1903. He also puhlished "Selections from the Old Irish Glosses," 1904; and "Old Irish Paradigms," 1905. At the time of his death he was working on a grammar of medlæval We'sh.

The death is announced of two German novelists: Frau Emilie von Walhurg, in her seventy-fifth year, author of "Ruth," "Die Rose vom Haff," and "Onkel Hermann", and Frau Sophie Junghans, in her sixty-second year, author of "Haus Eckherg," 'Erhin wider Willen," "Schwiegertochter," "Hella Jasmund," etc.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. Vol. VI. The Shenandoah Campaigns of 1862 and 1864 and the Appomattox Campaign 1865. Boston: Puhlished hy the Society.

The present volume is perhaps not equal to some of its predecessors in value and interest; it contains, however, as was to be expected, several papers that repay careful perusal, notahly that on Cedar Creek hy Gen. Hazard Stevens, on Five Forks hy Col. William W. Swan, and on the generalship of the Appomattox campaign hy Col. Livermore. Of these the last only is of recent date.

Col. Swan's account of Five Forks is painstaking and remarkahly clear, though it adds little to our direct knowledge concerning the two most interesting points ahout this engagement—Warren's suspension as commander of the Fifth Corps, and Sheridan's generalship. The author who, although on Warren's staff, gives a very halanced and convincing account of that general's conduct, confirms the prevailing opinion that Warren's relief from command was, on the whole, hasty. The fundamental trouble was an incompatihility of temperament hetween Sheridan and Warren. The former was essentially an *officier d'avant-guarde*, seeing for himself and going in with his troops; Warren, notwithstanding his Gettysburg exploit, was the type of the modern intellectual soldier who clings to the map and the telegraph wire. There was also clearly some misconception on the part of Warren as to what his corps was to do, though neither the proceedings of the Warren court of inquiry nor the Official Records show whether the fault lay with Warren or with Sheridan. Nor does Col. Swan help us at this point. Col. Swan states that Sheridan did not know what the enemy's real position was, hut the most that can he said is that he failed to impart that knowledge to Warren. For the inference is overwhelming from the disposition of his own troops and the direction he gave to the Fifth Corps that Sheridan knew very accurately the extent of front held hy the enemy; at all events his cavalry divisions covered that front exactly, holding the enemy in play, and Sheridan himself took post at his extreme right, the tactical pivot of his line. He now ordered forward Warren's Fifth Corps to make the real attack at the very point where the enemy's front ended.

But the Fifth Corps lost its way. Warren had not understood, or had not heen made to understand, what the enemy's position was, as his order to his divisional commanders proves. Everything depended on the quick dash of an overwhelming force at the extreme end of the enemy's line, and Sheridan himself rode in among the skirmishers, a hattle flag in his hand, while Warren was far away to the right, only slowly realizing that he and his leading division were marching away from the hattle. Sheridan, judging others hy himself, evidently thought that Warren should have heen at the critical point, and should have personally led his troops to the assault, hut without douht Warren had no idea of what was expected of him. Col. Swan's statement that Sheridan did not know the location of the enemy's works cannot he accepted, although Sheridan probahly did not know how far hack from the end of the front the return works extended; as to that, however, he correctly judged that, whatever the distance they extended, a whole army corps was amply sufficient to sweep around and over them. All Sheridan's actions at Five Forks point to a clear insight into the prohlem in front of him, and generalship of the highest order in solving it. Yet his impetuosity was very prohahly the reason why Warren did not understand what he was to do, and there can be little douht that it was unjust to take so extreme a measure as to relieve him from command.

The discussion of the Appomattox campaign hy Col. Thomas L. Livermore is thoughtful and valuable. The essence of the argument is that Lee was not justified in retaining his position at Petershurg until Grant was able to move; that he could have retreated, and that his failure to do so was a grave military error. To discuss such a thesis adequately in a short space is impossible, and all that can he attempted here is to point out some of the steps in Col. Livermore's argument that appear open to question. In the first place, then, it must be said that he does not analyze

closely enough what was implied by the "retreat" of Lee's army. A retreat, in the sense of merely getting his army out of Richmond, was of no service to Lee, in fact not worth considering; there was nowhere to retreat to. It was even more the case in 1865 than ever before that the only chance of the Confederacy lay in striking a heavy blow at the Federal army, and this accorded with the true theory of war, of which Lee had hitherto been one of the most consistent exponents. If his army was to retreat from Richmond it must retreat for the purpose of effecting something, and the Confederate correspondence shows conclusively that the one hope of effective action was a rapid concentration of Lee and Johnston against Sherman in North Carolina. But to carry out such a movement meant that Lee's army must be mobile, must be not merely capable of crawling out of Richmond, but of moving swiftly to the Roanoke River, and in every direction. And it is abundantly proved that the state of the roads and of Lee's transport service at this moment meant a very low degree of mobility. Further, we have it pretty clearly from Johnston's and Lee's correspondence that, for reasons that were doubtless good, the Confederate generals thought that Sherman could best be attacked after his crossing of the Roanoke, which was not to be expected before the middle of April.

Col. Livermore thinks that Lee showed "the inertness of a fatalist" in clinging to Richmond; yet he admits that the disproportion between the numbers of the opposing armies was not much greater than at the opening of the Wilderness campaign. At the Wilderness Lee took the offensive; was he, a few months later, tamely to abandon the Confederate capital without striking a blow? If Lee did make any mistake, it was possibly that he underrated in favor of his opponents the displacement of morale that was taking place and that went on with such disastrous rapidity after Grant succeeded in breaking through the Confederate right on April 1. But, although mistaken, surely Lee was justified in believing that Grant's movement at the end of March might not prove to be a decisive attack on his line of communications, but only a partial attack. The roads were still such quagmires that the transportation problem, even for Grant, seemed insoluble, and it may be noted that writing to Sheridan on the 29th of March Grant says: "I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so before going back." This implies, clearly enough, that the Federal movement might have remained a partial one, as Lee thought probable, and that "finishing the matter" was, in Grant's own mind, a pretty big undertaking. Does not this show that Lee, whose army was far from mobile, who had not yet got Sherman just where he wanted him, whose lack of numbers was not much more pronounced than often before, who was urged by every political consideration not to abandon Richmond before it was absolutely necessary, was entirely correct in not attempting a useless retreat? A retreat that was merely a retreat would have utterly demoralized and ruined the Confederacy. Lee did not think it probable that Grant could move the bulk of his army far from his base so early in the season, and, with the high courage that had so long dominated the whole course of the war, he still thought it possible he might find the opportunity of dealing a direct blow at his opponent. So long as he could not strike Sherman, Lee was bound to remain where he could best support his own government while retarding Grant, and even possibly striking him.

Such are some of the points which, as it would appear, Col. Livermore has either missed or insufficiently considered. Yet it is only just to say that his analysis of Lee's mentality during the last phase of the war is suggestive and valuable, and that it represents a class of writing on military matters not frequently met with in this country.

By-Ways of Virginia History: A Jamestown Memorial, embracing a Sketch of Pocahontas. By R. H. Early. Richmond: The Everett-Waddey Co. $1.50 net.

Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century: An Inquiry into the Origin of the Higher Planting Class, together with an Account of the Habits, Customs, and Diversions of the People. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Printed for the author. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond. $1.50 net.

The Jamestown celebration has naturally stimulated Virginia writers into unusual activity the present year. The story of Virginia is presented anew in all its phases, and the just claims of the Old Dominion to a very high, if not the supreme, place of honor among American commonwealths, are set forth with emphasis. "By-Ways of Virginia History" is hardly an appropriate title for a book containing chapters treating of such leading figures of the early time as Raleigh and Capt. John Smith, of Washington, at a later day, of the question of Labor (Slavery), and the Struggle for Liberty (the Revolution). In studying such men and events, we are certainly in the high-road and not in by-ways. The service Mr. Early renders is not in rescuing little-known figures and incidents from oblivion, as his title might suggest, but rather in bringing to bear upon what has always been in the foreground, information from sources heretofore not thoroughly used—county records, manuscripts, and neglected books. Mr. Early is patriotic and industrious, and has put in his debt those who in this Jamestown year feel an unusual interest in Virginia.

Mr. Bruce's book is a more substantial contribution to history. His scholarship is well known, and this volume, like his work in general, shows wide reading, an appreciation of historical values, and a faculty for presentation. As to the arrival in the earliest period of the "Higher Planting Class," and how it became throughout Virginia colonial history the dominant element, reproducing in America the social England of the Tudor and Stuart periods, an aristocracy therefore in which the power and liberties of the plain people had dwindled almost to the vanishing point, Mr. Bruce tells us much that is worth knowing. He writes in conclusion:

> This was the beginning of a social system which was to make a lasting impression upon the history of the Western Hemisphere, and which was to produce the memorable body of men, Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall, the transmitted influence of whose political careers has, with the growth of the United States in power, steadily broadened, until it has now come to touch the affairs of the entire globe.

But the fact nevertheless remains that some of the most remarkable of Virginia's great men, notably Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, were not in love with the system that had produced them, much preferring the town-meeting-ridden society of New England; and, if we seek for the informing spirit of America, the government of, by, and for the people of Abraham Lincoln, it must be traced to another source than the oligarchical development whose characteristics he so graphically and accurately details.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Fruit of the Tree. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Again Mrs. Wharton has done a difficult thing with ease and precision. With all the groping and stumbling of American novelists toward an interpretation of American life, it is matter for thanksgiving that we have one who knows what she is about. With all her amenity and poise, her air of the disinterested observer, she is sure of her object and rarely fails to attain it. This book would seem at first to be a composite of three. Is it about the attitude of "the best society" toward common morality and justice; or the relation between employer and employed; or the duty of medical science to prolong life at the cost of hopeless suffering? Before the end one may perceive it to be a study of the selfishness induced in a strong man by preoccupation with his work, and in a strong woman by preoccupation with her happiness. Wisely, no doubt, Mrs. Wharton has embodied life, not lectured upon it, and it is unnecessary to reduce the interpretation to the last analysis in order to feel its meaning.

The amiable rottenness of "the best society" has been a favorite theme of Mrs. Wharton's; here it affords hardly more than a background for the principal scene. That is by no means the scene to which we are first introduced, and which holds our attention throughout the first book of the story. Book i., by itself, seems to belong to a familiar type of current American fiction: the industrial novel. The Westmore Mills at Hanaford, a manufacturing town not far from New York, have within a generation launched upon the world, in the person of their young owner, Dick Westmore, a new devotee of leisure, sport, and fashion. In due time he has married a beautiful society girl, Bessy Langhope, who has been brought up in the aroma, though not in the full pecuniary privilege, of the gay world. His death leaves her not heartbroken, though decently regretful, the heiress of his entire wealth. Presently she comes to Hanaford upon a virtuous but perfunctory errand of inspection; with the probability that she will merely pass through the mills in great lady fashion, shaking the dust of them from her feet with all possible expedition, and faring back to her own polite and luxurious world of Lynbrook and New York. Chance rescues her from the manipulation of the astute and plausible person whose unscrupulously

successful management of the mills has piled a Pelion upon the Ossa of the Westmore income. The assistant manager, John Amherst, is a young man of good family (Mrs. Wharton could, perhaps, not be expected to put up with a hero who lacked that saving grace), with a bent for mechanics, a hunger for hard work, and strong opinions as to the rights of hard workers. She visits the mills with him, and learns from him of a peculiarly barbarous instance of the suffering imposed by unscrupulous management. She is moved by the visible instance, not by the principle involved; but this is not evident at the moment, and when at the end of the first book Amherst marries her, his faith in her seriousness is part of his love.

At this point the ordinary industrial novel might have been content to end, with a sound of wedding bells and popular plaudits; but here the social-sociological sidescene, like the social background, becomes mere setting for what, one supposes, would be called the psychological event. Amherst and his Bessy do not live happy ever after; the regeneration of the Westmore mills does not take place during the honeymoon. The man discovers the woman to be selfish, shallow, emotional. She is surrounded by traditions, habits, and persons wherewith he has nothing in common. What interests one most, interests the other not at all; he does not care for her pleasures nor she for his work, especially when its development entails some personal sacrifice on her part. They virtually separate. The third person now assumes importance. Justine Brent is a trained nurse (of excellent family!), now a kind of companion to Bessy, and nurse to her little daughter by the first marriage. She is also a very good friend of Amherst's. Bessy is fatally injured as a direct result of disregarding Amherst's advice. Her life is deliberately, even desperately, prolonged by a young doctor who regards her as "a beautiful case," and is determined to score a hit. The other physicians, as well as Justine, believe that the torture is hopeless; and Justine, when she gets the chance, puts her out of misery by an over-dose of morphine. In view of her own clear conscience and her knowledge of Amherst, she thinks that she has done the right thing, according to his lights as well as her own. Nevertheless, for negative reasons, she does not tell him, even after their eventual marriage, and the fact comes out horribly through the young doctor, now a morphia victim and blackmailer.

Then follows the really moving part of the tale; for Amherst, "like many men of emancipated thought, had remained subject to the old conventions of feeling." His reason assures him that Justine is guiltless and has done well; but he cannot bear the fact that she has technically killed Bessy. We shall betray nothing here of the further conduct of the story, except our conviction that, according to any enlightened view, it "turns out right." Persons who are content to dispose of such a novel as "unpleasant," are fain to make a silly affair of fiction.

Love of Life. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is much the usual Jack London thing: wolf-dogs and miners and Indians; starving and freezing and killing. The title story gives the last grewsome detail in the frightful experience of a miner who drags himself, half-starving, a long distance through the waste toward a rescue which is after all a matter of chance. Through the last stage of his journey he is followed persistently by a sick wolf:

> His knees had become raw meat like his feet, and though he padded them with the shirt from his back it was a red track he left behind him on the moss and stones. Once, glancing back, he saw the wolf licking hungrily his bleeding trail.

What is this other creature on all fours which may, one fancies, be discerned sharing that grisly refreshment? It is, we doubt, a creature of the fancy, a symbol of the morbid attitude toward horrors which does not mark Mr. London alone among popular story writers.

From Van Dweller to Commuter. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a good-humored, rambling account of domestic adventures in New York and its purlieus. The recorder of them, the Little Woman, the Precious Ones, and the Tiny Small One are the central personages of the narrative, and about them circulate such well-known figures of comedy as landlords, janitresses, movers, servant girls of all nations, carpenters, gardeners, and the like. A succession of local habitations—which the writer usually refers to as "nests"—ranging from Harlem apartments and Manhattan boarding houses to a suburban cottage, with fireplace and garden, provide frequent change of scene and new fields of experience. The record is set down with a vivacity at times forced, at other times trite, but occasionally, one is glad to confess it, both natural and refreshing.

> The family had moved from flat to flat, always pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp hope that each new change would bring permanent satisfaction. Once, for a while, the hope seemed realized.

But the Precious Ones had by this time grown fond of change. We were scarcely settled before they began to ask when we were going to move again, and often requested as a favor that we take them out to look at some flats. . . . In fact, they really embarrassed us sometimes, when, on warm Sunday afternoons, where people were sitting out on shady steps, they would pause eagerly in front of the sign, *To Let*, with, "Oh, papa, look! Seven rooms and bath! Oh, mamma, let's go in and see them!"

Though the narrative for the most part runs too familiarly along well-worn grooves, its facile humor and abundant sentiment may well afford some innocent diversion—especially to readers whose memory turns backward to adventures of kindred nature.

The Crested Seas. By James Brendan Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Connolly's technical facility is a dangerous possession. One has the feeling that his stories are produced too easily; that having discovered certain situations that can be counted upon to succeed with his readers, the author is satisfied with repeating them over and over under rather thin disguises. Are we not threatened by a school of "out-of-Gloucester" fiction somewhat analogous to the "kailyard" school of a decade or more ago? In two of the stories of the present volume the theme is that of conversion through coincidences bearing a supernatural interpretation; in two more it is of life nobly risked for friendship; two tell of daring runs for home made against every odd of wind and weather—in the one case that Skipper Coleman might have Christmas with the wife whom he had left in anger; in the other, that Skipper Clancy might greet the new arrival in his household. No fault, surely, is to be found with this constant appeal to sentiments eternally fruitful in human life; the danger is that one shall trust a good sentiment to buoy up an unseaworthy story. Mr. Connolly's sailors too often swear with a certain literary consciousness and philosophize in a diction too fluent and cultivated to convince a thoughtful reader. When the captain, in "The Illimitable Senses," is setting forth his views on the interplay of the supernatural and the natural, we seem to lose touch with dramatic veracity at hearing him observe:

> They were beginning to catch a glimmering of the mighty scheme—a scheme so vast in conception, so sublime in execution, that for the ordinary mind to attempt to grasp its immensity is to court the overthrow of reason.

There is a Gloucesterman for you, indeed!

That the author possesses a real, if not too versatile, narrative gift is undeniable. He is at his best when least impeded by plot. In "The Christmas Passage," "The Drawn Shutters," and "The Ice Dogs," there are records of flights through perilous seas that would be hard to surpass in their kind. Mention should also be made of "The Harsh Word," in which the author rises above his familiar broad-sided character delineation and presents us with an individual and highly suggestive study. The story of Bushie of the Cygnet—weak-hearted, lovable, contemptible, and pathetic Bushie—goes far to cover many artistic sins.

Judaism. By Israel Abrahams. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

The publication by Constable of a series of shilling booklets of about 100 pages each on Religions Ancient and Modern may be taken as an indication of the growing popular interest in the presentation of religious systems other than the one into which we happen to have been born or to which we are attached. The publishers have been fortunate in securing the coöperation of distinguished scholars; and as a result the volumes so far issued have been well received, and will no doubt prove useful in spreading the results of recent research. Prof. Flinders Petrie has written "The Religion of Ancient Egypt"; Dr. T. G. Pinches, for many years connected with the department of Assyrian antiquities at the British Museum, "The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria"; Miss Jane Harrison, a most distinguished authority on Greek religion, has prepared an exceptionally able volume, "The Religion of Ancient Greece"; and so on through a long list issued or to come. The latest volume, an exposition of "Judaism," in a compass of 105 pages by Mr. Abrahams, reader in Talmudic and Rabbinic Literature at the University of Cambridge, may be heartily recommended to

all who desire an authoritative and singularly impartial survey of a religion which is at once "ancient and modern," and of which most people have strange misconceptions.

Mr. Abrahams properly insists on the distinction between the religion of the ancient Hebrews and Judaism. The latter is an outcome of the former, hut along a line of development that makes Judaism a practically new and distinct product. Judaism hegins with the decline of the political life of the Jews. The so-called Babylonian exile proved a fatal interruption of political progress. Abortive attempts were made after the Restoration to reëstablish a Jewish State, but these attempts reflected little credit on the ability of the Jews to govern themselves under the new conditions brought about by the rise of the world-powers, Persia, Greece, and Rome. The political vitality of the people grew weaker with each succeeding generation, but in return the religious life of the people gave rise to manifestations which eventually made Judaism a much more potent factor than a petty Jewish state could ever have been.

Mr. Abrahams, who writes as a scholar and as a broad-minded Jew, aims to set forth the chief traits of this new religion which arose, as it were, out of the decay of the Jewish state, and to trace the more important phenomena connected with Judaism in the course of its long and eventful history. This he does succinctly, skilfully, and with commendable courage; for he does not hesitate to point out the weak points in the system of orthodox Judaism, while shielding it from some of the unjust attacks that have been made upon it by those who judge from external symptoms. The chapter on "Religion as Law" is an excellent summary of the peculiar conception of religious duty which in Talmudic Judaism produced a most complicated body of petty enactments concerning almost every act of daily life. That the ethical and the genuine religious spirit was not stifled under the weight of the Talmudical regulations is a tribute to the humanitarian element in Judaism which should warn us against identifying Judaism entirely with law. It is this element—to be directly traced to the Hebrew prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries before Christ—that enabled Judaism to throw off the shackles of traditional rites with the rise of those modern conditions which led to the gradual political and social enfranchisement of the Jews in all civilized countries. This process—the adaptation of the old Judaism to new conditions—is still going on; and while on the one hand the process is one of disintegration. on the other hand it has served to emphasize the ethical and spiritual content of the religion.

Mr. Abrahams speaks in no uncertain terms of the futility of all attempts to reestablish a Jewish state, and he plainly hints that a restoration would be a misfortune rather than a boon. He might have made still stronger his warning against the confusion that is being created hy romantic and sentimental appeals to arouse the "national" spirit in the modern Jew. Fortunately, the currents of modern life are all in the other direction, towards bringing Judaism and the Jews into closer contact with the world. In his closing chapter, "The Survival of Judaism," which will be read with special interest, Mr. Abrahams has forcibly shown that if Judaism still has a mission to perform, it must be in the world about us and not in an isolated district, apart from the intellectual movem nts of the day.

The Annual of the British School of Athens. No. xii.; Session 1905-1906. Pp. 523, 12 plates. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a larger volume than any of its predecessors, and contains a great variety of archæological papers—from one on Damophon of Messene, and a brief report of last year's explorations at Palæcastro, to interesting Notes on the Sporades. For the first year since his excavations hegan in 1900, Arthur Evans makes no report on his work at Cnosus, and we may hope that he is occupied with the definitive account of his explorations. His chief assistant, Duncan Mackenzie, continuing a discussion of Cretan palaces and the Ægean civilization, makes a detailed and very ingenious argument from the ancient Cretan dress, to support the view that the pre-Hellenic, non-Aryan, and non-Semitic inhabitants of Greece and Crete came from Africa, though they were not of a negro race. Their garb seems to be either the loin-cloth or developed from this. This is natural if they were derived from a warm country, while it is unnatural if they had come down from the northern regions, where much more and warmer clothing would be necessary. Mr. Mackenzie admits, however, that "it is a long story from the primitive aprons of Neolithic Crete to the gorgeous loin-cloth costumes and elaborate embroidered gowns of the Queen's Procession" at Cnosus. He argues also for the southern connections of the central hearth in the Mycenæan great hall or *megaron.*

Nearly half of the thick volume is devoted to reports of the British explorations in Sparta in the spring of 1906, with articles on Mediæval Fortresses in Laconia, the City Wall, the Great Altar near the Eurotas, the Cult of Orthia, Spartan Inscriptions, the Theatre, Roman Baths, etc.—with sufficient and satisfactory illustrations. Sparta, which has been neglected, comparatively speaking, by archæologists, is deçlared to he a site of rare promise for exploration. The store of votive offerings, discovered last year, while scientifically important, is not so popularly exciting as was inferred from the brief report by cable at the time of the excavations. As all know, Sparta had no city walls in her great period —her citizens were her walls—but the city was fortified in successive stages from the fourth to the second century B. C., with a wall between five and six miles in extent. For a considerable distance this wall is now traced and examined. It was from seven to ten feet in breadth, with a basement of limestone blocks and a roofing of terra-cotta tiles. The body of the wall was of sun-burned bricks, which have been resolved into common earth, and its height does not seem to have been estimated. A number of inscriptions, copied by Fourmont nearly two centuries ago, have been rediscovered, under circumstances which indicate that the French traveller, who has not had a very good name among scholars of late, after copying the inscriptions, buried them, in order to preserve the stones as well as possible for future generations. Fourmont's act shows more conscience than many archæologists of to-day display. The uncovering of ruins of antiquity, and then leaving the stones, often before adequate publication, to be used by modern masons, is far too frequent. The story told in these reports from Sparta of the recent destruction of ancient monuments, is pitiful, and emphasizes the urgency of studying at once these remains of classical antiquity.

The British School at Athens is accomplishing an important and honorable work in stimulating and training scholars. To it is due in large measure the great increase in the number of scientific archæologists in Great Britain. The American School of Classical Studies at Athens, founded in 1881, at about the same time as the British School, perhaps has not trained quite so many technical archæologists, but a larger number of its former students now occupy prominent and influential places as teachers of the classics.

A Short History of Philosophy. By Archibald B. D. Alexander. Pp. 588. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

In less than six hundred pages the author gives the history of philosophy from the beginning to the present time. It is thus possible for the student to have a book of reference on this subject in one volume; otherwise, it is doubtful whether there was any demand for such a work as Mr. Alexander has written. Already there are many good treatises on the history of philosophy, and in this one there is nothing so different from the others published in Europe and America, as to justify its appearance. It may be remarked, however, that certain chapters contain an exposition of systems of philosophy generally unnoticed by English-speaking historians. Among these chapters are those on the earlier rationalism of Bossuet, Fontenelle, and Bayle; on the popular philosophy of Mendelssohn, Nicolai, and Lessing; on the "philosophy of feeling" of Hamann, Herder, Jacohi, and Schiller; and on the French thought of the nineteenth century. It is singular that the author, although a Scotchman, gives but seven pages, exclusive of those occupied by Humè, to the philosophy of his native country—about one-third of the space devoted to the exposition of Leibniz.

The classification adopted is good, heing well fitted to show the historical relations of system to system. It is not clear, however, for what reason Mr. Alexander puts under the head of "Systems of Unity" in the Pre-Socratic period, the philosophy of Pythagoras, which was plainly pluralistic, while that of Heraclitus is interpreted as a system of pluralism.

For the most part the author's explanations and criticisms are clear and just. He is, however, less happy in his chapters on German philosophy from Kant to Hegel than in any other parts of his work. The exposition of the Critique of Pure Reason is particularly slovenly. For example:

> The matter is the thing perceived; the form is that which reduces the manifoldness of appearance to order. But that which gives order to our sensations cannot belong to the phenomena themselves, hut must be the pure forms which, lying already in the mind, take up the matter and give it unity.

Yet, as we understand Kant, the "thing" is not perceived; the form does not reduce "the manifoldness to order," and the "pure forms" do not "take up the matter and give it unity," nor do they lie in the mind. The chapter on Hegel is also unsatisfactory, and is a new illustration of the fact that it is well-nigh impossible to make Hegelianism speak English. Moreover, in the brief account given of recent British ethics, the author fails to bring out clearly the distinction between the various systems of Utilitarianism, as for example that between the "greatest happiness" principle as interpreted by Bentham and Mill respectively.

The book is well-printed, has a full bibliography, a good table of contents, and an excellent index.

Science.

The Collected Mathematical Works of George William Hill. Vol. IV. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

This is a quarto of solid mathematics of 460 pages, which differs from the other three volumes in that about a quarter of its matter here appears for the first time in print. The thirty-three memoirs are of various degrees of importance. All but two or three relate to planetary and lunar theory.

This science, which in Ptolemy's time, in Keppler's, in Newton's, represented the very highest climbs of scientific intelligence, to-day, by force of its own perfectionment, and by the growth of other sciences that began by being its pupils, is reduced to an art of performing excessively intricate calculations. It must be a peculiar mind that can devote a lifetime to it; and with less devotion there is no chance of being able to improve it. Tradition (along with something else) influences the scientific world greatly to honor any exceptional mastery of it; and yet it has now come to offer the barest minimum of interest from the point of view of philosophy or that of positive science, and scarcely more from that of logic; not even very much from a purely mathematical standpoint. Its difficulty consists in its extreme intricacy and in the extraordinary exactitude of the observational data with which its results must be confronted. As to the complexity of the facts themselves, it is as nothing compared with that of almost the simplest terrestrial phenomena; for the single dynamical law involved—that of gravitation—is all but the simplest conceivable, and has already been most thoroughly studied.

In another five or ten centuries we may hope that such calculations as Mr. Hill's will bring some discovery of vital moment, just as Lord Rayleigh's fastidiousness about the specific gravity of nitrogen did. But our hope is subject to two parlous conditions: first, that the Greenwich Observatory will keep up its work during all that time; and, secondly, that men will continue to be produced with faith, like Mr. Hill's, sufficient to induce them to spend their lives in computations which can have no useful results in their time, and for which none will thank them but those in whose breasts their enthusiasm can kindle a sympathetic spark. It is that spark, hot and lasting, which is the second reason of the honor that all true men of science pay them.

Among the papers in this volume which do not relate to planetary or lunar theory, there is none that compares in interest with that infinite determinant by which Mr. Hill succeeded in solving for the first time an important class of differential equations. A useful method is developed for deducing the coefficients of a power series from special values of the series. There is an extremely interesting memoir of forty pages on the distribution of gravity over the earth's surface, in which the author introduces an idea which he has repeatedly introduced into his astronomical work.

There is also a paper upon the proper choice of a projection for a map whose "chief end is to present to the eye a picture of what appears on the surface of the earth." The paper occupies but eleven pages, and we should not have taken notice of it here, but for the fact that it furnishes some data for the study of a question in a branch of science whose students would little dream of seeking light in anybody's "collected mathematical works." The question relates to psychology: namely, how much justification is there for two imputations ordinarily made upon the wisdom of mathematicians in general, especially theoretical astronomers, and above all others Laplace?

One of these imputed characters is a readiness to assume superior competence to deal with some matters that are altogether outside their horizons. The other is a disposition to take short cuts to the solution of problems, mostly practical, that properly demand examination of the results of extended experience, and to take these short cuts by setting up hastily adopted principles as entitled to overrule every other consideration. This is substantially what Napoleon said of Laplace, although the real fault was Napoleon's own for supposing that great capacity in one narrow direction was any reason for expecting marked talent in a totally different line.

The particular problem of the map-projection which Mr. Hill treats, plainly calls for a thorough acquaintance with three extensive classes of facts. In the first place, the problem is a psychological one; and a large mass of psychological observations bearing upon the question are on record; and they can readily be supplemented by experiment. In the second place, a knowledge of the methods of the cartographical draughtsman is called for. In the third place, the problem, far from being at all novel, has been many times luminously treated by men well-versed in all three classes of facts.

Mr. Hill's memoir, however, shows insufficient consideration of each of these three classes of facts. He bases his conclusion upon principles which seem to be, considering the high rank of the author as a scientist, astoundingly arbitrary, and certainly not universally true. Two of these principles were first put forward by great mathematicians; but one of them is, none the less, obtrusively absurd to anybody acquainted with the art of cartographical draughting, while the other, apparently based upon a consideration of small consequence, conflicts with the defined purpose of the maps under consideration. In short, the memoir is a remarkable instance of a publication which, beginning by clearly defining its purpose as a practical one, neglects all the practical aspects of the problem, and busies itself exclusively with matters of curiosity which are practical trivialities. The map of Asia that is given at the end is certainly better than the frightful deformities which, until recently, were given in our atlases. But it does not present as good a picture of the continent as some others. If, instead of Asia, what was to be pictured had been the entire United States and all its possessions, a very different projection would show the relations between the parts very satisfactorily.

Handbook of the Trees of the Northern States and Canada. By Romeyn B. Hough. Lowville, N. Y. Published by the author.

This volume may well be styled photo-descriptive. Opened at any page, its scope and value are instantly apparent. The unique wood sections, which comprise Mr. Hough's "American Woods," are widely known; and it was during trips in search of them that he obtained the series of nearly seven hundred negatives which practically constitute the present work. For the nature-lover, the lumberman, and especially for the student of the evolution of our arboreal flora, this mode of graphic presentation will prove of great help. Indeed, it is difficult to see how such a method can be surpassed. The volume treats of all the trees of the northern United States and Canada, two pages facing each other being devoted to each species.

For example, pages 228 and 229 are devoted to the sycamore. The names buttonwood and button-ball tree are given as synonyms, followed by the scientific title. On the first page are photographs of a branchlet bearing the mature leaves and fruit; a fruiting head separating, with scattered akenes and hairs; a branchlet from a vigorous shoot showing stipules; a branchlet in winter, and an example of the cup-shaped base of the petiole. These are all photographed on a background ruled into inch squares, giving at once the relative size. The winter branchlet of natural size is of especial value, as presenting clearly the winter characters of the tree. On the opposite page is a photograph of a large isolated trunk showing the general character of bark and branches, while a foot-rule laid against the tree shows proportions. The distribution of the sycamore is indicated by the shaded area on a two by two and a half-inch map. Another cut of about the same size shows the photographic appearance of a thin section of the wood magnified fifteen diameters. The rest of the page is filled with some three hundred words of text descriptive of the color, size, and abundance of the tree, and especially of its adaptability to commercial use. A few lines of fine print give technical characters of leaves, flowers, and fruit. A foot-note refers to page 437, where we find a synopsis of the family and genus. Following this synopsis is a well-compiled glossary and an index of both common and botanical names.

The photographs are excellent, and there is nothing but praise for the work as a whole. From the point of view of evolution its value is apparent when we review the char-

acters of twenty-two species of oaks presented in regular sequence. This handbook should be widely useful in nature libraries, schools, and colleges.

"Ornithological and Other Oddities," by Frank Finn (John Lane Company), is a collection of thirty-eight short articles, which have appeared in various English publications. All but six deal with birds, and some of the subjects are of unusual interest. There are two criticisms of the volume itself. An unusually wide margin at the outer side of the page is balanced by almost none on the binding side, making perusal anything but easy; and it is difficult to understand why this book has been put out of the reach of many readers by a price of five dollars. Certain of the topics, such as courtship, the toilet of birds, talking and fighting birds, are far from new, and contain little more than a popular review of well-known facts. The most valuable portion is that dealing with the birds of India, a country where Mr. Finn has spent many years. This matter we wish that he had elaborated into a book, instead of burying it in one of the indefinable ornithological miscellanies which of late are appearing in numbers. New and interesting facts are related about the koel, brain-fever bird, and other Indian cuckoos, and about the colony of wild herons, cormorants, and snake-birds in the Calcutta Zoölogical Gardens. Year after year new species came to this haven of birds, and increased so that at last it was found necessary to shoot several hundred herons. This was done with discrimination, and without breaking up the colony as a whole. Every word of this account is full of interest. The domestic life of the dabchick, as observed by the author in India, is well told, and other subjects, worthy of more extended treatment, concern the feathered scavengers at Dhappa, and the treatment of animals in India. We hardly agree with the author that the concave-casqued hornbill "owes the yellow color of its neck and some of its wing feathers" solely to a free supply of oil from the oil-gland.

At the first autumn session of the French Académie de Médecine (October 1) Professor Grimbert of the Paris École de Pharmacie read a summary of the nature and quantity of medicaments furnished each year to the 219 city hospitals. Some of his figures, going back forty years, show fashion as well as progress in medicine; but, on the whole, they may be taken as indicating present therapeutical practice in France. In spite of recent synthetic products, "classic" remedies in many cases hold their own. The annual use of opium is 440 pounds, with 110 pounds of Sydenham's laudanum; extract of quinquina, 880 pounds; adhesive plaster of the old elaborate composition (diachylon), 4,400 pounds; and tincture of iodine, 6,600 pounds. Among chemical products always in favor are subnitrate of bismuth, 1,320 pounds; salicylate of soda for rheumatics, 880; bromide of potassium for nerves, 2,640; and glycerine, 121,000 pounds. The once universal physic calomel has only 66 pounds to its credit; nitrate of silver, 132; and cantharides, within twenty years, have sunk from 440 to 35 pounds. But from 10,000 to 12,000 leeches, belonging to the same period of medication, are ordered yearly, going along with a slow revival of bleeding in French practice. There is a considerable diminution in the use of certain remedies which, until lately, were constantly employed: salts of quinine from 165 to 110 pounds; antipyrine from 874 to 550 (but this corresponds with the rapid rise of newer preparations like pyramidon, aspirine, etc.); iodide of potassium from 2,640 to 1,240; iodide of sodium from 220 to 132 pounds. The diminution in the use of toxic antiseptics has been still more rapid: iodoform from 1,320 to 440; and phenic or carbolic acid from 26,400 to 11,000 pounds. These are doubtless supplied in part by the strict attention now paid to asepsy; but it may be noted that the use of formol has increased from 660 to 4,400 litres a year, and oxygenated water from 2,200 to 224,000 litres. As a consequence of the struggle undertaken by the medical profession in France against alcohol, the consumption of rum (its hospital shape) has sunk from 66,000 litres in 1900 to 27,400 in 1906—a cutting off of 40,000 American quarts, or nearly 60 per cent. in six years. The record of rise to favor for a new drug is held by salicylate of methyl, from 4½ to 1,540 pounds a year.

The general press has given altogether too sensational an air to the experiments of Yves Delage, professor at the Sorbonne, as reported to the French Academy of Sciences. He has continued with original results the line of investigation begun by Prof. Jacques Loeb of the University of California. So far from "creating living beings" these experiments concern only artificial parthenogenesis in animals like sea urchins, whose natural reproduction supposes differentiation of sex. M. Delage says:

> I had a purely theoretic idea that the succession of phenomena produced in the egg from the moment of fecundation consisted simply in a series of successive coagulations and liquefactions of the colloidal substances composing the egg. My experiments aimed at producing, by means of physical or chemical agents, these coagulations and liquefactions in proper order and time just as is done when the egg is fecundated naturally.

The ninth International Geographical Congress has been called to meet in Geneva from July 27 to August 6 next year. In connection with this meeting there will be ten excursions under leadership of prominent scholars. The Geographical Society of Geneva, which has just issued this preliminary announcement, will publish the final programme in January, 1908. The number of participants in the scientific excursions is to be limited.

Maurice Loewy, the French astronomer and director of the Paris Observatory, dropped dead on October 15 at a meeting of the National Board of French Observatories. He was in his seventy-fifth year. A Viennese by birth, he was educated in his native city, and became one of the most distinguished students at the observatory there. The prejudice against his Jewish origin, however, stood in the way of his professional advancement in Vienna, and Leverrier invited him to come to the Paris Observatory as his student. In 1864 Leverrier appointed Loewy his assistant at the observatory. In 1872 he became a member of the Bureau of Longitudes, and in the following year of the Academy of Sciences. With a reorganization of the observatory, in 1873, Loewy was placed at the head of the division of instruments, and upon the death of Leverrier he was installed as director of the institution. In 1882 he headed a scientific party to Cape Horn, as a result of which he published a remarkable treatise correcting existing data on the paths of some of the heavenly bodies. In addition to his early investigations of longitude, Loewy's chief contributions to the science of astronomy were his discoveries concerning the influence of the planets on the photosphere of the sun, and concerning twin stars. He has made some delicate calculations on the distances between astral bodies and the earth, and has improved methods of calculation in maritime science. His monographs have been published in the records of the Viennese Academy, in the *Comptes rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, and in the *Annales* of the Paris Observatory.

Charles Stewart, conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Hunterian professor of human and comparative anatomy, has just died in London at the age of sixty-seven.

Drama.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare: The Tragedie of Antonie and Cleopatra. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $4 net.

There is no question as to the satisfaction with which Shakesperean scholars receive a new volume of Dr. Furness's monumental edition. It is no small benefaction to present the hard-pressed student with an accurate reprint of the Folio text, with the pith of the commentary of two centuries, textual and interpretative, the history of research into date and sources, and the record of the stage tradition. In addition to these features, the present volume contains a reprint of the passages from Plutarch's life of Anthony used by Shakespeare, of the account of Cleopatra by Dion Cassius, of Dryden's "All for Love," and summaries of some twenty other dramatic treatments of the story. Dr. Furness's skill in condensation and selection is once more triumphantly exhibited, and the former standard of painstaking accuracy is upheld. For all these things he deserves our warmest gratitude.

It has been often observed that in the later volumes of this edition the comments of the editor appear with greater fulness and frequency than in the earlier. This tendency has now reached such proportions that the new volume contains more of Dr. Furness than of any other one critic. We thus have a new as well as a variorum edition. The most striking characteristic of Dr. Furness as an editor, as distinct from a compiler, is his loyalty to the text of the First Folio. The conservative tendency of the last generation of Shakespearean textual critics becomes in him, as it did in Knight, all but an idolatry. After a few pages the reader finds himself assuming that the final sentences of a note on a textual difficulty will seek to decide the controversy in favor of the Folio reading, if that is in the remotest degree possible. This method, one must admit, is im-

measurably preferable to such rash emendation as destroys the value of a text like Hudson's; yet, on the other hand, it is well to remember that the circumstances of publication and the standard of workmanship in the edition of 1623 assure a fairly large percentage of error. Dr. Furness's own estimate of from sixty to a hundred and twenty necessary corrections in a single play should warn us against a policy of following the Folio at all costs. A few examples will show to what extremes he is prepared to go. In the speech of Charmian (II., i., 4), "Oh, that I knewe this Husband, which you say, must *change* his Hornes with Garlands," all but two nineteenth-century editors have accepted Theobald's emendation of "change" to "charge," in the familiar sense of "load." Dr. Furness returns to "change," in the sense of "indifferently changing the symbols of disgrace with the chaplets of marriage." But remembering that the horns, the symbols of disgrace, already imply marriage, it is hard to find sense in such a "change"; and it is not quite fair to call the alternation of *n* to *r* the substitution of another word. Again, in Anthony's speech (I., ii., 186),

> I shall breake
> The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
> And get her *love* to part,

modern editors, with one or two exceptions, have emended "love" to "leave," a change elsewhere necessary in the Folio. Dr. Furness retains "love," giving weight to Capell's point that it would be beneath Anthony's dignity to get leave of any one. But "leave" in this sense is a formal word, in which the idea of permission is often reduced to the vanishing point. The same consideration answers Dr. Furness's own reason that Anthony's previous sentence, "Let our officers have notice what we purpose," makes a later leave-getting absurd. At times such extreme defences of the old copy seem due to insufficient attention to the larger context. In Cæsar's speech (I., iv., 44),

> It hath bin taught us from the primall state
> That he which is was wisht, untill he were:
> And the ebb'd man,
> Ne're lov'd till ne're worth love,
> Comes *fear'd*, by being lack'd,

Theobald, followed by all except Collier and Knight, alters "fear'd" to "dear'd." To us it seems clear that "he which is" refers to Cæsar, now in power, but becoming unpopular, and that "the ebb'd man" is Pompey, out of power, but, as stated by Messala in the previous speech, "belov'd of those that only have fear'd Cæsar." It was on this interpretation that Theobald made his alteration; but Dr. Furness returns to "fear'd," ignoring, as it seems to us, the bearing of Messala's speech, which indicates the point of Cæsar's moralizing. Opinions may differ in single instances, but as to the general fact there can be no doubt that Dr. Furness's ardor in changing to the text of 1623 leads him frequently into desperate situations.

The prefaces of these volumes are always lively and interesting. They seem to be written after the long toil of the compilation is over, and the editor is allowing himself to relax. Thus they are often whimsical, sometimes sparkling and jocular, sometimes indicating weariness and a doubt as to the value of the whole laborious business. In any case, they are not always to be taken as representing the editor's sober and fixed opinion; for they occasionally contradict that opinion as expressed in the body of the volumes. For this reason, we do not seek to controvert what seems to us an exaggeration of the nobility of the characters of Cleopatra and Octavius, nor the outburst against the study of Shakespeare's source, especially as elsewhere in the book Dr. Furness points out the high value of just such study. More serious is his insistence on the theory that many corruptions of the text are due to the hypothetical reader to the compositor. It is no longer safe, in view of Guy M. Carleton's researches, to base inferences on the alleged practice in early printing offices of reading copy aloud to the compositor. The external evidence for such a practice has been disposed of, and the internal evidence afforded in the present volume can be explained by the fact that a compositor or transcriber using his eyes on the copy may still make mistakes from a confusion of sounds in his mind's ear.

But, be it repeated, differences of opinion with regard to the soundness of Dr. Furness's original contributions, do not affect the high value to be placed upon the main purpose of his work and the splendid manner in which he continues to carry it out.

About December 1 the Macmillan Company will publish "Faust: A Drama," by Stephen Phillips.

Lovers of Elizabethan literature will find much pleasure in reading Pietro Bardi's scholarly translation of Marlowe's "Faustus"—"La Tragica Storia del Dottor Fausto" (Bari: Lateraza). It is interesting particularly to see how readily the verse of Marlowe goes over into Italian prose. Apparently the expansiveness and marked rhetorical flavor of modern Italian make it an appropriate vehicle for this sort of translation. Of the version, with the accompanying notes and introduction, little but good is to be said. At a few points, however, the translator has quailed unnecessarily before the audacities of the original. For example:

Fu questo il volto che *spinse mille navi nel mare?*

seems a tame rendering for the famous

Was this the face that *launched* a thousand ships?

The more drastic *varò* (launched) seems possible and preferable. Or take the line

See, see where Christ's blood *streams* in the firmament!

Vedi dovo il sangue di Cristo *irriga* il firmamento!

The literal rendering misses the metaphor which "streams" certainly is in this case. *Raggia* or even *balena* would give the comet-like effect intended. Evidently the translator has been misled by supposing streams must be logically congruous with the ensuing "A drop, a single drop," etc. The Elizabethan metaphor seldom advanced with such Quintilianian regularity. But such lapses are rare, and the prettily made brochure does credit to Italian scholarship. Since, except for fragments, this is a pioneer version in Italian, one may regret that Mr. Bullen's composite and arbitrarily eclectic text was adopted. To parallel the texts of 1604 and 1616 seems the ideal, or if this be impracticable, to stand loyally by the fuller version.

"The Step-Sister," by Charles Klein, produced in the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, was a great disappointment. Instead of being in any sense a kindred work to "The Lion and the Mouse," it proved to be conventional domestic melodrama of a third-rate kind, of which the humor, the pathos, and the incidents, with very few exceptions, were alike mechanical. Some of the characters exhibited a certain inventiveness, but the general impression conveyed by the performance was one of cheap theatricality.

Music.

Alfred Bruneau. By Arthur Hervey. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

The late Edvard Grieg was for several decades one of the most popular of composers, yet up to two years before his death there was no biography of him in any language except the Norwegian. Of Saint-Saëns, who, now that Grieg is no more, must be called the greatest of living composers, there exists to this day no life except a short one in German. Dvorák, though dead since 1904, still awaits his biographer; so do Massenet, Goldmark, Paderewski, and even the much-discussed Richard Strauss, to whom the Germans alone have devoted biographic volumes. Our own Edward MacDowell has been honored, thanks to an English publisher, John Lane, with a monograph in the series of Living Masters of Music—a title which, it is to be feared, will soon be as inappropriate for him as it is now for Grieg. To the same series belongs the book of Arthur Hervey on Alfred Bruneau, a Frenchman who thus receives biographic attention before his countryman Saint-Saëns, whose junior he is by twenty-two years.

Maybe the uneventfulness of the lives of most composers accounts for the scant attention paid them by bookmakers—but no, for how about Liszt, whose life was full of romance, which will be revealed to English readers for the first time when James Huneker completes his two volumes? In the case of Bruneau, not only has his life been barren of stirring events, but his music is so little known in England and America that one is rather surprised to come across this volume. Those, however, who are interested in French musical developments will be glad to have it; and probably it will serve the useful purpose of calling the attention of our performing musicians to works which perhaps would be as much appreciated here as they are in Paris. The attitude of the musicians and managers is often mysterious and incomprehensible. Mr. Hervey expresses his surprise that Bruneau's opera, "L'Attaque du Moulin," after creating a profound sensation in London (the *Times* pronounced it "a masterpiece of art . . . a story of thrilling human interest . . . an opera the like of which has seldom been seen"), was afterwards unaccountably neglected. But this is no unusual thing. In New York, Paderewski's "Manru" was, toward the end of one season, sung before four crowded and enthusiastic audiences; yet that was the last ever heard of it.

Mr. Hervey goes so far as to claim for M. Bruneau that he "created a special style of musical drama"; and he is no doubt right, though the word special does not in

this case signify original. His melodies—he is sufficiently old-fashioned to have melodies—are his own, hut his system is Wagnerian. Bruneau's operas are an adaptation of the Wagnerian system of *Leitmotiv* to modern French realism. In his suhjects, indeed, he represents the antipode of the great German. "In ordinary life," says our author, "people do not express their thoughts in song, and it is in order that this apparent ahsurdity should be lessened that Wagner chose legendary suhjects for most of his works." Bruneau, on the other hand, declares that "nothing is so contrary to modernity as the return to the clouds of the legend; nothing is so opposed to the spirit of our race as the conception of happiness in death"—a comment which does not indicate an excessively deep comprehension of the spirit of Wagner's poems.

In the opera "Messidor," Bruneau made a new departure hy discarding verse. Berlioz had held the opinion that prose was hetter suited for operatic texts than verse, hut he never put his belief into practice. Gounod went farther; he began setting to music a play in prose, but for some reason or other did not finish it; so it remained for Bruneau to carry out the plan. His collahorator was Émile Zola, who also prepared the "books" for the other operas of Bruneau. His association with this eminent novelist is, indeed, the most interesting phase in the life of Bruneau, as it affords us a glimpse of his character. Bruneau was struggling hard for recognition, and was just heginning to he appreciated when the Dreyfus case came up. During this trial he remained the faithful companion of Zola, heing ever at his side. "Strange though it may seem," says Mr. Hervey, "the fact of an artist heing known to helong to the unpopular camp was sufficient to prejudice some people against his works, and Bruneau found this to his cost." But the storm hlew over, and he is now coming into his own.

Bruneau is one of the leading musical critics of the French metropolis and the author of some valuable books on music in France and in Russia. He has given a vivid account of his conservatory days, when he was a pupil of Massenet. That eminent opera composer, "his face encircled by a short and silky fair heard, his long hair hrushed back," used to sit at the piano, singing with his caressing yet penetrating voice some example of Gluck, of Wagner, of Saint-Saëns, while some fifty young students from all parts of the world, surrounded him, following intently the music he was passionately analyzing. To the more advanced students he taught instrumentation at his home; to them he played the music of his operas as soon as it was written, and he had the queer habit of scrihhling on the pages of his manuscript from day to day remarks on the weather and of persons he had met—"something like an orchestrated edition of the journal of the Goncourt hrothers,"

The festivals held in Portland and Bangor early in Octoher are the great musical events of the year in Maine. By means of them Mr. and Mrs. William R. Chapman have done more for the development of a love of music in that State than all other factors comhined. No fewer than thirty-six towns now coöperate in making these festivals notahle, and there is a healthful rivalry among them to excel at rehearsals as well as at the puhlic performances. Some of the greatest singers in the world have also heen thus hrought to Maine. This year Emma Calvé was the higgest star, and all Maine turned out to honor her and enjoy her rare art. Among the other artists were Janet Spencer, Daniel Beddoe, Cecil Fanning, Clifford Wiley, Virginia Wilson, Renée Chemet. With a chorus of 1,000 voices "Samson and Delilah" was sung without cuts.

The Olive Mead Quartet gives its first New York concert on Thursday evening, January 2, later than its usual date of opening, on account of a Western tour, which includes engagements on the Pacific Coast.

Harold Bauer will play one of the MacDowell sonatas at his American recitals this season. Other novelties on his programmes will he his own arrangement of an organ piece hy César Franck, pieces by Dehussy, "some Hungarian melodies of Bach quite unknown," and a suite by Albeniz, hased on Spanish national airs.

An important sale of autographs is to he held hy Loe Liepmannsohn in Berlin on Novemher 4 and 5. The collection is particularly rich in musical manuscripts. Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Haydn, Liszt, Mozart, Schuhert, Wagner, and others are represented.

Art.

Die Malerische Decoration der San Francesco Kirche zu Assisi: Ein Beitrag zur Lösung der Cimabue Frage. Von Andreas Auhert. Leipzig: W. Hierseman.

Dr. Auhert's hook is a careful study of a much disputed question, and, so far as its main issues are concerned, it is the most conclusive essay that has as yet appeared upon the subject. In undertaking the rehahilitation of Cimahue as an artistic personality worthy of his traditional fame, the author has sought to confute recent negative criticism, which, in its more extreme partisans has gone to the point of reducing Cimabue to the mere shadow of a name. As was to be expected, he goes about his work in the spirit of an advocate, and his counter-plea is as energetic as it is uncompromising. Dr. Auhert may fairly he said to have won his case, and to have set the real Cimahue hefore the still skeptical public in a clear, and, as it may appear to many, a new light. His hrief for the Florentine master, however, is far from heing a mere piece of controversial argument; it is as well an admirable example of constructive criticism. Dr. Auhert further deserves the rare distinction of having written a book which he may justly call his own. He has set out in the heginning with independent ideas, and has remained, from start to finish, quite unaffected hy the numherless theories which have been advanced on the suhject. In fact, he fails even to mention some of the more important, and confines his quotations to a few of his opponents. But we gladly forgive him such omissions in the pleasure of reading a book which, for once, is something more than a mere compilation or a dull repetition.

The author's enthusiastic admiration of the art of the thirteenth century, and the repeated insistence upon its monumentally decorative quality, with which he prefaces his studies, are welcome and timely, for there is perhaps no division of Occidental art which is less rightly understood. With all that has heen written of late, it has remained a hahit to treat this period from a purely archæologic standpoint. From any such narrowness, Dr. Auhert is wholesomely free, and his appreciative defence of the neglected giants of pre-Giottesque painting wins our sympathies at once.

In his opening chapters, the writer claims perhaps too much originality for what he terms the "method of the two parallel lines"—*i. e.*, the parallel and contemporary study of form and ornament which underlies his researches. Still, if he cannot be called the discoverer of such a system, he certainly has used it to its hest advantage in connection with this particular problem of Trecento painting. Dr. Aubert begins his examination of the mural decorations of the Church of San Francesco at Assisi with a few remarks on the early frescoes of the Lower Church, and then passes to those which adorn the walls of the right transept in the Upper Church. These works seem to us to have been carried on hy the same hand into the upper walls of the neighboring apse; but we fully agree that they are quite distinct from, and in spirit and date earlier than, the remaining frescoes of the two transepts, the vaulted ceiling ahove the high-altar, and the apse—all of which, in spite of the oft-repeated assertions to the contrary, are ohviously the product of a single personality, whom the author chooses to term in the beginning the "Great Unknown." That this great artist is in reality no other than Cimabue himself, it is his constant effort to prove in the succeeding pages. And this, to our mind, he does prove in a most conclusive way, passing in review and close examination all the wall and panel paintings hitherto given to the great Florentine, and ending with his one documented work, the mosaic in the Pisan Duomo, which, as Dr. Auhert rightly says, remains to the present day, in spite of successive restorations, a priceless and unassailahle document to be used as a hasis for a critical test of the artist's style. We lack space to follow the writer here in the gradual unfolding of his theories, and in his painstaking discussion of the various works which he undertakes to analyze. It is enough to say that, in the exposition of his ideas, he is always lucid and generally compelling, taking little for granted, and trusting nothing to chance, leaving hehind him, in fact, a sense of solidity and seriousness which we may go far to find in most hooks on similar suhjects.

Nor does the author limit himself to Cimabue alone. His main theme naturally leads him into a study of other phases of painting of the period, and more especially of the remaining decorations of the Upper Church at Assisi. He submits the long series of frescoes which adorn the upper walls of the nave to a searching analysis, the results of which, if in this case not always conclusive, are full of suggestion. He is far from winding up his conclusions

regarding these works with the dogmatic assertiveness of the average German critic (Dr. Aubert, by the way, is not a German, but a Scandinavian), and is wisely content with leaving them to unnamed masters of the Roman school, until a more concentrated study may satisfactorily distinguish their subtler differences of style. In his remarks, again, on the famous cycle of paintings from the life of St. Francis—to this day the most mooted problem in the history of pre-Giottesque art—he reflects the unpublished doubts of many in regard to Giotto's traditional authorship of these much discussed works. But here, also, he is judiciously non-committal as to their possible creators, and, instead of indulging in a speculative game of attributions, remains content with his very persuasive and critical arguments against the probability of their Giottesque paternity.

Although we agree with Dr. Aubert in almost all the main points of his argument, we cannot always accept his opinions regarding certain side issues. To mention a single instance, it has been far from proved that the Ruccellai Madonna is really a work of Duccio, any more than that it is really the picture painted in 1285 in fulfillment of a contract with that painter. That it is a Sienese work is beyond doubt, but the probability is that it is a creation not of Duccio himself, but of an early and unknown contemporary and follower of that master. But here, as in other cases, Dr. Aubert's opinions on outward matters do not intrinsically affect the logical thread of his main discourse. His book calls for far more than passing notice, and provokes special comparison with the latest writer upon the same subject, Adolfo Venturi, the fourth volume of whose History of Italian Art has already been reviewed in these columns, and who, as regards Cimabue, has arrived quite independently at very similar conclusions. Dr. Aubert's Cimabue, however, is by far the more clearly defined and the more critically constructed of the two, and we venture even to say that future research will merely build on his foundation.

The Montross gallery in this city has started unusually early this season with an exhibition of American painters, living and dead. Among the artists represented are George Innes, John La Farge, Eastman Johnson, Elihu Vedder, George Fuller, Homer Martin, L. L. Lathrop, William M. Chase, Childe Hassam, A. P. Ryder, Charles Melville Dewey, Willard L. Metcalf, Kenyon Cox, T. L. Dewing, Horatio Walker, J. Alden Weir, H. Siddons Mowbray, Elliott Daingerfield, and J. Francis Murphy. A collection of mezzotints and stipples, principally of the latter part of the eighteenth century, are to be seen at Koppel's gallery, in this city. Most of them are engraved from portraits of Reynolds and George Morland's scenes of rural life. Wunderlich & Co. of this city will exhibit till November 4 selected etchings by D. Y. Cameron.

The National Gallery in London has been undergoing a thorough rearrangement under the new director, Sir Charles Holroyd. Almost all screens on which pictures were hung have been done away with; they blocked up the space so that one could not get so good a general survey of the rooms as at present. The pictures they displayed have all found places on the walls without overcrowding. The works of each master are kept together, and those belonging to each school of painting, always in separate rooms, have now been more carefully classified according to the latest authorities. The arrangement is not quite complete yet, and the official catalogue will not be forthcoming for some months.

Several important discoveries are reported from Rome: During the removal of an old house at the foot of the Tarpeian rock in Rome the statue of an old woman carrying a basket was found. It is realistic in style and belongs to the same period as the well-known statue of the old woman with the wine-jug in the Capitoline Museum. Probably these statues served to adorn the market halls situated in that neighborhood. The excavations which Prof. Dante Vaglieri is conducting on the Palatine have led to important finds, including remains of a temple of the sixth century, B. C., dedicated to Victory. It is situated on the slope of the Palatine, and faced the Circus Maximus. Near Santa Maria della Vittoria many remains of the oldest walls of Rome have been found.

At Prinias in Crete remains of an archaic Greek temple and fragments of its sculptural decoration have been unearthed. The east side of the temple was surmounted by a pediment containing statues. Not enough has been found to make out the whole composition, but the extant remains show a procession of warriors carrying shields and lances. Fragments of votive figures and cult images have also come to light. Among these is the figure of Rhea seated on a throne, similar in style to the statues from the Sacred Way at Branchidæ. The base of the throne has also been found. It is ornamented with reliefs representing lions and stags. A number of iron weapons, such as arrow and lance-heads, knives and double axes were discovered on the same site.

A private dispatch received in this city announces the death of Prof. Adolf Furtwängler last week in Athens. Professor Furtwängler was born in Freiburg-i-Br. in 1853, and received his education there and in Leipzig and Munich. He early devoted himself to archæology and classical art, and in 1878-79 took part in the excavations at Olympia. His university career led him to Bonn, then to Berlin, where he was appointed professor extraordinary, and finally, in 1894, to Munich, where he was professor in the University and conservator of the museum of plaster casts. His publications make a long list; among them may be mentioned: "Eros in der Vasenmalerei," "Plinius und seine Quellen über die bildenden Künste," "Die Bronzefunde aus Olympia," "Beschreibung der Vasensammlung im Antiquarium der königlichen Museen zu Berlin," "Meisterwerke der griechischen Plastik," "Die antiken Gemmen; Geschichte der Steinschneidekunst im klassischen Altertum," "Denkmäler griechischer und römischer Skulptur," and "Griechische Vasenmalerei."

The death is announced from Cologne of Prof. Carl Aldenhoven, in his sixty-fifth year. He was director of the Wallraf-Richartz museum, and had written much on art subjects, his chief work being "Geschichte der Kölner Malerschule."

Finance.

"SENTIMENT" AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE MOVEMENT.

Contrary to an impression which had begun rather generally to prevail a fortnight ago, that matters were mending in financial markets, the Stock Exchange during the past week has witnessed further liquidation, as violent in its way as that of March and August. Prices of important stocks have declined below the previous low level of the year, with the loss of all of the gain since the successful New York city bond issue of September 10. The most notable fact about the movement was the explanation commonly assigned on Wall Street; it was, that the market was breaking because of "adverse sentiment." Last week, the New York Public Service Commission's inquiry into the New York street railway system produced testimony showing on its face something much like misappropriation of funds. Up to that time the stock market had received with apathy, if not indifference, the sufficiently unpleasant developments in these hearings; the common idea was that the incidents were of a restricted and local character, and did not affect the run of values as a whole.

Anthony N. Brady's testimony of a week ago, however, that he sold to the Metropolitan Securities Company for $250,000 a paper railway with nothing but a franchise, that the company had paid him $965,000, and had instructed him to remit the $715,000 balance in checks of his own to the five conspicuous "insiders" of the street railway group, came with a genuine shock to Wall Street. The men involved in this startling disclosure all possess large wealth, and occupy important positions in great corporations, here and in Philadelphia. Immediately, in response to these disclosures, the stock market broke, and no other explanation was heard on Wall Street except the moral effect of the "Brady testimony."

People naturally ask how such revelations break the price of stocks. Sometimes the laying bare of such a scandal so unsettles confidence, among investors as a class, that they rush to turn their securities into cash. Something like this occurred in the New York bank failures, which in 1884 followed misuse of funds by the presidents of the institutions. In that episode, however, the investing public was actuated less by dislike of the scandals themselves than by fear that the whole structure of credit might be brought down if the methods employed by the wrecked Marine and Metropolitan Banks had been generally practised. The case of the street railway disclosures is not quite the same. This company, with its capital of $52,000,000, has, it is true, been placed in the hands of receivers, apparently as a result of corrupt "inside" management. Nevertheless, no intelligent investor was likely to draw the sudden inference that exactly similar influences were at work in all other companies. Therefore, it is not to be supposed that the real investor sold in quantity as a result of the unpleasant news. Of such liquidation there were, in fact, few evidences.

But if the incident did not cause investment selling, it may have stopped invest-

ment buying; and what was at once apparent on the Stock Exchange was that the outside buying orders, which had been fairly numerous a week before, seemed to have stopped entirely. With this support withdrawn, it was comparatively easy for speculators for the decline to attack the market, breaking down prices and thereby undermining the position of speculators for the rise who, at the lower range of prices, found themselves forced to sell because the collateral on their bank loans had shrunk in value. To what extent even this impairment of public confidence will go is an open question; doubtless the result depends in part on the course of this investigation, and others which may follow.

Pending this break in stocks, Wall Street has largely devoted itself to discussing the way out of its dilemma. On this point, opinions differ oddly. In some quarters, one may hear that the whole investigation is objectionable because the exposure has caused this turn for the worse. This argument, if consistently applied, would go rather further even than those who used it in Wall Street desire; it could be invoked against all exposure of financial wrongdoing. On the other hand, the point is made in important banking circles that the only way to restore public confidence is to punish the malefactors, though they may be ten times millionaires, just as if they were common criminals. In this argument there is at least this much of force—that exemplary punishment could certainly do more than any other expedient to prevent repetition of such abuses.

It may be asked whether, after all, Wall Street may not have exaggerated the influence of the Metropolitan affair. That it has exerted an unfavorable influence, there can be little doubt; whether it was the sole cause for the collapse is less certain. The tightening of the money market, notably in New York, since the opening of October, has already been referred to in this column; only a week ago the New York bank position was so weak that fair probability existed of a deficit in reserves, unless outstanding loans could be reduced. They were reduced nearly six million dollars in the statement issued last Saturday, a reduction unmistakably due to Stock Exchange liquidation. That is as much as to say that the selling of stocks on Wall Street, for whatever cause, may have been necessary and inevitable to the bringing the banks back to a normal position.

Aside from this, it was remarked on the Stock Exchange that last week's most urgent selling came not from America, but from certain Amsterdam institutions, which presumably held large quantities of our stocks in connection with last year's speculation in "Americans," and which could apparently carry these stocks no longer. Clearly it would be absurd to ascribe this European selling to the street railway incident. No doubt the increasing signs of trade reaction—notably illustrated by the Union Pacific's order for cutting down expenditure—added their influence. To the problem of retrenchment by corporations and relaxation of industrial activity, however, there are two different sides. Unpleasant as the process may be in its ordinary effects, people must not overlook the fact that nearly a year ago, responsible heads of these very corporations were expressing the hope that what they called "trade relaxation" might be near at hand, since only through such reduction in the demands on the general stock of capital could the financial situation as a whole be restored to equilibrium.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abhedânanda Swâmi. Reincarnation. The Vedanta Society.
Adler, Marcus Nathan. The Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela. Henry Frowde.
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Babcock, Maltbie D. Fragments that Remain. Reported by Jessie B. Goetschus. Revell. $1.25 net.
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Bancroft, Laura. Policeman Bluejay. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.
Barr, Amelia E. The Heart of Jessy Laurie. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 50
Bates, Katharine Lee. From Gretna Green to Land's End. Crowell. $2 net.
Baum, L. Frank. Father Goose's Year Book.—Ozma of Oz. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. The Altar Fire. Putnams.
Bernhardt, Sarah. Memories of My Life. Appletons. $4 net.
Betel Nuts: What They Say in Hindustan. Rhymed in English by Arthur Guiterman. Paul Elder & Co.
Bousset, Wilhelm. What Is Religion? Putnams.
Browne, Hajl A. Bonaparte in Egypt. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Bullock, Charles F. Selected Readings in Economics. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Burrage, Champlin. The Retractation of Robert Browne. Henry Frowde.
Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night and Other Poems. Introduction by Walter T. Field. Paul Elder & Co. 60 cents net.
Cabell, James B. Gallantry. Harpers.
Carmel, John Prosper. Blottentots and How to Make Them. Paul Elder & Co.
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Chambers, Robert W. Garden-Land. Appletons.
Clark, J. W. Cambridge. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
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Encyclopedia of Mississippi History. Edited by Dunbar Rowland. 2 vols. Madison, Wis.: Selwyn A. Brant.
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Garnett, Edward. The Breaking Point. London: Duckworth & Co.
Gartenlaube Kalender. 1908. Leipzig.
Griffith, Elmer C. The Rise and Development of the Gerrymander. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.25.
Grimshaw, Beatrice. Fiji and Its Possibilities. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.
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Poet's Country. Edited by Andrew Lang. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907.

The Week.

The suspension on Tuesday of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, an institution with $63,000,000 deposits, following the difficulties of the Mercantile National Bank, with its $12,000,000, earlier in the week, cannot be characterized except as the outcome of prolonged indulgence in unsound banking. The case of the Mercantile, which was saved from insolvency through the prompt and judicious assistance of the larger New York banks, is a sequel to the career of certain promoting financiers, who undertook to support their outside schemes by buying control of a group of small banks and obtaining access to the surplus funds. That episode we discuss at length in the article on current finance in another column. The troubles of the Knickerbocker Trust arose, as far as can now be seen, from a not wholly dissimilar use of the institution's resources; but they must also be ascribed to the defective provisions of the law for trust company reserves, and to the wholly inadequate supervision of the State Banking Department. We believe that a remedy for these evils will now be forced, through urgent and enlightened public demand, and that the house-cleaning of New York's fiduciary institutions will make for a much safer financial future.

"Well, it looks as if legitimate business would now have a chance to get banking accommodation." Words to that effect have been heard from hundreds of business men within the past few days. They think they see in the rescue of certain banks from domination by promoters and stock gamblers, the promise of a return of all the banks to the traditional and safer methods of an older day. That is, in a word, to utilize savings and employ capital so as to secure the steady ongoing of mercantile and manufacturing enterprise. The honorable tradition has been that each bank has its customers whom it must "take care of." That simply means that the merchant and the manufacturer, the planter and the farmer and the dealer, shall be able to get their necessary loans, on proper security, and always be sure that good bills will be discounted for them. To minister to such business needs, banks were first created; and their chief duty should be to fulfil that end of their being. But what have we seen in New York during the past half-dozen years? Great banking institutions prostituted into tools of unscrupulous speculators. Under such a twisted and malign conception of banking, business can, for a time, make shift to get on. But let a period of restricted credit befall, as in the past six months, and what is the result? It is legitimate business that is first made to suffer. It is the merchant, the manufacturer, whom the president of the bank sends for and says that he is sorry, but that he is compelled to ask him to cut down the "line" that the bank is carrying for him by one-third or one-half. And interest on loans is marked up, even for old customers. But all the time, there is too much reason to believe, the resources of certain banks were being put at the disposal of promoters and speculators. In other words, the hold of stock gamblers upon banks has really been a grip upon the throat of business. The immense discredit into which this vicious system has now fallen must give great satisfaction to those conservative bankers who have consistently denounced and resisted speculative banking. It was to them that the very speculators had to turn, when the crisis came; and for their courageous, firm, and thorough dealing with the perverted banks, the financial community is lastingly in their debt.

What is perhaps the largest cash prize ever offered for literary effort, aside from limericks and short fiction with "heart-interest," is put up by Senator Bourne of Oregon for the "strongest and best written argument" in support of a "second elective term" for Theodore Roosevelt. Three propositions laid down by Mr. Bourne form the skeleton which the successful contestant is to clothe in verbal flesh. At first glance, the thing seems so easy that any citizen not of the undesirable sort could do it out of sheer patriotic inspiration. It is true that the first "proposition," that the President "must and will" be re-elected by reason of "honesty, courage, initiative, imagination," et cetera, demands only the sort of fervor which Dolliver, Beveridge, or any of the political novelists, like Brand Whitlock or David Graham Phillips, could supply. But Mr. Bourne's introductory demonstration is more difficult. It must be shown that Roosevelt is competent to arbitrate the destinies of this nation, to regulate most of the affairs of a free people, to spin, on occasion, the very globe in his hands; in short, to decide anything and everything—except the next Republican nomination. To show that a man of incredible justice and wisdom must still be overridden on the question which concerns him most nearly, demands the logical adroitness of Root or Spooner. William Allen White could make another hit like his "What's the matter with Kansas?" if his straight-driving Western pen could only be made to explain how infallibility can be wrong in its most emphatic expression of belief. We suggest that a collaboration would stand an excellent chance of winning the prize, for the field of independent competitors is narrowed by the circumstance that some of the chief Republican intellects, Fairbanks, for example, Foraker, Knox, La Follette, and Cannon, will not be in the running at all.

Gov. Hughes's speech at the New York Republican Club Friday night has been eagerly scanned to see if he gave Mr. Parsons, in the arms of Hearst, any comfort. The comfort is exceedingly cold. In general, Mr. Hughes restated his position of last year. He is for a resolute but patient and orderly plan of putting an end to public abuses, "without tumult or disorder, without injustice or demagoguery." That looks as hard and straight at Hearst as did any of the Governor's speeches last year. Still more explicit was his reference to "those political grafters who endeavor to make selfish profit out of public wrongs." And, coming down to details, Mr. Hughes plainly declared that, as Governor, he had steadfastly refused to express either approval or disapproval of "party action or of particular candidates"—especially to "pronounce upon such action or candidacies in advance." Now, if words have any meaning, this is intended to inform the people of this city that Gov. Hughes did not advise the fusion with Hearst. In his attitude towards national politics, Gov. Hughes seems determined to drive the politicians to despair. He roundly declares that he is not seeking "any public office," and that he is not trying, and will not try, to influence the choice of "any delegate to any convention." The men whom he has called about him in the public service, he has "counselled" to stick to their jobs, and let politics alone. No; if the people of this country have any notion of bidding Gov. Hughes go up higher, they will have to attend to the business themselves, without the intervention of any machine. Here is a man who makes it evident that he does not want, and will not seek, the Presidency; and who thinks of the burdens of that great office as tolerable only when assumed "under honorable conditions and at the command of the people." What a fool! the politicians will think, to imagine that he can get on without spokesmen and workers and press agents and a personal organization. Yet such is the perversity of political human nature, such the liking of Amer-

icans for a man not too consumed with anxiety for office, that the Hughes boom for the Presidency is certain to be strengthened by his denial that he wants any boom.

To call this a two-billion-dollar country is to-day far inside the truth, in the view of the various officials who are now making out their estimates to lay before Congress. Every department wants more money, and as all the purposes for which they want it, from four new battleships to ship subsidies, public buildings, and food-inspection, are equally worthy, the obvious policy is to give each what it asks. That, again, can be done only on the assurance that the country will stand the bills. Indeed, the efforts to rouse some enthusiasm which can be cashed later on have been among the most prominent features of recent news. The President's cruise down the Mississippi, furnishing the opportunity for a thousand special articles on river improvements, the dispatch of the fleet to the Pacific, the voyages of the Lusitania, with demonstrations that Americans could have done still better with an adequate subsidy, down to the attacks of indigestion which could have been averted by a little more liberal provision for Federal inspection, already increased 500 per cent. in ten years—all these help to get Congress into a money-spending frame of mind. The last Congress was the doer. It had the satisfaction of carrying out the Presidential programme of legislation. One need not be in Speaker Cannon's special confidence, however, to be sure that his programme for the new House resembles that of the Lords in "Iolanthe," to do nothing in particular and do it very well.

The seizure this week of 8,750,000 cigarettes manufactured by the Tobacco Trust is very drastic governmental action. Yet this policy, like so many of the other recent policies "with teeth," is not based on a new law at all. It is, in fact, in the poor old Sherman law that authority for the seizure is found. Nobody ever thought before of using the section which declares forfeit "any property owned under any contract or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy," but the authority existed all along. Most so-called "lost arts" are believed by archæologists never to have existed at all. Yet the race which inhabited this country in the days before the infiltration of iron in our blood and the summary expulsion of the coward and the weakling, seems to have known a few things about making laws that will really hit the malevolent corporations. Possibly in time another stanza may be added to those popular verses which tell the merits of "old wine, old books, and old friends." "Old laws to enforce" would not be a bad working motto for the Attorney-General's office.

The refusal of the Navy Department to allow some of its officers who are studying engineering problems to witness the experiments with gas engines now going on at the Jamestown Exposition, is characteristic. The experiments in question are of the greatest interest to the martime world; but the the Navy Department intends to ignore them, because it is not satisfied that the gasolene launches now in its possession are a success! One thing the present régime in the Department cannot be accused of—a desire to lead in the naval world. In the matters of turbine engines, the speed of its torpedo boat destroyers, the size of its battleships, its floating mines, etc., it is ever content to follow. What has become of our American enterprise and initiative? Since the English naval architects are at this moment discussing a thirty-knot gasolene liner and an explosion-engine battleship, one would think that the Navy Department would have detailed at least one engineer officer to go to Jamestown, and then to England, for the purpose of finding out everything possible as to this new method of propulsion. Some bright mind might even suggest that the Department ought to be experimenting itself, instead of being content to build twenty-four-knot destroyers, when other nations insist on thirty-three knots, and to turn out seventeen-knot battleships two years after the appearance of the twenty-two-knot Dreadnought.

The recent newspaper statement that our army is 20,000 below the authorized strength is borne out by many facts which have appeared of late. At the unveiling of the McKinley monument a company of the Twelfth Infantry paraded with but 18 men in line. The Sixty-third Company of Coast Artillery at Fort Casey, Wash., has 27 men in it, or 25 per cent. of its authorized strength. In the East there are artillery companies reduced to eight and ten men. The dearth is not peculiar to any locality or branch of the service. "The same situation," says the *Army and Navy Register*, "exists at all army posts, and in the infantry and cavalry, as well as the artillery." When regiments go to the Philippines they are supposed to have ranks full of men with at least two years to serve. The adjutant of the Twenty-third Infantry, which is to leave in February, reports, according to the *Army and Navy Journal*, that there were in the regiment on September 21 only 136 enlisted men who have service enough to go to the archipelago. Of these, only *nineteen are privates*, two are cooks, and the rest sergeants and corporals. Now, if every one agreed that one or two causes were responsible for this state of affairs, the army might regard it with cheerfulness. But there is no general agreement, save perhaps on the desirability of raising the pay of the non-commissioned officers and on the relation of the prosperity of the country to the falling off in enlistments. Among the other causes assigned are the constant shifting of officers, and the presence of many incompetent ones; rough, brutal, and inefficient or untrained sergeants and corporals; too many practice marches and manœuvres; dislike of foreign service; the refusal of the public to consider desertion a crime; the absence of an army service corps, as a result of which lack the man who enlisted to carry a rifle is compelled to become a scavenger, a teamster, a servant, or a day-laborer as soon as he enters the service; and the absence of a beer canteen. Finally, the disease of a depleted army is a progressive one. The smaller a company becomes, the less contented it is bound to be. It takes the life and interest out of a soldier if he is made to go through a company drill when there is but a platoon, and officers similarly lose interest. So far as the pay is concerned, a higher rate for non-commissioned officers as well as for officers seems just and desirable, and would help to keep in the service a permanent staff of sergeants. But a mere increase of $2 a month in the pay of the private will help, in our judgment, not at all—nor would $5 or $10, as long as there is such unrest among the officers and so much hard, non-military labor required of the soldier.

According to the Pension Commissioner's report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, there were no less than 24,000 pensioners of our little war with Spain and the Filipinos, on the rolls on that date—only *nine* years after the battle of Santiago. The size of this small army of young pensioners becomes the more astounding if one remembers that the Fifth Corps, which assaulted Santiago, had only 17,000 men in it when it sailed from Tampa, and that all told there were in service in the army in the years 1898 to 1901 not over 350,000 men. Perhaps during these years 40,000 more served for one period or another in the navy. Moreover, all of these men were supposed to have undergone before enlistment the most rigid physical examination ever applied in this country, and it was confidently asserted that the pension evil was therefore not to be dreaded as a result of this war. At the battle of Santiago 21 officers and 222 men were killed, and 101 officers and 1,688 men were wounded. The casualties in the Philippines were much larger, but if every man wounded since 1898 had been given a pension, and one were awarded for every soldier killed, we should still

be unable to account for two-thirds of the noble army of 24,000. Evidently, the typhoid-fever patients of our camps are getting their fingers into the Treasury. It must not be forgotten, too, that the 24,000 pensioners referred to do not include officers and men on the army retired lists in consequence of Cuban or Philippine service.

The Princeton Board of Trustees has voted to defer serious consideration of President Wilson's quadrangle plan for two years. If this be a setback to the president, he may find some consolation in the permission given him to continue his efforts to convert faculty, students, and trustees. Two years hence he may have the heavier battalions on his side. Universities are slow-moving bodies, and many a college president would be satisfied with having to his credit so radical an innovation as the preceptorial system Mr. Wilson inaugurated at Princeton. It must be confessed that the college world has not been in the habit of thinking of Princeton as an experiment station; but its situation and organization make it an ideal place for trying the quadrangle system. Somewhere the experiment must be made before long—the discussion of the English college plan at Harvard proves that. Our universities cannot continue to grow as they have without some new subdivisions, if only for purely administrative reasons. And the ever-widening gulf between student and professor is still another reason why our educational experts should support President Wilson in his warfare on the baneful undergraduate clubs, and his quest of a truer collegiate democracy.

When Irishmen are not fighting the English, they are fighting each other. A bitter quarrel has been raging for some months between the Sinn Fein (or revolutionary) movement in Ireland and the Nationalist party. By the latest bulletins from the field of battle, however, it would appear that Mr. Redmond and his fellow-Parliamentarians are getting the better of the controversy. To have enlisted John Dillon on their side would alone more than make up for the defection of Sir Thomas Esmonde; while the news that William O'Brien is willing to return to public life in aid of Redmond, together with the adherence of influential Catholic prelates, shows which way the tide is running. The Sinn Fein agitation made an undoubted appeal to national pride, and threatened at one time to carry off most of Young Ireland with it. Time and argument, however, have apparently convinced the mass of Irishmen that they have most to hope from orderly political methods, and in keeping their representatives at work, with as solid a backing as possible, within the House of Commons. It is significant, in this connection, that there are rumors of a new Irish Bill next year.

Affairs in Morocco are moving rapidly. Even though the general trend of recent events has been towards the ultimate establishment of a French protectorate, no one expected that a protectorate would so soon be openly discussed. Yet that is the question that is reported to have been taken up in the interview at Rabat between Sultan Abd-el-Aziz and the French Minister Regnault. As a preliminary step towards a protectorate, the Sultan is said to have wanted the French Government "to take immediate possession of the entire Moroccan coast." This, of course, France will not do at present. So open a violation of the Act of Algeciras would certainly lead to trouble with Germany. But French interests are well enough subserved by formal adherence to the Algeciras agreement in the matter of organizing the joint European police for the ports, composed of natives under French and Spanish officers and a Swiss inspector-general. That such an organization is doomed to failure, there can be little doubt. Not only will it be difficult to count on the services of the native police against their countrymen, but the safety of the officers themselves would be in some danger. Moreover, it is in the power of France to bring about the failure of the international police in ways financial. The Sultan must bear the cost of the police, and the Sultan, a bankrupt, is now turning to France for money. Soon he may be turning to her also for protection against his brother, Mulai Hafid.

It has been clear for a long time that responsibility for the continuance of the chaos in Macedonia must be shared alike by Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia, together with the Ottoman Government. Evidence coming from partisan sources is to be had on all sides, and that portion of it relating to the rôle of each nationality as the sufferer at the hands of the others is unquestionably true. Last week, it is reported, the Greek Crown Prince and the Cabinet participated in the ceremonial laying of the foundation stones for three cities to be erected in Thessaly as homes for the Greek inhabitants recently expelled from Anchialos, Philippopolis, and other Bulgarian cities. There are to be a new Anchialos and Philippopolis, the cost of which hundreds of poor Bulgarian peasants will undoubtedly pay with their lives and property to the active Greek guerrilla bands. The corner-stone celebrations must have been truly impressive. They carry the mind across 2,500 years to the time when Greek emigrants, carrying fire from the native altar, went across the seas to found new Corinths and Sicyons. The unhappy present-day meaning of the event is that racial war is rife in the Balkans, and that the governments are determined not to have peace except at their own price.

Macmillan's Magazine, one of the best of the London monthlies, will soon cease publication. *Macmillan's* was founded about the same time as *Temple Bar* and *The Cornhill;* all three maintained a high standard and enjoyed the credit of introducing to the public several authors who have since become famous. But *Temple Bar* has already gone, and of the trio *The Cornhill* will be the only survivor. A year or two ago *Longmans'* also succumbed. Presumably, these magazines, which have tried to preserve some kind of literary standard, are drowned out by the flood of cheap and popular periodicals. We are not passionate admirers of magazine literature; we would not transfer, even to a good magazine, Milton's dictum about a good book, and say that he who kills it, "kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye." Yet we cannot see *Macmillan's* pass out of existence without expressing our regret. A popular magazine, as most people know, is like an army, in that it travels on its belly; it will go as far as its advertising will carry it, and not a step farther. The importance of the advertising is indicated by a remark made a few years ago by a magazine publisher: "If I can get a circulation of 400,000, I can afford to give my magazine to any one who will pay the postage, and I can grow rich from the advertising." Whether this statement was ever literally true we do not pretend to say; probably the present prices of white paper would force a revision of the estimate; but, under any circumstances, the fact remains that the proverbial advice to the publisher of a magazine is: Advertisements are the principal thing; therefore get advertisements. To the achievement of this end the direct and obvious means is a huge circulation. The aim, then, is to make your stories, your articles, and your pictures appeal to the largest possible reading public. To choose material of literary excellence is fatal; for not one reader in a thousand can boast anything more than the most rudimentary taste. They are incapable of sustained attention, and they therefore demand all sorts of scraps and snippets; they must have even the short story shortened still further into the "storiette." It is for a clientèle of this grade that many of our most widely circulated magazines are obviously intended. These cheap and vulgar productions not only crowd out decent magazines where they might otherwise be read, but by gobbling up the advertising they leave the magazine of respectable but limited circulation with little or no financial support.

THE END AT THE HAGUE.

A half-apologetic air appears in the very act drawn up and adopted last Thursday to summarize the work and mark the close of the Hague Conference. It speaks of the constant "desire" of the delegates to meet the hopes centred in their deliberations, yet has but a meagre array of actual achievements to submit. The world hoped for measures that would be effective in preventing war, and it gets a convention providing that fishing boats shall be inviolable in time of war! We do not say that none of the agreements reached are of no greater value. The establishment of an international prize court; the extension of the Geneva convention to warfare by sea; the limitations imposed upon the collection of contractual debts, with some of the regulations about submarine mines and bombardments, and the pious vow in favor of arbitration, all have their merit and promise. Taking the work at The Hague as a whole, however, it cannot be denied that it is a keen disappointment. But though disappointing, the net result is not necessarily discouraging.

In the very fact that representatives of all the civilized nations have for four months been debating the means of preserving the peace of the world, we have a fresh guarantee of that peace. War is one of those evils which cannot bear public discussion. Brutal natures may secretly exult in it; ambitious men may, in their hearts, hope to gratify their lust for power by means of it; but no one can get up in a gathering of enlightened men and speak of war in anything except a deprecating tone. Even when alleged to be necessary, war has to be grouped with the unavoidable calamities of the human race. On the other hand, the blessings of peace are such and so obvious as to extort tributes of praise even from those who pay them insincerely. And the progress of civilization and the hopes of philanthropists are so bound up with the maintenance of peace, that it is easy to enlist eloquence and poetry and logic and large aspiration in its cause.

Hence the fact that the debating honors of the Conference have been carried off by those who have been most ardent in demanding that the bulwarks of the world's peace be built high and strong. Members of our own delegation have won personal distinction and reflected lustre upon their country by their stout championship of the advanced positions of peace-advocates. Mr. Choate and Gen. Porter have most ably expounded and defended the humane views with which President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, by their instructions, identified this government. That the chief project, the one for an international court to pass judicially upon disputes between nations, failed of final adoption, was not for lack of convincing advocacy by Mr. Choate. He found in the French and Italian delegations warm seconders. A large majority, indeed, of the whole Conference was won over to the plan, but the requirement of practical unanimity, in order to make any convention binding, proved a fatal obstacle.

The real sentiments of the Conference were, in fact, often obscured by this disregard of majority rule. Again and again were projects recorded as "defeated," though they had perhaps 39 votes in their favor to only 6 or 7 against. To find the seven votes in opposition became, in truth, the apparent task of those who would obstruct the passage of the more important measures. Furthermore, the national pride and personal dignity of the South American delegates were often skilfully played upon to bring about the delay or defeat of projects which it was awkward directly to oppose. From all this it is clear that if the assembly at The Hague had been subject to the ordinary rules of procedure, it would have decided by a very large vote in favor of measures now set down among those rejected. But this majority sentiment, though not technically effective at The Hague, really does represent and actuate the majority of the nations. In that thought there is cheer for the despondent.

In a way, the plan of legislating for the world's peace—which is the main intent of the Hague Conference—is not unlike the slow establishment of parliamentary government.. H. Stanley Jevons has written of it in the *Contemporary* as if it were the faint beginnings of the establishment of an International Parliament. Viewed in that light, we see more reason to be patient with the delays and repeated disappointments. It was a long road from Magna Charta to the final vindication of the Commons' power of the purse, and to the current proposals to strip the House of Lords of its remaining right to obstruct the people's will. One has but to think of all the jealousies to be composed, the prejudices disarmed, and the selfish interests compelled to surrender. Something of the same process is visible in the successive Hague Congresses; and by the time the next one comes round, we may hope for a more assured tone and more fruitful action. Such a result we may confidently look for if the matters left for diplomatic adjustment among the Powers are vigorously urged, as they should be, and if the rulers and the press of the various countries meanwhile seek peace and ensue it. In some respects, and especially as compared with the high hopes of lovers of their kind, the Hague Conference adjourns as a failure; but nothing is a failure which leaves earnest men only baffled in order to fight better.

THE PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY.

With the opening of the Philippine Assembly by Secretary Taft, the islands enter upon a new phase of their development under American rule. Nearly nine years ago, through inexcusable blundering on the part of our civil and military authorities, we began that needless war upon the Filipinos which cost both them and us so dear. It is depressing to recall with what enthusiasm our country entered upon that campaign of conquest, and with what absurd expectations of wealth and profit. The sun was never to set on our dominions; the Philippines were not only to make us all rich, but were to help us obtain the greater part of the Asiatic trade; we were to make the Filipinos love us as soon as we had shot them to pieces; and, finally, interest in their affairs was, as Attorney-General Griggs put it, to cleanse American politics and inspire the nation by making it forget its "purely parochial domestic problems."

From that intoxication we have long since sobered up. Not even Griggs could now make such a speech as he delivered in 1899. Our parochial problems, such as race questions and the control of corporations and railways, have so fully absorbed our attention that practically no one knows or cares what is happening in the archipelago. No newspaper keeps a special correspondent there, and it requires the visit of Mr. Taft, or rumors of war, to set the Philippine cable instruments to ticking. We have denied to the Filipinos the tariff benefits our Republican President declared we were in honor bound to give, and have to all intents and purposes told them we did not care if their trade remained hopelessly prostrate. In this affair the moral sense of the nation has proved less effective than the lobby of the Sugar Trust. In short, as recent newspaper interviews with our Congressmen have again proved, we are heartily sick of our Eastern possessions. Even those public men who would continue to hold the islands express no enthusiasm. We must, they say, have a coaling station—and, then, "We cannot let go if we would." But the desire to sell the islands to Japan or to turn them over to the Filipinos themselves under some kind of joint protectorate grows steadily.

While this extraordinary change of sentiment has been going on at home, the native hostility towards the American conquerors has become more and more intensified. The desire for independence which provoked their rebellion against the Spaniards has in no wise abated. Two-thirds of the Assembly, which listened last week to Secretary Taft's declaration that the islands will not be ready for self-government for a generation, desire immediate independence, while the remainder ask the fixing now of a date in the not remote fu-

ture. That during our nine years of possession we have accomplished something besides slaughter and destruction, no one would deny. The greatest of our achievements is the establishment of the school system, and of local self-government in the cities and provinces. And yet both of these acts have increased the longing of the Filipinos for the full management of their own affairs. The establishment of the Assembly is, of course, the most striking reminder of our nation's good-will toward the natives, and our promise to turn over the government of the Philippines to the Filipinos. And Mr. Taft's sturdy stand against the exploitation of the islands by the Trusts, rich capitalists, and the horde of unprincipled adventurers that followed on the heels of the troops, is one of the things we can most be proud of.

So far as the new Assembly itself is concerned, its powers are, of course, limited. It consists of 81 members apportioned on the basis of one delegate for each 90,000 persons, and it may be increased to 100 members automatically. This Assembly is intended to correspond to our own House of Representatives, and the Philippine Commission is to bear to it somewhat the relation of the Senate to the lower house. The Commission, which is wholly an appointed body, will have the right to veto any measure of the Assembly. In this way "too radical" legislation may be checked. But the Assembly cannot be deprived of its right to express its opinion. What its course will be, no one can foresee. That it will be vigorous in its assertion of the right of the Filipinos to their own country, we may take for granted. As well-wishers, we must hope that it will display the same ability that won for Aguinaldo's ill-fated Parliament the praise of American observers. We wish for it, too, conservatism in utterance and deed, and that patience which is characteristic of those whose cause is just.

That the situation in the islands, already a delicate one, may be made more critical by the opening of the Assembly, no one can dispute. Two months ago, on August 23, on account of the reappearance everywhere, after the Assembly elections, of the Filipino flags, the Philippine Commission deemed it necessary to pass a rigid law, forbidding the Filipinos to display the "flags, banners, emblems, or devices used in the Philippine Islands for the purpose of rebellion or insurrection." But this was not all; the Commission also amended the already extremely obnoxious and unwise sedition act, as follows:

> Every person who shall utter seditious words or speeches, write, publish, or circulate scurrilous libels against the Government of the United States or the insular government of the Philippine Islands, or who shall print, write, publish, utter, or make any statement or speech or do any act which may *tend* to disturb or obstruct any lawful officer in executing his office, or which may tend to instigate others to cabal or meet together for unlawful purposes, or which suggests or incites rebellious conspiracies or riots, or which tends to stir up the people against the lawful authorities or to disturb the peace of the community, the safety and order of the government, or who shall knowingly conceal such evil practices, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $2,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both, at the discretion of the courts.

All this is aimed, we learn, against "post-election celebrations in which demonstrations against American sovereignty are made." What the Assembly will say to such imitations of the Czar's ukases, to such heavyhanded measures for limiting free speech and encouraging informers, the next few months may show.

PROTECTION FALLING INTO DISREPUTE.

When Mr. Chamberlain set out, four or five years ago, to make England protectionist, the high-tariff Bourbons in this country were in ecstasies. The last bulwark of free trade was about to be destroyed. The whole world would shortly come round to the magic doctrine of getting rich by taxing yourself, and where could the ridiculous revenue reformers of the United States turn for comfort? Tariff revision would appear so plain an absurdity that nobody outside of a lunatic asylum could any longer talk about interfering with the beneficent operations of the Steel Corporation, for example, by removing the needless duty on steel rails. All the other tariff beneficiaries were to be left encased in their fat, undisturbed.

Well, a change has come over the spirit of that dream. Our protectionists can certainly no more lift up their eyes to Chamberlain, whence they thought their strength came. He has led his party to disastrous defeat, although he had organized manufacturers, after the American fashion, to finance his campaign lavishly, which they did in the hope of writing their own duties in the law afterwards, in the manner of the McKinley Bill. Furthermore, Chamberlain is hopelessly broken in health, and permanently retired from public life. The net result of his protectionist foray is to leave England more firmly committed to free trade than ever. If anything had been lacking to complete the disgust of Englishmen of all parties with the scheme of a British Zollverein, having preferential trade inside it and high duties against nations outside, it would have been supplied by the new Australian tariff. Against it, English newspapers of all opinions and public men of every faction have been declaiming ever since its schedules were first published.

The reason is that this new fiscal law of the Australian Commonwealth is really a measure of extreme protection. It builds high the tariff walls about the island continent. There is, indeed, a pretence of "preference" for British goods, but examination proves it to be a sham. The framers of the tariff really mean to protect Australian manufacturers against all effective competition. If 40 per cent. on blankets, for instance, would do it, the duty is made 50, and then a kind reduction of 10 per cent. is made in behalf of goods from the Mother Country. The practical result is well depicted in one of Mr. Gould's cartoons. The British lion stands before a high tariff wall, over the top of which the head of the Australian kangaroo appears, and in which two doors are built, one entirely shut, the other open a crack. The latter is a special concession to the lion. "But I can't get through," he protests. "You were not meant to," cheerfully answers the kangaroo. The new tariff is regarded almost universally as a death-blow to the fantastic project of Chamberlain to wean away the colonies from protection by making England herself protectionist. It is safe to say that, in Great Britain to-day, protective tariffs are more abhorred than ever, and free trade more firmly based than before. The *National Review*, which had staked everything on preferential trade, now says gloomily:

> If we cannot get more effective support from the colonies in trade and arms . . . colonization would mean sheer loss of national blood, leading to national death.

At the very time when alien aid and comfort are thus failing our American protectionists, they have to face portents at home. They see the high tariff denounced in the house of its friends. Never, it is probable, have so many trade associations of one kind and another, from newspaper-proprietors to carriage-builders, gone on record with a demand that the tariff be revised. Even the Protective Tariff League has lifted up its heel against Dingleyism, through the admission of its Secretary that the sentiment for tariff revision is everywhere rising and will soon be irresistible. Protection is losing the supernatural aspect which it long had in many minds. That it does not miraculously keep everybody employed and hold stocks at top figures, all can now see. And once this exaggerated respect has been lost, the high tariff comes in for outright denunciation. Not in our memory have so many abusive things been said of it by those who formerly were its stoutest champions.

In this respect, there is a striking analogy between the talk to-day about protection, and the talk, in 1848-56, about slavery. Many frank people in the South admitted that slavery was a curse. Olmsted on his travels found hundreds of men who saw the evil of the

institution, and wished to Heaven it had never been established in the South; but, of course, they all said that it would never do to free the slaves. That would ruin everything. Similarly, many protectionists are saying to-day that the high tariff contains undoubted abominations, and has demoralized our politics, but that we cannot get rid of it, because to attempt to do so would bring universal disaster. But slavery disappeared, and nobody wishes it back. The South is more prosperous than it ever could have been under a slave system. In like manuer, overdone protection will one day be swept away, and we shall wonder that Americans so long endured it. They must see to it that they do not imitate the pro-slavery men, by making of the high tariff, as Von Holst showed that the South did of slavery, the more of a fetich the more untenable it was proved to be.

THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY.

In the discussions to which the illness of the Austrian Emperor has given rise, the remarkable feature is the absence of the pessimistic tone with which it has been customary to debate the future of the Dual Monarchy. That the termination of the present reign must bring about the dissolution of the Hapsburg territories had become a commonplace of European politics. To-day it would appear to be admitted that not only has the importance of Francis Joseph as a unifier been exaggerated, but that the disintegrating forces at work in Austria-Hungary have been unduly dwelt upon to the exclusion of important factors that make for the maintenance of the *status quo*. In saying this we do not for a moment deny the immense loyalty which animates the great bulk of Francis Joseph's subjects, a fact attested even by the fond way in which his former Slav or German subjects in this country speak of Unser Kaiser.

In two ways the Hapsburg monarchy was to be broken up. On the one hand, Hungary, chafing under the connection with Austria, would refuse to acknowledge the successor of Francis Joseph; on the other, Germany would proceed towards the realization of the Pan-Germanic hope by incorporating the more than ten million Austro-Hungarian subjects of Teutonic race. Add to these two possibilities Bohemia, with aspirations for Czech autonomy, Galicia cherishing dreams of a restored Poland, Italy longing for the Tyrol, with minor dreams of a Greater Croatia, Greater Dalmatia, etc., and there could be little doubt that the signal given by the Germans and the Magyars would be followed by chaos. On the other side, it was unlikely that in the absence of a Hungarian secession or an aggressive move by Germany, the small Slav nations would of themselves attempt the break-up of the mouarchy. The problem resolves itself, therefore, largely into the question whether the ambitions of Hungary or of the Hohenzollern rulers call for the near dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In both cases the answer must be a negative.

However pugnacious the Magyar leaders may have been in their attitude towards Austria, they have, on the whole, recognized that the maintenance of the partnership is necessary to their own safety. The aid of the Austrian army is not to be despised by a nation eager to preserve its independence; and it is clear that formal independence is not much to be preferred to the virtual independence which Hungary at present enjoys. The argument that the Hungarians, who have been so recusant towards their venerable ruler, would be still more refractory under his successor, is not wholly sound. It may well be that the Magyar statesmen have hoped to extort from the septuagenarian Francis Joseph, who is naturally anxious to leave harmony behind him, greater concessions than they could expect from a young monarch with plenty of time ahead to settle controversies. Economic reasons, no less than political, also counsel Hungary towards moderation; for, anxious though she may be to establish her own industrial independence, she cannot hope to do that as yet without the coöperation of the Cisleithan half of the monarchy.

One of the surest guarantees against Hungarian secession is to be found in the existence of a powerful Austria; for such an Austria is not only a desirable partner, but may become a formidable enemy. In so far as concerns the Austrian Empire, as distinguished from Hungary, it is fully as strong now as it ever was during the present reign. In spite of continuing echoes of racial strife, the recent introduction of universal suffrage has reduced to a minimum the danger from that source. The Emperor has recognized the advantages that would accrue from the substitution of a truly Imperial for a sectional Parliament, and to that end he has been willing to work in conjunction even with the Socialists. The results of the first Reichsrath election last May, on the basis of universal suffrage, were disastrous to nationalist parties, like the Czechs of Bohemia or the Austrian Pan-Germans. The leading parties in the Parliament are the Christian Socialists and the Social-Democrats, both of which as class parties are opposed to nationalistic separatism.

As to a Pan-Germanic movement, the elections of last May, shattering the strength of that party, removed for the moment any danger of Hohenzollern aggression. The German Kaiser, even if he were so inclined, would not attempt the incorporation of the Austrian Germans without their consent. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the Kaiser would care to make the effort in any case. It is easy enough to speak of incorporating the Germans of Austria into the German Empire, but inasmuch as large numbers of the Hapsburg Germans are scattered all over the monarchy, to a large extent in Hungary, it is evident that the task cannot be accomplished without bringing Germany into conflict with the Slavs and the Magyars. That such an enterprise might also mean a general war, with the Continent arrayed against Germany, must also be taken into consideration. Italy eager for a share of the Austrian spoils, Russia alarmed by the tremendous advance towards Constantinople and Asia Minor which German success would mean, France and Great Britain, as a matter of course, would all take sides against the Kaiser.

For the welfare of Europe at large, it is desirable that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy should persist. The very fact that it is an association of nations, rather than a nation, makes it the fittest place for the working out of a problem that is sure to become of greater importance with time. That problem concerns the fate of the small European peoples. Are they bound to be ultimately absorbed by the great Powers, or is there a chance for the development of a strong federated state composed of small nationalities enjoying extensive political and complete cultural autonomy? That ideal is now stirring strongly in Russia among Poles, Letts, Jews, and Armenians It has, of course, been agitating the nationalities within the Hapsburg realm. Many shrewd observers believe that the preservation of that realm guarantees the smaller nations the realization of their ideals; and that under the protection of the Hapsburg sceptre they may pursue their own racial development. With the monarchy broken up they might be swallowed by their powerful neighbors.

THE "FACTS" OF HISTORY.

A pleasant illustration of the science of history—it happens that two books are published this autumn almost simultaneously, dealing with the same period, but with results so diametrically opposite as to startle even the most hardened reader. One of these, from the Catholic Summer School Press, is by Dr. J. J. Walsh, and explains its purpose frankly in the title: "The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries." Dr. Walsh admits that his thesis will appear paradoxical, preposterous, to most people, yet it is easy to understand his point of view. Name the thirteenth century, and immediately we think of Dante and his supreme vision; of the Latin hymns, *Stabat mater dolorosa* and *Dies iræ dies illa*, which in the magnificence of their rhythm sound

like the very trumpets of heaven; of St. Francis, who for a while made Christianity a reality of common life; of Thomas Aquinas, whose "Summa Theologiæ" is almost a sum of human knowledge; of the Gothic cathedrals, the universities, the organized charities, the great beginnings everywhere — there needs no special learning to be stirred by the wonders of that age.

On the contrary, here is another scholar, G. G. Coulton, with very special learning, who comes to us with a second edition of his "From St. Francis to Dante," avowing that the thirteenth century was a sink of every kind of skepticism, vice, misery, cruelty, filth, and degradation. About the only good thing to be said for it is that the preceding ages were even worse. And his point of view is also plain. His book is based on the well-known Chronicle of Salimbene, the gossiping, very human memoirs of a Franciscan friar, who saw the wickedness of the world about him and set it down at length for the edification of his niece. His intention was honest enough, and so indeed is Mr. Coulton's. Says he:

> I have found it hopeless, however, to give in a book of this compass more than a very small fraction of the evidence which I have collected during the past nine years to show that what Salimbene describes is nothing exceptional, but simply the normal state of thirteenth century society.

And what Salimbene and his contemporary chroniclers describe is so bad that a good deal of it is left in the original Latin and tucked away in notes.

Which of the two is right, Dr. Walsh or Mr. Coulton? There is always an easy solution of the difficulty when doctors disagree. Of course, both are equally right and wrong, and the truth lies in the middle—a shiftless way of deciding, no doubt. Yet in the present case there may be good reason for rejecting both extremes, for both writers carried an avowed prejudice into the past. Dr. Walsh is a devout Catholic, and his aim is to show the supremacy of the so-called age of faith, when the Roman Church had reached the fulness of its power. Without impugning his entire sincerity, one can see how he would inevitably select for his picture of the age the Flowers of St. Francis rather than Salimbene's prying Chronicle, and the activity of the universities rather than the horrors of civil war. But the prejudice of Mr. Coulton is no less marked; he is a stalwart believer in Progress, and goes to the thirteenth century with the settled conviction that it must be seven centuries worse, as it is seven centuries earlier, than the twentieth. He has an absolute measuring rod for the rise of civilization, and to belong to the past is to be damned. Naturally, in his endeavor to flatter the living at the expense of the dead, he does not dwell on the ancient triumphs of art and religion, but gathers his evidence from the reformers and scandal-mongers of the period. And as the thirteenth century is commonly called the age of faith, he is bound, first of all, to make it out an age of doubt:

> The world is far purer and better for the decay of sacerdotalism. One-tenth of the abuses that reigned in the thirteenth century would have sufficed to wreck any church in a less barbarous age. . . Art was not the produce of mediæval religion, but of worldliness under some restraint of religion, etc.

Now, we all believe in Progress, but is it not possible that the doctrine of advance, held absolutely and mechanically as Mr. Coulton holds it, may become a source of error the more insidious as it falls in more perfectly with the current of the day? There is such a thing as the fallacy of the present, just as there is a fallacy of the past. And these two fallacies point to two historical methods whose difference is deeper-seated than the prejudices of Catholicism and Progress. What, in a word, is the true criterion of an age, the products of its higher and rarer imagination, or the daily, unrelieved life of the multitude? Who reports the thirteenth century truly, Dante or Salimbene?

Certainly, Dante saw and experienced evil enough in his lifetime. He was pointed at in the streets of Florence as the man who had been through hell; but he had also seen the vision of peace. How real to him was the consolation of that vision, and to what degree does he stand for his age? It is a question of the reality of the imagination. Historians of the type of Mr. Coulton would give to that reality the least value. For the distress of Dante's exile they see little compensation in his inner life, and even this little is peculiar to himself and without meaning to the people for whom he wrote down what he felt. Again, the danger before the historian is the more insidious because it accords with his training. The great works of the imagination are open to all who can read; the task of the scholar is to run down the obscure records of an age and build up his picture from what the world ignores—otherwise, in what is he learned? And the temptation lies there. These obscure records are just those that contain the minute and ephemeral transactions of life, and it is extremely difficult to dwell among them continually without coming to regard them as the only reality, and thus emphasizing them far beyond their desert. Dante's glimpse of Beatrice grows more and more a shadowy thing, and Salimbene's complaint over the vermin of the convents more and more a characteristic of the century. Not many historians can preserve their balance; can at the same time see the great things and the little things of the past, and compute the gains and losses of time. Hence the so-called science of history offers one of the subtlest temptations to distort the facts.

CANCER AND TRYPSIN.

A little more than a year ago we printed an article on the treatment of cancer by trypsin, summarizing expositions of the process contributed by Dr. C. W. Saleeby to *Harper's Weekly* and *McClure's Magazine*. In conclusion we remarked that Dr. Saleeby's zeal would be discounted by cool observers, especially in view of the fact that competent authorities in London, where the method had been tried, were skeptical as to cures. In the twelvemonth that has passed trypsin has been employed in this country, in England, and on the European Continent. On the basis of these experiments Dr. Saleeby again writes in eager support of the treatment, this time in the September issue of the *Contemporary Review*. In spite of his warmth, well-trained scientists will, we believe, still maintain an attitude of skepticism.

In the first place, the theory upon which trypsin is urged—first propounded by Dr. John Beard, lecturer on comparative embryology in the University of Edinburgh—is not yet proved, and is, indeed, imperfectly understood. These matters are, of course, beyond the layman; but so distinguished a pathologist as Prof. James Ewing of the Cornell Medical School is quoted in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, December 15, 1906, as wholly unable to follow Dr. Beard's reasoning, "either embryologic or physiologic." Professor Ewing has also talked with various other "embryologists and physiologists, and has found that they, too, have been unable to grasp" Dr. Beard's meaning. But, as Dr. Saleeby says, "the theory is naught." It may still be proved true; and even if it is both incomprehensible and false, trypsin may conceivably cure cancer.

Let us, then, examine some of the cases in which he pins his faith. Three difficulties attend such examination. For one thing, *cancer* is a generic term, used by the laity and by many physicians to cover a group of tumors, varying in malignancy and obstinacy. For example, epithelioma, a skin-cancer, is frequently excised completely and permanently by the knife, and it sometimes breaks down and disappears under application of X-rays or radium. Therefore, cures of epithelioma signify little as regards the more malignant and deep-seated types of carcinoma. Furthermore, unless the cancer is exposed on the surface of the body, exact diagnosis is often impossible. Even microscopic examination of a small scrap may be inconclusive; for the cells may be mixed and different in different parts of the tumor

As the New York *Medical Record* for December 22, 1906, puts it, there may not be absolute certainty "until this diagnosis has been made a number of times by a number of competent microscopists." And, finally, a cancer is not really cured if it returns to the same or to some other part of the body within three years. With these points in mind, we may consider some of the cases in this country to which Dr. Saleeby points with pride.

The first was published by Dr. Clarence Rice in the New York *Medical Record* of November 24, 1906. "This," says Dr. Saleeby, "is a case of what cannot be doubted to have been cancer of the larynx, and it was cured." Dr. Rice reports four cases, of which only one was benefited by trypsin. He and other physicians think the cured case was a malignant cancer, but there was no *microscopic examination;* and the exact nature of the tumor is therefore uncertain.

Dr. Saleeby next cites a report on twenty-nine cases, including "two absolute cures," by Dr. William J. Morton in the New York *Medical Record*, December 8, 1906. "Many of the other cases," adds Dr. Saleeby, "are now going on toward cures." But Dr. Saleeby fails to note that the two "absolute cures"—to date—reported by Dr. Morton, were epithelioma; and that most of the cases were also treated by X-rays. Of the other twenty-seven cases, five were dead at the time of the report; three had to be operated on; three were benefited but little or not at all; and sixteen—six of them epithelioma—were improved, at least temporarily. The report, however, does not say they "are going on toward cures." In one of the operated cases, Dr. Morton tells us, "a remarkable process of retrogression by degeneration and atrophy of a carcinomatous breast gland to final and curative obliteration has been microscopically demonstrated." This case Dr. Saleeby described in an article in *Harper's Weekly*, January 19, 1907, as "the most valuable, because of the completeness of the demonstration." Yet, according to an article in the New York *Medical Journal* of March 2, 1907, by Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge, who performed the operation mentioned above, Dr. Morton's report was "published in advance of a thorough study of the entire tumor mass, and against my most emphatic advice." What is more, the patient died in four months, with metastatic cancerous growths in many other parts of the body.

Another case noted by Dr. Saleeby was a multiple fibrosarcoma of the tongue reported by Dr. Frederick Holme Wiggin of this city for the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, December 15, 1906. According to Dr. Saleeby, the patient was "treated and cured by trypsin and amylopsin"; but according to Dr. Wiggin, "the growths at the back of the tongue had not quite disappeared." Dr. Wiggin also speaks of the case as "inconclusive." Indeed, two pathologists pronounced it fibroma, and not sarcoma; in other words, not malignant. Again, Dr. Saleeby tells us of a case of cancer of the stomach treated in the clinic of Professor Von Leyden of the University of Berlin, and reported last January in a German medical publication. The remedy applied was "trypsin, amongst other things," and the result was "either great improvement or recovery." Yet, according to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, May 4, 1907, the verdict from Von Leyden's clinic is, "that trypsin to date, while displaying a curative influence, cannot yet be heralded as a definite method of treatment."

We have considered Dr. Saleeby's strongest cases; we will not weary the reader with an analysis of the others. It is evident that Dr. Saleeby has written with the enthusiasm of a poet on a subject that demands absolutely dispassionate discussion. Trypsin—like several other methods of treatment—apparently checks, at least temporarily, the growth of one or more varieties of cancer and breaks down the cancerous tissue. Possibly a complete cure for certain forms of cancer, even the malignant, may yet be worked out through the employment of trypsin. But that is a matter of speculation. We must wait several years before we can pass on the question of permanent recovery. We should therefore be guilty of exciting groundless hopes if we did not say frankly that to-day there is not a single unequivocal record of malignant sarcoma or carcinoma cured by trypsin and amylopsin alone.

THE GERMAN BOOK WORLD.

The most ardent adherents of the ultra-modern school of German literature are beginning to admit that a reaction has set in. A general revision of the critical standards introduced by youthful heretics has resulted in a return to the old ideals and in a restoration to their former exalted places of almost all the masters regarded as classics. The personality of Goethe was not esteemed at its full worth until it began to be compared with that of the most powerful moulder of modern German thought, Nietzsche. Even by so radical a writer and reformer as Ellen Key, who has become more popular in Germany than in her native Sweden, Goethe is now pronounced the consummation of what Nietzsche only aspired to. The steady progress of the Goethe renascence far surpasses the Schiller revival which seemed to have begun at the occasion of his centenary. Even the tradition that Schiller alone is the German people's own poet is being disposed of by the fact that a demand for good new editions of Goethe at moderate prices and of popular works on Goethe has increased until the publishers' output in this field has assumed remarkable proportions.

Selections being much favored by German readers, the number of Goethe books of that kind is almost appalling. Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the editor of the quarterly magazine *Stunden mit Goethe*, now in its third year, has edited a selection of the letters of Goethe in two volumes under the auspices of the Deutsche Dichter Gedächtnisstiftung in Hamburg, and has also compiled two volumes of aphorisms from Goethe's conversation, called "Goethe's Gedanken nach seinen mündlichen Äusserungen (Berlin: Mittler & Sohn.) More of Goethe's conversation is being offered in "Goethe im Gespräch," edited by Franz Diebel and Fried. Gundelfinger for the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig. One of the most practical collections of aphorisms is probably that compiled and arranged under different headings by Theo. Achelis, and entitled "Was sagt Goethe?" (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeifer.) A new edition of the Conversations with Eckermann has been prepared by Adolf Bartels for Eugen Diederichs, Jena. This firm is also publishing the correspondence with Bettina von Arnim, edited by Jonas Fränkel, and a noteworthy edition in two volumes of the correspondence with Schiller, prefaced by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose characterization of the two German masters is one of the best in our modern criticism. There are numerous new editions. Dr. Georg Ellinger is supervising the critical edition which bears the imprint of the Bibliographical Institute of Leipzig; and the Goethe Gesellschaft of Weimar plans an edition in six volumes, revised by Erich Schmidt, which is to be the people's Goethe. The same society has published a comprehensive collection of "Maximen und Reflexionen." The "Goethe Jahrbuch," now in its twenty-sixth year, edited by Ludwig Geiger, is still devoted to the more serious work of Goethe scholars. There are new editions of the Italian Journey (Berlin: Julius Bard), and of the poems (Berlin: S. Fischer).

Among books on Goethe and his work may be mentioned Carlyle's, in a fine new edition by Oesterheld of Berlin; and "Goethe's Tod," a faithful record of his death by Karl Schüddekopf, is published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig. Among the Breslauer Bieträge zur Literaturgeschichte is a treatise on Goethe's nature-sense by Arthur Kutscher. Eugen Diederichs, Jena, publishes Jacob Minor's address on Goethe's "Mahomet," given at the Goethe Day in Weimar. A remarkable work has been undertaken by Hans Gerhard Gräf for the Literarische Anstalt, Rütten & Loening of Frankfort. It is a chronological record of Goethe's opinion of his own works, called "Goethe über seine Dichtungen," of which five volumes cover the epic and dramatic poems alone; the sixth is to be devoted to the dramas, and the seventh to his lyrical poetry. Nor should the pictorial Goethe be forgotten: "Goethe Bilderbuch" (Leipzig: Schulze), with its well-selected and finely reproduced portraits and pictures and the carefully edited text. The "Goethe Kalender," edited by Otto Julius Bierbaum, who with the late Hartleben was one of the faithful adherents of Goethe during the storm and stress, is eagerly welcomed year after year.

German Romanticism comes in for a large share of attention. An *edition de luxe* of Brentano's "Gockel, Hinkel, und Gackeleia,"

with the designs which the author himself had made for the book, is limited to 300 copies and published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig. Bettina von Arnim's novel, "Günderode," is being brought out by the same house. Brentano's "Godwi" is republished by Hermann Seeman, Berlin, and two volumes of selections from his writings bear the imprint of Herder, Freiburg. The centenary of Anastasius Grün has been productive of a new complete edition of his works in ten volumes (Leipzig: Max Hesse). That delightful piece of broad old German humor, "Die Johslade," by Kortum, has been edited and prefaced by Bierbaum and reprinted in a garb faithfully reproducing the typography and binding of the period when it was first given to the laughter-loving world (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). Among the rare and curious works reprinted under the collective title Die Fruchtschale, by R. Piper of Munich, are Jörg Wickram's story, "Der Goldfaden" (1557); a volume of aphorisms by Friedrich Schlegel, called "Fragmente und Ideen"; autobiographical fragments by Adalbert Stifter; a new edition of Platen's journal; and the Irish fairy tales collected by the Grimm brothers. A complete edition of their "Kinder und Hausmärchen" is being brought out by J. G. Cotta of Stuttgart. Kleist is being republished under the supervision of Wilhelm Herzog by the Insel-Verlag. The same house announces for publication in the spring the last work from the pen of Nietzsche, "Ecce Homo," while the publisher of Nietzsche's complete works (Leipzig. C. G. Naumann) plans a pocket edition in ten volumes at a moderate price.

A library of selections from the writings of the classics bears the pompous title Statuen deutscher Kultur (Munich: Beck). However carefully they are compiled, it seems doubtful whether the excerpts from Jean Paul's "Titan" and "Flegeljahre," published respectively under the titles "Träume" and "Idyllen," will convey a correct impression of the author's individuality to one not already familiar with his writings. The same doubt arises with reference to the tales culled from "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" and presented under the title "Novalis' Märchen." Equally ponderous is the collective name bestowed upon a similar enterprise, Erzieher zu deutscher Kultur (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). The introductory volume, "Schiller als ästhetischer Erzieher," contains about two hundred extracts from his writings carefully selected and arranged by Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm, whose name appears also on the title-page of the little volume in the Kultur series (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.) called "Schillers Weltanschauung und unsere Zeit." A companion volume to the former work is entitled "Klassische Schönheit," and contains selections from Winkelmann and Lessing. "Hans Sachs als Humorist," with commentary by Otto Brandt, and the "Schopenhauer-Brevier," by Rudolf Presber, are books of the same order. Tolstoy and Ibsen have not escaped this new form of literary exploitation. Their reading of life is presented in the "Tolstoi-Buch," by Dr. Heinrich Meyer-Benfey, and "Schicksal und Wille," by Dr. Wilh. Hand.

A curiously interesting work is called "Zehn lyrische Selbstportraits" (Leipzig: Theo. Weicher). It contains facsimile reproductions of autobiographical sketches of ten contemporary German poets: Ferdinand von Saar, Felix Dahn, Johannes Trojan, Martin Greif, Ernst von Wildenbruch, Detlev von Liliencron, Gustav Falke, Arno Holz, Richard Dehmel, and Otto Julius Bierbaum, with portraits from life by M. A. Stremel. Some additions to the Kultur series are of special interest. Dr. Käthe Schirmacher presents an exhaustive statement of the relations between Germany and France since the war of 1870-1, "Deutschland und Frankreich, seit fünfunddreissig Jahren." Her scholarship and many years' residence in France have peculiarly fitted her for this task. Johannes Schlaf contributes a singularly dispassionate treatise on war, "Der Krieg," in which he gives America credit for changing the drift of modern thought on that subject, speaking appreciatively of William Lloyd Garrison, the non-resistant. Eduard von Mayer in "Fürsten und Künstler" shows in historical and philosophical perspective the relations between the artists and the patrons of all times. Jarno Jessen draws a sympathetic portrait in "Kaiserin Friedrich," a woman whose social service and many British innovations endeared her to those Germans broad enough to overlook the hated British alliance and to see in her a remarkable personality. The editor of the series, Dr. Cornelius Gurlitt, is the author of a book, "Dresden," which presents a vivid account of its development as a centre of German culture.

Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach calls a selection from her works intended for young readers "Aus meinen Schriften" (Berlin: Gebr. Paetel). It contains some of her gems, like the inimitable dog stories, "Die Spitzin" and "Krambambuli"; and also some of her romantic tales, poems, and aphorisms, which will be enjoyed by readers of every age. Otto Ernst, who as a dramatist has risen to a prominent place through "Flachsmann als Erzieher," and as a novelist became famous through "Asmus Sempers Jugendland," is also a charming *causeur*. His volume of humorous talks, "Vom geruhigen Leben" (Leipzig: L. Staackmann), is a mine of homely wisdom, with not a few critical thrusts at education, society, etc. Wilhelm Scharrelmann, who will be remembered for his controversy with the school authorities of Bremen, and who, in collaboration with Johann Wiegand, wrote that powerful play "Krieg," which was by some critics attributed to Gorki, has published a volume of short stories, "Die Fahrt ins Leben" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.). With a remarkably firm grip upon the realities of life he combines exquisite sentiment. Some of these scenes of everyday life are prose poems. Herman Hesse, who since the publication of his novel "Peter Camenzind" and the deep impression made by his story of school life, "Unterm Rad," has become one of those figures in contemporary German fiction that stand for strength, originality, and seriousness of purpose, has written a book of stories. They need no heading like "Aus Kinderzeiten" and "Der Lateinschüler" to suggest a background of personal reminiscences, and justify their collective title, "Diesseits" (Berlin: S. Fischer). With charming simplicity, the author reveals the source of his inspiration—the homely incidents of average life. But there is a dignity and sweetness about his realism, which proves the progress German fiction has made since it has outgrown the naturalistic creed.

A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A little book, well known to collectors of first editions of Charles Lamb, under the title "Original Letters, &c., of Sir John Falstaff and His Friends," has been included with more or less justice in the various Lamb bibliographies. It was published in 1796, "Printed for the Author." The strongest evidence that Lamb actually had any hand in the little book is in a letter by Southey to Moxon, dated February 2, 1836, more than a year after Lamb's death. Speaking of Lamb's friend, James (or "Jem") White, Southey says: "He and Lamb were joint authors of the 'Original Letters of Falstaff.'" John Matthew Gutch, who was also a Christ's Hospital boy, wrote in his copy of the book:

> These Letters were the production of my old schoolfellow, James White, with incidental hints and corrections by another schoolfellow, Charles Lamb.

That indefatigable searcher after everything relating to Lamb, Ernest Dressel North of this city, has discovered an interesting copy of the book. The sheets are actually of the first edition, but there is a reprinted title-page reading, "The Second Edition," and dated 1797, instead of 1796. On one of the fly-leaves is this inscription, apparently in Lamb's own autograph: "To be half bound & Letter'd 'Falstaff's Letters.'" This is evidently one of the copies of which Bryan Waller Procter tells in his "Memoir" of Lamb: "Lamb thought highly of White's book, which he used often to purchase and give away to his friends, in justification of his own taste, and to extend the fame of the author." And Procter adds: "The copy which he gave me I have still."

On Tuesday afternoon and evening, October 29, the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a selection of books from the library of an old New York collector. There are a few items of Americana: Egede's "Description of Greenland," 1745; Gordon's "New Jersey," 1834; a presentation copy of Kennedy's "Texas," 1841; Ramsey's "Annals of Tennessee," 1853, etc. On October 30 and 31 this firm offers the library of H. C. G. Bals of Indianapolis, which contains, among other desirable lots, Chaucer's Works, Bonham's edition, without date, but issued about 1550; first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Lever; a few good Western books, such as Dillon's Indiana, 1843, and a long series of presentation copies of James Whitcomb Riley's books.

The copy of Gabriel Thomas's "Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pensilvania and of West-New-Jersey," London, 1698, which was offered at the sale of the library of Rev. Horace E. Hayden in Philadelphia on October 17, brought $825. Two copies were sold at auction in London last season, one bringing £160 at Sotheby's on May 6, and the other £99 at Hodgson's, on May 31. The previous American record was $805, in the McKee sale in 1902.

Correspondence.

DEFECTS OF COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools gave much of the time of its meeting last week to the discussion of college-entrance requirements and examinations, a subject which, in some of its aspects or particulars, is almost inevitably assigned a place every year in the programme of all our larger educational associations. Indeed, the subject is of paramount importance to the majority of secondary schools, for the demands of the colleges determine in great measure both the extent and the kind of teaching done by the schools.

In the consideration of this subject the opinions of certain classes of persons are to be received with caution. These are: First, teachers in schools which from their situation or by choice prepare for a single college; secondly, those college authorities whose views are based upon the feeling in such schools; and, thirdly, those teachers whose one cry is always for easier requirements and easier examinations, to the end that their own work may be the easier. The first two classes are not able to understand how great a boon uniform requirements for the different colleges would be to the majority of schools, and how greatly the schools desire this uniformity. As to the last class, I venture to assert that it is much smaller than college authorities seem disposed to consider it. As a matter of fact, teachers know that it is not a difficult thing to prepare a boy of any ability for any college in a reasonable time, if he and his teachers can devote themselves to direct preparation for the entrance examinations of the college of his choice. If any one doubts this, let him investigate the results obtained by private tutors.

The secondary schools would do well, it seems to me, to agree to urge upon the colleges the two vital objections to the present system, and to abandon the irritating discussion of details until there have been established the general principles upon which the objections rest. The first of these objections is that there is still so great a diversity in the requirements of different colleges that the schools cannot arrange any course of study in any subject which shall prepare for all colleges, or even, it is almost safe to say, for any two colleges. This fact may unconsciously influence the attitude of some private schools which owe their patronage largely to their fitting boys to meet the peculiar requirements of a particular college. It is perhaps not to be expected, or even desired, that all our colleges will agree to require only the same subjects of candidates for admission, but it certainly is possible to make the requirements in a given subject identical and to express them in identical terms. It serves no high purpose, for instance, that Princeton alone should require Sallust, and Yale alone require the Bucolics of Virgil; that Yale should base her examination in Latin grammar upon the Catilinarian orations of Cicero, while Harvard sets these orations for the final examination and asks the questions in grammar in the preliminary examination. It is undignified and demoralizing for a school to have to teach candidates for Harvard in one section, candidates for Yale in another, and candidates for Princeton in a third.

But there is something infinitely worse than lack of uniformity. Uniform requirements might be vicious, and uniformly vicious requirements seem to me likely to be the result of the little tendency toward uniformity that one may detect in the requirements in Latin. Many teachers would undoubtedly be willing to see the colleges agree upon the same four books of Cæsar, six orations of Cicero, and six books of Virgil. For my part, I should prefer to continue to prepare some of my students for a college here or there which asks only that I send to it boys who can show that they have had the training which thorough study of the language gives and that they can read Latin. I believe, as I have said elsewhere, at greater length and with a fuller setting forth of the reasons, that a much smaller portion of the literature should be prescribed, and that ability and power should be tested by examinations at sight. If the college must know what authors and how much of them the candidate has read, a certificate from the school would put it in possession of the facts.

I do not intend to enter here into an attempt to prove anew the value of the translation at sight as a test. I shall merely make the assertion that it may be made to test the quality of the work done, and that this is more important to the college than the quantity. Furthermore, I do not urge this plan of examination as an easier one than that now in vogue. I know by experience that it is harder to prepare a boy so that he shall be able to prove that he has some mastery of Latin than it is to prepare him to show that he has been carried through certain parts of certain authors. Many teachers meet the present requirement by simply coaching their students in the authors prescribed, and any system that encourages this does an injury to the teacher and the boy, and to the cause of true education.

I may state the second objection to the present system, then, by saying that it holds the schools to a narrow drudgery, and prevents them from setting before themselves the highest ideals and from contributing their share towards rational education. The Latin requirements doubtless give the best illustration of the evils to which I call attention, but the evils exist to a greater or less degree in other requirements of the colleges.

The college entrance requirements will not satisfy the schools until they are made uniform, and so long as the colleges keep the requirement in any subject one primarily of quantity they will continue to have reason to complain of the quality of the preparation in that subject. They themselves have put the emphasis in the wrong place. That they cannot so arrange their requirements and examinations as to demand and receive satisfactory evidence of thorough preparation without prescribing the full and exact amount to be studied, is *à priori* unreasonable, and has been proved untrue by the long experience of at least one great university of our own country.

John C. Kirtland, Jr.

Exeter, N. H., October 14.

INEFFECTIVE TEACHING IN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Two articles entitled "Overdone Teaching in English" have recently appeared in the *Nation*. Last week, at a meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in Boston, there was a further attack upon English as it is taught in the schools and colleges. This cumulative arraignment can not but sting into instant questioning any one who is attempting, with the reproach ever before him of the "monstrous disproportion between energy expended and results obtained," to teach English in either school or college. Is the teaching of English in our preparatory schools really overdone, or is it wrongly, ineffectively done? Is the difficulty a matter of quantity and nature of material, or is it a matter of method of attack, of end in view? These are the questions crystallized by the attacks of Prof. F. B. Gummere, Prof. A. G. Newcomer, and the New England Association of Colleges and Schools.

Both Professor Gummere and Professor Newcomer maintain that the radical error in our present system of English instruction is the amount and nature of the reading prescribed. They would reduce by half the present list, discarding fiction, such as "Ivanhoe," as never meant for study, setting aside the intenser classics, such as "Macbeth," for maturer years. There might, one may grant, be a wise simplification of the list of books assigned for careful study: "Macbeth" might, perhaps, give way to a simpler historical play—though I question it; Burke's "Speech on Conciliation" may more certainly yield with profit to shorter speeches. But to reduce the list by half, and substitute for a first-hand dealing with books a history of literature with certain selected texts as samples, would surely be a fatal retrogression. There must inevitably result a cramming of the mind with dead material of dates and characteristics; we should have conscientious teachers giving the book *in toto;* and then, speedily, examinations covering the ground from Caedmon to Stevenson—the very camel of the fable stalking through our schools in place of the gnat.

The whole present system is, after all, a system of samples, and Professor Gummere's contention that our study of the "classics" leaves no rich field still fallow, and results in "an invasion and forced possession of lighter literature which time can seldom cure," is hardly justified by facts. The whole land of the ballads and of Scott lies behind "Ivanhoe"; the whole Forest of Arden, the coast of France, and the London of Prince Hal, the Rome of the ancient Cæsars, lie away beyond the borders of the Scottish heath. And many boys and girls learn the way to them in the school. My own experience in preparatory teaching, the general consensus of opinion among freshmen newly come from their preparatory training, convince me that here lies the fundamental weakness of Professor Gummere's plea for a saving of the classic for maturer years, and a substitution of "the average, the sprightly, the attractive, the typical" in the preparatory grades. Doubtless there are some so bored by a study of some "masterpiece" in school that they fly full speed to the lightest litera-

ture. No wonder, if in a highly reputable New York school "Lady of the Lake" is read in two grades and studied in a third, if in a Massachusetts high school lines of "Julius Cæsar" are doled out to the whisperer to be memorized in amounts proportioned to his crime! Let judgment fall, however, not upon the unfortunate masterpiece, but upon the stupidity of teachers. Match these less frequent cases with the countless instances in which Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, read under the guidance of a genuine lover of them, have rendered quick the spirit of the boy and girl, and sent them, face forward forever, into the Promised Land of books. To many a one the written pages of the classics speak no word till a man possessed by the great human spirit that breathes through them has interpreted the writing. A few are fortunate enough to be led from their own homes into the vital, human world of the best literature—of such, doubtless, Professor Gummere is thinking; but the majority of American boys and girls, from the poorest to the richest, must find their way thither through the instigation and guidance of the schools, or not at all. But few in proportion go from our schools to our colleges; to save the best for maturer years and college courses, and to abide in the mediocre during preparatory training, is inevitably to make the mediocre a permanent abiding place for many a restless, but untutored mind. The course of action suggested by Professor Gummere is the shortest and most direct way, I believe, to that "forced possession of lighter literature" which he would avoid.

The giants of the old days did not leave their Virgil and Horace, their Homer and Æschylus, for "maturer years"; they studied them in the schools. And the result was a living culture which we moderns do not attain, and the way to which does not lie in a substitution of "the sprightly" for the lofty. Nor will a mastery of our English tongue and power of expression ever come to us through the study of grammar and composition advised by Professor Newcomer in the time saved by this reduction of the reading list. Right and very essential such a study is in its place, as a strong foundation, but equally powerless is it to give, without the aid of much, and that the best, literature, that fine sense for the values of language which is the essence of culture and the source of all fineness of expression. That can come only through genuine familiarity with sounding English prose, as in the old days it came from deep grounded acquaintance with pure Latin and sonorous Greek.

I cannot think that Professor Gummere and Professor Newcomer have truly pointed out the fault in our English teaching. Their criticisms have an unconscious personal bias: the ballad stage does not last through all the preparatory years; English grammar and rhetoric cannot forever supply the place of literature, even in the preparatory school. The line of thought in the papers read before the New England Association of Colleges and Schools is more suggestive of practical relief. In all the vigorous attack upon the excessive amount of the college requirements in general and in particular, there was a notable rest from battle with the amount of the English requirement. Not quantity nor quality of reading assigned was the fault pointed out as lying at the bottom of our present ineffective English teaching; the fault stressed in no uncertain terms by Dr. Farrand of Newark Academy, and more particularly by President Faunce of Brown University, was the method of attack, the substitution of knowledge as an end to our study of literature in the schools in the place of appreciation and power of expression. The examinations set in English by most colleges—with the exception, named, of Harvard, and with the exception also of Bryn Mawr, where power to write, not knowledge, *per se*, is tested—are cramping the English in our preparatory schools. While over-edited text-books and English examinations of the present kind press upon the indifferent boy or girl, and the unwilling but submissive teacher, the necessity of knowing, for mere knowing's sake, at a definite examination time, the mass of allusions and facts, the sum and substance, of every masterpiece named in the "Study and Practice" list, the teaching of English will be devitalized. While every book studied must be bared to the skeleton, and every bone numbered against that same examination day, there can be none of the joyous illumination that comes from order, and clarity, and fineness of discrimination, to light the way to personal achievement. Only the teacher who will let his fearful conscience lie low, and his spirit rise, can wholly surmount these difficulties and stimulate the schoolboy and girl to vital appreciation and thought and expression.

The American people have a right to question why the energy and time and money expended upon the teaching of English in our schools and colleges to-day have no more effect. The English colleges, we are told, have no elaborate courses in English, yet turn out men cultured in speech and written word; the French schools have no courses in composition, yet send out students who can write French. And we bring forth, after hard labor, men "illiterate and unashamed"—to use President Faunce's graphic phrase—before the beauty of their own language! These comparisons are illuminating, and both confirm and add to the ideas already suggested. The training of the French school and university makes every written work a "composition," every master of science or economics, of history or mathematics, a master also of French. That fact is to me the most illuminating that can be brought to bear upon the present situation. We waste time hopelessly through specialization and lack of coöperation. While we train students to write themes on subjects connected with English courses, and other departments allow the same students to write the detail of their regular work as fancy dictates, regarding only substance, and accepting slipshod English, we shall never send from our schools to our colleges, from our colleges to the outer world, writers of clear and efficient English. Yet, in no school or college, so far as I know, is real coöperation established. We are making a beginning at Wellesley, but beginnings are ever difficult, and the public opinion necessary to assure success is not yet established. In it, to my mind, lies the great hope of our future effectiveness.

But, one may say, if English courses trained students as they should train them, they would spontaneously, instinctively, write clear English always. Instinct!—instinct springs from inheritance and childhood training; lacking it, a man must learn by slow, difficult degrees to conform to custom. Our schoolboys and schoolgirls, our college men and women, are no Latins by inheritance, and they come very often from homes wherein is no instinct for culture, no instinct that leads to comeliness of speech or manner. Remembrance of the cultured homes from which the men of the English colleges pass by way of the far-famed classical training of the public schools to the university, points the moral, and makes only more visible the darkness of the cultureless homes in our money-getting land. We deal with another race—a motley, composite, untrained race—and there is vital need that concerted training in our schools and colleges act as a substitute for that inheritance and breeding which best of all beget spontaneous and instinctive purity of speech.

Truly, not less but more of the best that literature can give, a more vital comprehension of the magnificent power of the English classics to mould mind and spirit and speech—these are essentials, if we are ever to create in America that fine spirit of culture, that fine sense of rectitude in things intellectual as well as in things moral, for which the whole land thirsts.

AGNES FRANCES PERKINS.

Wellesley College, October 16.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. The letter of Prof. F. B. Gummere in your issue of September 19, and that of Prof. A. G. Newcomer, in your issue of October 3, are both much to the point. Nevertheless they suggest the question: Why don't you do something about it?

The present course of English instruction in our secondary schools is not a diabolical invention of those in charge of the schools. On the contrary, it is the direct and logical outgrowth of the entrance requirements outlined with tiresome similarity in nearly all college catalogues issued throughout the United States. There is no avail in privately advising teachers to do one thing, while officially countenancing another. If college instructors in English are really desirous of a change in the condition of affairs, they must realize that the remedy lies in their hands, and in theirs only; they must completely revolutionize the college entrance requirements.

Unfortunately this is more easily said than done. In too many of our universities and colleges there is a sharp line of demarcation drawn between "rhetoric" and "literature." Rhetoric, and all that it presupposes by way of previous preparation, is looked upon with suspicion and bare toleration. The voice of command is that which ponderously reiterates the opinion that, if youth be sufficiently stuffed with literature, enough rhetorical juice will unconsciously be expressed for the due digestion of the lump.

Such being the case, there can be slight hope for a universal reform. Radical action must be taken where radical action is possible; that is, in institutions whose departments of English are at once united and enlightened. There should be enough such institutions to coöperate successfully in the establishment of an entrance requirement in English, suited not only to the immediate needs of the secondary-

school student, but to his preparation for maturer thought in college. A group of New England colleges have already made a feeble attempt in the suggested direction. I have no right to say that they would welcome an infusion of enthusiasm from South and West; but there is no reason why they should not. HOMER EATON KEYES.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., October 9.

THE "S.P" OF PHI BETA KAPPA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent issue of the Providence *Journal* contained a discussion of the meaning of the letters S.P., which stand on the key of Phi Beta Kappa. It is there stated that the meaning of these letters may be quite unknown, or that they may be the initials of *Societatis Particeps*. Since the original minutes of Phi Beta Kappa give an answer to the question which differs decidedly from these, I address this letter to you.

I remained at Williamsburg last month after the meeting of the Triennial Council of Phi Beta Kappa in order to examine carefully the minutes of the society with reference to this point. They yielded evidence which was unexpectedly clear and unequivocal. The main evidence lies in the presence of the dot of the letter *i* in each word, which was not erased, and in depressions in the paper corresponding to the erasure of parts of letters extending above and below the line. These are so placed as to leave little doubt that the letters stand for the words *Societas Philosophica*. These words may be regarded as practically certain, with the exception of the termination of the second. In that part of the word which follows the second *h* we have no indications of the letters, and cannot decide with certainty on the number. The space is such that there must have been more than two letters; and four, such as would be contained in *Philosophorum*, would be rather too long, although not impossible. There is nothing in the manuscript to decide a choice between *Philosophica* and *Philosophiæ*. E. A. BIRGE.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, October 16.

Notes.

Putnams announce the following volumes of the Cambridge University Press: "The Life of Sir Richard C. Jebb," by Caroline Jebb; "Pages of Greek Verse," by Walter Headlam; "Scientific Papers," by G. H. Darwin; "Algebraic Equations," by G. B. Mathews: "The Jâtaka. or Stories of the Buddha's Former Births," vol. VI.; and "The Introduction to the Theory of Multiple-Periodic Functions," by H. F. Baker.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing several additions to their various series: in the London Library, "Popular Tales from the Norse" by Sir George Webbe Dasent, "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" by Charles Lamb, and "Notes on the Parables of Our Lord" by Archbishop Trench; in the Muses' Library, the Poetical Works of Thomas Campion edited by Percival Vivian; in the New Universal Library, "A Summer in Sky" by Alexander Smith, and "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey" by George Cavendish.

W. M. Rossetti has prepared two more volumes about the Rossetti circle to be published by Brown, Langham & Co. (London). One is the "Diary of Dr. Polidori," his uncle; the other is the "Letters of Christina Rossetti" with notes and portraits.

The Baker & Taylor Co. is preparing what is to be called the Child's Guide Series. The first volume, "The Child's Guide to Pictures," will be by Charles H. Caffin. A guide to mythology will be written by Mary E. Burt, and biography will be treated by Edwin and Catherine Markham.

William Knight's "Victorian Anthology," in the Newnes-Scribner thin paper series, has at least the virtue of inclusiveness. Tennyson, and Browning, to be sure, are barred out because their works are so well known and because it would be so difficult to draw the line when once selection began. But as a compensation, Dr. Knight begins as far back as Charles Lamb, who died in 1834, and is in no proper sense a Victorian, and takes in many poets not commonly read. His choice and sense of proportion are sometimes puzzling. Thus, four poems are taken from Adelaide Anne Procter, whereas from Matthew Arnold there are only three, two sets of stanzas from "Empedocles," and "A Wish." Again Clough has eight poems, as if he were more important than the elegiast who sang his death. We observe that the American poets are well represented, even including Walt Whitman.

In the same series Dr. Knight has the first volume, containing the longer poems, of Scott. The shorter poems are reserved for a second volume.

"The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," collected and edited by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry, and published by Stone & Kimball in 1895, is now brought out by Duffield & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. issue a second and cheaper edition of Florence A. Maccunn's "Mary Stuart." In reviewing this book, April 26, 1906, the *Nation* characterized it as "a simple, lively narrative of the remarkable adventures through which Mary Stuart passed."

Members of the Congregational Church will be glad to know that "The 'Retractation' of Robert Browne, Father of Congregationalism," has been edited by Champlin Burrage and published by Henry Frowde. It is printed from the MS. in Lambeth Palace Library.

"The Modern Reader's Bible," arranged by Richard G. Moulton, hitherto issued in a number of small volumes, is now published by the Macmillan Co. in a single volume.

John Lane Company will soon have ready for publication a luxurious reprint of Jeremy Taylor's "Marriage Ring," with notes by Francis Coutts.

From the State University of Iowa has recently been issued the first number of a serial publication, to be known as the Iowa Studies in Language and Literature. The special title of this number is "The Syntax of the Genitive Case in the Lindisfarne Gospels," by Christian Emil Bale. It therefore forms a contribution to the study of the Northern form of Old English, a field which, formerly little known, has in recent years received increased attention, especially on the side of pronunciation and inflections. This is no doubt due to a fuller recognition of the importance of Northern English for an understanding of standard English of to-day. From the point of view of the use of the genitive case Mr. Bale discusses nouns, verbs, and adjectives, and the (modern) phrasal possessive with "of," of which there are numerous instances in Northern Old English two hundred years before it was established in (the Southern) English of London. While this form may have developed wholly independent of foreign influence, the author seems inclined to regard it as in part due to the wide distribution of Norse in Northern England, in which language similar constructions were common.

The Boston Athenæum centenary is appropriately celebrated by the publication of a memorial volume, which opens with a genial characterization of the influence of the Athenæum on American literature, by Prof. Barrett Wendell. As he calls up the distinguished men who frequented the library one cannot doubt that to it was largely due the fact that "the Boston of the mid-nineteenth century . . . was the most memorable centre of intellectual activity yet developed in English-speaking America." Among them are the historians Prescott, Bancroft, Sparks, Ticknor, Hildreth, and Parkman; the statesmen Webster and Sumner; the divines Channing and Emerson. As his "Note-Books" indicate, Hawthorne was an occasional visitor, while the records show that Oliver Wendell Holmes, "who began as a grave reader of works on medicine, ended as a riotously general reader of everything which could possibly interest his humanely assimilative mind; his record, indeed, makes one half believe that without the Athenæum we might never have had, in its full luxuriance, that wonderful Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The librarian, Charles K. Bolton, contributes an historical sketch in which are some interesting facts in regard to the earliest Boston libraries. The first was that for which Capt. R. Keayne, in his will dated in 1653, made provision, "a Library & Galiere for Devines & Schollers to meete in." His books, which he bequeathed to it, he adds, are "not simply for show, but properly for use, they being all English, none Lattine or Greeke; . . . and though my bookes be not many, nor very fitt for such a worke being Engiish & smale bookes, yet after this beginning the Lord may stirr up some others that will add more to them & helpe to carry the worke on by bookes of more valew, antiquity, use and esteeme." It is evident that in old times more than the intellectual needs of readers was cared for, as the first librarian of the Athenæum notes in a blank-book, "A box of Snuff is wanted." Women were not admitted until March, 1829, when "the Trustees voted to give free use of the Library to Miss Hannah Adams, the historian." Referring to this unprecedented event, Josiah Quincy, in his history of the library, says: "One solitary female ventured to claim the freedom of its alcoves, and to endure the raising of the masculine eyebrows, provoked by the unaccustomed sight." Among the other contents are lists of the officers, members of the staff, proprietors, chief gifts and bequests, and the special collections. These include 384 books

which belonged to George Washington, first editions of American authors, international law, and Confederate literature or books and newspapers published in the Southern States during the civil war. The value and attractiveness of the volume are enhanced by the thirty-four illustrations, portraits of the presidents and librarians, and pictures of the various homes of the library.

G. M. Godden of Kincairney, Weybridge, Surrey, England, is preparing a life of the novelist Henry Fielding, to be published next spring. He desires copies for publication of any autograph letters by or to Fielding.

Sig. Ernesto Nathan has edited the *edizione diplomatica* of Garibaldi's "Memorie" from the definitive autograph copy (Turin: Società Tipografico-Editrice Nazionale). The volume is handsomely printed, and will be henceforth for every reader and student the authentic source of one of the world's most remarkable autobiographies. Had Odysseus, returned to Ithaca after his many wanderings, written his memoirs, they would probably have more nearly resembled these confessions of Garibaldi than any others the world now has or is likely to have. We may remark also that it is two men of action, and not men of letters—Garibaldi and Grant—who produced the foremost autobiographies of their generation.

The publication in Italy of works on the Risorgimento goes on apace. We have received lately two volumes concerning men who, though not of the first importance, were nevertheless concerned in critical events. First, Michele Rosi writes of Antonio Mordini under the obscuring title "Il Risorgimento Italiano e l'Azione d'un Patriota, Cospiratore e Soldato" (Rome: Casa Editrice Nazionale). Next, Capt. N. M. Campolieti deals with Carlo de Cristoforis in "La Mente e l'Anime d'un Eroe" (Milan: L. Mondalni). As Mordini and Cristoforis were both republicans, these volumes are valuable because they throw light on republican activity in 1848-9 and on the succeeding decade of conspiracies. Mordini's career, which extended down to 1902, is also interesting as showing how the young Mazzinian of 1848 grew naturally to be in his prime a loyal minister of the Crown.

The publishing house of Nicola Zanichelli, in Bologna, which brought out Carducci's later writings, as well as his collected works, has just issued, through the Italian press, an appeal addressed to all who possess letters of Carducci, inviting their cooperation in the preparation of an edition of his correspondence. Zanichelli has purchased from Carducci's heirs the publisher's rights to all the letters in their possession. The work, which will cover a period of more than fifty years, should be not only of the greatest importance for the history of Italian literature, but also, if the publishers succeed in bringing together considerable correspondence of Carducci's earlier life, of not a little interest for the political history of the first troublous years of united Italy.

In a book of 164 pages, entitled "Japans Zukunftsreligion" (Berlin: Karl Curtius), Dr. Hans Haas, for many years pastor of the progressiveiy inclined Protestant congregations in Tokio and Yokohama, publishes three lectures, in which he discusses the development of religious forces in Japan. He regards a modern type of Christian religious thought as the most likely to prevail there. Quoting the statement of Count Ito, to the effect that the only true civilization is based on Christian principles, and that the future leaders of Japan must be men educated in accordance with the teachings of Christianity, Dr. Haas declares that modern Japan is rapidly discarding its old religious ideas, the mainstay of which is still Buddhism; and that Christianity properly presented will appeal strongly to the Japanese as the correct substitute. This opinion is not altogether in harmony with that of other observers, but the author insists that his views are not too rosy, since, within fifty years more has been achieved in Japan than in any other mission field.

Under the title "Moderne Propheten," Karl Rösener, has begun the publication of a series of critical essays on the ideas and ideals of leaders of modern thought, particularly in religion and philosophy. The first volume, just issued by Beck of Munich, a work of 231 pages, deals with Hartmann, Tolstoy, and Nietzsche. The discussions are not of a sensational character, but are marked by objective scholarship. A second volume is to discuss Carlyle, Ruskin, and Emerson; and a third, perhaps, Chamberlain, Gobineau, and Naumann. The grouping in the first volume is certainly not based on a harmony of thought on the part of the "prophets," for Nietzsche's contempt for the philosophy of Hartmann is well known.

The well known German Oriental traveller and savant, Max Schlagintweit, has recently issued two small volumes. The first is entitled, "Verkehrswege und Verkehrsprojekte in Vorderasien," which, with a chart, comes from the house of Paetel, in Berlin. The work gives a bird's-eye picture of the railroads of Asia Minor, Syria, Transcaucasia, and Turkestan. By way of appendix Major Schlagintweit gives a survey of the roads of the Iran. The other volume, entitled "Die Reform im Kongostaat," from the house of Oldenbourg, in Munich, is a cool discussion of the Congo problem. The author is of the conviction that a group of British merchants in Liverpool in conjunction with others of Hamburg, are decrying the present condition of affairs in the Congo for the purpose of having Great Britain take possession of this country. The writer insists that affairs in the Congo are in a satisfactory condition, and do not justify interference on the part of outsiders.

The building of the Baghdad Railway is strougly urged by the noted traveller, Mark Sykes, in an account of a recent journey in northern Mesopotamia, published in the *Geographical Journal* for October. He says that it will not only put an end to the ceaseless intertribal warfare between the Kurds and Arabs, but it will change the nomads into cultivators of the soil. The leading Kurdish chieftains in the region through which it will pass are eager for it. One of them said to him: "When the railway comes, we shall be very rich. I shall bring all my people down here; the government will be forced to protect them; and we may build, perhaps, five hundred villages." The truth of this statement is proved by what is taking place in the country around Aleppo, since its increasing size and prosperity has made it necessary to bring the Bedawin under control. Ten years ago the sixty-mile tract between that city and the Euphrates was practically an uninhabited desert. Last year Mr. Sykes passed over it and never left cultivated land until he was "within two hours' ride of the river." In another district fifty-six new villages have sprung up in the last three years, showing that all that is needed for the regeneration of the country is the protection of the peasant farmer.

Some interesting facts illustrating the influence the librarian may exert on the quality of books circulated, by the mere display in attractive editions and on convenient and conspicuous shelves of the most approved books, are reported by the head of the circulating department of the Grand Rapids Public Library in the *Library Journal*. For the display of such books as are deemed especially worthy of attention, a special room has been fitted up to hold about 2,500 volumes. Here among the better grade of the new and popular books have been placed during the year excellent editions of the principal works of the great writers of the world, and from this room are now circulated more than one-third of all the books issued from the library, though it contains only about 3 per cent. of the total stock. The novels of Jane Austen, Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, the essays and histories of Irving, Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," which, in the former indiscriminate arrangement, were drawn only once or twice a year, have, since the new plan went into effect, been issued as many times a month, and some of them have rivalled in popularity the much advertised books of the hour. All the larger libraries now report regularly the proportion of fiction circulated, and from the high percentage the conclusion has been drawn that the great majority of the patrons of the public library use it only for drawing fiction; but there may be a great difference between the percentage of fiction drawn and the percentage of the library's patrons that draw it. To get at the latter fact a special investigation has recently been made by the Grand Rapids Library. Of the total card holders, numbering 15,000, only 3,890 drew fiction during the past year, and of these, 1,050, or about 7 per cent. of the library's patrons, drew more than 60 per cent. of all the novels taken out. A further study showed that 3,071 novels, or 16 per cent. of the whole issue, were drawn by 152 card holders. Thus, the large relative issue of fiction seems due, not as is so generally complained, to the demands of the public at large, but to the voracious appetite of a small proportion of readers. It is hoped that further investigation along this line may be made in other cities.

Good reading and the intelligent use of the public libraries of Great Britain are significantly aided by the National Home Reading Union. The membership is large and the "special courses" are now more than fifty in number, says the chairman, Dr. Alex. Hill, master of Downing College, Cambridge, in a communication to the London *Times*. In response to the interest excited by the controversy last winter in

regard to the place of Greek in education, a course of reading, "Homer in Translations," was prepared which proved so successful that a general request has been made for a similar course on the Greek dramatists. This and courses on Oriental literature, Carlyle, Goethe and Schiller, Tennyson, History of The Netherlands, Marco Polo, heredity, and the origin and history of cultivated plants are the most recent additions to the list.

GREEK RELIGION.

The Cults of the Greek States. By Lewis Richard Farnell. 5 vols. Vols. III. and IV. Oxford: University Press. III., pp. 393; IV., pp. 454. 40+52 plates. $9.75.

An epigrammatic saying was current among scholars a few years ago, that the Greeks had a rich mythology, but no religion, while the Romans had a well-established religion, but no mythology. This idea, if it still existed, would be overthrown by the mere appearance of these large volumes on Greek cults. The first two volumes of the work were published in 1895; the fifth volume, on the cults of heroes, is to be published in a year or two.

The whole field of Hellenic antiquities has assumed a different aspect in the last half-century, because of the discovery of more than a hundred thousand inscriptions on stone, and of a profusion of old coins and painted vases, and the uncovering of the ruins of many ancient structures. But perhaps no part of this field has changed in appearance more completely than that occupied by mythology and religion. Treatises on these kindred subjects used to have a rather bad name among scholars, as being based on imagination rather than on fact. At one time the myths of Greece, so far as was possible, were brought into relation with those of ancient India, and all facts inconsistent with this hypothesis were supposed to be late accretions to the story. Some thought the solar myth explained most of Greek belief with regard to gods and heroes. Other scholars accepted much as due to the Egyptians and Phœnicians. Others still inclined to the view of Euhemerus—that the Greek gods and demi-gods were only mighty men of valor, whose achievements had been magnified after their deaths. Some were disposed to derive all Greek religion from the worship of ancestors, and almost all of the Hellenic delties were said to have been originally gods of the lower world. In these discussions the word *chthonic* appeared often, and was treated as a universal solvent. Theosophists found indications of serpent and phallic worship in Greece as well as elsewhere. Then scholars endeavored to explain what was obscure in the religion of ancient Greece from what has been observed in modern races at a primitive stage of culture, and general anthropological principles were applied, often excessively. Thus the totem was introduced into Greece, even in cults which afforded no apparent indication of it, and the matriarchate was made to explain the prominence of the goddesses Hera, Athena, Aphrodite, and Artemis. More recently, and much more effectively than the last two principles, the "demon of vegetation" has been introduced.

The most important step in advance, in the study of Greek religion, has been made by transferring the centre of interest and research from myth to ritual. For historical purposes, the advantage of the cult over the myth is clear on a moment's consideration. The cult is far more stable. While sometimes a myth may suggest or affect a cult, far more frequently ritual suggests an ætiologic myth. In all departments of life, customs are continued long after the reason for them has been forgotten. Until very recently, at least, the boys of Portsmouth, N. H., have celebrated Pope Night, without knowing or caring much about Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot. The children who dance about the Maypole have no thought of the origin of that festival. Many of our Yule-tide festivities were customary among our ancestors before Christianity was received by them. In nothing are men more conservative than in their religious customs. At least in its interpretation, a doctrine can be modified more easily than a rite. So, in Greece, a charming myth might be accepted and retold readily in another land, but one of the first Hellenic principles, supported by an oracle from Delphi, was to worship the gods in the manner of the fathers. A band of colonists or emigrants generally would take their cults with them. Sometimes these would be assimilated to those of the land whither they went, but sometimes a cult, together with the immigrants who brought it, would be accepted by the earlier inhabitants. If the same special form of worship of the same divinity is found in places remote from each other, some historical explanation is to be sought. The cults of the Greeks have the greater historical importance because the Hellenes were a pious people, and were disposed to consecrate all things of secular life. The question is indefinitely complicated, however, for cults have a tendency to cleave to the soil as well as to accompany emigrants. Newcomers naturally believed it well to accept the local cults, and sometimes, as it appears, gave the old local worship to the new divinities which they brought with them. Thus Farnell holds that Apollo was not originally a god of divination, but his worshippers took possession of an old oracle of the earth-goddess at Delphi, and he explains certain other chthonian traits in the Apolline ritual as inherited from the earlier system. Even the name *bee* (*Melissa*) given to the Pythian priestess may have been so derived, since some priestesses of the earth-goddess Demeter also were so-called. The great Isthmian festival of Poseidon at Corinth belonged originally, according to Farnell, to some buried demon of vegetation. Thus the cults sometimes seem more stable even than the divinities to whom they are sacred.

To show the service which the study of cults renders to mythology, two illustrations may suffice. Scholars have been strongly inclined to believe, with many of the ancients, that Apollo was originally a sun-god, the divinity of physical and mental light, the god of prophecy, of poetry, of music, and of art, of health of body and of mind. In a brilliant tract, Roscher equated Apollo with the Roman Mars. Both, in his view, were at first sun-gods and war-gods. But Apollo resigned the latter office to Ares, and Mars surrendered his functions as sun-god to Apollo, imported from Greece. The myths agree well with this theory. But Farnell holds that Apollo was originally a demon of vegetation, and he finds in early Greek cults little or no evidence to connect this god with the sun. The offerings of first fruits, which were borne to Apollo along the Sacred Way, are explained as due to him as an agrarian divinity. Another example of the working of the method is the treatment of Demeter Thesmophoros. From Virgil's time, this epithet has been interpreted as declaring her to be the patron goddess of laws and institutions. But in cult, no evidence is found of such functions on the part of Demeter. The case is clearer than that of Apollo. It is not easy to resist the conclusion that the ordinary interpretation of the epithet has been wrong, and Farnell interprets this as *Giver of Wealth*.

Volume III. is given to Earth (Gaia) and her "emanations," Demeter and Persephone; Hades or Pluto; and Rhea-Cybele, the mother of the gods. The catalogue of local worships of Earth is brief. But, from the original earth-goddess, not simply Demeter, but also Persephone, Themis, Erinys, Aglauros, and Medusa are regarded as emanations or detachments. In most of these are found both chthonian and vegetative or agrarian elements. Many festivals are connected with agricultural processes. The divinities of the earth must be appeased before the breaking of the ground for sowing, and again before the harvest, which in primitive times was regarded as a dangerous act; and a thanksgiving service was due after the harvest was gathered. Some survivals of human sacrifice in the worship of Apollo are explained by Farnell as connected with Apollo's original office as a demon of vegetation. The devil must be expelled before the harvest. The most important worship of Demeter was in Attica, at Eleusis, but of this comparatively little is known. In spite of the fact that hundreds of thousands of Greeks were initiated into the mysteries, we can only surmise as to the worship within the sanctuary. The cult of Hades never had great importance in Greece. Farnell thinks him to have been developed as the counterpart of Zeus, who, as a god of vegetation, had acquired something of a chthonian character. Agamemnon, "king of men," in his view, was not an "emanation" from Zeus, as some have thought, but a buried ancestor who became a chthonian power with Zeus. The name Rhea, too, was not much used in cults; the appellation Great Mother was preferred. Her worship is derived by Farnell from Crete, where the Greeks found a mother goddess, to whom, in order to form a system, they affiliated Zeus and Hera. We are not obliged, however, to derive from her Hera, Athena, and the rest, who may have come down with the Greeks from the north.

Volume IV. is devoted to Poseidon and Apollo—chiefly to the latter. Even Poseidon is thought to have a vegetative function, but this point is not pressed by our author. Poseidon is believed to have been originally a fresh-water god, and his name is connected with the root of the verb to drink (cf. *potion*). The worship of Apollo is much more interesting to us. Our author believes him to have come into Hellas with the in-

vaders from the north. The Apolline worship at Delphi is recognized as brought from Crete, and as earlier than that at Delos. The Delian temple and worship were founded by the Ionians when making their way across the Ægean Sea. Having left their earlier homes in Greece, they diverted to the altar at Delos the offerings which had been brought by Apollo's worshippers to the temple at Delphi. Lycia was colonized at a very early period by worshippers of Lycean Apollo (from whom the land received its name), setting out perhaps from Argos, and moving by way of Crete and Rhodes. The Cretan worship of Apollo thus becomes prehistoric, but Farnell is not inclined to believe him to be derived from a Cretan sun-god, though he thinks Apollo may have stepped into the place, and become the successor of some Cretan divinity, just as some Christian saints in the popular mind took the places of some old pagan gods and heroes. The purification from blood-guiltiness, which became an important part of the service of Apollo's shrine, according to Farnell, indicates Dionysiac influence, and the lustration with pig's blood was borrowed from the older chthonian cults. That Apollo became the special god of music and song, Farnell explains not from any primitive characteristic or from any musical traits of his special worshippers, but as due to his brilliant festivals at Delphi.

On the whole, the work before us is judicious and sane—and in this field these epithets are a special compliment. The author avoids hobbies, and bases his arguments on evidence clearly presented. The "sources" are gathered and printed in full, by themselves, with a geographical register which shows conveniently the grouping of each cult. He says nothing in these two volumes about the solar myth, and has only a few sentences with reference to those who lay much stress on ancestor-worship in Greece. He thinks it necessary to be more explicit in his arguments against totemistic views. To say that the work is very learned would give it only a small part of its meed of praise. It presents perhaps the best fairly concise, yet accurate and intelligible, statement of the latest views with regard to the Eleusinian Mysteries and the Delphian oracle of Apollo, as well as the most complete statement of the cults of the divinities here discussed. The etymologies in general are according to the strictest philological sect, but, neglecting the quantity of the vowel, the author thinks the old name of Delphi, Pytho, to be the *Place of Inquiry*, and thus in itself to indicate the seat of an oracle. The study of cults carries us back into the prehistoric period with more precision and certainty than was expected. But many problems remain for solution, and doubtless many of our author's conclusions must be modified.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Stooping Lady. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The last thing to be looked for from Mr. Hewlett is a surprise. We have him ticketed. He has his own trail quite plainly blazed. He is "tapestry." And now he appears in 1809, marching straight into the modern world. Richard Brinsley Sheridan is there and "Prinny"; Creevy noses about in the offing; Castlereagh's name floats through the pages; there is mention of Tom Moore. Yet the most embittered enemy of the historical novel will find nothing to carp at in "The Stooping Lady." The reasons are simple. Instead of harking back to the diction of Shaftesbury or of Isaac Walton, Mr. Hewlett uses a tongue no more archaic than that of Miss Edgeworth, certainly less prim. He succeeds in making his main characters live, and places his celebrities well in the background.

Now we all know that plays in which people thrill in attics while heroes as recent as Napoleon or Wellington ride past, unseen by the audience, are far more impressive than those in which mediocre actors, with wide waistcoats or hook noses, declaim straight over the footlights. Conceding this to be also true in stories, Mr. Hewlett at once gains an air of reality by using the greater lights merely to give atmosphere, and in letting go his wonderful skill and imagination in sketching so minor a personage as Cobbett, brilliantly focussing and embodying all the queer traits of that vulgar and forcible agitator. As for the rest, Mr. Hewlett's stupid sporting young man who is a gentleman, the other who is a cur, the minx, the old Lady Kew type of grandmother, are entirely like such people in Thackeray's time, or our own; and his girl, Hermia Mary (this is saying a great deal), seems to live with the real heroines of fiction. To-day at least, whatever readers of the future may think, she comes before one's eyes with the youth and spirit of Clara Middleton. Not only has Mr. Hewlett created a warm and breathing woman, in spite of fancy dress costume rather than by its aid, but in treating that age of robust drinking, gaming, and general indiscretion, he never once lapses into a hint of the perversity which has at times cast a suspicion of taint across his mediæval pictures. Rightly or wrongly, he evidently believes this secret taint characteristic of the Middle Ages, a quality entirely different from the frank animalism of the Regency. Consequently, his young men brawl and misbehave themselves without a trace of morbidness. His lady loves very nobly; and suddenly, out of a gay comedy scene he evolves a climax of unexpected, but quite logical, pathos. His attack upon the sensibilities is perfectly free from cheapness; and, as a solution of the purely personal problem of Hermia's future, the closing drama at Charing Cross is a miracle of delicacy and tact.

The whole book might be taken as conclusive illustration of the disputed truth that a high degree of skill need in no way hamper an author's individuality or warmth of expression, that a classic restraint of manner by no means reduces the emotional quality to the academic level of an eighteenth-century essayist.

Ancestors. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Whether "Senator North" be tolerable or the reverse, whatever the value of Mrs. Atherton's serious historical studies, there can be no question that "Ancestors" is an able book. Whether the people be natural and closely studied or no, hardly seems to matter; the forward movement is so swift as to carry one on with a sense of growing excitement. Mrs. Atherton, moreover, shows enlarged grasp, a capacity for carrying on coördinating threads without loss of speed. Although the opening, at the usual English country house, is sufficiently well done, the real pace is struck only when Elton Gwynne decides to look up a California property, and cast his future fortunes in America. Like Plantagenet Palliser, this rising young statesman is pitchforked out of the House of Commons into a peerage. Unable to endure the ignominy of a tame seat among the Lords, and a big title with a small income, the young man vanishes from home, to emerge in America as plain Jack Gwynne. To be quite frank, this does not appear over likely. Better at once to confess it a rather strained method of introducing a study of a keen, trained Englishman's sensations on making acquaintance with American political customs at their worst—in San Francisco before the earthquake. Nevertheless, Mrs. Atherton gives those impressions with such vividness as to win instant acceptance of the somewhat dubious device by which her situation has been brought about.

Once safe in California, the story proceeds breathlessly. Notwithstanding all the descriptions, all the lenses which have been turned upon that exotic city, she still is able to give a picture of untarnished freshness. In truth, she is at her best in a frankly garish scheme of color. She revels in a jumble of high buildings, plotting politicians, patriots (for California only), alien races, millionaires with Spanish surnames. She runs two risks often deadly in fiction, only to emerge quite successful. She ventures to use the characters we have met in her earlier novels, Helena Belmont, Magdalena Trennahan—all "The Californians." But the greater achievement is to end with an account of the recent earthquake without producing an anti-climax.

That Mrs. Atherton's manner at times is somewhat rough cannot be denied. Thoughtful she is, and in a way penetrating, though quite without subtlety and grasping things more violently than is always to the taste of the over sensitive. With an unmistakable intellectual development, she does not fine down either in point of view or expression, but this defect is distinctly mitigated by her remaining vivid and forcible, and by her showing no symptom of crystallizing into a hack imitator of her own, sometimes sensational, successes.

The Way of a Man. By Emerson Hough. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

The villain of this novel is no conventional ranter of melodrama. An English marquis by birth, possessed of ingratiating manners, diabolical cleverness, and incredible coolness, he has added thereto all that mystic India could teach. "I am a Raja Yogi," he confesses to John Cowles, his dearest foe and the teller of the story. "I have taken the eight mystic steps."

"All that means nothing to me," I admitted, simply.

"No, it means nothing for me to tell you that I have learned Yama, Niyama, Asana, Pranayama, Pratyahara, Dharana, Dhyana, and Samadhi! Yes, I was something of an adept once. . . . But——" he smiled with all his old mockery—"mostly I failed on

Pratyahara, which says the senses must be quelled. . . . I'd liefer die than not enjoy."

With such an agent of darkness abroad, it is needless to say that trouble will beset the ways of John Cowles and Ellen Merlwether. The time of the story is just before the outbreak of the American Civil War. Leaving an unloved but plighted sweetheart behind him in Virginia, John Cowles makes a journey to St. Louis and westward through the desert regions of the La Platte on a private mission to Col. Meriwether, a connection of his murdered father's. On the way, fate brings his predestined love to him; and in the company of Ellen, who is also going to meet the colonel, her father, he loses the caravan and is hopelessly lost in the wilderness. Here the two live for some three months together, honestly, of course, eating buffalo flesh and what other provender the desert affords. Some weeks later, when want had considerably abated, their attention went to more philosophical topics:

"What is marriage, John Cowles?" she asked of me, abruptly, without preface.
"It is the Plan," I answered apathetically.
She pondered for a time. "Are we then only creatures, puppets, toys?"
"Yes," I said to her. "A man is a toy. Love was born before man was created, before animals or plants. Atom ran to atom, seeking. It was love."
She pondered yet a while. . . .

Had she known what testings of soul were to be hers upon her return to civilization—upon the discovery that her lover's promise had been given to another—she would doubtless have pondered even longer. But enough of the plot. "The Way of a Man" is chiefly of interest in the illustration it affords of several tendencies in contemporary fiction, as deplorable as they are conspicuous: the glorification of the violent, the primitive, and the crude; a sophomorical searching after effects of style; and a habit of cheap philosophizing.

The Tents of Wickedness. By Miriam Coles Harris. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This story belongs in so special a category as hardly to find place in a review of novels at large, if only because the same author who captivated public fancy in 1860 with "Rutledge," is still sufficiently abreast of things to make a spirited (not to say acrimonious) attack upon New York society, divorce, and the Episcopal Church.

"The Tents of Wickedness" indeed appear to cover most of the world's surface, except that portion which is protected by the Church of Rome. Leonora Hungerford, fresh from a French convent, has tilts with the frivolity of her elders only equalled by those of Elsie Dinsmore, or to go farther back, of Anna Ross, when she left the Manse to visit her bad cousins. Numbers of pages are devoted to explaining the rite of confession to singularly ill-informed worldlings. A great many things happen in the story, and Leonora finds frequent occasion to enlighten and rebuke her father and all his friends. Clerics of the younger Church show a remarkable instability (one turns broker and another "goes over"), while priests of the true faith are busy saving souls and frustrating lynchings. And when Leonora's stepmother unjustly complains of the persecuted young girl's maid, Leonora quietly answers, "I don't *tiens* particularly to Juliette," which certainly shows the high advantages of her foreign education.

Leading American Soldiers. By R. M. Johnston. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

To study America in her martial aspect one turns naturally to the period from 1861 to 1865. In our earlier wars the resources were meagre, the armies small, the opposing generals not usually men of note. Washington and Jackson are more interesting in other ways than on the battlefield, while Greene, Taylor, and Scott are not relatively conspicuous men. The civil war, however, was a colossal struggle in every way, and Professor Johnston shows a proper eye for proportion in taking eight of his thirteen types from the men who were famous then. Undoubtedly the story of American soldiership culminates in interest at the battle of Gettysburg, to which Mr. Johnston assigns adequate space. He has other merits than a good sense of proportion. Though not a man of military training, he has sound judgment and industry, and has written a book for Prof. W. P. Trent's series on Leading Americans, which will help general readers, if not technical students.

Confining our particular remarks to the Gettysburg campaign, we may say that the critics always have fought over it, and always will. Our author, we think, is too much influenced by the writers who sustain Lee through thick and thin, casting the responsibility for the Confederate defeat upon the shortcoming of subordinates. It can be plausibly asserted that errors abounded in the enterprise for which the chief was to blame. Great and brilliant though Lee was, he could make mistakes. It would probably have been better if Lee, utilizing his interior lines, after Chancellorsville, had left D. H. Hill to defend Richmond, while he himself, with a large force, crossed the mountains into Tennessee; there, uniting with Bragg, by marching rapidly upon Cincinnati, in May and June of 1863, when the North was full of discontent and mutiny, he might have so threatened the connections between East and West that Grant would have been forced to loosen his hold on Vicksburg and hurry to the Ohio. In such a plan of campaign the possibilities of a good result to the Confederates were large. But leaving aside the matter of grand strategy, we believe that Lee's conduct in Pennsylvania was far from faultless. Mr. Johnston admits the error of allowing Stuart to depart with the cavalry, thus leaving the army without eyes and ears in a hostile country. The event proved that it would have been better to manœuvre to get between the Federals and Washington, than to risk an offensive battle. The battle once joined there were serious errors, both of omission and commission, notably the charge of Pickett, which cannot fairly be ascribed to the corps-commanders. We think Mr. Johnston might have paid more heed to the much abused Longstreet's defence of himself, and could have learned much from Gen. E. P. Alexander's "Memoirs of a Confederate," which probably appeared too late for our author's use.

As Mr. Johnston is too easy as regards the errors of Lee, his recognition of the merits of Meade we hold to be quite too cool. Put into command of his widely scattered host only a day or two before the battle, losing at its beginning his chief lieutenant, a man upon whom he especially relied, embarrassed by the insubordination of Sickles, who threw his schemes into confusion at a most critical moment, Meade undertook the conflict heavily handicapped. His course during the three days was bold and skilful in a high degree. He utilized to the utmost the advantages of position, the "fish-hook" of Cemetery Hill and Ridge, which fell into his hands. Alexander pronounces the Federal tactics a masterpiece in the management of large masses in a defensive engagement. We contend that in refusing to throw his exhausted army on the afternoon of July 3, upon an enemy whose demoralization at the moment he had no means of knowing, Meade took the prudent course. A little of the imprudence which Lee was constantly showing, might have put the Confederates to rout and closed the war. We can see now that the risk should have been run, but Meade had reason in his caution. Lee was a brilliant military genius, but with all that he had the mortal liability to shortcoming. We know that Lee was much dissatisfied with himself after Gettysburg.

There are plenty of other cases where we might take issue with Mr. Johnston in his estimates of men and interpretation of events—in all of which, as in the case of Gettysburg, we have no doubt he might make a good defence, and in the judgment of many quite confute and confound his critic. The contentions among those who seek to interpret wars are only less marked than they are among the combatants in the field. Though many things in the story of American soldiers strike us differently we do not fail to recognize in this narrator knowledge, fair-mindedness, and good sense.

Berlin comme je l'ai vu. Par Charles Huard. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

It takes a Frenchman to discover Berlin, and when he has found it, he may be expected to express himself interestingly. Particularly if he is an artist as well as an author, he is likely to be entertaining, as in the case of M. Huard, who had pad and crayon always with him, and gives us some ninety-three sketches of the strange Allemands. There are inviting vistas in parks, burly German cab drivers and cooks, busy modern streets, quaint taverns, Herr Studiosus with beer-steins, and, of course, Prussian police and majestic military. That it is Berlin we see before us no one who knows the imperial city will doubt; and that the author aims to be fair and generous, is also certain. But German as are the sketches, both in crayon and in word, there is still in the background a suggestion of the avenues and quays of Paris and the French lorgnette. The volume is a mate to "New York comme je l'ai vu," the second in a series to be concluded by a work on London.

Beginning with the famous avenue Unter den Linden, Huard thinks with many others that the Berliners have exaggerated its at-

traction, and yet he admits its importance in one of the great cities of the world. He meets there few Frenchmen, many Russians, and, above all and everywhere, Americans, whose nasal accent, revealing Pittsburgh and Chicago, dominates the bars and grill-rooms, hotels, and shipping-offices. Entering the Tiergarten, Huard finds a population of marble and bronze, nor can he "make three steps forward without having to swallow a couple of monuments"! The Sieges Allee in particular arrests him, but not because of its charms; he sees in the thirty-two figures of Prussian or Brandenburgian sovereigns only a horrible show of brutal force—heavy fists and ponderous boots displayed with little discretion. The French, it is true, have erected numerous monuments in honor of their victories, for the glory of their armies; but never have they so impudently sung of their triumphs, so insulted the conquered. Nevertheless, the Tiergarten is the paradise of children and nurses, of saunterers and dreamers. M. Huard is especially struck by the admirable cleanliness of the lawns and of the drives—a characteristic not only of the Garden, but of Berlin as a whole. In comparison, Paris is a stable, London a sewer, and New York a dirty hole (*une bauge!*).

Taking up the streets and street life of Berlin, M. Huard remarks that while one must plough through the disagreeable in entering the capital by whatever route is chosen, once one is inside the transformation comes quickly and completely. Berlin is new and without pronounced character, very new, newer than any American city, newer than Chicago, which is the only city of the world to be compared with Berlin for prodigious rapidity of development. Much that one sees in Berlin recalls an American city born yesterday in the fire of speculation, but an American city in which there is lacking the frenzied rush of the mobs, the atmosphere of strife, and the audacity of new architecture. One is also impressed with the admirable discipline of the Berlin people, the suppressed cries of their venders, the modesty of street advertising. "When Buffalo Bill made his tour of Germany," said Mark Twain, "his principal poster was not larger than a trunk label." Strolling further in the city, Huard is impressed with the marvellous development of German industry. It was but a few years ago that England controlled the markets of the world; but now Germany's stock of tools is greater than that of Great Britain or France, and comparable only to the industrial outfit of America.

There was one kind of dress which never escaped the artist-author's eye or pencil. That was the uniform of the German soldier. To the amateurs of military spectacles, Berlin offers a field of observation unexcelled, nor is it possible that in any other city of the world so many regiments file by, or so many sentinels cross one's path. Indeed, from the deference shown the humblest wearer of a uniform, one sees, from the time one first sets foot in Germany, that the soldier is King, the officer is God! Little enlivens this military show—except an occasional marriage with an American heiress. Besides the military, "the quantity of doctors and professors is innumerable, all ceremoniously running afoul of each other, each carrying his head high, and repeating the other's respective titles to everbody's satisfaction." The women even absurdly use their hushands' titles. One lady having saluted another in the tramway with "Comment allez-vous Madame le Chef d'Escadron?" received in reply: "Très bien, je vous remercie, chère Madame Professeur de Théologie!"

In dealing with the palaces and museums of Berlin, M. Huard shows the fullest appreciation, praising the Emperor for his art designs in a manner scarcely to be expected from a foreign critic. He is delightful, both as artist and scribe, in his pictures of "Old Berlin," lingering long and sketching with much feeling the little Fischerstrasse, and paying due homage, with the scared, scampering urchins, to the frowning, helmeted, heavily treading *Schutzmann*. This majestic officer of the law recalls in turn the pleasures of the German *Verboten*. In Germany one is forbidden to sit on certain benches, to speak in certain rooms, to smoke in certain gardens, to stand, to walk, to go up, to come down; in fact, to do just the very thing one wishes. And then, as if to make life still more miserable—at least for a Frenchman—the Germans do not know how to cook, but serve the most abominable concoctions ever devised by man. Epicures among the Germans are unknown, and that is why the poor stranger within the Berlin gates would rather be stretched out, parched and panting, on the deserts of Sahara than encounter *deutsche Suppe* or a German *Salat*.

A Vedic Concordance. By Maurice Bloomfield. Royal 4to. Pp. 1102. Boston: Ginn & Co. $6.

In the preface to his "Concordance to the Holy Scriptures," the marvellous and erratic Cruden gives a brief historical account of concordances. Their value has been practically recognized for well-nigh seven centuries, from the time of the Dominican friar, Hugo de St. Chers, who made a concordance to the Vulgate, employing, we are told, five hundred monks to help him. "The meaning of the Scripture may be here known," says Cruden, "by that which is accounted the best rule of interpreting Scripture, namely, *by comparing one Scripture with another*." The rule holds no less for the sacred books of the Hindus than for those of the Christians. Bloomfield's monumental work, accordingly, might justly make the proud claim to be a tool of absolutely first importance for the understanding of the books which are not only the most ancient scriptures of India, but are also the oldest recorded documents of the Indo-European family. It is well described by its title as "an alphabetic index to every line of every stanza of the published Vedic literature and to the liturgical formulas thereof, that is, an index to the Vedic Mantras, together with an account of their variations in the different Vedic books."

Strictly speaking, this concordance has no predecessor. Editors of many of the various Vedic texts have, indeed, given for each an index of first lines of every stanza; but Bloomfield's is an index to *every* line of every stanza. The earlier indexes, too, were scattered through many different volumes; but Bloomfield's, while being vastly more comprehensive in its scope, gives everything in one single volume and in one single alphabetic arrangement—advantages so great as to need only a bare rehearsal. From a rough calculation, the work would seem to contain a good deal over one hundred thousand entries, and of these some forty thousand come from the Rig-Veda alone, which is, of course, by far the most important of the books indexed; but, as appears from a bibliography of the works cited, not less than one hundred and eighteen other works, of which many are very extensive, have been read and excerpted.

It is more or less the fashion now to decry the kind of philological activity which consists in indexing and pigeon-holing innumerable facts on slips, *die Zettelwirtschaft* as the Germans call it. It is therefore in place to mention the fact that, although Bloomfield's book does indeed presuppose an enormous amount of patient manipulation of slips, such drudgery would have been of no avail without a very broad and scholarly acquaintance with the Vedic literature as a whole. Most Vedic texts, even though largely or wholly metrical, are usually printed, like a German hymnbook, as solid prose. It requires the eye and mind of the highly practised expert to disengage the verse from the prose and to resolve the stanzas into the metrical units of which they consist.

The "Concordance" is, however, not merely an instrument for the interpretation of the Vedas, it is a text-critical tool of the most far-reaching importance. The recorded Vedic texts of the several different schools represent each the result of a long process of transmission, by oral tradition, of material, much of which was once common to the predecessors of many different schools. Thus it happens that the readings of the different schools are to the Vedic text-critic what the readings of the different manuscripts are to the critical editor of a Greek text. The variants of verses which do not differ at the beginning and for which therefore the alphabetic order does not require more than one entry, are shown by Bloomfield in a very clear and compact form; so that the readings of as many as eight different texts, or perhaps more, can be instantly seen from a single brief entry; while for variants of verses which involve more than one alphabetic entry, a simple and effective system of cross-references has been devised.

Hardly one single Vedic text has been edited so well in all respects, that a new edition is not already needed. The new editions should be made upon a broad and comprehensive and uniform plan. For the future editors of these texts, Professor Bloomfield has done a great service. His work is unpretentious; but—rapidly as books get out of date now-a-days—it is likely to maintain itself as an indispensable tool of Vedic scholarship through not a few decades. It is a worthy companion to Whitney's great critical commentary on the Atharva-Veda; and it is safe to say that not in India or Europe or America has any work appeared in this field within the last score of years, transcending these two in scientific value and significance. The typography, binding, in short, all the externals of the work merit the highest praise. In his preface, Bloomfield acknowledges the help received from no less than fourteen of his old pupils at the

Johns Hopkins University. The list is one to awaken his pride no less than his gratitude. The "Concordance" forms volume 10 of the Harvard Oriental Series.

Science.

Cyclopedia of American Agriculture: A Popular Survey of Agricultural Conditions, Practices, and Ideals in the United States and Canada. Edited by L. H. Bailey. With one hundred full-page plates, and more than two thousand illustrations in the text. 4 vols. Vol. I.-Farms. Vol. II.-Crops. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5 each.

The name of Liberty Hyde Bailey on the title-page of this new cyclopædia is a sufficient guarantee of its comprehensiveness and authority. It is of similar scope and character to Professor Bailey's "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," and the veteran author's long service in the Cornell Agriculture Experiment Station as an investigator and educator of the people has eminently fitted him for the management of the important work of bringing together in compact form the voluminous and scattered results of the study and practice of agriculture. No branch of scientific research has ever been subsidized so extensively as agriculture in America by the Federal and State Governments through their agricultural departments, commissions, colleges, and experiment stations. In this there has been undeniably a great waste of money and loss of efficiency, not due to dishonesty, but chiefly to the fact that the gigantic task of investigation and popular education was pioneer work for which neither the methods nor the men were ready. Yet taken as a whole this research has undoubtedly paid richly in increased yield of crops, improved stock, protection against insect foes and disease, greater certainty of results, and unequalled rapidity of development of new territory. But the lack of system and even of coöperation among the institutions in different States, or in the same, has resulted in a mass of literature of all degrees of value, which greatly needs to be summarized and digested in such a work as this. About one hundred experts have contributed articles to each of these two volumes, and credit is given to twice as many more for assistance in various ways. These contributions have been coördinated with considerable skill to avoid repetition as far as possible. The alphabetic arrangement has been wisely abandoned, except for subdivisions of articles, each of the large volumes of about 700 pages being divided by subjects, and a full index being given to the whole volume.

The geography of agriculture is the first topic. The achievements and possibilities of each State are discussed in turn, generally by local authorities, and there are special articles on tropical agriculture in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The planning of all sorts of farms is then considered, with estimates of the cost of different undertakings. Farm buildings, sanitation, and machinery are next treated, with some reference to rural art. The succeeding chapter on the position and texture of the soil includes the results of the notable series of investigations which have been carried on in the last fifteen years by the United States Department of Agriculture. There is a contribution by the pioneer in soil analysis, Prof. E. W. Hilgard, now of the University of California, as well as articles by the young men whom the Department has been training up for this special work. The chapter on tillage includes a great deal of historical matter, beginning with the Egyptians and Virgil, and recalling many of the forgotten benefactors of mankind, Jethro Tull of horse-hoe husbandry and John Johnston of tile drainage. Special attention is given to the agriculture of the arid and semi-arid regions; the Campbell system of dry farming is described by its inventor, irrigation by Elwood Mead, and alkali by Thomas H. Means. The chapter on weather service is especially commendable, for its clear treatment of this difficult subject and its practical interpretation of weather signs. The second volume is chiefly devoted to North American field crops, from alfalfa to wheat, preceded by chapters on the growth and breeding of plants in general.

The "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture" is indispensable to public and reference libraries, and it should be extensively purchased for circulating and school libraries in the rural districts. Probably few farmers will conceive it possible to invest $20 in such a work, though they could well afford to, for it would easily save its cost in a year or two by attention to its instructions in regard, for example, to the purchase of fertilizers, insecticides, and seeds. It is a book which would be read in any family whose members read at all, for the language is in most cases as simple as can be employed on the subjects treated, and the book as a whole is readily comprehensible to any person of average education. The technical data which form its foundations are duly subordinated.

The pictures are mostly what they should be—small drawings inserted in the text just at the point where they are needed, though there are also many full-page halftones. A few color plates might have been introduced to advantage, not to make a show and sell the book, but to bring out some points better than the black-and-white can do. In certain cases the arrangement or character of the illustrations could be improved, as, for example, in the case of mushrooms, where the cuts of the edible and poisonous species of *amanita* should have been placed side by side instead of 300 pages apart, and their differences clearly indicated by marking directly on the cuts. In the article on chemical weed-killers directions for the use of sulphuric acid, carbolic acid, and arsenical compounds are given without the slightest warning as to the dangerous nature of these substances and the precautions necessary in handling them.

The American Electrochemical Society held its twelfth general meeting in this city October 17, 18, and 19. The programme contained the following papers: "Diamond and Moissanite; Natural, Artificial, and Meteoric," Dr. George F. Kunz; "Deflocculated Graphic," E. G. Acheson; "Electrothermic Reduction of Iron Ores," Albert E. Greene and Frank S. MacGregor; "The Electric-Furnace Experiments for the Production of Pig Iron at Sault Ste. Marie," Dr. Joseph W. Richards; "Electric-Furnace Experiments," Dr. H. N. Potter; "Moissan's Experiments on the Boiling Points of the Metals," Dr. O. P. Watts; "The Electrometallurgy of Zinc," Gustave Gin; "A New Application of Chlorine in Metallurgy," C. E. Baker; "The Heat Conductivity of Carbon," F. A. J. Fitzgerald; "Granular Carbon Resistors," Prof. S. A. Tucker; "Physico-chemical Notes on the Aluminates of Soda," P. B. Sadtler; "Action of Ammonium Persulphates on Metals," J. W. Turrentine; "Use of the Capillary Electrometer for Alternating Voltages," M. G. Floyd; "Electroscopic Determination of Radium in some Tufa at Hot Springs, Arkansas," Dr. Herman Schlundt"; "Electrolytic Separation of Silver and Copper," H. W. Gillett; "Electrolytic Determination of Minute Quantities of Copper," E. E. Free; "Electrolytic Reduction of Nitric Acid," Dr. H. E. Patten; "Electrochemical Methods for the Qualitative and Quantitative Determination of Free Silicon in the Presence of Silica, Silicates, Oxides, Free Carbon, and Carborundum," W. R. Mott; "Nature of Electrolytic Conductors," Dr. L. Kahlenberg; "The Electrolytic Theory of the Corrosion of Iron," Dr. A. S. Cushman.

Drama.

Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick. Edited by George Pierce Baker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.50 net.

Of all the illustrious Englishmen of the eighteenth century, few are so well known to students of that period as the "modern Roscius," David Garrick. His personal charm, no less than his brilliant histrionic genius, won him the intimate friendship of many of the most famous literary and artistic personages of his day, who, by pen and pencil, have reconstituted him for us almost in his habit as he lived. Boswell, Walpole, Hannah More, Madame d'Arblay, Kitty Clive, and Goldsmith, not to mention many others, and his own voluminous correspondence, have made his character, in all its varying aspects, as familiar to us as Gainsborough, Hogarth, Holland, and the rest have made his face and figure. It would be strange if, at this late date, any important new light could be thrown upon his disposition, his ability, or his career, and those who look for it in this hitherto unpublished correspondence, which Professor Baker has extracted from the collection of J. H. Leigh, will be disappointed.

With Mr. Baker the work of editing evidently has been a labor of love, as is proved by his ample explanatory notes, but it is unlikely that the ordinary reader will find in the letters the significance which the editor seems to attach to them. So far as they go they are thoroughly characteristic of their author, but the majority of them, although they possess a certain antiquarian interest, are exceedingly trivial, and are scarcely worthy of public reproduction. Everywhere they bear the marks of careless haste. The references to Miss Cadogan show that Garrick was capable of warm friendship, a fact which has never been disputed, but otherwise they are not remarkable.

Some of the letters dealing with his managerial difficulties are of more consequence, but the new matter in them is not weighty enough to call for detailed consideration. One of the most interesting passages contains a criticism of Home's "Douglas," with which most persons who are acquainted with that dreary tragedy will heartily agree, but whether Garrick would have expressed the same opinion if he had discerned a good character in it for himself is another question. One of the Hoadley letters, however, seems to prove that the actor was quite sincere in his expressed wish to leave the stage in 1765, but scarcely relieves him from all suspicion of seeking the good will of those high in authority. That he was anxious for august patronage ought not to be imputed to him as a grievous fault. In his day no actor, not even himself, could have existed without it.

But if Professor Baker's work is of somewhat less moment than he deems it as a contribution to Garrick lore, it is nevertheless a dainty volume, which will be sought eagerly by theatrical connoisseurs for the excellence of its typography and the beauty of its illustrations, which show the great actor at different periods of his life and in various characters, and afford material for an interesting study in physiognomy. Several of the portraits will be new to most readers

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As the First Folio edition of Shakespeare (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) draws nearer completion, its value becomes always clearer. So far as we have tested the work of the editors, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, it is done with minute accuracy, and this in an edition which attempts to reproduce the exact text of 1623, with various illustrations and readings from all sources, is a matter of the first importance. In the play of "Romeo and Juliet" now published the advantage of the Folio text is well marked by the inclusion of five significant lines in Romeo's death speech, which modern editors, with the exception of Collier, omit, on the authority of the Fourth Quarto.

The production of Percy Mackaye's "Sappho and Phaon" in the Lyric Theatre did not achieve a success commensurate with the literary and dramatic value of the work, which is a genuine tragedy, classic in form, modern in inspiration, and rich and strong in poetic expression. It deals with human emotions and passions; is picturesque, varied, and vigorous in action, and is as full of really dramatic situations as it is of imaginative fancy. From a literary point of view, it is on a level with the best work of Stephen Phillips, while for purely theatrical purposes it is superior. If it had been acted thirty or forty years ago, before the race of actors trained in the poetic drama had become almost extinct, it would have received a far more competent interpretation than is now possible. The performance on Monday evening, although a great deal of money and pains had been expended upon it, failed of its legitimate effect for two reasons; first, because the actors, trained for the most part in the modern manner, were unable to identify themselves with the romantic mood; and, secondly, because, almost without exception, they were wholly incapable of giving to the verse its proper emphasis and rhythm. Thus many essential beauties of the poetry vanished. Madame Kalich, the Sappho, can declaim with much power and discrimination, but she has not yet mastered the difficulties of English pronunciation, and in moments of excitement she was often unintelligible. Thus, the play was deprived of some of its greatest charm. None of the performers, except Madame Kalich, distinguished themselves in action. She was often exceedingly effective in the closing tragic scenes, especially in her profound despair and humiliation after Phaon's reconversion to slavery. One of the most attractive features of the representation was the incidental music, written by Prof. A. A. Stanley of the University of Michigan, and admirably rendered. The stage setting and the costumes were uncommonly beautiful.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will play an engagement of one week at the Lyric Theatre here beginning November 11. She will present "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Magda," and "Hedda Gabler." Immediately upon the completion of this engagement Mrs. Campbell will begin her tour of the country from coast to coast. In the spring she will again be seen in New York, and will offer her new productions, including a version of the "Electra" of Euripides.

The Ben Greet Players recently began a new tour in Jersey City. Thence the company travelled to Canada, where a month's season of Shakespeare's plays "as Shakespeare wrote them," has begun. Mr. Greet leaves the selection of his plays to the students of various colleges and the public, and those chosen by Canadians are "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "Everyman." About the New Year, Mr. Greet hopes to present a "cycle" of plays, written around "The Wonder Book" of Nathaniel Hawthorne. They will probably be given first at a series of matinées in Boston and New York, so that the Shakespearian plays can be given at night.

The latest comedy of Madeleine Lucette Ryley, "The Sugar Bowl," which has just been produced in London, is not to be reckoned, it appears, among her most successful efforts. Most of her critics agree in regarding this story as unlikely, to say the least, and the literary execution as decidedly inferior. The most notable feature of the performance appears to have been the admirable acting of Ellis Jeffreys and Frederick Kerr, in the leading characters.

Music.

Erinnerungen an Richard Wagner. Von Angelo Neumann. Leipzig: L. Staackmann.

Neumann's volume is the most important biographic contribution to musical literature since the beginning of the century, with the exception of Wagner's Letters to Frau Wesendonck. It contains a large number of the master's letters which have never before been printed, and it gives so many interesting glimpses of life behind the scenes—both literally and figuratively—that in a short time it has reached its fourth edition. Angelo Neumann is one of the many men who have become well known through connection with Richard Wagner. He began his career as a baritone, half a century ago. In those days it was regarded as an heroic feat to sit through a whole performance of "Lohengrin," and Neumann remembers a performance of the "Flying Dutchman" with a good cast, which he left before the end of the second act. He became an enthusiast during the concerts which Wagner conducted in Vienna in 1862; he remembers how, after the "Freischütz" overture, Wagner patted on the back the first horn player, whom he had coached with special care; and he remembers meeting the great man repeatedly in the street, coming from a "Tristan" rehearsal, usually talking to himself and flicking his large red handkerchief. Two years later Neumann happened to occupy a room in the Hotel Marquardt in Stuttgart next to that of Wagner, who was then so hard up that he could not eat at the table d'hôte, because that had to be paid for at once. This was just a day or two before he received the message from Ludwig II., which instantly changed him from a fugitive from creditors to the favorite of a king, with unlimited means placed at his disposal.

In 1875, Neumann enjoyed the good fortune of being one of the artists who witnessed the rehearsals of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" in Vienna under Wagner's personal direction. What he saw on these occasions convinced him that this man was not only the foremost dramatic composer of all times, but the greatest stage-manager and actor. The six pages of details he gives of these rehearsals cannot be too highly commended to all interpreters of those operas. In the following year Neumann became joint manager, with August Förster of the Leipzig Stadttheater, and from that time on he played a rôle in the life of Wagner, the importance of which has heretofore been known to few. The first Bayreuth Festival took place in that year. Neumann heard the second cycle, and was so enthusiastic that he conceived the ambitious plan of securing for Leipzig the privilege of being the first city after Bayreuth to hear the Ring of the Nibelung. His first overtures were answered by Wagner evasively:

> My work is not yet finished; the performances called my attention to many imperfections. Leave me time to repeat my work next year here in Bayreuth in a carefully revised form.

When Wagner found, however, that for pecuniary reasons there could be no festival in 1877, he remembered the offer from Leipzig and reopened negotiations. But Förster was less enthusiastic than his partner; his doubts as to the feasibility and profitableness of the Nibelung operas grew and were fortified by various enemies of Wagner. The upshot was that the project was dropped, to the great distress of Neumann. At a dinner when one of the aforesaid enemies got up and proposed a toast of congratulation at having got rid of Wagner, Neumann dashed his glass on the floor and left the room.

It so happened that the season at the Leipzig Theatre closed with a deficit of $30,000. This gave Neumann a chance to say "I told you so" to his rueful companion. To cut a long story short, prepara-

tions for producing the Ring were soon under way. The chief obstacle to overcome was the famous Gewandhaus orchestra. The members of this ancient and honorable organization, founded in 1781 and presided over at one time by Mendelssohn, were convinced that this latest Wagnerian music was unworthy of their serious attention and would lower their artistic level. They were finally persuaded, however, to acquiesce, and, when the task was accomplished, they frankly conceded that their artistic level had been actually raised. Once before, Neumann had had trouble with this orchestra. It was when his regular conductor, Josef Sucher, was on a vacation, and be had ordered a performance of "Tannhäuser" under Arthur Nikisch. The players objected to Nikisch as too young, but were finally persuaded to try him at a rehearsal. The result was a demonstrative success. It was Neumann's good luck to introduce to the world four of the greatest living conductors—Sucher and Nikisch, as well as Anton Seidl and Felix Mottl, these last two on the recommendation of Wagner. Concerning Seidl there are many things in this volume of special interest to Americans, as it was due largely to this favorite conductor that Wagner's later operas made their triumphant entry in this country. That Wagner had more confidence in him than in any other interpreter of his works is proved by remarks in several of his letters here printed. To cite only one of these, dated September 27, 1878 (two years after Hans Richter had conducted the Ring at Bayreuth):

> No other conductor knows my tempi and the correspondence of the music to the action as Seidl does. He is my pupil. He will conduct for you the Nibelung dramas better than any one else. If this word of mine is not sufficient, I shall never have any more recommendations to make to you.

Neumann lost no time in adding Seidl to his forces, and under him battle after battle was won. The Leipzig performances were a brilliant success; so were those Neumann gave at the Victoria Theatre in Berlin. The recital of the incidents leading up to and attending these Berlin performances makes one of the most extraordinary stories in the history of music. Hülsen, the manager of the Royal Opera, had a very poor opinion of Wagner altogether, and as for the Nibelung operas, he was convinced that the only one worthy of being mounted on his stage was "Die Walküre." Wagner, on his part, refused to sell the rights for a single one of these connected works. Neumann's enthusiasm finally persuaded Hülsen to negotiate for the whole work. Diverse difficulties were overcome, the greatest being the engagement of Seidl, which Wagner made an absolute condition. There was a rule that new operas must not be conducted by any one but the regular Kapellmeister. This was finally overcome by appointing Seidl, with the Emperor's special consent, assistant conductor for three months. All the negotiations were concluded when finally Hülsen sent a telegram to Wagner telling him he agreed to everything, providing he be allowed subsequently to produce "Die Walküre." To this insulting dispatch, with its implication that the other three dramas were not worth producing, Wagner did not deign to reply. "The impudent fellow has not answered me," said Hülsen to Neumann, and the project was dropped, so far as the Royal Opera was concerned. The Victoria Theatre was then chosen, and the performances were an unprecedented success, being supported by royalty and aristocracy as well as by the populace. When the curtain had dropped on the last scene of the first cycle, it was raised again and Neumann made a speech of thanks to his patrons. Just as he had spoken the words, "Thanks above all to the exalted members of our imperial family," Wagner, who stood among the artists, abruptly left the stage. This action was generally construed as an insult to the Emperor; Neumann himself took it as such, and he refused to accept Wagner's explanation that a sudden illness (heart trouble from the great excitement) had prompted it. Not till after the composer's death did he realize that Wagner had spoken the truth.

Fortunately this incident did not for a long time estrange the two men. The Kaiser showed by attending several subsequent performances and applauding vigorously, that he did not feel insulted, while Neumann, having won Wagner's confidence, gained his consent for his project of a travelling Wagner Theatre for carrying the gospel to all the leading cities. The adventures which befell them in Paris, London, and the other European cities down to Italy take up the remaining pages of Neumann's reminiscences, a volume of absorbing interest.

"The Merry Widow," the most sensationally successful operetta produced in Europe in two decades, has at last reached this country. After a month of preliminary performances in several other cities, it was given at the New Amsterdam Theatre on Monday evening by an excellent cast, including Ethel Jackson as the widow, Donald Brian as the prince, and an artistic ensemble such as Henry W. Savage has taught Americans to expect at his productions. Its great success is significant because it disproves the theory of managers that genuine operetta is too good for our public, which for a number of years has had little but vaudeville masquerading as musical comedy. "The Merry Widow" is genuine comedy, wedded to genuine music. The composer, Franz Lehar, is not as original as Johann Strauss, but he bids fair to equal Millöcker, or even Suppé. The waltz in the second act has already reached a sale of a million copies, and it is not by any means the best thing in the score.

An interesting list of compositions is offered by the Philharmonic Society at its Carnegie Hall concerts this season. There will be revivals of Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, Beethoven's "Pastoral," Dvořák's "From the New World," Schubert's Unfinished Sympbony, Saint-Saëns's C-Minor sympbony with organ, Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Juan," Goldmark's "Prometheus," and Nicodé's Symphonic Variations. "Herod's Dream," which constitutes the first part of Berlioz's oratorio, "The Childhood of Christ," is planned for the third concert, at which the Philharmonic Orchestra will have the assistance of the Bach Choral Society of Montclair. Wassily Safonoff, the conductor, has also been busy during his absence in Europe in selecting novelties; among these are the "Easter" overture by Rimsky Korsakoff, "Das Meer," by Glazounoff, and the symphonic poem, "The Sunken Bell," by Vladimir Metzl, founded on Gerhart Hauptmann's play, and performed last spring under the direction of Mr. Safonoff, by the London Symphony Orchestra. The list of soloists includes Kirkby-Lunn, Edward Dethier, Fritz Kreisler, Katherine Goodson, Jean Gerardy, and Josef Hofmann. The dates of the Philharmonic concerts are Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, November 15, 16, 29, 30, December 13, 14, January 3, 4, February 7, 8, 28, 29, March 13, 14. Last season, the first under the conductorship of Wassily Safonoff, was the most successful financially, and one of the most successful artistically in the society's career of sixty-five years.

The New York Symphony Society's programme of December 1 will be devoted to "The Family," as it has been illustrated by various composers. Walter Damrosch will give Richard Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," descriptive of himself, wife, and child; and Wagner's charming tribute to Cosima on the birth of their son Siegfried, entitled "Siegfried Idyl."

The directors of the Musical Art Society announce that two concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evenings, December 19 and March 12. In compliance with requests made by many of the subscribers of the Musical Art Society, the programmes of this season will contain a number of the works that proved most interesting during the past years. The most important works will be the "Missa Papae Marcelli," and the "Stabat Mater," by Palestrina. The choir of the society has been increased by the addition of a number of excellent artists, and is therefore better equipped to render the larger works for double chorus.

Oscar Hammerstein contemplates giving opera every night during the season at the Manhattan Opera House; the large number of singers already engaged, with the three conductors, makes such a policy possible.

The first of the first-class pianists to appear at Carnegie Hall this season is Josef Hofmann. He will give a recital next Saturday afternoon, at which he will play the whole set of twenty-five Chopin Preludes, a Beethoven sonata, a Mendelssohn scherzo, Schumann's C major fantasie, and three Liszt pieces—"Legende," "Dream of Love," and "Campanella."

Paderewski sailed from Europe Saturday for his seventh American tour. His first concert in New York was given on November 17, 1891, in Carnegie Hall. That season he played 117 times. He returned the following year and gave 67 concerts in 26 cities. His other tours were in the seasons of 1895-6, 1899-1900, 1901-2, and 1904-5. The present tour is one of the most extensive that he has ever undertaken. It will last at least until the first of May. Already eighty appearances have been booked for him, and if he is willing to undertake more this number will be increased. This, however, is doubtful, as he does not care to play more than three times a week, except under extraordinary conditions, and his tour has been arranged with this limitation in view. In addition to his own new works he has added to his repertoire several pieces of importance, which he has never played in America. Among these are

Liszt's B minor sonata; Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 27, No. 1; Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor; two études and a nocturne by the same composer; Stojowski's "Chant d'Amour," and Lizst's transcription of Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu singen."

Art.

Public Baths and Wash-Houses: A treatise on their planning, design, arrangement, and fitting. By Alfred W. S. Cross, pp. xii, 276; 274 illustrations, New York: Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.

The public bath is a much more important institution in Europe than among us. The abundance of bathing facilities in American houses and hotels, as well as in clubs, gymnasiums, Young Men's Christian Association buildings, and public institutions generally in the United States, has made it superfluous to provide at public expense—or for that matter at private cost as an investment—anything like the public bath houses to be found in every British and Continental town of importance. And yet, while the well-to-do American enjoys the most complete arrangements for bathing, the poorer and humbler laboring men and women are, as a rule, unprovided for. Only within the last ten or fifteen years has America awakened to this deficiency, and begun to erect for the congested districts in our cities, bath houses, with or without laundries, and equipped with modern sanitary appliances. In England and on the Continent, on the other hand, the public bathing establishments, frequented by all classes of society, are larger and far more important architecturally than any of those erected by American municipalities. Entrances, lobbies, waiting-rooms, and rest-rooms are treated with all the elegance possible, and the swimming-pools are often of great size, and housed in halls of considerable architectural splendor. With the present increased attention to the subject in this country any authoritative account of the highly developed foreign systems should find interested readers here.

The most comprehensive treatise on bath houses hitherto published is Felix Genzmer's "Bade und Schwimm-Anstalten," issued in 1899 by Bergsträsser in the Handbuch der Architekur series. But German books are serviceable to only a few Americans, and Mr. Cross's handsome volume has appeared at the right moment to attract the attention of American architects and municipal boards. Unfortunately, the title is misleading in omitting to prefix the qualifying adjective British. Not only does Mr. Cross write exclusively for the British public, and describe and illustrate only British bath houses and British practice—all of which is, of course, perfectly proper; but for him, apparently, there are no suggestions to be derived from Europe or America. Save for a single reference of less than two pages (pp. 100-102) to the Lassar spray bath and the New York Report on Baths of 1897, and a series of illustrations of an English design for "Baths at Maine, U. S. A.," (*sic*) there is not so much as a passing allusion to foreign practice.

Except for this limitation, he has written a thorough and painstaking compendium of British practice; and if the proportion of Mr. Cross's own designs described and illustrated seems a trifle too large, this at least assures one that the book is the outcome of a wide practical experience. The work is, indeed, solidly practical from beginning to end; the illustrations consist entirely of plans, elevations, sections, and details; and the chapters on equipment are cast in the form of technical specifications. The text takes up first of all the site and general arrangement of a public bath-house, with special discussion of the entrances and ticket-offices, and follows these with chapters on swimming-baths, private baths, spray baths, and public wash houses and laundries. Several chapters are devoted to details of construction and equipment, heating and lighting, administration and maintenance. Ample appendices set forth the most important acts of Parliament and regulations of the London County Council pertaining to buildings of this class. In the treatment of all these subjects emphasis is laid on the fundamentals of convenience, abundant light, systematic heating and sound construction. The author's conclusions are generally reasonable and clearly set forth.

Much of what he says should be suggestive for American architects. One feature which strikes the American reader is the duplication of the outfit for different classes: nearly every establishment has its first and second-class baths and plunges; some even a third-class division. In this respect the Germans are somewhat more democratic than the British. An evidence of British conservatism is seen in the persistence of the "slipper" or tub bath, as the normal unit of the bathing system. The spray bath and the needle bath are referred to as if they were foreign innovations, commendable perhaps, but not for that reason to be thought of as necessarily supplanting the time-honored, if unsanitary, public slipper tub. The architecture shown is rational, but not of great distinction or charm. Perhaps the most generally useful part of Mr. Cross's work is that relating to public swimming pools, in regard to which the English practice is in many ways far ahead of our own.

The book is a handsome imperial octavo, and, like most English technical works of its class, is excellently printed. It is furnished with tables of contents and an index which might have been more detailed, but is fairly complete. In spite of its limitations, the volume should be on the shelves of every technical library and of every architect who is likely to design bath houses.

Several books of the guide-book kind come to us which will prove more or less useful. The most pretentious, and the poorest, of these is Edith Harwood's "Notable Pictures in Rome" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Miss Harwood announces in her Introduction:

> Pictures have their own story to tell if we will allow them to talk to us. . . . Sometimes in happy hours they have told me far, far more than it is in my power to put into words, all that I can express is written in this book as an invitation to others to go and look for themselves.

After that one is a little surprised to find that nearly everything in the book that has interest is in quotation marks, though the source of the quotation is not always given. The volume contains, of course, a great deal of information, but it would be quite as readable and much handier if all the reflections and what little may pass for criticism were cut out.

The thin little book in the Modern Cicerone Series (Leipzig) on the Royal Picture Gallery at Dresden, by Prof. Hans W. Singer, is of convenient pocket size, is profusely illustrated, and the choice of a hundred and odd paintings, for comment, out of the nearly three thousand in the gallery, is intelligent, while the author's remarks are sensible. We can object only to the somewhat pedantic habit of speaking of all artists by their surnames, however unfamiliar, as Vicelli for Titian, Raibolini for Francia, and Gianuzzi for Giulio Romano, and to such Germanisms as Barock.

"The Umbrian Cities of Italy," by J. W. and A. M. Cruikshank (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is frankly a guide-book, though "it does not give information about the details of travel, nor . . . notice all monuments irrespective of their merit or interest." The plans for the identification of particular pictures in lavishly decorated churches or other buildings should prove very useful. The illustrations are good, though one regrets that so many of them are on a very small scale. The authors evidently know their ground well, and have covered it carefully. Such a statement as that the reliefs on the Cathedral of Orvieto "are the finest works executed south of the Alps since the great Greek masters," seems a trifle extreme when one thinks of Donatello and Michelangelo; but too much enthusiasm is preferable to none.

J. Walker McSpadden's "Famous Painters of America" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) is, in the author's own words, an attempt to find the man under the skin of the painter. In ours, it is a collection of personal gossip about eleven men who happened to be artists, from Benjamin West to Chase and Abbey. The general reader may find some mild entertainment in it—it makes no pretence to give any information about art.

Among the ruins of the ancient Greek city of Pagasæ, in Thessaly, a rare find has been made in the form of a grave monument, decorated, not as usual with reliefs, but with paintings. The fortunate excavator, H. Orwanitopoulos, distinguished four colors all of which are in excellent preservation. In view of the scanty materials at our command for a proper estimation of Greek painting and use of color, each new find of this kind is of great value. The stele is also decorated with ten interesting inscriptions.

A provisional account has appeared of the recent excavations at Tiryns carried on by the German Archæological Institute under the direction of Dr. W. Dörpfeld. The aim of the undertaking had been to investigate the layers of earth beneath the royal palace of Tiryns, and determine whether the site was inhabited in "pre-Mycenæan" times. The results of the campaign were so successful that the excavations are to be carried on during the coming season. The layers beneath the palace were found to have accumulated to a height of six metres, and four separate periods of habitation were distinguished, all antedating the royal palace. At the

southeast corner of the palace there was found a large number of terracottas, most of which seem to have belonged to the sanctuary of Hera, where they probably served as votive offerings Moreover, the "necropolis of Tiryns" for which Dörpfeld had formerly searched in vain was discovered in the neighhorhood of the modern station.

Another valuable discovery has been made on the Palatine in Rome. In the neighborhood of the temple erected by Augustus close to the royal palace, the remains of a colossal bronze horse have come to light. This is probably part of an equestrian statue, or from a monumental frieze of the temple of Victory. Prof. Dante Vaglieri, the director of the excavations on the Palatine, is busily occupied in trying to find further fragments of this monument. At the same time the Forum Romanum has yielded some interesting remains. The convent connected with the Church of Santa Francesca Romana, on the east side of the Forum, between the Basilica Constantine and the Arch of Titus, is being fitted out as a museum for the minor antiquities found on the Forum. In digging some foundations in connection with this new museum numerous marble fragments, parts of friezes, etc., were found which have been identified as belonging to the Arch of Titus. The presence of such fragments on this site is explained by the fact that in the Middle Ages, when most of the Forum was still unexcavated, the Convent Santa Maria Francesca was joined to the Arch of Titus by a series of buildings for which, according to the unscrupulous methods of that time, all available pieces from ancient monuments were used as building materials. G. Boni, the director of the Forum excavations, will investigate the fragments and decide whether the new finds are to be restored to the Arch of Titus or kept in the Forum Museum.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, acting in coöperation with Mrs. Saint-Gaudens, will hold a commemorative exhibition of the works of the late sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, early next year. Where originals cannot be secured, they will, so far as possible, be represented by casts, and if not by casts, by enlarged photographs.

The Charles Lawrence Hutchinson Gallery of Old Masters at the Art Institute of Chicago opened this week. It is named in honor of Mr. Hutchinson, on the completion of his twenty-fifth year as president of the Institute.

At the Wadsworth Athenæum in Hartford there are now on exhibition about 200 specimens of the early New England potters' art. These pieces, a loan from Albert Hastings Pitkin of Hartford, are one of the most complete collections of early American ware in the United States.

George Frederick Bodley, the English ecclesiastical architect, who, with Henry Vaugbn of Boston designed the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, now being built in Washington, died on October 21. Mr. Bodley was regularly entered at an early age as an apprentice with the famous Gilbert Scott, and during the five years' term of study he lived, according to the good old-fashioned tradition, in the house of his master. Scott drilled his pupil in a rigid convention of English Gothic, but Bodley later adopted a more gracious style. He was closely associated with the pre-Raphaelite movement. A church at Scarborough, England, designed by him earlier in his career, is decorated with cartoons by Madox Brown Burne-Jones, and Rossetti. It is said to have been through him that William Morris won his first opportunity to display his art in stained glass decoration. Apart from his professional interests, Mr. Bodley was a man of wide culture and attainments. He was an amateur musician of considerable ability, and a writer of verses as well. In 1899 he published a volume under the title "Poems." He was a Royal Academician (1902), and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

Finance.

HOUSE-CLEANING OF THE BANKS.

The action taken regarding the Mercantile National Bank, the National Bank of North America, the New Amsterdam National, the Consolidated National, and the Hamilton Bank, by the executive committee of the New York Associated Banks—commonly known as the "Clearing House Committee"—is of much wider importance than appears upon the surface. To most persons the fact that a national bank had been in danger, and that it had been saved by the intervention of this committee, will doubtless be the chief point of interest; and in the eyes of bank depositors and of investors generally the immediate significance of the fact is capital. In a general way, it bas been inferred that the stipulation of the Clearing House Committee that the existing directorate of the Mercantile National and certain directors and officers of the above mentioned affiliated institutions should resign, was due to last week's breakdown of an attempt to corner United Copper stock. It was, in fact, disclosure of the extent to which the Mercantile Bank's funds had been involved in that operation which brought the matter to a head. But the action of the Clearing House means a good deal more than correction of the mischief done in this single instance. It has to do with a series of events, dating back as far as 1901. It undertakes to deal with a state of affairs which has threatened the gravest danger to sound banking ever since that time.

During the riot of Wall Street promoting schemes, half a dozen years ago, attention was called repeatedly to the extravagant prices bid for the stock of New York banking institutions. At times these prices went so high as to give to purchasers of the stocks, at such figures and at prevailing dividends, a net yield little greater than 2 per cent. Part of the buying was ascribed to large financial interests, which, in Wall Street's view, were extending their influence over groups of financial institutions so as to fortify themselves in their ambitious "syndicate undertakings." Much of the movement, however, soon became traceable to financiers of distinctly second rate, and it was not long before the nature of their bank stock operations was discovered.

What they were doing was to buy a controlling interest in the stock of a moderate-sized New York bank, put up this stock as collateral for loans in another bank, and use the proceeds of such loans to buy stock in still other institutions—repeating the operation with each successive purchase. The practical result of this exploit was that a few capitalists of no great standing, actively engaged in speculative "industrial" schemes of their own, were gaining control of a group of banks through mere stock ownership on a margin. With this control, they packed the boards of directors in their own interest, and were naturally assumed to be using the funds of these deposit banks to support their own speculations.

It is hardly necessary to point out the imminent perils of that situation. To people conversant with the facts and at all experienced in banking history, the undertaking plainly foreshadowed the possible collapse of a "chain" of such institutions, at a moment when credit at large would thereby be most seriously deranged. Personal disaster to the affairs of one of these speculative bank owners, forcing liquidation of the loans for which the holdings of bank stock were pledged, might at any time have converged suspicion on the banks themselves—if, indeed, such suspicion did not come too late, after the men in control had gutted their banks' resources in a struggle to save themselves. This possibility of disaster has been known for six years past. If it be asked why no one interfered with these practices during all that time, the answer is, first, that no one outside of the national banking department had the right to examine the accounts of these banks and challenge the manner of control; second, that the very hazards involved in existing conditions rendered open accusation extremely perilous.

It was the fortunate side of last week's fall in United Copper that it gave the Clearing House Committee both the power to act and a proper opportunity for speaking out. The Mercantile Bank applied to the committee for assistance. As a necessary preliminary to such aid, the committee examined the institution's loans and collateral. It found, as there had been every reason to expect, that the speculative owners of at least this one of the "chain of banks" had been loading its surplus account with their own dubious securities. Refusing, very wisely, to stop with stipulations regarding the future control and management of this single institution, the trained and conservative bank officials of the Clearing House Committee took in hand all of the banks which had been drawn into this dangerous circle. They demanded peremptorily, not only resignations of certain directors in all of them, but the virtual retirement of Charles W. Morse, E. R. Thomas, and their immediate associates, from the New York banking field; and those gentlemen had no option but to submit.

How great the relief produced by this drastic handling few people who have not for six years past been watching this powder-mine, lying constantly open for the sparks of Wall Street speculation, can wholly appreciate. It is in many ways a logical and inevitable sequel to the divorcing of life insurance companies, by law, from relations with promoting syndicates, and the

prohibiting of ownership, by such companies, of banking institutions. That the overthrow of the mischievous "chain banking system" this month has been accomplished without appeal to the Legislature or the courts, and through the personal pressure of the Associated Banks themselves, is a most encouraging sign. It means that leadership in our bank affairs by men of experience and conservatism is confirmed and reinforced, and that the "new order of things in American finance," of which we heard so much in 1901, was simply the very old order of things known as unsound banking, which has now had its day and run its course as it did in a dozen earlier eras of Bubble Finance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Frank Frost. A Short Roman History. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Ames, Joseph B. The Treasure of the Canyon. Holt. $1.50.
Arrhenius, Svante. Immunochemistry. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Baker, Louise R. Bettie Porter Boardwalk Committee. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Banks, Talcott Miner. Poems. Irving Press.
Barbour, Ralph Henry. Tom, Dick, and Harriet. Century. $1.50.
Bartlett, Dana W. The Better City. Los Angeles: Neuner Company Press.
Bates, David Homer. Lincoln in the Telegraph Office. Century. $2 net.
Bennett, Ella C. Abelard and Heloise. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.
Binyon, Laurence. Attila. Dutton. $1 net.
Blackmar, Frank W. Economics for High Schools and Academies. Macmillan. $1.20 net.
Blanchard, Amy E. The Four Corners in California. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Brown, Helen Dawes. Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Bruce, Philip Alexander. Robert E. Lee. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Bryant, Sara Cone. Stories to Tell Children. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Calthrop, Dion Clayton. The Dance of Love. Holt. $1.50.
Caffin, Charles H. Old Spanish Masters. Century. $6 net.
Canfield, Dorothy. Gunhild. Holt. $1.50.
Canning, Albert S. G. British Writers on Classic Lands. A. Wessels Co. $2.25 net.
Carling, John R. By Neva's Waters. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Carpenter, John & Rue. Improving Songs for Anxious Children. Chicago: McClurg.
Case, E. C. Revision of the Pelycosauria of North America. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Chenoweth, Mrs. C. Van B. Stories of the Saints. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Church's Iliad for Boys and Girls. Macmillan. $1.50.
Clements, Frederic Edward. Plant Physiology and Ecology. Holt. $2.
Cox, J. Charles, and Alfred Harvey. English Church Furniture. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Crane, Walter. An Artist's Reminiscences. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Cronson, Bernard. Pupil Self-Government. Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.
Cutting, Mary Stewart. The Suburban Whirl. McClure Co.
Daheim-Kalender, 1908. Lemcke & Buechner.
Dalrymple, Julia. Little Me-Too. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 75 cents.
Dargan, Edwin Preston. The Æsthetic Doctrine of Montesquieu. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co.
Deland, Ellen Douglas. The Friendship of Anne. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Dewey, Davis R. National Problems. Harpers. $2 net.
Dickens's Seven Poor Travelers and The Holly Tree. Thumb-Nail Series. Century. $1.
Dow, Earle W. Atlas of European History. Holt. $1.50.
Durland, Kellogg. The Red Reign in Russia. Century. $2 net.
Eastman, Charles A. Old Indian Days. McClure Co.
Emerald and Ermine. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Erasmus Against War. Edited by J. W. Mackail. Boston: Merrymount Press.
Favorite Fairy Tales. Harpers.
Franklin Year Book. Compiled by Wallace Rice. Chicago: McClurg.
Fynn, A. J. The American Indian as a Product of Environment. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.
Gallon, Tom. The Cruise of the Make-Believes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Garland, Hamlin. Money Magic. Harpers. $1.50.
Gilder, Richard Watson. The Fire Divine. Century.
Golden Thoughts from Sir Thomas Browne. Edited by Herbert Ives. John Lane Co. 50 cents net.
Haggard, H. Rider. Margaret. Longmans.
Haines, Alice Calhoun. The Luck of the Dudley Grahams. Holt. $1.50.
Halbach, Maude M. Dalmatia. Lane. $1.50 net.
Hamp, Sidford F. The Boys of Crawford's Basin. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Harriman, Karl Edwin. Sadie. Appletons. $1.50.
Henry, O. Heart of the West. McClure Co.
Hill, Frederick Trevor. Decisive Battles of the Law. Harpers. $2.25 net.
Hoffman's Meister Martin der Küfner und Seine Gesellen. Edited by Robert H. Fife, jr. Holt. 35 cents.
Holland, Clive. Things Seen in Egypt. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Howden, J. R. The Boys' Book of Locomotives. McClure Co.
Jones, Harry C., and others. Conductivity and Viscosity in Mixed Solvents. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Knowles, F. M. A Cheerful Year-Book. Holt.
Lefèvre, Félicité. The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Lincoln Year Book. Compiled by Wallace Rice. Chicago: McClurg.
Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. Thumb-Nail Series. Century. $1.
Lucas, E. V. The Gentlest Art. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Maccunn, Florence A. Mary Stuart. Dutton. $2.
Madden, Eva. Two Royal Foes. McClure Co. $1.25.
McIsaac, Isabel. Nursing Technique. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
McMahan, Anna B. Shakespeare's Christmas Gift to Queen Bess. Chicago: McClurg.
Malvery, Clive Christian. The Soul Market. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Marx, W. J. For the Admiral. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Matthews, F. H. The Principles of Intellectual Education. Putnams.
Meade, L. T. The Colonel's Conquest. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Meyer, Hugo Richard. The British State Telegraphers. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Miller, Olive Thorne. Harry's Runaway and What Came of it. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Mincoff, Elizabeth and Margaret S. Marriage. Pillow Lace. Dutton. $5 net.
Morgan, G. Campbell. The Parables of the Kingdom. Revell. $1 net.
Noyes, Arthur A. The Electrical Conductivity of Aqueous Solutions. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Olney, Oliver. The Novelty Circus Company. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Payne, William Morton. The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Holt. $2 net.
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart. Walled In. Harpers. $1.50.
Pickard, Samuel T. Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Porfirio Diaz and His Work. City of Mexico.
Porter, Eleanor H. Cross Currents. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.
Porter, Rose. Women's Thoughts for Women. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents.
Poulsson, Emilie. Father and Baby Plays. Century Co. $1.25.
Pyle, Katharine, and Laura S. Porter. Theodora. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.
Reed, Helen Leah. Napoleon's Young Neighbor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Renan's Ma Sœur Henriette. Edited by William F. Giese. Holt. 35 cents.
Rhodes, Harrison. The Flight to Eden. Holt. $1.50.
Rollins, Frank West. What Can a Young Man Do? Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.
Roman Journals of Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Rosengarten, J. G. French Colonists and Exiles in the United States. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Saint Mary's Falls Canal: Semicentennial. 1905. Edited by Charles Moore. Detroit, Mich.: Semi-Centennial Commission.
Sangster, Margaret E. The Queenly Mother. Revell. $1.50 net.
Schaff, Morris. The Spirit of Old West Point. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. A Fountain Sealed. Century Co.
Sheehan, P. A. Lisheen. Longmans. $1.50.
Smith, Nora Archibald. The Adventures of a Doll. McClure Co.
Sowerby, Githa. Childhood. Duffield. $1.50.
Sparks, Edwin Erle. National Development. Harpers. $2 net.
Stevenson, Robert L. The Sea Fogs. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.
Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey. Thumb-Nail Series. Century. $1.
Storm, Theodore. Immensee. Chicago. McClurg.
Taggart, Marion Ames. Six Girls and the Tea Room. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. . $1.50.
Taggart, Marion Ames. The Daughters of the Little Grey House. McClure Co.
Thanksgiving. Edited by Robert H. Schauffler. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Theodore M. Davis' Excavations. The Tomb of Iouiya and Touiyou. Dutton. $12.50 net.
Victorian Anthology. Edited by William Knigbt. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Villani's Chronicle. Translated by Rose E. Selfe. Dutton. $2 net.
Wade, Mary Hazelton. Building the Nation. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. 75 cents.
Wade, Mary Hazelton. The Indian Hunters. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.
Warren, Waldo Pondray. Thoughts on Business. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.
Waters, Robert. Culture by Conversation. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Watson, John (Ian Maclaren). God's Message to the Human Soul. Revell. $1.25 net.
Weyman, Stanley J. Laid up in Lavender. Longmans.
White, Stewart Edward. Camp and Trail. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
White, Stewart Edward. The Blazed Trail. McClure Co. $1.50.
Whyte, Christina Gowans. Niua's Career. Macmillan. $1.50.
Woodberry, George Edward. Great Writers. McClure Co.
Woodrow, Mrs. Wilson. The New Missioner. McClure Co.
Worsley, A. Concepts of Monism. A. Wessels Co. $6.30.
Wright, Wilmer Cave. A Short History of Greek Literature. American Book Co.
Young, Egerton R. The Battle of the Bears. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1907.

The Week.

People are asking if this is to be known as the "Roosevelt panic." That is comparatively unimportant. The certain and significant thing is that it will be known as a Republican and high-tariff panic. Protest as Republicans may, they will be held responsible. And it will be not only poetic but political justice that they should be. Out of their own mouths, the Republican party and the Dingleyites will stand condemned. They fixed in 1896 the standard by which they cannot escape being judged. In the party platform they referred to the panic of 1893, and the hard times following, and squarely charged the entire accountability to the party in control of the national government. Not one word did they utter about the hand of the Lord having been heavy upon the country in crop failures; not a syllable was admitted about the unwise fiscal measures, and the dishonest silver legislation, for which the Republican party was directly responsible, and which all impartial students of the time agree had a great deal to do with the financial disturbances that came later. No; it was the Democratic Administration which, the Republicans fervently alleged in 1896, had "precipitated panic" and "halted enterprise." And the political inference was stated with merciless logic:

> Every consideration of public safety and individual interest demands that the Government be rescued from the hands of those who have shown themselves incapable of conducting it . . . and shall be restored to the party which for thirty years administered it with unequalled success and *prosperity*.

Now, what are the Republicans going to do when the Democrats hand them back their poisoned chalice? What, above all, are they going to say about the tariff as an infallible and magical creator of wealth and guarantor of prosperity? A great emergency has come, and the high tariff is seen to be of no avail whatever. Yet if there is a word of truth in what has been said by Republicans all these years, the tariff is the first thing everybody should have been turning to in the crisis. Is it not high customs duties which keep wages high and everybody employed, make the trade balance favorable, and stuff the banks with money? But in an "off" year, with no political bugaboo to interfere with the beneficent workings of the high tariff, the advance agent of prosperity has been replaced by the bill collector of adversity. Whatever other effects the panic may have, it has at least opened the way to attack the tariff question in statesmanlike fashion, without having to face the old abuse and prejudice and idolatrous ignorance.

The issue of Clearing House loan certificates, on which the New York banks decided Saturday, and in which they have been followed by banks in the other principal cities, is a wise and salutary step. The two most familiar objections to the expedient arise from the facts that authorization of bills of credit in lieu of cash for payment of balances between banks is public confession that cash reserves are in some banks insufficient; and that the plan involves the lending of cash resources by strong banks to weak associates. Neither objection has any validity at the present juncture. Announcement of deficiency in the cash holdings of a few institutions could hardly add anything to the public knowledge, and therefore could not act as a cause for further misgiving. As for the compulsory support of smaller by larger institutions, public declaration of a purpose of that sort is exactly what the people want. We trust, however, that the issue of the certificates by the Clearing House Committee will be restricted jealously to actual and manifest needs. Their use, thus limited under the leadership of that master of bank finance of the higher order, the late Frederick D. Tappen, in the financial flurries of 1884 and 1890, had only good results, and brought order out of chaos almost within an hour. Their issue in a much larger sum during the prolonged financial strain of 1893, brought troubles—a result, however, of two causes, neither of which ought to operate to-day. One of these was the profusion with which the certificates were allotted to banks which might have done without them. The second cause was the desperate state of affairs in the banking centres of the West, a consequence, not of the "New York panic," but of the semi-insolvent condition into which Western industry had fallen. The farm communities especially, loaded with debt, strewn with the wrecks of mortgage companies, confronted with slack demand and low prices for their crops, were forced to call home their bank money from the East. The sign of the times was the run of half-ruined depositors on these Western institutions, and the resultant run of the Western banks on their New York depositories. But to-day the West is richer than ever before. Our wheat and cotton, for which we could hardly find a market in the distresses of fourteen years ago, are demand by the whole outside world. Whether Europe wishes to send prompt relief or not to our troubled money markets, Europe will in reality have no option. It must have our surplus wheat and cotton, and it must pay cash for them.

The runs on the trust companies last week are in part due to the fact that some years ago they entered a field—that of general banking—which had not been contemplated in the law. Originally they were designed to discharge, through the medium of incorporated companies, the duties devolved upon trustees. The law had therefore left open to trust companies all such branches of investment as would be open to an individual trustee; and these branches naturally included many investments prohibited to deposit banks. The reason for the distinction was that the banks, subject to instant call for cash by their depositors, could not be permitted investments which they could not quickly turn into money; whereas the trust companies, as the law conceived them, were subject to no such instantaneous demands. Further, the banks were required by law to keep on hand, in cash, 7 to 25 per cent. of their deposit liabilities, in order to be at all times reasonably ready to meet the call of depositors, while no cash reserve whatever was required by the trust company act. Ten or a dozen years ago, however, many of the trust companies accepted deposits subject to call—in other words, undertook to carry on without the proper restrictions exactly the kind of business which the banks were doing. The peril of such a state of things did not fail to impress conservative financiers. The New York City Associated Banks, in April, 1903, broke ground by requiring every outside institution which "cleared" its checks through banks in the Clearing House to keep in its vaults a 15 per cent. reserve. Rather than submit to dictation by the banks, all but three trust companies withdrew from Clearing House connections. The scene then shifted to Albany, where the Wainwright bill was passed in April, 1906, requiring trust companies in this city to maintain a reserve amounting to 15 per cent. of their deposits, of which at least one-third must be actual cash in vault, with option to put the remaining two-thirds, in equal parts, in the form of municipal bonds and in deposits with other banks or trust companies. Such is the present law. It is very imperfect—chiefly because it does not discriminate between companies largely engaged in trust business pure and simple, and companies which are merely deposit banks under

another name. Furthermore, it accomplishes nothing at all in the way of regulating investment of demand deposits. Last week's events are a serious warning that the time has come when the trust company law should be radically remodelled, with the purpose of separating the trust branch of the business from the simple banking branch, and of imposing on the latter the limitations and requirements imposed on the banks themselves.

An added sign that the Administration is a little nervous about the dispatch of the fleet to the Pacific, and desires to allay fears on that score, is furnished by Secretary Root's statement on Saturday. Mr. Root is usually the physician called in when the case takes a grave turn. When he is seen to drive up, people know that the family is anxious. His phrasing is certainly skilful. There is nothing, he says, in our relations with Japan which should make the sailing of the battleships to the Pacific a threat, any more than our keeping them in the Atlantic would be a threat to England or Germany. This is more reassuring, in its statement of fact, than it is ingenuous in covering the exact circumstances of the decision to send the ships. The thing was first bruited about as a war measure. Because it was, the President put out an official announcement that he had no thought of ordering the battleships to the Pacific. Then, in a few days, he suddenly changed his mind. That was the suspicious fact that caused all the flurry, and made Europeans think the move distinctly minatory. Hence Mr. Root would be much more soothing if he were able to go on and say, with the *Army and Navy Register*, that the President is "quite capable of ordering all the navy around the world, simply because it occurs to him to do so."

Mr. Bryan's series of religious addresses, in this city last Sunday, reveal him in a very engaging light. They also help one to understand his political character. It was long ago remarked that Mr. Bryan is, by nature, a preacher. He has the exhorter's impulse, with his effusive and unstudied language. His deepest instinct is the desire to convert somebody. That is one reason, probably, why he does not shrink from encountering such tremendous odds. A party, or a nation, opposed to him, he appears to think of mainly as a great gathering of sinners whom he may hope to turn from the error of their ways. Any evangelist with a burning heart would jump at the chance, and so does Mr. Bryan. In one of his sermons of Sunday, however, he rather pathetically admitted that there was a sharp difference between religion and politics, in at least one respect. In the political world, you have to persuade a majority to be of your way of thinking, or you cannot accomplish much. In religious work, here and there an individual saved may be accounted success. The religious motto, "One with God is a majority," is scarcely for the really successful politician. He, on the contrary, has to look after the one that makes the majority—"ce maudit numéro un," as Marshal MacMahon called the single deputy who carried the republic in the Constitution.

"The army could not be worse off," Congressman J. A. F. Hull, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, is quoted as saying. Its condition, he declares, is "desperate." This admission is exceedingly interesting. Never in any similar period of time has there been so much and such radical legislation for the army as has been written upon the statute books during the time that Mr. Hull has held his chairmanship, and yet the dissatisfaction in every grade in the army is greater today than ever before. Now, this is not merely because of the rise in the cost of living; nor will it be cured by the generous and deserved increase in the pay of officers and men which Mr. Hull proposes. Nor is it due in any large degree to the legislation which Mr. Hull has been so instrumental in shaping. Among the officers the most demoralizing influence has been political and personal favoritism. This same Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee in 1901 pitchforked into the army as a full major his own hopeful son, twenty-seven years of age, and had the satisfaction of seeing him advanced to lieutenant-colonel two years later. Of course, Major Hull at once took precedence over 1,231 captains—many of twenty years' service; 1,018 first lieutenants, and 850 second lieutenants. A year ago Senator Warren, Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, succeeded in having son-in-law Capt. Pershing made a brigadier-general over the heads of 862 officers of higher rank and longer service. Mr. Hull does not refer to these facts and to the many others like them; yet they are the most powerful reason for the discontent among the officers, who feel that the pull is mightier than the sword.

Ever since the House of Representatives began to decline in prestige, various suggestions for its rehabilitation have at intervals been put forward. Representative Boutell of Illinois now proposes to restore the glory of the House by hiring carpenters to remodel the chamber in which it sits. He would take out all the desks, reduce the size of the hall by one-half, and build tiers of seats facing each other and extending from the Speaker's desk to the door. Mr. Boutell explains:

> Under such a plan the members who do not care to take part in discussions on the floor would have the alternative of sitting silent on the benches or leaving the House altogether. The House, being divided, each half facing the other, and everybody within easy speaking distance of everybody else, discussion would be a pleasure, and much more interesting than now. Bellowing across the hall would give way to a quiet discussion of the points involved in a bill. Change the hall and you will change the method of discussion.

Change the method of discussion, he implies, and you will change the current opinion about the House and its pretensions. That the huge area of the present hall, one-half of which is devoted to desks alone, has markedly influenced the recent history of that body, is unquestionably true. It has given a tremendous advantage to the member of great physical powers, who can make himself heard. In any legislative body the onus of general debate is bound to fall on a relatively small group of men of special ability; but in our House men who have the requisite talent, and who, given the chance, could make their way in a body like the Senate, are shut out for physical reasons. The Congressman whose larynx has not developed with his cerebrum is condemned practically to silence. Under existing conditions the men who appear to best advantage in a forensic contest conducted under all the handicaps of the Washington rules, fail to make an impression elsewhere. Audiences at Madison Square Garden or Cooper Union listen to some noted Congressman and wonder how such an inferior speaker ever managed to win a reputation. They would understand if they could see the man in his Congressional environment.

If financial troubles distracted attention from the great balloon "race" last week, they ought not to make people forget that similar aerial performances date back more than half a century. Indeed, the distance covered by the Pommern, 876½ miles, was much shorter than the best American record, made as long ago as July, 1859, by John Wise. In company with three other men, he journeyed from St. Louis to Henderson, Jefferson County, New York, a distance of 1,150 miles, and the time of the flight was only 19 hours and 50 minutes, which means that this balloon travelled for long periods at the rate of a mile a minute. This record was not surpassed until the Count de la Vaulx's journey of 1,200 miles from Paris to Russia a couple of years ago. Obviously, so far as the ordinary gas balloon is concerned, we are witnessing merely a revival of interest after a lapse of fifty years. Not even our aero clubs are a new departure: a European aeronautic society was form-

ed in 1853. The kind of contest we should like to see would be a New York-to-Chicago race of dirigible balloons—a fair test over a thousand-mile course. According to all reports of European efforts to navigate the air, Count Zeppelin's balloon seems to have been the most successful, to have manœuvred most easily, and made the best headway against a strong wind. Its highest speed is thirty miles an hour, and under ordinary conditions it can land in a smooth field; but if it should be caught out in a severe gale, it would have to run for its specially constructed shelter or hide behind some large structure or natural protection. The inability of the Wellman airship to make headway against a wind of more than fifteen miles an hour led to its recent failure to start for the Pole. After the Nulli Secundus made its trip over London, it could not return. The problem here is plain: how to increase the engine's power without adding seriously to the weight.

If the new prohibition movement has done nothing else, it has brought on the disreputable saloonkeeper the wrath of the better element in bis vocation. The Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of this State passed resolutions last week urging "the passage of laws which shall make the granting of a license to sell liquors dependent in large measure upon the character and reputation of the applicant," and also praying "that the present laws be changed to the end that the business may be ultimately conducted by men of recognized character and standing in the community." It may be noted in passing that, judged by this standard, our precious Raines law is no more satisfactory to the liquor-selling interest than to the temperance reformers. But, in general, the growing habit of blaming the disreputable saloonkeeper, and not the Puritan and the busybody, for the present renewal of agitation and hostile legislation, is on every account a good thing. Doubtless, the brewers, distillers, and wholesalers could, if they were sufficiently in earnest about it, put some of their disreputable dependents out of business. But much as the urbane, benevolent, discreet, and respectable tavern-keeper of fiction and the stage might do to regenerate his business and stop the flood of "sumptuary laws," we fear it will take more than a set of resolutions to produce him in the body.

The cause of scientific forestry the country over will profit by the splendid gift to Harvard University of 2,000 acres of valuable forest land, which has just been announced. There is no better timber in Massachusetts than stands on this tract near Petersham, a town that has long profited by the scientific methods of forestry in use on that property. So far as the university is concerned, its friends maintain that this gives it the best equipment for practical as well as theoretic instruction to be found anywhere in the country, when taken in connection with the great resources of the Arnold Arboretum, in the field of forest botany. If Harvard has been later than other colleges—Yale, for instance—in establishing forestry as a subject of university training, its present attitude shows that no great university will hereafter be complete which does not include the study and care of trees in its curriculum. For the present the forestry work at Harvard will belong to the new Graduate School of Applied Science, and students will be required to reside for a part of every year in the Petersham forests—a vast change from the days when going to Harvard meant almost monastic seclusion in Cambridge.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech in Scotland against the Lords was at least exceedingly canny. He was able to appeal strongly to Scottish pride. One of the bills which the Lords threw out was a land bill for Scotland; and Sir Henry was able to make great play on local feeling by showing how the wishes of the Scottish representatives had been trampled upon by the House of Lords, and how "my Lord Lansdowne had abolished or dried up the Tweed." The Prime Minister was characteristically adroit also in his use of Lord Rosebery. That sulking Liberal leader has, it is well known, made himself disliked of late by a large section of the party, and there were even cries of "Traitor Rosebery" while Sir Henry was speaking; but the latter simply brought out Rosebery's resolution against the Lords, twelve years ago, and gave it his blessing. Of course, this is the dead season, politically, in England, and nothing will be done till Parliament meets. It is highly significant, however, that the Prime Minister should have put reform of the Lords in the forefront of his coming programme, and announced that he would soon be ready, if necessary, to take an appeal to the country on that issue.

According to a part of the Parisian press, the future may see an important modification in the terms of the alliance between France and Russia. The latter, it is asserted, is now endeavoring to bring about the annulment of its obligation to maintain a certain armed strength on the German frontier, ready for coöperation with France in case of Franco-German hostilities. Russia's forces in her western provinces were withdrawn in the course of the war with Japan, and the Czar's government is described as reluctant to proceed with the reoccupation of the denuded frontier, on the ground that the international situation no longer makes such precautions necessary. The question is now being discussed in Paris. That Russia is prepared to risk the rupture of the French alliance is, of course, scarcely to be maintained, since her need of French money is as great as it ever was. On the other hand, it may very well be that the Russian government has been seized with the ambition of regaining the rôle of peacemaker of Europe, and with that end in view has thought it worth while to relax the tension of the French alliance in order to conciliate Germany. Indeed, for a Power whose prestige only two years ago was considered as non-existent, Russia seems to be looming up with remarkable strength. Fortified by the agreement with Great Britain, in amicable relations with Germany, financially bound up with France, renewedly active as co-agent with Austria in Macedonia, the Czar's Empire has once more demonstrated its immense reserves of vitality.

The fever of constitutionalism has reached Abyssinia, and Emperor Menelik is reported to have organized a Cabinet on the European model. That the reform movement will not stop there is attested by the intimate relations which Menelik bas established with the European Powers, and his endeavors, sincere though cautious, to bestow on his subjects the advantages of European civilization. The Abyssinians are now being referred to as the Japanese of Africa, and there is, in fact, a parallel to be drawn between the two nations. It is not merely that both were only a short time ago chiefly thought of in connection with musical comedy, and now have a victory over a great European nation to their credit, but that in Abyssinia, as in Japan, the system of feudal loyalty, when turned to modern uses, has shown itself capable of developing a surprising vigor. Abyssinia really has a future, because her safety is not only guarded by some ten million inhabitants of warlike stock, but is guaranteed also by a number of conventions with the European Powers. Last December, Great Britain, France, and Italy entered into a treaty pledging themselves to respect the territorial integrity of the empire and to abstain from intervention in its internal affairs. Germany has recently been successful in cultivating the Emperor's favor, and altogether European rivalry in that corner of Africa is such as to insure the Ethiopian nation its continued independence. To England, especially, friendly coöperation is necessary with the Power that largely controls the water supply of the Nile, and through whose territory the Cape-to-Cairo Railway will ultimately pass.

FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Secretary Cortelyou, in his statement last week appealing for calmness in facing the financial crisis, asked for the "coöperation of the press." This implies that newspaper sensationalism has done much to provoke and inflame that "state of mind" which is always at the bottom of a run on a bank, or a panic. And the implication is undoubtedly true. Some of the newspapers have behaved very badly. They have treated the strain on credit, with its resulting acute anxiety, as if it were a thing to be bellowed about like a prize fight or a society scandal or a murder. They have recklessly published rumor for fact, and made flaunting display of information which came to them confidentially. After the second day, however, even the worst offenders among them began to wear a chastened air. In one way or another, it was brought home to them that hysterical or provocative treatment of such a trouble is a public outrage. Hence their new and grateful soberness.

We do not perceive, however, why anybody should have been astonished at the inflammatory course of certain newspapers. It is all of a piece with what they have been doing for years. Every event has undergone its exaggeration or distortion at their hands. Their admired specialty has been to make a whooping sensation, and with so good a chance as peril to the property of millions, why should they stay their hand? And why, too, should their readers and patrons who have sat without a protest under their brawling sensationalizing of all news for so long, now suddenly grow indignant and say that it is time something were done to make the newspapers decent? The life of any newspaper is at the mercy of the community. If firm pressure and threats can make a foaming yellow editor sober down, when vast financial interests are at stake; if the artificial "cholera scare" in this city in 1892 could be stopped in the newspapers, and hence in the public mind, by the representations of advertisers, it is plain that all of the responsibility does not rest upon the heedless or mercenary journalist. Part of it must lie with the careless or callous people who suffer him to go on his way, not only unrebuked, but flattered and enriched. Those who are now temporarily enraged with a conscienceless and demoralizing press would do well to pin this moral in their hats. It might help them to be permanently angry. And that would mean a permanent and all-round cure.

Beyond the newspapers, however, many are looking to another source of responsibility for our present troubles. There is some open, and a great deal of private, attack upon President Roosevelt as the ultimate cause of it all. He it is, said an officer of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, who has broken down the credit system of the country. And last week, at Chicago, a letter was read at the Trust Conference from August Belmont, in which he laid the responsibility for our financial troubles upon the President of the United States.

Now, we are compelled to grant that a certain measure of blame attaches to Mr. Roosevelt. He, too, has been sensational in his methods of dealing with vast questions which require, above all things, dispassionate and sober treatment. He has been too excited, too sweeping, too ill advised in the speeches he has delivered within the past few weeks. At a time when he should have displayed great reserve and self-control, he has been far too talkative and impetuous. Furthermore, as the head of a party which has guaranteed unruffled prosperity to the country, the President cannot but be involved. Washington dispatches represent him as determined to do everything possible to afford relief to the situation, since he does not want his Administration to be "dimmed" by financial disturbance. Party politics being what they are, all this is inevitable, and is admitted; but when men go further and assert that Mr. Roosevelt is chiefly accountable for what has occurred in this city during the past ten days, the thing becomes an absurdity.

It was not Mr. Roosevelt who attempted to corner United Copper. It was not he who obtained control of a chain of banks, purely for speculative purposes. It was not his name that had long stood as the symbol of all that is suspect and abhorrent to sound and honest bankers. No; it was the Heinzes, the Morses, the Thomases, and their breed, who, by their gambling and piratical use of the machinery of credit, brought on its disorder. Imprudent as the President may have been in his public utterances, he might have talked till doomsday without causing a thousandth part of the trouble which these highwaymen of finance precipitated in a single day.

We have not refrained, and shall not refrain, from criticising the President. But he, though mistaken, is at least honest. He is not trying to line his pockets with filched money. He is not seeking to impose upon the public by glittering bubbles of financial schemes which are certain to collapse and bring ruin to all concerned. Nor was it the President who laid his hand upon one set of fiduciary institutions after another, to pervert them to nefarious ends. We cannot charge everything to the Big Stick when there has all the while been at work the Big Grab. The President must accept his fair share of blame; the newspapers must shoulder theirs; but the true and damning responsibility rests with the men whose greed and cunning and shameless plots to overreach the public have created the fear lest more of our financial institutions may prove to be as rotten as theirs.

BRITAIN'S SUBJECT RACES.

Discontent with British rule shows no signs of abating in Egypt, and is increasing in India. Calcutta has been the scene of riots in which the Bengali seems to have belied his traditional reputation for want of courage. The prosecution of native lawyers and educators for preaching sedition has produced no pacifying effect; the tone of the native press is uncompromising; the colleges and higher schools are hotbeds of revolutionary agitation. Just how serious a turn of affairs do these symptoms prognosticate? Tory opinion in Great Britain professes to believe that the worst may be feared, and urges a bold policy of repression. The London *Times* publishes in daily instalments a history of the Sepoy Rebellion, with the evident intention of frightening the British public. The Government of India is about to enact a stringent law for the regulation of public meetings, from which it would appear that John Morley himself is not free from anxiety. Radical opinion is outraged by the public whipping of a Hindu student at the order of a magistrate. The situation is evidently ticklish.

An interesting phase of the latest developments in India is connected with the activity of Keir Hardie, the veteran leader of the Labor Party in the British Parliament, who has been travelling through the Bengal provinces and delivering what conservative opinion regards as highly inflammatory speeches. According to the native press, he has been telling his auditors that the condition of eastern Bengal is worse than that of Russia, and "that the atrocities committed by officials would, if they were known, evoke more horror in England than the Turkish outrages in Armenia." At Barisal, on the last day of September, he declared that "he would do his best to make India a self-governing colony, like Canada; what was good for the Canadians must be good for the Indians." Needless to say, Mr. Hardie's declarations have been received by the Bengali Nationalists with the greatest enthusiasm. Individual advocates of their rights the natives of India have had before this among liberal-minded Englishmen, but never so thorough-going a champion. "God sent Mr. Keir Hardie," declares one native organ, "whose advent will demolish the gigantic conspiracy against the Hindus."

If the position taken by Keir Hardie should prove to be that of the entire Labor Party in Parliament, British colonial policy will have entered on a new phase. It has been the accepted rule of English political life that Imperial problems shall be kept entirely outside of domestic party politics. Whether Conservatives or Liberals have been in power, the affairs of India and of Egypt have been conducted with almost

the same uniformity as Great Britain's naval policy. The upsetting of the two-party system at the last general election, the appearance of a powerful third element, which in many instances refuses to be bound by political tradition, means that the separation of domestic and Imperial administrations may not in the future be so rigidly preserved as hitherto. Already Keir Hardie has moved in the House of Commons that the Indian budget be discussed in the same manner as any other appropriations bill; in other words, that the government of India be made responsible to Parliament for every one of its acts, just as any of the home departments. That was too radical a proposition to be seriously entertained—Mr. Morley himself has declared that in the last resort British rule in India must remain absolute—but the mere advocacy of this view in the House must make it increasingly difficult to deal with discontent in India.

In Egypt there has been no actual disorder, but the Nationalist agitation cannot be overlooked. The Nationalist demands, as formulated by the leader of the party, Mustapha Kamel Pasha, include the establishment of a Parliament competent to deal with the affairs of justice, public instruction, and internal administration, the creation of an "active" —instead of a puppet—Ministry, responsible to Parliament; the restriction of the present absolute authority of the English Financial Adviser, the reform of the educational system, so as to provide for the restoration of the Arabic language and the more efficient training of the Egyptians for the work of governing themselves; and the substitution of natives for Europeans in the various departments of government. On, September 14, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the occupation of Cairo by the English, Mustapha Kamel Pasha addressed an open letter to Campbell-Bannerman in which he boldly put forth the claim for national independence. As early as 1896, Gladstone had declared that the hour for evacuating Egypt had already struck; and as for the Egyptians being unfit to govern themselves, the present Premier had himself declared that "good government could never be a substitute for self-government." Whether Egypt be materially prosperous or not under British rule, argued Mustapha Kamel, is beside the question. "Chains of slavery are chains, whether they be of gold or of iron."

Great Britain is thus confronted with the grave question whether it can continue to deny—not independence, for that is out of the question—but a generous measure of self-government to its subjects in India and Egypt. The argument of Oriental incapacity, even for partial self-rule, will hardly hold now, in view of what is going on all over the East. If Persia may experiment with parliamentary institutions under present British and Russian protection, why should not India and Egypt be given the same opportunity under Britain's Imperial ægis? Movement in that direction is now conditioned by a double force—the general stirring of the Oriental peoples as a result of the Russo-Japanese war, and the appearance in British politics of the radical Labor Party.

PROTECTION OF BIRD-BREEDING.

There are still too many amateur hunters who deplete the woods and fields of animal life for the market and the milliners, or for "sport"; but their excesses are being gradually curbed by influential associations and clubs. The National Association of Audubon Societies has been particularly active during the year by campaigning in no fewer than forty State Legislatures for protective laws; and its efforts are increasingly supported by appeals from the farmers and fruit-growers, as well as the cotton-growers, who now concede that birds are the best means of checking the boll-weevil and other pests. New Jersey has a new association for the special protection of game birds, the strongest supporters of which are members of gun clubs, who realize the full import of the remark made at their first meeting by Dr. A. K. Fisher of the United States Biological Survey, that at present more wild birds are killed every year than are produced.

While all laws forbidding the indiscriminate slaughter of useful or ornamental birds must be welcomed, the trouble with such regulations is that they are exceptionally difficult to enforce. Wardens are few, and not many private individuals care to turn informers; so the evil is only partly checked. Under these circumstances it would seem that the efforts of the clubs should be exerted more especially in the direction of increasing the number of birds. In that line a good deal has already been accomplished by the Audubon and other societies, which have secured islands and other reserves in various parts of the country, from Maine to Louisiana, where land birds and water fowl can breed in safety. In the Gulf of Mexico, for instance, the Audubon Society has secured eighteen islands, and near them is the Federal reservation of seven more islands. Texas, which is believed to harbor nearly every bird at home in this country, and in which a single hunter confessed to having marketed 10,000 dozen robins in one year, is being converted into a vast bird and game preserve; and within a week President Roosevelt has created four bird and animal reserves on the Pacific Coast. A great deal more, however, remains to be done if the bird population the country over is to increase instead of decreasing. As to the means for thus turning the tables, some interesting suggestions have been made by a German, Dr. Konrad Guenther, author of a book entitled "Der Darwinismus und die Probleme des Lebens."

He begins by commending the use of Christmas trees as a means of attracting and feeding birds in winter. The tree should be placed on a balcony or roof, and on its branches should be poured, in a liquid state, a mixture of lard and diverse seeds or cereals. The mixture congeals and attracts birds of all kinds—often rare and beautiful specimens, the sight of which pays for all the trouble. This, however, is merely a palliative measure, and is not needed for the insectivorous birds, which usually winter in the South. Dr. Guenther is convinced that the rigors of winter alone would not decimate the birds. Nay, he goes so far as to express doubts whether the wholesale slaughter of them by man is the main cause of the rapid decline in their numbers. The Italians to the present day regard birds gastronomically only, and not æsthetically or agriculturally. "Uccelli" of diverse kinds are seldom absent from their menus. Yet, to take the quail as an illustration, the vast numbers of them eaten in Italy do not account for the shortage in Germany, for Eckstein has shown that the German quail mostly come from Africa via Spain, which has greatly lessened their slaughter by laws forbidding the export of the dead or captured birds. The Germans, too, used to regard birds chiefly from the point of view of epicures, and to destroy them in vast quantities; yet there was no appreciable diminution in numbers until the early part of the last century. Laws were then enacted for their protection, but largely in vain.

What brought about this change? Undoubtedly the increasing value and cultivation of the land. Swamps, the nesting places of many species of birds, were drained, cleared, and ploughed. Heath and other brush, which also harbored myriads of nests, were everywhere cut to the ground, in the fields and even in the forests. Thus the birds lost their breeding places—except those which make their homes in houses and stables; and these did not decrease in numbers; nor did the crows and other birds that nest in the high trees, of which plenty remain. The inference is clear. If we would have more birds, we must restore to them their former opportunities for nesting, must give them back, not the swamps—that is impossible—but the brush, which is easy. An interesting experiment in this direction was made along the Magdeburg-Halberstadt Railway. Brush was planted on one side, and, notwithstanding the fact that birds are inclined to avoid new grounds, there was found to be a nest every thirty metres. Similar results were obtained on the Gera-Eich-

ichter Railway. In a distance of twenty kilometres more than 700 nests were discovered. Now, inasmuch as Germany has more than 42,000 kilometres of railway, a general application of this plan would yield a million and a half of nests, or double that number if the brushwood were planted on both sides. Allowing four eggs to a nest, that would mean an annual flock of 12,000,000 birds rising from the ugly and maligned railways, like lotos flowers from the slime of the ponds.

In this country, where the land is not yet so crowded as in Germany, there would be no special cause for preferring railway lines. Bird-lovers everywhere might do much good by planting shrubs —especially such kinds as are made impenetrable by thorns—in vacant lots. If the bushes are not impenetrable, they will not prevent the ravages of cats, the chief enemies of birds. E. P. Powell relates in his delightful book, "The Country Home," how he shuts up his cat in a huge warren through the whole of every bird-nesting period, with the result of multiplying in his neighborhood, not only the more common birds, but the indigo birds, scarlet tanagers, wood thrushes, song sparrows, and other jewels of the air.

ROTATION OF LITERARY CROPS.

From present indications it would appear that we are to have the sociological novel with us for some time to come. Two subdivisions of the type may be distinguished. There is the novel of domestic relations, dealing primarily with the problems of marriage, and, by corollary, with the entire question of woman in society; and there is the novel of social relations dealing with such familiar matters as class struggle, Trusts, labor unions, and progress. The story of marriage and race comes to us chiefly from England; the novel of business and labor is emphatically a home product, and one that is bound to achieve a luxuriant growth in the course of the next few years, if public opinion continues to deal with the problems that it has so very much at heart in the present day. That neither school of fiction is new, except to the adolescent reader, merely shows that the cyclic law of fashion holds in literature as in clothes. Fifteen years ago Mme. Sarah Grand was developing the theme of sex in relation to law, and Mrs. Humphry Ward was writing "Marcella." Other hands in other climes than England are now treating the old subjects with new zest.

The extent to which fashion in popular literature makes itself felt is far greater now, however, than in the period immediately following the appearance of "Robert Elsmere." It is not as though New York, Vienna, and St. Petersburg were adopting the newest modes from Paris, but as though the latest "creations" of the French tailors were quickly to be copied in Tucson, Caracas, and Mukden. Moreover, the greater rapidity with which fashions in novels spread may be due to causes not unlike those which facilitate the speedy dissemination of French dressmaking ideals. There has been an enormous increase in the number of readers, just as in the number of millionaires; and the authors in their field, like the dressmakers in theirs, eagerly seize upon a new mode, perfect it, and exhaust it, in a far briefer time than when the class of authors and of millionaires was more restricted. Twenty years ago a new type of novel might last a decade, perhaps. To-day, less than half that time will cover the budding, bloom, and fading away of the historical tale, the detective story, the Wild West romance, the precocious child "comic," or the political novel.

This swift alternation of fashions is all the more strange because of the geographical subdivisions that are supposed to prevail in the realm of fiction. A writer, to win his reputation and maintain it, has to camp on some piece of our common earth and hold it against all comers. Some years ago one of the magazines published a "literary" map of the United States, showing just what portions of our country had been preempted by the novelist and the short-story writer. Bret Harte, for instance, held California in fealty to Apollo; New England was W. D Howells's and Miss Mary Wilkins's; Thomas Nelson Page and James Lane Allen were feudal lords of Virginia and of Kentucky; George W. Cable was warden of the Louisiana marches. By this time, however, the country has become so highly subdivided that we can no longer speak of this man's New England or that woman's Southwest. Now it is Cape Cod, or Gloucester, or Newfoundland, or the Adirondacks, or Philadelphia, or old Manhattan, or even the East Side, that constitutes an entire fief. In other words, the manorial system of some fifteen or twenty years ago is fast being transformed into a system of peasant proprietorship. There are, of course, striking exceptions to be noted. Jack London is still lord paramount in Alaska; Percival Gibbons, to go abroad, holds all South Africa under his pen; G. B. Lancaster's sway extends over the Australian continent; Robert Hichens is grand sheik of the Sahara. But even with these it is only a question of time before they will be compelled to share their broad acres with newer men.

Now, the curious thing about our literary peasant proprietors is that, quite unlike their real agricultural prototypes, they seem to have the power to nurse out of their little gardens whatever crop their heart may desire. And the desire of their heart is naturally that particular staple which happens to be in greatest demand, or, as we have put it before, which is the fashion of the hour. It is as though the demand for tea should suddenly increase, and, stirred by the example of China's prosperity, Greenland, Arizona, and Tierra del Fuego should at once set to raising tea without the least hesitation or difficulty. Does, for instance, a man named Westcott, in his Central New York patch, succeed in raising a valuable specimen of the homely philosopher which he names David Harum? Immediately the cultivation of homely philosophy is begun in the Adirondack backwoods, on Atlantic fishing boats, in Michigan lumber camps, and in Nevada gambling-dens. Does Paul Leicester Ford develop a type of the honest politician? It is but the signal for an entire harvest of idealistic district attorneys assailing bosses whose daughters they love; honest labor leaders who have the cause of the workmen at heart, but will *not* sell their votes to the machine; and members of the Legislature who resign rather than accept a bribe, to find their reward in the love of the only woman in the world, and to be carried by a wave of popular indignation into the Gubernatorial chair.

There is something exceedingly attractive about this entire system of intensive cultivation in literature. The zeal, the labor, the resourcefulness of our novelists remind us of the French agriculturist who succeeds in wresting from a half acre of soil an average prosperity far higher than that of any other European nation. With the skill of a Luther Burbank they will develop new forms and new species, grafting the delicate bloom of the Fifth Avenue belle on the Arizona ranchman's daughter, or the wisdom of the prophets on the Long Island truck farmer. Take, for instance, the author whose small estate lies south of Houston Street and east of the Bowery. By nature it is best adapted for the raising of Humorous Poverty, which, blended with Dialect and Local Color, commands a ready sale. But should the market rule otherwise, our modern agriculturist can easily turn to the production of Automobile Adventures, Religious Conflicts, or Juvenile Heroism.

CHANGES IN THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

At a recent meeting of the Methodist Episcopal ministers of this city, the topic for discussion was: "Official or Independent Church Papers: Which?" One speaker declared that the religious press is dry and uninteresting. In his opinion it seems blighted by what is in effect an official censorship, for it prints only such news and views as please those who dictate the policy. This charge contains only too much truth. That many religious papers lack interest is undeniable. The material that

fills their columns is conventional: cut and dried comment on church affairs, machine-made exposition of the Sunday-school lesson, a commonplace sermon by that rising young divine, Dr. Smith, an article urging the laity to be less critical of a pastor who is doing his best and to "hold up his hands," a poem of the mother-home-and-heaven type, and items about a new church in the Bronx and a pipe-organ at Syracuse. All this, intelligent men must admit, is pretty thin milk, even for babes in Christ. The advertising is correspondingly slender: notices of books issued by the denominational publishing houses, cards of bell-founders and dealers in ecclesiastical specialties, and a few other miscellaneous matters. The desperate straits of the advertising manager are shown by his acceptance of advertisements of patent medicines—"tonics"—and of speculative ventures in land, oil-wells, and mines, none of which could secure space in a reputable secular paper. In fine, more than one religious weekly which once enjoyed prestige and influence and was regarded as a good property now seems struck with death.

We doubt, however, whether the trouble is that the publication is "official" rather than "independent"—whatever those terms may mean. A paper which is the organ of a denomination, however its editors may be chosen, or however loose its legal ties with the ecclesiastical organization, is bound to be in practice "official." If it be not so run as to appeal to denominational pride and prejudice, the clergy will cease to care about it and recommend it to their parishioners; and the parishioners in turn will see no earthly reason for subscribing to it rather than to the *Financial Chronicle*. If it fail to humor the leading men of the denomination and magnify all denominational doings, it loses its last feeble excuse for existence. The difficulty, we suspect, with our religious contemporaries, is not that they are "official," but that they are denominational in an age which cares very little about sectarian lines. The limited circulation is evidence of a limited interest in the denomination as such.

Of this lukewarmness there are many other indications. If we may credit the laments so loudly voiced at conferences and conventions, people no longer feel that passionate attachment to the denomination which was so common fifty years ago. Methodists, when they move to another place, find it easy to cast in their lot with Presbyterians or Episcopalians or any other religious body whose place of worship is conveniently situated or is attended by their friends. Indeed, it is a frequent complaint that when families become rich and fashionable they desert the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians for the Episcopalians—even in the same town. People regard the church as a social, not a religious, institution; and they choose one sect or another on exactly the same grounds as they would choose a club. The causes of this disregard of denominational lines, the slackening of the hold of dogma, we need not here discuss. The fact is patent and admitted; and under the circumstances we can hardly expect *paterfamilias* to subscribe to the denominational organ in order that his children may follow the doings of Presiding Elder Jones of the Poughkeepsie District, and thus become rooted and grounded in the one true faith.

But while zeal for the sect has waned, the religious papers have suffered on the other side from the sharp competition of cheap weeklies and monthlies, never before so numerous or so well illustrated. The *Outlook* and the *Independent*, for example, once religious papers, have, in order to survive, become pretty thoroughly secular, or at least have subordinated the religious features. They and their kind are far more entertaining than the average denominational publication; they still retain a faint odor of sanctity; and thus they are the refuge of people who want good average reading, irreproachable—indeed, highly edifying—as to manners and morals. While such papers as these are to be had, the denominational weekly, though never so ably conducted, must fight to hold its own with the generation bred in the old but now passing creeds; and it is at a terrible disadvantage with the rising children of light, who are profoundly ignorant of, and equally indifferent to, the distinction between the doctrines, say, of Calvin and Wesley.

PARIS AUTUMN BOOKS.

PARIS, October 16.

From the return to town after vacation until December, when the tide of holiday books rises, there is usually an important, though moderate, general publishing season. This year there has been so far a complaint of *improduction*.

A new volume of "Les Régimes politiques au 20e siècle," by Albert Soubies and Ernest Carette, is devoted to the single existing example of a "democratic" republic:

> This [democratic] character results solely from direct intervention of the people in domains considered as reserved to its representatives—in the exercise of executive or legislative power. Now one only state—the Swiss Confederation—has so far accepted this direct intervention.

The authors note that this strictly limited use of the word "democracy" dates from the last years of the nineteenth century. France, of course, with Gambetta's "omnipotence of universal suffrage" exercised solely and absolutely by Parliament, even to the election of the President of the Republic and direct control of administration by ministers responsible to Parliament alone, is the completest type of "parliamentary republics," to which the parts of this work previously published were given; but Chili, where the real administration is in the hands of ministers subject to the legislative body, although its people elect their President, also belongs to this class. On the contrary, our United States is to furnish the leading instance of "representative republics," in which the executive is the representative of the people quite as much as the legislators; this class will be treated in the remaining portion of this painstaking work. In the present volume Switzerland, which is neither representative nor parliamentary, but a mixture of both modified by "democratic" direct intervention, is explained in five detailed chapters: Government, Assemblies, Supreme Court, Referendum, Constitutional Reform.

A study of the primitive French Republic in its making, limited to one of its leaders, is the subject of "Les Doctrines politiques de Robespierre," by M. Deymes-Dumé, a lawyer of Bordeaux. Robespierre himself gave the credit of his intellectual formation entirely to Rousseau, in his characteristic "dedication to the Manes of Jean Jacques Rousseau":

> Divine man, thou hast taught me to know myself; thou didst lead me, very young, to prize the dignity of my nature and reflect on the great principles of the social order.

This book, like the important critical work of Jules Lemaître, but in a quite opposite direction, is inspired by the belated recognition of Rousseau as the real creator of the modern world. Its analysis of one mind's progress shows the general current of thought and feeling in a whole society. Few English readers may be prepared for the author's conclusion:

> By his positive individualism, he developed ideas of altruism and solidarity; and to his contemporaries, heedless of misery and misfortune, he showed the end at which humanity should aim—the alleviation of human suffering.

Another book on one man's thought is "Montesquieu: ses idées et ses œuvres," by H. Barckhausen, professor in the Bordeaux law faculty. Fifteen years ago Montesquieu's descendants at last consented to the publication of his manuscripts preserved at La Brède, where he lived and died. The author gives half his volume to instructive comment, from these unpublished papers, on what was long since classic in Montesquieu's work; in the other half he follows out the sequence of ideas. The book is not so logical as that on Robespierre; but, while Montesquieu cannot be said to have directly prepared the way to the French Revolution, he has always been thought to have lent a guiding hand through Thomas Jefferson to the doctrinal part of our American Constitution.

The thirty-sixth volume of the International Sociological Library deals with the theory of the facts which underlie nearly all republican foundations. It is the work which won the Concours Tenichef before the Institut International de Sociologie—"Essai sur les révolutions," by Arthur Bauer, professor of philosophy. Another large volume, which essays to go still deeper, and is illustrative of the trend of sociological thought in France, is "Le Fondement du droit et de la morale," by Jean Lagorgette.

The application of the thoughts which govern the growth of all post-Revolutionary society, but modified by Catholic lay aspirations (without theological "modernism"), appears in the new book of Marc Sangnier, whose leadership of at least a por-

tion of Young France merits watching—"La Lutte pour la démocratie." With this may perhaps be coupled, on account of the disproportionate influence of Protestant leaders in the Third Republic, C. Coignet's philosophical study, "L'Évolution du protestantisme français au 19e siècle."

In the anecdotic history of France of the Revolutions a single publisher (Perrin) brings out three volumes, of varying but genuine interest. The first is the sixth series of "La Société française pendant le Consulat," by Gilbert Stenger; it comprises army, clergy (in their critical first adaptation to the new order), magistracy, and public instruction—so many object-lessons in social and political change. Next Dr. Max Billard, for the first time, gives the complete documentary history of that tragi-comic interregnum of a few hours, the night of the 21st October, 1812—"La Conspiration de Malet." Finally, the sons of Henri Boucher have published his day-by-day "Souvenirs d'un parisien" from 1830 to 1852, but relating to what ended as the Second Republic, of whose men and things he was an interested observer.

René Bazin of the French Academy publishes a novel of contemporary life in France, with its political, religious, and social complications, under the optimistic title, "Le Blé qui lève." He is the same new-style conservative as ever, with clear, chastened style, pure thoughts, and worthy, amiable characters for his mildly interesting plot, and, for the thoughtful reader, really striking things to say of the way the world goes nowadays. As literature, his books may have lasting value. This can hardly be said of Georges Ohnet's new volume, "Cœurs en deuil." As in his previous novels (the present book gives good measure in two stories bound up together) he writes for a French public not unlike that aimed at by the American best-sellers—middle classes delighting in imaginary descriptions and doings of the fashionable world. This does not prevent his books being entertaining reading for everyhody. Their French is good, though the style is slovenly; and the story is sure to he more entertaining than M. Bazin's. No books of these writers will ever justify the stigma which Marcel Prévost angrily complains is attached to "French novels" in America. Young ladies can leave them unblushingly on their mothers' tables, and young men may read Rèné Bazin with real pleasure as well as profit to their active American souls.

These qualities of "respectability," so conspicuous in Bazin and Ohnet, are precisely wanting in Abel Hermant, most scintillating of novelists now climbing the worldly wave. He is far from being at the top, like Marcel Prévost; and he, too, has come out indignantly against the evil reputation of French novels abroad. His new volume, "La Discorde," continues his "memoirs useful to the history of society." The society is that of the very rich ("grands bourgeois"), who, of course, are also cosmopolitan; this time they are tragic. But backward Americans cannot help asking, Do such people really exist, even in Paris? The millions of French wives and mothers, whose patient and painfully methodical care of husband, children, household, and family wealth is a chief factor in making France the richest country in the world, give a reason for the same question. "Don Quixote" was also written with realism—but in another direction.

The connection will, perhaps, warrant mention of two books of a kind not usually included in this chronicle. The first is "Les Conseils de Madame Élise"—secrets of politeness and *bon ton* for popular consumption, in regard to all the events of life from the cradle to the grave. The other is an expensive book of engravings by E. L. S. (Sahib), "Paris au XIXe siècle"—Parisian costumes, scenes, and elegances through all the various régimes from the Revolution in 1790 to the year 1900, made up in 12 folio plates in limited editions, at prices varying from 150 to 1,200 francs.

In the history of literary influences, still felt among English readers of Matthew Arnold, a volume (probahly a University thesis for the doctorate) has appeared which it would be a pity should pass unnoticed. It is "Senancour (1770-1846): Poet, Religious Thinker and Political and Literary Publicist. His Life, Work, Influence," by Joachim Merlant, who signs himself simply "Professor." To the reading world Senancour is the author of "Obermann" and nothing more; but he had an early career full of movement hetween France of the Revolution and Empire, and Switzerland; and his intellectual life mirrored the passing storms without. From Stoicism to Nature, to Epicurean skepticism, German romanticism, and Hindu pessimism, the Æolian harp of his soul sounded the whole gamut. It seems as old now as the defunct Liberalism in politics, in which also he took part under the Bourbon Restoration. In literature his main importance comes from the place of "Obermann" with regard to romanticism, also now defunct, and his influence on minds like Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, Maurice de Guérin, down to Amiel and tardy English echoes. Professor Merlant writes from the French (and Swiss) Protestant point of view, as the subject justly demands; Senancour scarcely faced any Catholic thinker, known to this generation, with the doubtful exception of Chateaubriand; but he was drenched with German philosophy before Carlyle began washing it over English thought.

In natural sequence follow new works on that inexhaustible voice of all the romantic generations—Victor Hugo. Gustave Simon (the son of Jules Simon), who has succeeded Paul Meurice in supervising the "national" edition of Victor Hugo's complete works, puhlishes a "Cahier supplémentaire," to illustrate the two volumes of political writings—"Napoléon le Petit" and "Histoire d'un crime." Unfortunately, these scrappy notes of the time do not increase the poet's renown for accuracy, although they furnish new and good anecdotes. There is certainly need of explanation for the rapid changes from Bourbon Legitimism in youth, and magniloquent Bonapartism when the poet was peer of France under the Orléans substitute, to the vociferous exile, filling the world with his Repuhlican damnation of Napoleon the Third. It seems that, from among the infinite scraps of paper left by this man who wrote unweariedly for more than sixty years, there is always something more to be given to the world. This particular conjuncture lends timeliness to an interesting hook hy an unexpected author—"Victor Hugo, homme politique" by Camille Pelletan, the Radical Socialist politician who was Marine Minister in the Combes cahinet. It has evidently heen a labor of love; and the poet's career as political writer and, especially, speaker in and out of Parliament is told with interest, and rhetorical insight. As might be expected, the political bearing of all this oratory, of which fragments were once popular for declamation in American schools, is duly emphasized. The author is a partisan; but he is also a formed and cultivated student, who neglects none of the details of his manifold subject.

Émile Rivière, director of the École des Hautes Études at the Collège de France, publishes "Thirty-seven Years of Prehistoric and Archæological Excavation"—the record of fruitful work far removed from all modern turmoil. Since 1869 M. Rivière has printed more than 150 memoirs and accounts of his many researches, and his work has been four times crowned hy the Institut de France. To the French Academy of Sciences, July 31, 1871, he reported his discovery of entire human skeletons with other human fossils in the Baoussé-Roussé caves near Mentone. Quatrefages and Hamy at once recognized the remains as helonging to their second fossil human race—Cro-Magnon. The first, or Neanderthaloid, has only uncertain fragments, too isolated to make even prehistory. These finds have since heen greatly multiplied hy more ancient revelations in Monaco. In 1877, M. Rivière began still more important finds—in prehistoric rock engravings and paintings; but the present great development of such research dates from his lucky investigations in the grots of Dordogne twenty years later. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

"The American Bihliography," which is being compiled by Charles Evans, is progressing rapidly. Volume IV., covering the years 1765 to 1773, has just been received by subscribers. During this period the presses of the American colonies were very active, 3,200 items being recorded in this volume. The passage of the Stamp Act brought out a large number of political pamphlets and hroadsides, and the output of material of this sort continued to increase as the discussion about the rights of the colonists waxed stronger, and independence of the mother country hecame more and more to be considered as the only relief for the continued oppression. Much of this material was extremely fugitive. Broadsides and handbills intended to be posted up on walls and huildings or to he handed out at street corners or stuck under doors, often surreptitiously and at night, were seldom preserved. And while the numher of imprints of this character which Mr. Evans records is remarkable, it is not to be supposed that he has found them all. Many are no doubt gone heyond recovery. The collections of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, as well as those of the Library of Congress, the New York Puhlic Lihrary, and the Library Company of Philadelphia, are all rich in this material and have all been drawn upon.

The hook is a valuahle contrihution and

will prove indispensable to every collector or student of American imprints. It is the best thing of its kind and is likely for a long time to remain so. The specialist will work out the subject more carefully in particular fields, but with so good a book already in existence and with the small demand for such works, it is improbable that a more perfect bibliography of equal scope will be published for a long time. A few modifications, however, in the plan would have increased greatly the value of the work to bibliographers and students. Titles which are described and collations which are made from the books themselves should have been so indicated, and the sources or the imperfect descriptions of other titles, whether from Sabin's "Bibliotheca," Haven's List, contemporary advertisements, of what not, should have been given. Cross references from titles of anonymous books should have been inserted. Mr. Evans has identified the authors of many political and theological pieces which were published anonymously and has put others under strange or unusual headings. In this matter the author index does not help, and the subject index (which is fully classified) often refers to numbers only. For example, the Prayer Book in the Mohawk language, printed in New York, 1769, is entered under "England, Church of." The writings of that famous Boston poetess, Phillis Wheatley, are entered under "Peters, Phillis Wheatley," and there is no reference from Wheatley in the index. The anonymous "Address from the Clergy of New-York and New-Jersey," printed by Gaine in 1771, is entered twice: first as No. 12,021, under "Cooper, Myles," with the collation given as "pp. (4), 58," and copies located in Harvard and New York Public Libraries; and, second, as No. 12,037, under "England, Church of," where the collation is given simply, "pp. 58," and copies are located in the Boston Athenæum and John Carter Brown Library. As has been pointed out before, the column headed "Auction Values" is a mere waste of space. The information is so meagre and so imperfect that it is absolutely worthless. In the present volume, with its 3,200 titles, "auction values" for ninety-three only are given, and many of these are erroneous or misleading. The two following instances will serve as examples, though others might be selected: No. 9,983, Godfrey's "Juvenile Poems on Various Subjects," 1765—the "auction value" is given as $11, the price paid for the Bierstadt copy in 1897; but the McKee copy brought $35 in 1900 and another (or possibly the same) copy brought $37 in 1901. No. 11,356, "A Brief of the Claim, on the Part of the Province of New Jersey," etc., 1769—the "auction value" is set down at $12; but the Brinley copy brought $92.50 in 1880, and a copy sold at Anderson's in 1905 for $115.

Continued use of the book and the examination of new material are likely to bring forth a number of additional titles. In the nature of the case every user will probably find a few. The following is our own quota of such additions. Some descriptions have been made from the books themselves, others taken from manuscript notes:

"The | New-England | Primer | Improved | [6 lines] | Boston: Printed for, and Sold | by John Perkins in Union Street | near the Market, 1767." From a copy bound in the original wooden boards in a private library in New York. Evans describes an edition with this imprint, but dated 1768.

"To the Honourable, the Commissioners Appointed by his most Gracious Majesty for Ascertaining, Settling, Adjusting, and Determining, the Boundary, or Partition Line between the Colonies of New York, and Nova Cæsarea or New Jersey." Dated New York, July 18, 1769, and signed by John Stevens, James Parker, Henry Cuyler, and Walter Rutherford. 9 pages, folio. A copy of this pamphlet was sold as lot 403 in the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co.'s catalogue of November 20, 1905. There seems also to have been a copy included in Brinley, lot No. 2,750.

"The | Plea and Answer | of the Right Honourable | William Earl of Stirling, | and Others. | Proprietors of East New Jersey, | to | John Hunt's | Bill in Chancery. | New-York: Printed by John Holdt, at the Exchange, 1770." Pp. 38, Appendix, pp. 11 (five schedules and affidavits). Errata, 1 p. and slip "Appendix." There is a copy of this piece in the Lenox Library.

"A | Bill | in the | Chancery of New-Jersey, | at the Suit of | Samuel Smith, Esq. | One of the Treasurers of New-Jersey, | Against | Archibald Kennedy, Esq. | And Others. | Burlington: | Printed by Isaac Collins, | M.D.C.C.L.XXIII." Pp. 11. From a copy owned by a New Jersey gentleman.

"Wilcocks, Thomas. A Choice Drop of Honey, from the Rock Christ; or, a Short Word of Advice to all Saints and Sinners. Boston, 1770." 8vo. Taken from the George H. Moore catalogue, Part II., No. 2,553. Evans (No. 11,942) gives only the Newport edition "Reprinted by Solomon Southwick, 1770," with a slightly different title.

"Articles of the Union Library Society of New York, New York, 1771." 8vo. A copy is said to have been No. 3,872 of the Hazwell sale.

"To the Subscribers for Rivington's New York Gazeteer." [New York, 1773.] Folio, 4 pp. Described from a copy belonging to the Library Company of Philadelphia as "A preliminary issue containing besides an address to the Subscribers a digest of Parliamentary proceedings and his prospectus of the Gazeteer." This probably followed Evans's No. 12,982.

"An Elegy on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George | Whitefield, | who died at Newbury-Port, on Sunday the 30th of September, 1770. Ætat 56." 4to, 1 leaf. From a copy belonging to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

"Old England's Triumph. | Sung at the Second Anniversary Meeting | Of the Sons of St. George, | In New York, April 23d, 1771." Folio, 1 leaf. From a copy which once belonged to Paul Leicester Ford.

"A Patriotic Advertisement." Folio, 2 pp. Described as the "Proceedings of Merchants in regard to the Stamp Act; issued about Nov. 5th. 1765."

"A Serious Address to the Inhabitants of New York." Folio, 1 page. In regard to the Stamp Act, dated Dec. 17, 1765, and signed "Britannicus Americanus."

Correspondence.

EFFORTS AT SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Lane Cooper of Cornell University, in a letter printed in the *Nation*, October 3, 1907 (p. 301), quotes an opinion of William Wordsworth, "recorded in the 'Memoirs' (vol. ii., p. 458), by his nephew," referring to attempts at the improvement of English spelling. The passage is as follows:

He mentioned incidentally [October, 1846] that the spelling of our language was very much fixed in the time of Charles the Second, and that the attempts which have been made since, and are being made at the present day, were not likely to succeed.

Professor Cooper adds, "Attempts at what? And what has become of them?" He thus seeks information.

It is not true that English spelling was "very much fixed in the time of Charles the Second." It was only a little fixed; but that was the result of previous regulation. By whom? By reformers; by scholars and educators—the predecessors of the Simplified Spelling Board. Among them were Philemon Holland, the "translator-general," and Richard Montagu, the spirited bishop, two men who helped to bring about the discriminated use of the two pairs of letters, *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*, which had previously been used as both vowel and consonant; James Howell, prototype of the learned journalist; John Milton; Izaak Walton, who wrote "The Compleat Angler," from which you can compile a compleat simplified speller; the learned Theophilus Gale, one of the first men to adopt uniformly the simplified spellings *logic*, *music*, *public*, etc.; and many more.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a long line of worthy men had published dictionaries and manuals in which, within their lights and means, they did what they could to regulate and simplify the English spelling. In succession to Bullokar, Florio, Cotgrave, Gill, Sherwood, Cockeram, and others, came Blount, Skinner, Phillips, Coles, William Walker, Kersey, Cocker, Bailey, Dyche, Benjamin N. Defoe (the son of "Robinson Crusoe"), and others more or less unillustrious. If some of them were not adequately equipped in knowledge, if sometimes in their ignorance they helped to rivet the chains upon English spelling, that was but a part of the conditions of the time. Even Dr. Johnson endeavored at times to regulate and simplify the spelling of the words which he had to enter in his dictionary (1755); but he often left orthography and etymology to the courtesies of accident, scarcely improving in these matters upon the industrious Bailey, from whom he royally cribbed. John Walker, who brought to his task the vision of a canary and the learning of a milliner, carefully preserved Johnson's errors, and averted his eyes from Johnson's occasional improvements.

Perhaps Wordsworth was thinking of the efforts of Benjamin Franklin and of Franklin's disciple, Noah Webster, to introduce the taint of reason into English spelling. And there were other attempts. Wordsworth perhaps remembered that some of his own contemporaries, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Hood, and others, including their most eminent contemporary, William Wordsworth, were accustomed to use simplified spelling like *dropt, prest, stept, stopt, dipt, kist*, etc. This practice he would know to be no innovation, but the familiar usage of his predecessors, from Spenser and Shakespeare, Jonson, and Milton, through Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, down to his own times—a custom which some of his younger contemporaries, Landor and Tennyson, and others were keeping up, and which Lowell and Swinburne and others were to carry on. And perhaps Wordsworth remembered, too, the practice of his other contemporaries, Thirlwall, Mitford, Hare, and other scholars, who

used and advocated these and other improvements. And Wordsworth might have known, too, of the then recent rise of the new shorthand, Isaac Pitman's Phonography (1840). Pitman established the *Phonetic Journal*, and collected a large following. Soon there were many shorthand authors in the field, who, in connection with the propagation of shorthand, advocated a phonetic or a simplified spelling—Ellis (1844), Bell (1852), E. J. Jones (1862), Everett (1877), and others in England; Andrews and Boyle (1845), Longley (1849), Graham (1854), Ben Pitman (1855), Lindsley (1864), Munson (1867), Scoville (1871), Cross (1877), and others in the United States.

If those elder men had not thus wrought in a sad sincerity, the structure of the English language and of English literature would have been less round and goodly than it is now. By the labors of the later reformers, the idea of improvement in spelling and in language was brought to the serious attention of thousands of persons who were led to study the subject in a scientific way. The agitators kept the traditional spelling from absolute stagnation, compelled its defenders to receive an idea now and then, and thus held the way open for the more scientific attempts that followed.

One of the results of the increased interest in phonetic knowledge was the movement conducted by Sir Charles Trevelyan, in coöperation with Dr. Duff and other missionaries in India, to establish, upon the basis laid by Sir William Jones, a uniform Roman transliteration of the Sanskrit, the Hindi, the Hindustani, and the other languages of poly-alphabetic India. This effort resulted in the transliteration which now prevails, and which is undergoing additional regulation in the hands of the philologists interested. Connected with this was the movement among the missionary boards of England and America to establish something like a universal phonetic alphabet for missionary use. This movement resulted in the publication of Lepsius's "Standard Alphabet" (1855; second English edition, 1863), and of Max Müller's "Languages of the Seat of War in the East" (1854; second edition, 1855, with the "Missionary Alphabet").

To the same impelling cause, the desire for a more accurate knowledge and use of the English language, in its written and printed forms, the world owes it that Alexander J. Ellis turned the resources of his acute intelligence and his liberal mind to the scientific study of English phonetics. Ellis published the results of his studies in several books and pamphlets, and especially in his great work, "On Early English Pronunciation, with Especial Reference to Chaucer and Shakespeare" (five volumes, London, 1869-1889). With the name of Ellis is linked the name of Alexander Melville Bell, inventor of "Visible Speech" (1867), the first set of alphabetic symbols formulated upon an intelligible system. Another name great in these fields of research is that of Henry Sweet, who has, by his works in phonetics and Anglo-Saxon, made all scholars his debtors. The impulse of these earlier movements (1840-1860) was felt by a young American scholar, William D. Whitney. He dealt with phonology in his philologic lectures, revised Lepsius, and presented a modification of the European alphabet which was the basis of many subsequent essays and proposals. The same zeal for scholarly reform seized another young American scholar, destined to become no less eminent, Francis A. March, who devoted himself, amid excursions into philosophy, literature, and law, to the scientific study of the English language in connection with the other languages of the Indo-European family, the results of which appeared in his "Comparative Grammar of Anglo-Saxon" (1869), and in his "Method of Philological Study of the English Language" (1870), and other works, all bearing the marks of a great and lucid mind. Another American scholar, Prof. Samuel S. Haldeman, was one of the first to state the facts of Latin pronunciation ("Elements of Latin Pronunciation," Philadelphia, 1851). This brilliant and versatile man applied the scientific principles which he had discerned to the composition of several works of instruction, whose value has never been sufficiently recognized: "Analytic Orthography" (1860), "Affixes to English Words" (1867), "Outlines of Etymology" (1878).

It was the declaration of these scholars, and of their colleagues, Trumbull, Packard, Child, Lounsbury, Price, and others in favor of a scientific regulation of English spelling, that led also to the formation of a committee of the American Philological Association (1875), which in successive reports laid down the principles of such a reform, and recommended in detail the steps to be taken. The American Spelling Reform Association was formed in 1876 to keep up and guide the agitation, to inform the public, and to secure recruits. A similar agitation was carried on in Great Britain. The leaders there had been zealous in the effort to bring to light the long-hidden records of the English language before the time of Shakespeare. The indefatigable Dr. Furnivall founded the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, the New Shakespeare Society, and other printing clubs, and, seconded by Morris, Skeat, Murray, Sweet, and others rescued from oblivion a large part of the records of the English language for a period of a thousand years. And now we know, or can learn, accurately, what the English language was, what the words were, how the words were spelled and pronounced, and what they meant, in the long period from the Saxon and the Norman conquest to the time of Shakespeare. And the world now has access, among other works of the new learning, to the great "Oxford English Dictionary," in which the facts of the language are recorded with wonderful accuracy and fulness.

"What has become of these attempts?" That is part of what has become of them. And who made these attempts? Who brought about these results? They were William D. Whitney, James Hadley, Francis J. Child, Samuel S. Haldeman, Richard Morris, and other great scholars who have ceased from their labors. They were Francis A. March, Frederick J. Furnivall, Walter W. Skeat, James A. H. Murray, Thomas R. Lounsbury, and others, who, as members of the Simplified Spelling Board, are still working at the same problem, now at length in the sure and certain hope of practical success. With them are working scholars and men of letters of the younger generation, some of whose names are well-known to the public. With them are working the university professors to the number of nearly three thousand, and the teachers in public schools to the number of many more thousands, who have signed the agreement to use the simplified spellings, and are advocating the idea and teaching the facts that underlie it.

Information on this subject may be had by writing to the Simplified Spelling Board, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

CHARLES P. G. SCOTT.

New York, October 12.

THE WORK OF GEORGE W. HILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sorry to see the *Nation* promulgate so inadequate an idea of the work of George W. Hill and other investigators like him in celestial mechanics, as it does in the issue of October 17. In substance the statement is that the science of planetary and lunar theory, which once represented the highest climbs of scientific intelligence, is to-day reduced to an art of performing excessively intricate calculations. You then imply that the performance of these calculations is all that the class of men of whom you are treating have to do, and you naturally see very little interest in it from the standpoint of philosophy or of positive science. Now, if you will slightly change your wording, and say that through the labors of a series of investigators from the time of Newton to that of Hill the theory in question is being reduced to an art of performing intricate calculations, you will hit the truth. What gives significance to the work of Hill and those in the same field is not their patience in performing calculations, but their ability to show how it is possible, by calculations within the power of one man, to reach results which would have required the labor of many lives if the methods had not been invented. Any good computer, under capable supervision, can make the intricate calculations. It is the method that costs.

SIMON NEWCOMB.

Washington, D. C., October 17.

[By calculations, we did not mean numerical computations. Professor Newcomb expresses, as his own dictum, what we intended to say. We have already done justice to Dr. Hill's mathematical invention; but there is little of that in the fourth volume, which we had under examination.—THE REVIEWER.]

Notes.

After her death, in 1906, Madame Jessie White Mario's reminiscences came into the hands of T. Fisher Unwin for publication. There has been some delay in preparing them for press, as the MS. required careful editing by some one familiar with the Risorgimento. The Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese has now undertaken this difficult task, and we may expect to see the memoirs in type within a reasonable period.

Gaillard Hunt, of the Department of State, Washington, has undertaken the collection and editing of the papers of Elihu B. Washburne, secretary of state and minister to France, and of his brothers, and

would be grateful if any persons having letters from or to them would communicate with him.

Countess Sophy Tolstoy has presented the journal of her life to the library of the Moscow Historical Museum, which also has in keeping the manuscripts of all of Tolstoy's works. The countess's memoirs are said to he very voluminous and to give interesting information about the life of her husband.

President D. S. Jordan has brought together two essays on the lowering of race-stock hy war's selection of the fittest for slaughter, and published them with the American Unitarian Association, under the title of "The Human Harvest." It is an eloquent piece of writing, handsomely printed.

The excellent life of "Alexander Hamilton, An Essay on American Union." hy Frederick Scott Oliver, has heen issued by Putnams in a new edition with frontispiece and a map.

We register the appearance of two more volumes in the World's Classics of Henry Frowde, viz.: Ruskin's "Time and Tide" and "Crown of Wild Olive," and Gihhon's "Autobiography." The latter is a good example of what many of these books show, an excellent Introduction (in this case by Prof. J. B. Bury), prefixed to a rather cheap-looking reprint.

The "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier," by Samuel T. Pickard, has been reissued hy Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a single volume. Mr. Pickard has taken advantage of the fresh material that has become available since the book was originally published in 1894, to make certain revisions and additions, but substantially the work is the same. It loses nothing by being hrought between a single pair of covers; the type and illustrations are both excellent.

To trace the relations of poets with the aspects of "their ain countrie" and to lend realism to the descriptions with colored illustrations is a happy scheme to mix instruction with entertainment. Such a volume has been edited hy Andrew Lang with his accustomed easy grace, and called "Poets' Country" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). Mr. Lang has furnished a small part of the text, reserving for himself only Scott and Shelley; but, if not the most studious, his writing is perhaps the best fitted of any for a work that is confessedly half a picture book. Naturally he shows warmer sympathy with the Scotsman than with the English visionary, hut he knows, too, how to slip in the little controlling facts. Readers of "Marmion," who are familiar with the land, will be amused at this *boutade:*

Moi aussi, I know "lone St. Mary's silent lake" very well, and am much attached to it, when it *is* lonely, and not sonorous with the whoops of excursionists playing at kiss-in-the-ring. But the pure lake is not "crystal," the water is of the wonted mossy hrown. It is hy a loving stretch of loving memory that Scott ventures to say:

> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink.

There are no mountains, nothing is "abrupt," nothing is "sheer"; green, grassy slopes descend placidly to the loch on one side, the other side is a plain, to which hills fall easily. It is quite true that there are no trees, except where the "slender line" of land parts St. Mary's from the Loch of Lowes. There is even no "trace of silver sand," there is merely the white margin of dry stones, ordinary stones, whatever their formation may be. As to "a thousand rills," unless you call Meggat water a "rill" (it is a sizeable burn), I do not think there is a rill about the place.

So much for the veracities. E. H. Coleridge deals with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, showing, as would be expected, minute knowledge of the two lake-dwellers and treating Byron as an imitator of Wordsworth. Thc bulk of the book is contributed by Prof. J. Churton Collins, who, especially in his chapters on the less-known eighteenth-century poets, adds a really valuahle study of the relation of nature to the poetic imagination. It must be said that the last sections—on Chaucer, Goldsmith, Keats, Spenser, and Moore, by the Rev. W. J. Loftie; and on Burns, hy Michael Macmillan—are ill-balanced in proportions and in some cases without interest. Of the illustrations, reproduced from paintings hy Francis S. Walker, there is not much to say. They are pretty and effective, hut they suffer as do almost all these colored plates to-day from a rather messy impressionism. They look too much alike, and do not call up any distinct and individual hit of scenery. However, they are sufficiently in place in this volume on the "Poets' Country," and do their part in making an attractive book.

Coleridge has never before heen handed over to the tender mercies of the artist, with the exception of one or two of his principal poems, and to supply this want—if it be a want—John Lane Company has issued "The Poems of Coleridge," with an Introduction by Ernest Hartley Coleridge and illustrations by Gerald Metcalfe. The list of titles is not quite complete, as a few of these are still under copyright, but as a partial compensation two or three short poems are added which have hitherto not been collected. It would be pleasant to say that Mr. Metcalfe's drawings are an addition to the text, but this could scarcely be done truthfully. Blake might have visualized on paper what Coleridge saw with the inner eye; Gustave Doré has actually put the "Ancient Mariner" into pictures that are at least vigorous and grandiose; a lesser man was bound to fail. Certainly the illustrations now before us, which may be described as Blake uninspired plus the swirling lines of the *art nouveau*, do not clothe with grace the poet's ethereal fancies.

Another of the Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie comes to our desk with a study of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" by Albert Eichler. Those who are concerned in a minute study of Coleridge's rhythms will find grist for their mill here, and something is said too about the antecedents and influence of the poem. Some idea of the notes and of English philology as produced in Vienna may he gathered from two specimens:

Steady heisst der Wetterhahn nur im besonderen Falle, weil eben kein Wind geht; kein stehendes Beiwort.

Scar, selten="Wunde"; vgl. Prologue zu "Every Man in his Humour," 11. "And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars."

There is something pathetic in this kind of scholarship.

Only familiar use can lay bare the qualities of a "Book of Quotations," hut the collection made by W. Gurney Benham and published by the Lippincott Company has some advantages that are open to the first inspection. Besides the usual run of English selections, the compiler has drawn from Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and the modern Continental languages. These foreign quotations seem to be pretty accurate. Taking the Greek accents as the severest test, we have found some six or eight errors in fourteen pages, a smaller proportion than is common in English-printed books. The Index is full, and follows the convenient modern custom of comhining all sections in a single continuous alphabet. Perhaps the most useful parts of the book are those which contain the Proverbs, and the Waifs and Strays. A page is given even to London Street Sayings, where one may find the date at which such cant phrases as "Not for Joe" (c. 1860) and "Do you see any green in my eye" (c. 1840) first came into vogue. This whole part of the book is not only useful but highly interesting to read.

Dr. W. A. Craigie's double number of the "New English Dictionary" (Henry Frowde), announced as forthcoming in the *Nation* of Octoher 3, has now appeared. Although it forms the concluding section of Vol. VI (L-N) and completes N, yet Dr. Henry Bradley's part of the volume extends as yet only tbrough L and M as far as Monopoly. Thus nearly one-quarter of the letter M remains to be puhlished before Vol. VI. will be complete. The next part, announced for January 1, will bring Vol. VII. (O-P), which is more advanced already than we lately indicated, down to Premier, leaving about one-third of P still to be published. Dr. Craigie's Vol. VIII. (Q to S) is also more advanced than we indicated, since he has already published Reign to Reserve. Less than half of the letter R, and the first half of S, will therefore complete this volume. Volumes IX. and X. (the last part of S and T to Z) will then come in due season to complete this vastest of all lexicographical publications. Dr. Craigie's statistics for his double number (Niche-Nywe) just published serve to indicate the unrivalled inclusiveness of the dictionary. Some 4,323 words are here recorded. Johnson shows 379, rather less than one to eleven; Capell's "Encyclopædic Dictionary" 1,768, less than one to two; the "Century Dictionary" 1,979, and thus, like Funk's "Standard Dictionary," has not quite half the number in the Oxford publication. But the strong point of the "New English Dictionary," here and elsewhere, is its unexampled array of dated quotations arranged chronologically with specific reference in each case to chapter and verse (or the equivalent thereto). Of these quotations the present issue gives 19,586, whereas the largest numher elsewhere accessiblc (in the "Century Dictionary") is 1,854. The last half of N yields chiefly words of native English and of Latin origin—a goodly number of the latter coming through the French, others (Nidus, Nimbus) straight from the Latin without modification. Nincumpoop, apparently of native, though obscure, origin, is traced back as far as Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," II., i, where it appears as Nicompoop, and thus defies Johnson's derivation from *non compos*. It is a pity that even the catholic scope of such a truly generous publication as this could not include any record of Smollett's Nin-kom-poo-po, who

figures for George Byng, Viscount Torrington, in the "Adventures of an Atom." The account given of the substantive Novel is exceptionally interesting. Its present meaning is not traced beyond Milton (1643), and its old-time pronunciation, with stress on the last syllable, is exemplified by way of survival in Burns's "O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles." Its obsolete signification, prevalent from 1475 to 1724, of "news" throws an unexpected light on Fielding's jocose description of his own "Tom Jones" (IV., i), as "a newspaper of many volumes." Another of Dr. Craigie's curiosities—being the name of the tobacco-plant *Nicotiana*, derived from the name of Jacques Nicot, "an ambassadour which brought the first knowledge of it into this realme" in the sixteenth century—most nearly comes home to the business and bosoms of many in America.

Prof. Arthur Kenyon Rogers has done well to publish a new and revised edition of his excellent "Student's History of Philosophy" (The Macmillan Company). In the space of five hundred pages he has given an account of the history of reflective thought from the beginning down to the present time. There are many such treatises, but in none of them, we believe, is the subject so briefly, thoroughly, and clearly treated as in this. Former generations of college students had to encounter the difficulties of Schwegler, who, although well translated, was too Hegelian in his point of view, as well as in his vocabulary, to be altogether intelligible to the uninitiated. But Professor Rogers, in less space, and in much clearer language, has presented in an orderly manner the doctrines of philosophers from Thales to our own American teachers. Next to the comprehensiveness of the treatment and the clearness of the exposition, the most remarkable characteristic of the book is the accuracy of the bibliography, which is subdivided in such a way that one has references at the end of every chapter. There are some omissions, however, particularly in connection with those periods of philosophy with reference to which the student is in most need of going to the sources. If, for example, one seeks information as to the Gnostics, one will find in Professor Rogers's work notes of only second-hand value. Of course, Harnack's "History of Dogma" is the most thorough of modern treatises relating to the subject, but it is not well that Irenæus and Hippolytus should have been omitted. The few new pages devoted to recent American philosophy are indefinite, and therefore unsatisfactory. Here, for example, is what is said of Professor Royce, who, by the way, is put wrongly, as we believe, among the Hegelians:

> Josiah Royce, an American philosopher, departs less widely [than Bradley] from the Hegelian position. But by a new emphasis upon the teleological nature of the world whole, and a consequent getting away from pure intellectualism, he represents what is essentially a new type of theory. In particular, he has tried to solve more adequately the problem of the nature of the individual, and to harmonize its reality, and especially its ethical reality, with a fundamental monism.

Such a statement may be perfectly exact, but it is, to say the least, partly unintelligible.

In his latest volume, "Études d'histoire littéraire" (Paris: Hachette), Prof. F. Baldensperger of the University of Lyons, whose "Goethe en France" was noticed in these columns two or three years ago, applies the same scholarly methods to other problems of literary history. With admirable lucidity and order, he traces the influence of Young's "Night Thoughts" and Bürger's "Leonore" on French literature, reviews the various eighteenth century discussions on the universality of the French language, and discusses the more important definitions of "humor" from the seventeenth century to our own day. M. Baldensperger is equally at home in the literatures of France, England, and Germany, more especially during the period of Romanticism. His method in each of the five papers which compose this volume, is the same: he has collected all the materials relating to his chosen theme, and has introduced them bodily on the printed page, arranged in the order of time or reason, and connected by a thread of running comment. The facts of literary history are so presented as to speak for themselves. So objective a method is not favorable to charm of style or pregnant suggestiveness; but the method itself could not be more adequately illustrated than in these erudite studies.

The valuable *Hilfsbuch* to Holtzmann's 'Hand-Commentar" on the Synoptic Gospels known as Huck's "Synopse" has been adapted to English readers by Ross L. Finney (New York: Eaton & Mains). Mr. Finney has substituted the text of the American revised version for the Greek of the German work. This Harmony, which follows the order of Mark, is the most useful in existence for historical students. The manuals in common use attempt to combine the Fourth Gospel with the Synoptics, and yield a distorted notion of the progress of Christ's ministry. The present volume exhibits Mark as the basal work of the evangelic records, the use of Mark by both Matthew and Luke, the collection of Logia, and the material peculiar to each evangelist. The use of this Harmony does not blind the student to the special characteristics of the several evangelists and their relations of mutual dependence, as is often the case with the older manuals.

It is now about a year since Prof. Hugo Winckler of the University of Berlin published his reports of the research that, in conjunction with Makridi Bey, a Turkish museum official, he had made in Boghaz-keui, in Asia Minor. He offered evidence that from 1400 to 1100 B. C. this place had been the capital city of the empire of the Hittites. In laying bare an extensive castellum there, the so-called Bujuk-Kale, he had discovered a whole archive of interesting clay tablets, letters, contracts, and other official documents in the Babylonian and Hittite languages. These tablets, in extent and variety, find their parallel only in the Tel-el-Amarna correspondence. The topographical problems to a considerable extent were yet unsolved; but it was plain that the capital of the Hittites covered extensive grounds, and was protected by several fortified heights, which were connected by mighty walls. Two city gates were also unearthed, one flanked by powerful stone pillars, upon which were found in relief two immense lions. During the recent summer, Professor Winckler has continued his labors, again in conjunction with Makridi Bey. The German Archæological Institute at Athens has also taken part in the work, sending its general secretary, O. Puchstein, the Munich archæologist L. Curtius, and the architects Krenker and Kohl. Through the Institute at Athens now comes the report that Winckler's work this season has been very successful. In the large castellum he has found about five hundred clay tablets. The name of King Hattusil again turns up as the son of Supulululumas. New light on the Hittite language also appears. Near the Bujuk-Kale the ruins of two open places for public assemblages were discovered. Representations of soldiers with pointed helmets and long garments, courtiers with trailing garments, princes leading prisoners captive, and a king riding on a lion and surrounded by his bodyguard appear. Altogether five buildings have been laid bare; the most interesting an immense structure in the southern part of the city, with a large number of apartments, apparently a palace. Near by are huge sphinx images, seemingly serving as guards at long passages. Large portions of the city walls have been uncovered, and stone stairs leading up to them. Several of these buildings seem to have been destroyed by fire. Besides Boghaz-keui, the place called Kara-Ejuk, to the east of Kaisariye, was also examined, and here, too, Winckler found Hittite clay tablets, as also the remains of a temple in the Pelasgian style of architecture, built of big stones. By the side of the outer gate are sphinxes two metres in height. These are surrounded by winged steers, warriors, zither players, persons engaged in sacrificing, and other representations of the life of the Hittites. Full reports of these and other finds are to be published in the near future.

From the report of the committee of the College Section of the American Library Association, presented at the recent meeting of the Section and now printed with the Proceedings, are gathered the following facts concerning eighty representative college libraries in different parts of the United States: Four have incomes of from $30,000 to $40,000, three from $20,000 to $30,000, ten from $10,000 to $20,000, eight from $5,000 to $10,000, eighteen from $1,000 to $10,000, and thirty under $1,000. The average proportion of total college income which is devoted to library purposes is 5 per cent. Among the institutions where the proportion is conspicuously over this average are Princeton, which devotes 9.2 per cent. of its income to the library; Harvard, 9.1 per cent.; and Columbia, 7.6 per cent. In 45 universities, the librarian ranks as a full professor, and has a seat in the faculty; in 15 he is recognized in the retirement and pension system; in 22 he gives regular instruction in bibliography and library usage. Only 30 of the libraries have regular trained assistants, while 62 depend on student help. More than half the latter report that such help has been found satisfactory and economical.

The St. Petersburg committee appointed to raise a monument to Pushkin, has decided to erect also a building to serve as a museum for collections of all kinds referring to Pushkin. The city has given a site near the Troizki bridge.

The death of Maurice Albert at Paris is announced. He was a professor at the Lycée Condorcet, the Sorbonne, and the École Polytechnique. He was best known for his study of "La Littérature française sous la Révolution, l'Empire, et la Restauration, 1789-1830."

Prof. H. Spindler of Zwickau, author of various works on folk-lore including "Der Gigantenmythus in seiner ältesten Überlieferung," has just died, in his fifty-first year.

OUR COLONIAL HISTORY.

English Colonies in America. By John A. Doyle. Vol. IV., The Middle Colonies; Vol. V., The Colonies under the House of Hanover. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 per vol.

It lends a melancholy interest to Mr. Doyle's concluding volumes on the English colonies in America that his death should have followed close upon the completion of this work. Mr. Doyle's connection with American history has been long and honorable. Nearly forty years ago he won the Arnold prize at Oxford for an essay on the American colonies; in 1877 he issued a short history of the United States for the use of schools; and in 1882 and 1886 he put forth the first three volumes of his most important work, a history of the English colonies in America, the final volumes of which are now before us. In addition to these independent publications, he wrote the chapters relating to the colonial period in the seventh volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," and was a frequent contributor of reviews of books on American history and biography to the *English Historical Review.*

Such an elaborate output is somewhat remarkable when we realize that historical writing was never to Mr. Doyle more than an occasional pursuit. At Oxford he turned to history without the opportunity of obtaining any adequate training in the technique of his subject, and without any preliminary instruction in colonial history, except, possibly, a few lectures from Prof. Montague Burrows; for until the founding of the Beit professorship, Oxford never had a course in American history, colonial or national. The conditions surrounding his early career rendered it inevitable, therefore, that he should approach historical subjects somewhat as an amateur, and the later circumstances of his life were not favorable to a change in that respect. Living at Crickhowel in Breconshire, South Wales, he devoted his time to manifold interests other than historical, and made little effort to keep in touch with the newer methods of historical research and presentation. Except as he reviewed occasional books relating to America or came into contact with such publications as he found at the British Museum or elsewhere, he probably knew little of the progress of historical writing in America or of the work accomplished there during the last twenty years. Mr. Doyle was an historian, but he was also a farmer, dog fancier, and exhibitor, a master of harriers, and trustee of the Kennel Club, a writer and authority on breeding and kindred subjects. The close observer will note in his history traces of his sporting interests. In the present volumes, he says, "The condition of a Leicestershire hunting stable does not prove that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is superfluous"; and, again, that raids on the New England frontier were to the French rulers of Canada "but a means of blooding their hounds," while "the real quarry against which they were to be used" were the regions reached by the Hudson and the Ohio. He was also a skilled rifle shot, a local magistrate, and a member of the Council of the University College of Wales. It is not strange, therefore, that his various diversions and hobbies should have interfered with his writing of history, and that twenty-one years should have elapsed before he was able to complete the later portions of his work.

It would be manifestly unjust to criticise Mr. Doyle's history as if it were the production of an expert, and it would be equally unfair not to point out wherein it falls below the standard set for modern historical work. The earlier volumes received a cordial welcome in America, giving promise as they did of becoming a standard history of New England and the southern colonies during the seventeenth century. As year after year passed and the sequel did not appear, scholars regretted that Mr. Doyle had apparently abandoned his task. Time has, however, somewhat tempered this regret, for continued use of the history has disclosed so many defects of style, proportion, arrangement, and bibliography that it is no longer regarded as indispensable to the workers in early American history. Students of to-day are no longer referred systematically to Doyle as were those of fifteen and twenty years ago, and other writings have come in to supplant the history in its own field. This being the case, it is naturally a matter of interest to discover whether the new volumes, published at a time when the older portion of the work is beginning to lose its hold, will regain in any measure the prestige that is thus endangered.

Volumes IV. and V. contain histories of New Netherland and New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania to about 1700, a history of Georgia from 1732 to 1752, a chapter on the conquest of Canada to 1759, and, in lieu of a continuous account of the colonies during the "neglected period," 1700-1750, a series of chapters dealing topically with such subjects as social life, administration, economic progress, religion, literature and education, inferior races, and ethnology—an arrangement which marks a reversion to an antiquated method of treating colonial history. Mr. Doyle's various individual histories take the form of straightforward narratives, in which the chief subjects are politics, government, war, and personal careers. They are based on a few well-known printed sources and rehearse the well-known facts. Inasmuch as the range of authorities is limited, the histories contain no new information and present no especially original points of view or suggestive interpretations; consequently they have little freshness or novelty. It is hard to realize that a writer of to-day can put forth a history of New Netherland and New York in over three hundred pages and depend almost entirely on Brodhead, Smith, and the New York Colonial Documents; or of religious affairs in Connecticut, with Trumbull as his only guide; or of the conquest of Canada, relying almost entirely on Parkman and Hutchinson. The work is, therefore, a compilation from such sources as Mr. Doyle was able to obtain. Of recent monographic literature he manifestly knew little, and even the printed Calendars of State Papers he used in a most haphazard fashion. Only in the case of Georgia did he turn with any care to the manuscript material in the Record Office, and even in that instance he employed his opportunity but half-heartedly.

In organizing and distributing his data Mr. Doyle followed very conventional models, and in the work before us has neglected some of the most essential portions of our history. He has entirely ignored the dictum of the modern scholar to think "continentally." While New York receives more than three hundred pages, the economic progress of the colonies is dismissed most inadequately in twelve; the navigation acts are discussed—and in the main, incorrectly—in less than a page; and the subject of British control, which is looming large upon the horizon of the present-day student, is left out of account altogether. Mr. Doyle has simply pursued his course along the old beaten paths, seemingly unaware that new paths are being struck in every direction by those who are willing to devote time and labor to the task of investigation, and who are convinced that the history of the English Colonies in America has never been properly written.

Even within the history that Mr. Doyle has written there is evidence of haste and carelessness, and a disregard for those finer touches of accuracy and exactness that betoken the trained historian. All the chapters contain scores of minute errors in nomenclature and topography that a competent scholar might easily have corrected in the proof-sheets. For instance, Mr. Doyle places Elizabeth on the Delaware, Schoharie on the upper waters of the Hudson, Greenwich on Long Island, Flatlands and Flatbush at the southeastern extremity of Long Island, and speaks of "New Town, a village on Coney Island, opposite the northwestern portion of New York." Such place-names as Brainford, Guildford, Newhaven, Canseau, Charlestown (Charleston), and N. Hants appear, and there are many mistakes in the spelling of personal names also—Johnstone for Johnston, Wells for Wilks Lyttelton and Lyttleton, etc. The errors and inconsistencies in the footnotes are legion, and to the critic with an eye to accuracy and good form exceedingly irritating. Crosse appears for Cross, Weedon for Weeden, Bury for Barry, Stainer for Steiner, Ford for Force, etc.; the New York collection of documents is cited under six different titles, Danker and Sluyter's Journal under four, and McCrady's South Carolina under as many more; references are given to the Calendar of State Papers that defy recognition; references to various collections and volumes appear without number or page; and constant references are inserted to documents that are known to Mr. Doyle only through citation in some second-hand authority. There is a curious naïveté in Mr. Doyle's confession of his own shortcomings in not finding books or documents that he has heard of, and in misplacing references to documents that he quotes. So easily might these details have

heen corrected that it is hut charitahle to believe that the condition of Mr. Doyle's health made a final revision of his manuscript impossihle.

From what we have said thus far it is evident that Mr. Doyle's last volumes are no better than those that preceded them, and will do nothing to reëstahlish the reputation of his earlier work. Yet this fact does not render impossihle the further statement that there is much in what Mr. Doyle has written that is well worth the attention of the student and the reader. His style seems more simple and less involved than formerly, and his narrative is generally clear and interesting. His judgments are carefully considered and show historical insight, and his attitude is always that of an impartial ohserver fully aware of his obligation to tell the truth as he sees it. He has no plea to maintain, is never an apologist for the British Government, and holds the balance even between Briton and colonist. He can defend Shirley and Hutchinson and criticise Franklin with the same honesty of purpose that moves him to comment on the British Government of to-day, when he says:

> To open a campaign with wholly inadequate resources, and thus to create difficulties which have to be redeemed at a heavy price alike in hlood and money, has always heen the besetting sin of British Governments.

While Mr. Doyle's work can never become a model for the writer of history, hecause it shows on the part of its author a lack of training, painstaking, and thoroughness, and while it in no way represents historical standards and ideals of the present day, hecause it shows an inadequate knowledge of the deeper prohlems of colonial history, yet we believe that Mr. Doyle himself possessed many of the finer qualities of the historian, was endowed with historical insight and impartiality, had a critical appreciation of the value of original sources, and was gifted with a shrewd understanding of the psychology of human nature. It seems a pity that a writer possessed of so many talents should not have pursued his career as a student of history with great devotion and singleness of purpose.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Man of Sark. By John Oxenham. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

"A Man of Sark" is a story of action. It deals with single comhats, mêlées, pursuits, captures, caves, prisons, privateers, smugglers—an amount of detail in fact which might well swamp a less clear and vigorous narrator. Mr. Oxenham, however, has sufficient vitality to carry through all his hero's adventures, and a carefully tempered style exactly suited to the simple, open-air character of his suhject. In choosing one of the small Channel Islands for the centre of his story, he at once stimulates the dullest imagination into sympathy. Moreover, nothing is lost in novels of this purely (in a respectful sense) academic type hy falling back on a period when East Indiamen and their convoys faced trouhle upon the high seas. The very names are decorative: the mere sound of "The Plinlimmon Castle" suggests Lever and arouses interest. Throughout, Mr. Oxenham shows skill in using the picturesque nomenclature of the region, and in touching, not too heavily, upon the romantic traditions and customs of his islands. In novels of this kind it is altogether fitting that the hlack-hearded villain should in the end prove an old acquaintance, that the reader should never be unsuitably harrowed by permanent damage to any leading character, and that a happy end should come hefore the hero is too exhausted to profit by it. To sum up, "A Man of Sark" shows a brisk imagination and capahle workmanlike treament of wholesome, legitimate material.

His Own People. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Douhleday, Page & Co.

In this latest novelette of Mr. Tarkington's there is a little more intention and a little less hrilliancy than we are accustomed to associate with his work. The story tells of a young man, Rohert Russ Mellin hy name, from rural Ohio, who, with his hard-earned savings converted into American Express orders, has set out to see for himself the *beau monde* of the Continent. The opening chapter finds him realizing the dreams of his ohscurer days as he sits idly in the glass-domed palm-room of the Hôtel Magnifique at Rome, fingering an invitation to tea from a certain Comtesse de Vaurigard. The facility with which her acquaintance has heen made stirs on the reader's part some suspicions of her title; but Mellin has none. A fortnight or more of ardent devotion, a too too merry dinner with the Comtesse and her friends, a wild night at the gaming tahle—and he awakes to find himself ill, deserted, and worse than penniless. Fortunately for him, one of the women concerned has a humane enough heart to recover and return to their original owner the lost checks; and we are left with the helief that he goes back to his once-forgotten sweetheart in Ohio, a sadder and wiser Mellin.

The story is told with Mr. Tarkington's customary ease and keen pictorial sense. The characters, especially the two women, stand out sharply. Doubtless it needed an exceedingly credulous and self-confident youth to enter so unwarily into the trap, and in Mellin we have such an one—a literary aspirant, dahhler in *vers de société*, one who had always sighed for luxury, flattery, and all the choice sensations to which he regarded himself as rightful heir. Whether a knowledge of the world so provincially restricted as his would not have hetrayed hoth his innocence and his poverty to a group of professional sharpers long before the actual disclosure, is a question the pertinence of which the author evidently perceives, for he tells us with some emphasis that no French woman can understand an American. But what of the accomplices of the Comtesse, the "Honorable" Chandler Pedlow, himself an American, and Mr. Sneyd, hoth of whom must have heen adepts in these very matters?

For Maisie. By Katharine Tynan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This amiahle little tale belongs entirely in the realm of harmless artifice. From the moment when Kit Wells decides to live hy the work of his hands rather than hy pillage, to the occasion when the duke has him to dine, not one solitary event hears the faintest likeness to anything in real life. This, however, may he said in justice: the whole is fautlessly in key. Once granted that Maisie's mother (a real lady) marries an unlettered day-lahorer in order to secure a guardian for her daughter; granted that the lahorer takes such a fancy to another man's child, on sight, that he marries a dying woman in order to secure possession of the little girl—granting all this, it becomes perfectly easy to accept the old admiral's heing sold with the estate, the whole paraphernalia, in short, of fluent, unexacting, conventional fiction.

Katharine Tynan's Irish stories usually possess a certain mild attraction, but in shifting her stage to England, she loses this so completely as to suggest that the earlier works owe more to the imperishahle romance of Ireland itself, than to the author's ability to frame a reasonahle story. As a mere narrator, however, she is smooth, practised, and totally unobjectionahle.

Gret: the Story of a Pagan. By Beatrice Mantle. New York: The Century Co.

It is a brave reader who can face without flinching the prospect of a fresh encounter with the girl of the more or less golden West: her of the ranch, the mining camp, the roadhouse bar; her of the matchless audacity and untrammelled innocence. Such is Gret; hut not according to the usual terms: stripped, indeed, of the most approved gewgaws of the romancer and the play-maker. She is not extraordinarily heautiful, she does not carry a gun. She does not even marry the man of her first choice. On the other hand, she is a personage; a figure which stands out with uncommon vividness against the neutral hackground of Western fiction as it is commonly made. Indeed, she stands out more distinctly than might be desired against the hackground of the other persons of the tale. Hers is distinctly a star part. The California logging-camp in which she is horn and brought up not so much determines her character as affords it a fit setting. Her father, the owner of the camp, has come to lead the selfish and luxurious life of a man ahout town. Her mother, a woman of fine nature and breeding, long disillusioned as to the character of her husband, lives a life of seclusion with her two daughters, in a little cottage which overlooks the camp. She has lapsed into a state of benumhed indifference to everything hut her hooks; and Gret (the sister is a tame thing) has grown almost to womanhood in the rough-and-ready atmosphere of the camp. The mother, an agnostic, has given her no knowledge of religious matters, so that Gret, who has been born a pagan (the sister is a born *dévote*) actually remains one.

To the camp and to the girl circumstance brings a group of city dwellers, chief of whom are a "society leader," a religious (and fashionahle) mystic, and a wealthy middle-aged cynic. He is of distinguished hearing and witty converse, full of wise saws and languid learning, excellently framed to beguile a child of nature. Naturally he philanders with her in his elegant casual way; not so naturally, he proposes to marry her; and hy no means unnaturally, she, hating the selfish sophistication of the great world, finds it easy to adore the most selfish and sophisticated member of that world. Circumstances prevent the marriage; and the honest and use-

ful man who should have heen her first choice becomes in the event her second.

After all, the whole affair is conventional enough. The incidents and the people, so far as they can he separated from Gret, are of little moment. But she makes it all worth while. Her mental and moral vigor, her purity, her woman's strength capahle of taking, if need were, a man's burden, her very equivocations and suhterfuges when diplomacy alone may serve her turn —they are presented with admirahle skill as mere attrihutes of a personality greater than they. For the hreath of the morning is in her nostrils: "it ran down her veins like wine, and she stared hefore her into many colored vistas like a dazed thing, carried out of herself hy something hypnotic and potential rising out of the earth to her." With so much of the smart and the tailor-made in our fiction, it is a pleasure to come now and then upon a novel which holds one such human, hreathing creature as Gret.

The Spotter. By William W. Canfield. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

This is a novel with a purpose. Oil is the theme, and it is not embarrassingly difficult to make out the identity of Mr. Lanphere, president of the Cygnet Oil Company. One is invited to follow the fortunes of a number of the victims of his unscrupulous methods; in particular of one Cameron, the contented owner of a prosperous Pennsylvania farm. Oil is struck in the neighhorhood, and all his neighhors are easily persuaded to sell their land for what seem to them fahulous sums. Cameron, who loves farming and hates oil, holds out for some time; hut is finally cheated out of his property by one of the numerous secret agents of the Cygnet, who professes to he acting in the interests of the independent refineries. His job finished, the agent leaves the country, taking with him the daughter of another v'ctim, whom for some unaccountable reason he has married. Cameron tracks him to Paris, and is there sandhagged and kidnapped hy a pair of the agent's thugs. Presently he is restored to liherty, though not for some time to his right mind. Eventually certain documents fall in his way which "put the screws on" Lanphere; and Cameron comes out of the rencontre whole-pocketed, if half-hearted. In fact, since he is in possession of documents which might hring a noted criminal to justice, his acceptance of personal damages from Lanphere smacks of hlackmail. But, since Lanphere's great original has never been hanged, drawn, and quartered, the ethics of fiction—even of such melodramatic fiction as "The Spotter"—must needs how hefore the continued fact.

The Real Blake, a Portrait Biography. By Edwin J. Ellis. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $3.50 net.

When, five weeks ago, the "William Blake" of Arthur Symons was here reviewed, Mr. Ellis's volume, though puhlished in London before Mr. Symons's, had not made its appearance in the New York market. This is unfortunate, for most of our complaints against the earlier book should have been reserved, and sharpened, for the present culprit. If Mr. Symons writes from the point of view of ultra-romanticism, Mr. Ellis speaks from the region of spirit-rapping and tahle-turning. He has produced a hook that is almost a model of what a hiography ought not to be.

He has many faults, among them had temper and messiness; hut the worst is an inordinate use of inference. For example, Crahh Rohinson repeats a saying of Mrs. Blake's, that when Blake was four years old he saw God put His head to the window. That is all we know of the matter from any source. Mr. Ellis not only tells us what God prohahly looked like, and what window he appeared at, hut goes on to conjecture why Blake never spoke of the vision to any one except to his wife "during the summer days of his courtship." Later in Blake's childhood Mr. Ellis suspects "that he even went so far as to allow his upright flames of waving hair to he comhed down for him sometimes"—most hoys do. More pernicious is the statement that Clara Woods was Blake's "real first and last love," and the gratuitous prying into the relations hetween Blake and his wife, with conclusions which are as offensive as they are unwarranted. Of course Mr. Ellis, as a good Celt, accepts without a quaver of doubt the story that Blake was of Irish descent and that the family name was really O'Neil. Mr. Symons has shown how utterly improbahle that theory is, although in justice to Mr. Ellis it must he acknowledged that the photographs of the Deville life-mask here admirahly reproduced have a strong Irish look ahout the mouth and upper lip. So far Mr. Ellis may he within his rights, hut it certainly is drawing a long how to say of one of Blake's acts that it "recalls the mingled caution and frenzy of his great ancestor of Elizahethan days, Shawn O'Neil."

"The Real Blake," however, is not altogether destitute of profit. Here is printed in full for the first time "The Island in the Moon," that youthful satire, grotesquely dull hut not without significance in estimating Blake's literary training. More important is a complete transcription of his marginal notes to the "Angelic Wisdom" of Swedenhorg, together with the passages of Swedenhorg concerned, and even more interesting are Lavater's "Aphorisms" with Blake's illuminating comments. And other valuahle documents are given. Little hy little we are getting the whole of Blake. When shall we have all his writings in uniform style, edited with the accuracy and understanding displayed hy Mr. Sampson in his edition of the lyrical poems? That is now the real desideratum, rather than these yeasty enthusiasms over Blake's Last Judgment as "the most beautiful, poetic, and decorative picture the word contains," over Blake himself as holding "a supreme place among the world's artists," and over his hoyish and fragmentary drama as having the easy and complete vitality of Shakespeare's work. It is a pity that a critic should give himself up to these exaggerations; Blake is great enough not to need them. Mr. Ellis tells us more ahout the deht of Blake to Swedenhorgianism than any other writer has yet done. If he had worked out that connection in detail he would have performed a service to letters that is still to do. It cannot he denied that he knows his Blake thoroughly, and is as familiar with the Zoas, Zelophahads, Orcs, Valas, Oothoons, Luvahs, *et id genus omne*, as any man living; again, if he had collected and coördinated his interpretations of Blake's mysticism, and had suhdued the vanities of his own imagination he might have produced a work of indisputahle value.

Sunshine and Sport in Florida and the West Indies. By F. G. Aflalo. Philadelphia: George W. Jacohs. $4 net.

This volume is divided into three parts, treating, respectively, of "The Way There," "Tarpon-fishing and Other Sport," and, finally, "Home hy the Spanish Main." Although fishing was the pole star which held steady through the trip of eleven thousand miles, this Briton had eyes for many other things. With happy turns of speech he gives us word pictures of the life on hoard ship and in New York. Of the Irish steerage passengers, he writes:

> These reeling exiles, who wave unsteady farewells to their friends on the tender, may control Trusts. To-day they are half-starved; hut the time may come when they may corner wheat and starve their fellows.

In our city he is impressed hy the lack of drunkenness, the ceaseless toil for money, the had tea, the omnipresence of ice-water, and the utter uselessness of the haggage checking system! Some twenty pages and a numher of illustrations are devoted to the Zoölogical Park and the Aquarium in New York city, about which he is enthusiastic as a sportsman and an angler. The author journeyed south to Washington where a half hour's talk with the President completely won his heart. Then on to Florida, stopping off here and there and making a hundred and one comments on the people and the land.

Part Two, dealing with the practical and descriptive aspects of tarpon fishing, reveals the author at his hest. Every detail shows the enthusiasm of the true angler. The wonderful leaps of this gigantic herring are described—producing golden showers of iridescent spray in the sunlight, and visions of silver and hlack in the moonlight, while an evening without a moon, with the hrilliant phosphorescence of the warm Gulf water, gives the strangest effects of all:

> Sudden pale gleams break the hlackness helow and mark the pathless dash of sharks over the hidden dwellings of the coral creatures, to whom they must seem as meteors flashing through the night, and the tarpon rushes like a signal rocket, setting the water afire as it jumps.

This fishing trip as a whole consumed twelve weeks, the travelling expenses heing about one thousand dollars, and the cost of the angling some two hundred more. In eleven days the author captured seventeen splendid tarpon, the heaviest weighing 140 pounds. In addition to the account of the angling there is a chapter on the tarpon itself—an interesting summary of the known facts in regard to its life. Mr. Aflalo's natural history notes are, however, desultory, and not of special interest. He should have looked closer when he says the flicker is the only American woodpecker without red in its plumage.

After leaving Florida the author made hrief stays in Cuba, Jamaica, and Panama. He has nothing hut praise for the American system of work and sanitation in the last mentioned place. His frank and generous comments reveal a fair-mindedness only too

rare in travellers. The volume should appeal to a far wider circle of readers than the "English anglers" for whom the author chiefly intends it.

Science.

CONGRESS OF ITALIAN SCIENTISTS.

PARMA, September 30.

The Italian Society for the Advancement of Science, organized here at Parma during the past week, is really a *risorgimento*, since a body bearing the same name and having similar objects held half a score of meetings at irregular intervals in different cities and met for what proved its final session more than thirty years ago at Palermo in the midst of Italy's struggle for national existence. Led by such men as Cerruti, Celoria, and Millosevich in mathematics; by Voltera, Righi, Alfonso Sella, Cardani, and Folgheraiter in physics; Allievi, Jona, and Colombo, in engineering; Paterna, Pesci, and Ciamician, in chemistry; Cuboni and Pirotta, in agriculture; Dalla Vedova and Mariotti, geography; Issel and Artini, geology; Baccarini and Borzi, botany; Andres, Monticelli, and Romiti, comparative anatomy; Luigi Pigorini, and Sergi, anthropology; Todaro and Livini, histology; Fano and Cervello, physiology; Foà, Biguami, and Marchiafava, bacteriology; and Luzzatti, Bodio, Strengher, and Pantaleoni in economics, this association has opened with nearly twelve hundred members. Volterra, a scientist under whom American physicists have counted it a privilege to study, and who shares with Righi of Bologna the distinction of having been Marconi's master, became the active head of the committee on organization. The Italian Philosophical Society and the Italian Electro-Technical Association united with the new body for their annual session, while the different government departments, the ministries of public works, of agriculture, of industry and commerce, of post and telegraph, of war, and of marine sent one or more official delegates. Local scientific societies, like the Spectroscopic Society of Catania, the Tuscan Society of Natural Sciences of Pisa, the Italian Geographical Society of Rome, the Society of Naturalists of Naples, the Royal Institute of Science, Literature, and Art of Venice, the Chambers of Commerce of Bari and Rome, and several large industrial manufacturing corporations affiliated themselves and sent delegates. The Imperial Agricultural Academy of Rovereto, Austria, and representatives of Leipzig, Heidelberg, Bonn, Frankfurt, Vienna, Trieste, Warsaw, and Prague Universities, and residents of England, France, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, and even Costa Rica are found on the membership list. America has six representatives: Prof. Simon Newcomb of Washington, Gaetano Lanza of Boston, a resident of Salem, Mass., one from Iowa, and two women (one a graduate of Vassar and former student of Radcliffe) from Cambridge, Mass. In all, over thirty women joined.

The chief interest of the opening exercises, if not of the entire session, centred in Volterra's able summary of the scientific tendencies of the day. The aggressive attitude of the Vatican towards Socialism and the corresponding anti-clerical agitation of the radical elements of society, to which many columns of the daily press have recently been given, the appearance first of the Papal syllabus, and then, only a week before the opening of this congress, of the encyclical, would naturally lead the Protestant observer in Italy to expect some outcropping of party antagonism at Parma. But the listener heard nothing of the kind. Volterra spoke briefly of the profound changes, both material and moral, which Italy has undergone since the last Italian congress of scientists had met, of the great and widespread development of scientific thought and with it the rise of a wholly new and modern feeling, the scientific spirit. The inheritance alike of the great and the humble, it pervades all branches of society and is indefatigably extending the application of new discoveries throughout the field of every day life. To its inspiration is due the awakening of the most sane and vital energies of the time. Impressed by the new inventions which have spread everywhere great material benefits, have increased riches, and have influenced deeply social customs and the conscience of society, the public seeks to possess itself of scientific truth, to know its details, and looks to science for material and moral progress. This expectant attitude of mind on the part of the public in turn stimulates the scientist. For example:

> Descending through all strata of society and spreading everywhere, brightening and helping, revivifying and intensifying all our life, electric appliances show constantly the power of scientific research and the utility of the most abstract studies.

If in such a way a continual current unites practical with scientific life, so those who make science their profession feel themselves drawn towards the mass of men, their life is no longer shut up in their laboratories and studies, like Gauss's, but, like Lord Kelvin, they feel constrained to put themselves into active contact with society and to share in the life which agitates the world.

Then from praise of the spiritual side of scientific studies, the delight of pure and disinterested search for truth, the joy of learning rather than of mere knowing, the speaker turned to the crisis which has overtaken all branches of knowledge, in the conditions of work and in the underlying philosophy. He dwelt on the rapid accumulation of discoveries awaiting classification and the definition of their interrelations; the keen and profound criticism of every speculation, new and old, threatening every system, even those which promised to withstand the assaults of time; the need of great technical skill demanding specialization and subdivision of scientific labor, so that a lifetime has become hardly sufficient to reach the point from which any real advance is possible; the interdependence of different branches of study so increased that further progress in any seems almost impossible without a profound knowledge of many others, not only of those which seemed related a few years ago, but also of the new departments of knowledge which are now known to be closely related. The crisis in the underlying philosophies is even more marked than in the conditions of work, where not only single hypotheses but great and universally accepted principles have suddenly become the objects of discussion and criticism, while old systems long thought buried forever are unexpectedly revived—the dreams of the alchemists re-arising, full of mystery.

The meetings of the fourteen sections into which the society divided continued throughout the week. These sections united again to hear Prof. Giacomo Ciamician of Bologna on "Organic Chemistry in Organisms." Prof. Pio Foà of Turin on "The Biological Significance of Tumors," and Prof. Maffeo Pantaleoni of Rome in a masterly review of "Forty Years of Economic Studies." If pure science found a large place in the different programmes, questions like the sterilization of city water, the necessity of developing popular education in regard to hygiene, and improving the preparation in mathematics, and in laboratory work in the preparatory schools, were not neglected. A geographical exhibition was opened in the Royal Palatine Library, and special descriptive catalogues of maps, of geographical manuscripts, and of nautical charts, were published. Excavations which are being made in the Terramara of Parma were freely opened to members. Twelve or fifteen feet below the level of the soil an old Roman road has been laid bare, and below that wood from the foundations of the house of "lake-dwellers," whom Professor Pigorini believes were contemporaries of Hammurabi. Many horn-shaped fragments of pottery have been brought to light which are thought to confirm the theory of the oriental origin of these people. (Those who are interested can find details in a recently issued monograph, "Bollettino di Paletnologia Italiana," published by Luigi Battei, Parma, 1907.)

One morning was given to the exercises commemorative of Vittorio Bottego, the African explorer, in connection with the unveiling of his statue by Ximènes. His collection of the fauna of Erythrea, which forms a special museum in the university, had been carefully reclassified, and was then reopened to the public.

The abiding impression left by the congress is of the dignity and enthusiasm which marked its sessions and the confidence in Italy's great future, which her leading scientists inspired.

ALICE HAYES.

The "Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army," has reached the twelfth volume of the second series, including titles from O to Periodicals. How wide the field of this library is, apart from purely medical works, may be seen by glancing at the lists under such words as Passion and Pauperism.

An author is indeed to be congratulated when he is able to be, not only the student and collector of the material of which he writes, but artist as well. In "Feathered Game of the Northeast" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) Walter H. Rich has selected about ninety New England game birds, of both land and water, and has written a short essay about each, accompanied by well-executed drawings. These are primarily meant for the man "whose nature study has been conducted in the open and mostly over a gun-barrel," although the average reader and the professional ornithologist each may find much of interest. The il-

lustrations, which are diagnostic, add considerably to the value of the volume. Mr. Rich has, however, fallen into the error very general among artists, of placing his ducks too high out of the water. No duck ever swam with the lower curve of its breast exposed. There is hardly one of the pictures of ducks in which the waterline should not be considerably raised. Fortunately the author has sane ideas on hunting. He asserts again and again the need of better protection for our birds, and continually urges moderation in bagging game. Spring shooting, he thinks, should be abolished altogether. On the more technical side we find recent scientific names given accurately, and the facts concerning life-histories, although of course mainly drawn from the point of view of the hunter, are reliable. As literature, the essays are commendable; for Mr. Rich possesses excellent powers of description, far above those of the average hunter, who is prone to wax eloquent chiefly when his mind runs on the toothsomeness of his game. The vivid portrayal of the icy blind on a lonely island at sea, where the hunter waits for the flocks of eider ducks is especially enjoyable reading. Interesting items are added here and there, as where in connection with the supposedly extinct Labrador duck we are told that "Audubon's drawings were made from a pair shot by Daniel Webster and by him presented to the naturalist." The volume contains over 430 pages, and is unusually well-printed.

Several months ago Prof. Albert Eulenburg, of the University of Berlin, published an article on suicide among the school-children of Germany, the data of which were so startling that the Prussian Cultus Ministry set on foot an official investigation. The published report covers the period from 1883 to 1903. In these twenty-one years the number of suicides in the primary and secondary schools of Prussia reached the total of 1,125. The annual average was almost fifty-four; for the age of fifteen and less, it was almost forty-two, in which the ratio between boys and girls was 4.16 to 1. In the secondary schools alone the average annual suicides numbered about fourteen. In the lower grades fear of punishment, mental derangement, hard treatment by parents, relatives, or teachers were the most important factors; in the higher grades, and especially in the secondary schools, fear of examinations, offended honor, mental disturbance, fear of punishment, love affairs, and despondency are assigned as the chief causes. In these grades fully 10 per cent. of the suicides could be ascribed to mental disturbance. Fully 28 per cent. of all these unfortunates were children or near relatives of epileptics, inebriates, or demented persons. In a surprisingly large proportion of cases the reasons for taking life were very trivial. In more than 48 per cent. it was the inability of the pupil to adapt himself to the arrangements of the school. In not a few instances dangerous literature, love affairs, premature enjoyment of the indulgences of the university students, as well as alcoholism, led to suicide. In a comparatively large number of cases the causes had nothing to do with the school at all, but originated in domestic troubles, especially punishments, criticisms, and strictness on the part of the parents.

Drama.

Memories of My Life. By Sarah Bernhardt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4 net.

If it be the main object of an autobiography to make a complete and merciless exposure of the character of the writer these "Memories" of Sarah Bernhardt constitute one of the most successful books ever written—and the revelation is so utterly unconscious, so vivid and so consistent in all its elaborate complexity as to leave no room for doubt or speculation. Herein lies the value of this rhapsodical but interesting *apologia pro vita sua* that it exhibits the true woman in clearer relief than it does the largely mythical superwoman whom it labors to depict. Rich as it is in minor details and vivacious descriptions it adds but little to the common knowledge of the career of the best advertised actress in the world. In fact, it is studiously reticent concerning many essential facts, including those of parentage and pedigree, about which the curious in such matters would like to be better informed. Apparently, there is no foundation for the stories, long prevalent, that her youth was passed in poverty. Her mother seems to have been amply provided for and she herself wanted for nothing in her childhood except the intelligent guidance and control of which she stood most in need. Concerning the identity and social position of her father a significant silence is observed, although he occasionally appears upon the scene. Her mother, as is generally known, was of Jewish descent, but she herself was reared in the Roman Catholic faith.

Her account of her early years, though crammed with domestic incident and anecdote of an easily credible kind, is so careful in its omissions and so reckless in its exaggeration, that only the most confiding reader would put much faith in its complete veracity. But reading between the lines, it is not difficult to discern in the wayward, affectionate, wilful, imaginative, and hysterical little girl of the Grandchamps Convent—where she received most of what regular education she had—the miniature copy of the brilliant, paradoxical and unmanageable creature who, a little later on, was to dazzle Paris with her acting and drive successive managers to despair. She furnishes a lively sketch of her convent life, her various escapades, her paroxysms of temper, her triumphs in religious theatricals and her gradual transformation into a religious devoteee. At one time, it appears, it was her highest ambition to become a nun, and she draws an imaginary picture of herself as a Carmelite penitent, an idea for which she is indebted to Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Her religious fervor, however, was never strong enough to render her amenable to discipline or to prevent her from indulging in the most caustic comment upon all who opposed or offended her, whether they were nuns, relatives or friends. In her case, the tongue was ever a most unruly member, and her book is highly seasoned with personalities, which, however apt or amusing, are neither polite nor amiable.

It was the Duc de Morny, the favorite of the third Napoleon, who, when her family was fairly at a loss how to dispose of her, suggested that she be put upon the stage. He therein displayed better judgment than he employed in some weightier affairs. Her recitation of "Les Deux Pigeons" gained her admission to the Conservatoire. She had made no preparation, but the magic of her voice won her judges. Her first engagement at the Français ended ingloriously. Enraged because Madame Nathalie, an old *sociétaire*, had pushed her sister, she slapped her face and resigned rather than apologize. Her unruly temper was also the cause of her leaving the Gymnase, and she ran away, on a wild impulse, to Spain, where luckily she fell into good hands. Returning to Paris, she joined the Odéon, where she rapidly rose to fame. It was there that she made the acquaintance of Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon)—who offended her hugely by his indifference, but afterward became a good friend—and George Sand. It was there, too, that she achieved one of the most notable of her earlier triumphs in "Le Passant." After that her popularity, especially among the students, of whom she was ever the favorite, increased apace until it was interrupted by the war.

Her patriotism, as all the world knows, was as practical as it was fervid and vociferous. The Germans, in the present volume are the objects of some of her most vigorous rhetoric. But unlike most of her compatriots she laments the overthrow of the Emperor as well as the national defeat. He had entertained her at the Tuileries and greatly impressed her with his benevolence, gentleness, and wit. She holds that he was the victim of circumstance, and much more sinned against than sinning. Her remarks on political subjects are not profound but her conduct during the siege of Paris is deserving of the warmest admiration. In the emergency hospital which she established at the Odéon she displayed not only energy, endurance, and courage, qualities which she never lacked, but foresight, unselfish devotion, and tenderness. She did not desert her post even when she, with her patients, was driven by the German shells into the cellars, rendered almost uninhabitable by water and rats. Possibly some of her descriptions—that of her visit to a battlefield, for instance—may be colored somewhat too highly, but the reality, doubtless, was horrible enough, and the part she played was at once womanly and heroic.

It is impossible, and unnecessary, to follow her through her long list of triumphs and adventures, her escape from Paris, her descent into the "Enfer du Plogoff" at Finisterre—with its obvious inspirations from "Les Travailleurs de la Mer"—her balloon ascensions, etc. Imagination plays at least as great a part in them as sober fact, but Madame Sarah is a capital *raconteuse*. Nor is it needful to do more than refer to her dramatic achievements, culminating in "Phèdre," which have made her name a household word from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. It is a pity that her memories are so centred upon herself as to be forgetful of some of her friends who were almost as illustrious. Doubtless, if she had chosen, she could have told many illuminating anecdotes of Gambetta, Thiers (whom she anathematizes), Paul de Rémusat, Canrobert, Macmahon, Hugo, Augier, Bornier,

Rochefort, Rostand, and many others. To tell the plain truth, the monstrous egotism of the book greatly weakens the pleasurable impression created by its vivacity, its cleverness, and its abundance of interesting material. It cannot affect, either in one way or the other, the fame of the consummate artist, which is too firmly established ever to be shaken, but it leaves behind it the impression of a woman endowed indeed with many fine qualities, with intellect, ambition, versatility, dauntless courage, and (within certain limits) both generosity and affection, but too much given to self-glorification, to petty animosities and jealousies and unreasonable prejudices to be entirely great.

"Shakespeare, der Dichter und sein Werk," by Dr. Max J. Wolff, vol. I. (Munich: Oskar Beck), is not marked by any strong critical originality, and it is needless to say that it does not throw any new light on the poet's life; yet it is a pleasing book, and is superior, perhaps, to any work on its subject accessible in English that attempts to combine both biography and literary criticism. On the other hand it falls below several we might name that deal with Shakespeare merely from one of these points of view. The author, who is already known for his contributions to Shakespearian study, is thoroughly familiar with the vast literature of his subject, so that his book has the advantage of representing the latest and best knowledge. Naturally, much the largest part of the work is devoted to a discussion of the poems and plays—especially the characters in the latter. In this last particular, Dr. Wolff rarely departs from orthodox interpretation; but, though occasionally too diffuse, his criticism is intelligent and sympathetic—indeed, warm with enthusiam—so that the reader will accompany him with pleasure through these familiar paths. His work, like that of nearly all of his countrymen on this subject, is marred by an unconditional acceptance of the "Henry VI." plays and "Titus Andronicus" as purely Shakespearian; their inclusion in the First Folio outweighs in Dr. Wolff's mind the all but unanimous judgment of English-speaking authorities—with reference to the former, at least. This is the one literary problem in the face of which the wonted audacity of German criticism seems to fail. A good feature of the work is the picture of the life of Elizabethan London—the background of the drama—which the author calls up. With regard to the Elizabethan stage, we note that Dr. Wolff rejects the theory of the inner stage, in which, it must be confessed, he has the support of the meagre pictorial evidence relating to the subject that has come down to our times. The present volume ends with "Twelfth Night." The work is to be completed in another volume.

On Monday evening, November 4, Klaw & Erlanger will present at Wallack's Theatre Eugene W. Presbrey's dramatic version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Right of Way," in which Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts take the principal characters. The play comes to New York after several weeks on the road, where its success has been marked.

Arnold Daly is now rehearsing at the Berkeley Theatre two new plays which will be presented on Tuesday, November 5. "The Van Dycke" is a comedy adapted from the French and produced last year in London by Beerbohm Tree. The second piece is a drama in three scenes, "After the Opera," adapted from the French by Gladys Unger. This play has been given in Paris at the Grand Guignol.

A dramatic version of the story of "The Bride of Lammermoor" has been written by Stephen Phillips, and will be produced by Martin Harvey in Glasgow, next March. Scott's novel has always proved tempting to the dramatist. Of modern adaptations the most famous are those produced by Charles Fechter and Sir Henry Irving, both at the London Lyceum.

Music.

The Wagnerian Romances. By Gertrude Hall. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Stories from the Operas. By Gladys Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Wagner Stories. By Filson Young. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Story of the Ring. By S. H. Hamer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

Wagner Kalender auf das Jahr 1908. Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler.

Beautiful and often touching as is the music of Wagner's operas, there can be no doubt whatever that the pleasure it gives is doubled if the listener is able to follow the unfolding of the plot and to understand the dialogue. Unfortunately, few of even the great singers enunciate distinctly, nor is the majority of an operatic audience in this country conversant with German. Several translations have been made of Wagner's poems, but the necessity of not merely rendering the sense but preserving the metres and making the word accents coincide with the musical accents, has usually resulted in pretty hard reading. To overcome this difficulty, many attempts have been made simply to tell the stories of these operas in prose. Perhaps the lengthiest of these efforts is that of Gertrude Hall, who devotes 414 pages to ten of the Wagner operas. For reasons not apparent she begins with the last of them—"Parsifal," and ends with the earliest of the operas that one is likely to hear—"The Flying Dutchman." She is an enthusiast who believes that these poems form, even apart from the music, "a whole beautiful, luminous, romantic world," and that "one would not lose more by dropping out of literature the 'Idylls of the King' than the Wagnerian romances." However that may be, there can be no doubt that her conscientious transcript will be welcomed by many opera-goers.

In Gladys Davidson's book Wagner is represented by only two of his operas—"Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger." Of the other operas whose stories are told by her, four—Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis," Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," Halévy's "The Jewess," and Bellini's "La Sonnambula"—have practically disappeared from the stage, while a fifth, Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," has never become acclimated outside of Russia. The others in the list are popular favorites of to-day and likely to remain so for some time. Their plots are told by the author in the form of short stories without reference to the stage or the music.

Filson Young has also told the Wagner stories (ten of them) in the past tense, "because that tense is proper to narrative." He goes more into details than his rivals, quoting the dialogue here and there, sometimes in verse, and altogether he has accomplished his task creditably. He draws on his imagination when he says that Wagner insisted that his hearers "should be in possession of a brief outline of the story," for Wagner's contention was that the singers should enunciate so distinctly that a libretto or a synopsis becomes as superfluous as in a theatre; but Mr. Young is right in saying that Wagner deprecated the priming of his hearers beforehand with leading motives and elaborate musical information. The *labelled* leading motives are an invention of Hans von Wolzogen. Mr. Young quite properly assures amateurs as yet unacquainted with these masterpieces that "all this semi-masonic mystery of initiation is quite unnecessary."

The fourth book on our list confines itself to the four Nibelung dramas, the story of which is told briefly, while the leading motives are interspersed in musical type. There are four full-page illustrations in colors by Harry Rountree of scenes in the operas, and marginal notes of reference which add to the value of the book.

The habit of telling the stories of Wagner's operas in prose, which threatens to become an epidemic in this country, does not appear to prevail abroad to the same extent, although "thematic guides" abound in Germany. In the "Wagner Kalender" for next year, however, the story of "Lohengrin" is thus told, as "a fairy tale for children." In the first forty pages of this "Kalender" dates relating to Wagner's life or works are given for every day in the year—not an easy feat to accomplish. Ten pages are taken up with the first sketch, in prose, of "Die Meistersinger." This has been printed before, but we find here for the first time in type the prose plot of an opera which Wagner had in mind about the time when he was busy with "Tannhäuser." The name of this opera was to be "The Mines at Falun"; it was based on one of the tales in Hoffmann's "Serapionsbrüder," and it is surmised that Wagner abandoned this plot because of the difficulty of presenting the climax in an opera—the finding of the unchanged body of a young man who had perished in the mine, years later by the woman who at the time was his bride. Hans Pfeilschmidt contributes an account of the funeral of Wagner in Bayreuth, beginning with the arrival of the special train which brought the body from Venice. The corpse was in an ordinary freight car, on which the word "Leiche" was written with chalk. There is a photograph of the funeral services, and the "Kalender" is otherwise profusely illustrated with pictures serious and comic.

The question is often asked: "Who is the greatest living pianist next to Paderewski?" Of the three thousand enthusiastic women and men who heard Josef Hofmann, at his first recital in Carnegie Hall

last Saturday, the majority would prohably have named him in answer to that question. Though a Pole, this pianist played the last of Beethoven's sonatas and Schumann's inspired Fantasie with an appreciation of their suhtle and recondite charms, as well as their more ohvious points of heauty, in a way no German pianist of the period could .have equalled. Nevertheless, he was at his hest in the Polish part of his programme, which consisted of Chopin's twenty-five Preludes, "the pearls of his works," as Rubinstein called them. They represent the great tone poet in all of his moods, and though some of them seem mere fragments, all of them are, in the words of Kullak, "masterpieces of the first rank." In the performance of these Hofmann recalled the interpretative genius of his hoyhood, which he lost for some years but has now recovered.

There are to he some special performances of operas hy seventeenth and eighteenth-century composers, as well as four modern works, Septemher of next year, at La Fenice, the large and beautiful huilding in Venice. Twenty-five operatic performances and five vocal and orchestral concerts, the programmes of the latter heing likewise entirely drawn up from compositions hy Italian musicians, will be included in the scheme. Caruso is to take part in some of the operas, and Arturo Toscanini, the chef d'orchestre at La Scala, will he the conductor. To further the project, a committee, consisting of Italian, English, and American women, is heing formed.

Art.

NOTES ON EGYPTIAN ART.

Interesting accounts hoth of Prof. J. Garstang's and Prof. W. F. Petrie's excavations in Egypt during the last season have appeared in recent issues of the London *Times*. Professor Garstang excavated for the University of Liverpool, which, as is well known, has of late taken a prominent part in the study of archæology. The site chosen hy him was Abydos. The various finds cover a wide range, dating from about 2000 B. C. to the first and second Christian centuries. The most interesting remains are attrihuted to the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties, and many of them are of singular interest and heauty. Among them are two or three representations in hronze of Osiris, one of which was covered with gilt, with inlaid eyes. A faience hippopotamus is of a somewhat unusual type, as is also a wooden statuette of a woman and child; for the hody is long and the limbs short, although length of legs and arms is the prevailing characteristic of the people. The features, too, as in some other examples recently discovered, are of a negroid rather than a purely Egyptian type. Other relics in excellent preservation are a monkey in a cage, cats, a hahoon, and a heautiful vase for offerings, representing two trussed geese. The workmanship and grace of form and feature in some cases suggest Greek art. One of the most exquisite specimens is an ivory seal—a child with finely-wrought features. A singular Kohl pot, with a slide in the middle of the lid, a palette and rubber for the grinding of cosmetics, combs, perfume pots, and other articles, show that the arts of feminine adornment reached a high degree of perfection under the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties.

Of Professor Petrie's excavations two discoveries are mentioned as of especial interest. The first is that of a succession of "Soulhouses," found at Rifeh, near Asyut, in a cemetery of the tenth to the twelfth dynasty, which was excavated from under a bed of gravel. The more modest of these miniature dwellings are models of houses such as are still inhabited hy the peasantry—a single room with one or two openings, with a roof like a Bedawy tent, propped with two poles in front. Of this type there are several varieties. In the more elaborate dwellings special care was taken to provide ventilation; more zeal was shown, perhaps, for the souls of the dead than for the hodies of the living. The furniture consists of couches with head-rests, a chair, and stand of water-jars, while a bread-maker is shown at work under the staircase. On the roof in some instances were corn-hins. A hull's head, haunch, and ribs, and tanks of water were among the provisions for the soul's sustenance. Each house was, it would seem, intended for the accommodation of one soul only. The other important discovery was the contents of a great noble's tomh—one of the first known of the twelfth dynasty. The place was a small rock chamher containing the remains of two hrothers. The inner case for the elder is elahorately painted with a diaper pattern of dark green and white on red ground, with yellow rosettes in the spaces. Minute hieroglyphs show details of animals. There were also found, in admirahle preservation, two models of hoats —one with the mast down and sail packed upon it, is being rowed down the Nile; the other has the mast up and the crew are engaged in hauling up the yards. The lookout man is sitting on the stern closely wrapped up to protect him from the north wind. Each hoat has a cabin, in front of which sits the captain. The steering oars, undamaged, are finely painted with eyes of horus, lotus flowers, and rosettes. The figures are clear and striking, including those of the servant-girls.

The German Orient Society, which has heen conducting extensive excavations during the past seven years in Assyria, Bahylonia, Palestine, and Egypt, has recently issued an account of this work on two Egyptian sites: Ahusir and Tell el-Amarna. In our issue of August 29, p. 195, we printed a hrief note on the suhject, but additional details are now at hand. The most notahle result in a section of Ahusir, known as Ahusir el-Melek, was the additional material ohtained from opening no less than 257 prehistoric graves with the usual contents of pottery, stone utensils, knives, and ornaments. A curious feature of this prehistoric necropolis is its continued use down to the period of the Hyksos. In some cases the same grave appears to have heen used twice. At Tell el-Amarna which, ever since the discovery of the cuneiform archive of Amenophis III. in 1888, has been the scene of almost continuous archæological activity, Dr. Ludwig Borchardt has been fortunate in finding towards the northern part of the mound the remains of many of the private dwellings belonging to the period of the "Heretic King," as Amenophis III. (circa 1400 B. C.) was called. Through these finds the construction of private houses in Egypt has heen made much clearer to us, and many persons may he surprised to learn that at this early date the hathroom was a regular feature of the dwelling house. In the more elahorate houses the bathroom was paved with limestone, and an outlet was provided for the water which, running through a covered pipe, emptied into a small reservoir. The bath itself, it would appear, was limited in those days to pouring jars of water over the body. Finally, in the main mound of Ahusir, work on the extensive Temple of King Neferirkere of the fifth dynasty (circa 2700 B. C.) was completed, and the excavations around the pyramid near the temple systematically continued. The most interesting discovery was of remarkahle specimens of faience work in wood, the brilliant colors of which—hlue and yellow—give to the lihation vases a striking appearance. Lastly, in the Temple of King Sahure (the predecessor of Neferirkere), comprising a pyramid, a temple for the dead, an approach, and a large gate, splendid specimens of sculptures on large hlocks rewarded the efforts of the explorers. The scenes illustrate the career of the king, who is represented as being nursed by the goddess Nechhet, and in the form of a gryphon is depicted as crushing his enemies in western Asia and in Libya. These large granite reliefs helong to the finest specimens of the Egyptian art of the period.

The *Burlington Magazine* for October is unusually antiquarian in its tone, even for this puhlication; not merely because it contains nothing of the art of to-day, but hecause it contains less than it often does of the art of all days—less that is intrinsically heautiful as art apart from historical interest or the fascination of the great attribution puzzle. The notable exception is the photogravure frontispiece after a portrait of a little girl hy Velasquez, from the Kahn collection—one of the pictures that, it has heen rumored, are to come to this country. It would seem to be of fine quality and uncontested authenticity, and one would like to see it in the Metropolitan Museum. Some of the pictures in the Irish National Portrait Collection are prohahly fine canvases, and the two new Chardins in the Louvre must have beautiful qualities, hut the reproductions are not, in these cases, adequate to give a clear notion of the originals. The sixteenth century woodcut portrait of Franz Burchard, Saxon amhassador to England, after an unknown English artist, is a magnificent piece of work, almost worthy of Holhein, hy whom the draughtsman was evidently influenced. "Art in America" deals, as is too frequently the case, only with art that happens to be in America, not with the art of America, which is, nevertheless, occasionally worthy of notice.

Among the rather scrappy contents of the *Bollettino d'Arte* for Octoher we may note the completion of Attilio Rossi's study of the works of art in the Monastery Tor de' Specchi, Rome; and capital illustrations of two drawings by Rembrandt in the National Museum, Naples. A pen sketch representing the slaying of Holofernes by

Judith must be regarded as one of the swiftest and finest creations of the master. Hardly less admirable but in a mode thoroughly familiar, through the etchings, is Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dreams. The text of the new act reforming the service of fine arts in Italy is printed in full. The gist of the law is insistence upon competitive examination, whether for promotion or original appointment.

Francesco Malaguzzi Valeri, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for October, describes the frescoes of the Grifi Chapel, in S. Pietro in Gessate, Milan. There is documentary evidence that this work was assigned to Zenale and Butinone in 1489. We have then the familiar problem of collaboration by these very similar Lombards. Our author finds in this work but little Zenale, the greater master. A considerable portion of these paintings has lately been freed from whitewash, and it is hoped that other fifteenth-century frescoes which are known to exist in this church may also be uncovered. The article is one more contribution to our knowledge of an active and promising Milanese school, the orderly development of which was thwarted by the great apparition of Leonardo. In the same number is an excellent article on the Palazzo de' Clerici, Milan, that splendid monument of the early eighteenth century, pictured by Tiepolo and hung with tapestry of the time. The author, Ugo Nebbia, makes a valiant plea for Italian rococo; and, in fact, nobody who knows well the best eighteenth-century palaces of Venice will scorn this delightful form of decoration, at once so completely of its time and so racy of the North Italian soil.

Some few years ago, there was a distinct effort in England to revive not only the art of lithography, but the methods of the first successful publishers of lithographs. Artists issued their prints in portfolios or as illustrations in periodicals. Whistler led the way with his "Notes." There were collections of C. H. Shannon's prints, Joseph Pennell's sketches in Cornwall, W. Rothenstein's series of portraits. Annuals like the "Pageant," magazines like the *Art Journal* and the *Studio*, and Christmas supplements were illustrated by lithographs. Only two or three years ago, the Macmillans undertook to bring out original lithographs and etchings in a large and well-printed quarterly. But it was no use. There was no public, in England anyway, to support such publications or to justify editors of popular magazines looking to the art for popularity. Artists, who found the stone a sympathetic medium, continued to make lithographs, but issued them separately. Now, however, suddenly, a little group of artists and writers have discovered lithography, with all the pride of a new Columbus; are appalled by the fact that, though held in esteem on the Continent, it is neglected in England; but, thinking the knowledge of it increasing, have decided to encourage this knowledge by bringing out a periodical, called the *Neolith*, devoted solely to lithography, which they feel sure "will meet a growing need and stimulate a crescent interest." In the list of artists, given as contributors, are distinguished names, but only those of a few men who have, as yet, done much, if anything, on the stone: Clausen, E. J. Sullivan, A. S. Hartrick, Oliver Hall. Text is to accompany the prints, and, with a thoroughness that threatens the comfort of one's eyes, "the literary contents of the *Neolith* will be written out by Graily Hewitt" in a "script"—one would willingly sacrifice to good type—and printed by lithography. The publication will be quarterly and it will be edited by Mrs. Hubert Bland ("E. Nesbit") from Eltham. "The autumn of 1907" is the vague date given for the first number.

The first volume of Herbert Horne's study of Botticelli will be published immediately by Bell & Sons, and the second will follow before Christmas. Mr. Horne has been engaged on this work for many years, and has gone through a mass of matter in the archives of Florence and elsewhere. There will be photogravure reproductions of almost all Botticelli's genuine works.

In the volume on George Morland, in The Makers of British Art (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), David Henry Wilson devotes himself rather to such rehabilitation of Morland's personality as may be possible than to any attempt at criticism. We are given no notion of what may be the qualities of Morland's painting except in so far as it is illustrative or literary. We hear a great deal about the "cheeriness" and the didactic value of the pictures, nothing about their technical merits. Such technical merits as might be visible in reproduction seem slender enough, but the man may have handled his paint well. On the whole one finds his present vogue rather incomprehensible and is inclined to imagine that the prices his works fetched during his own lifetime were as good as they deserved.

In "Art and the Camera" (The Macmillan Co.), Anthony Guest adds one more to the many attempts to tell amateur photographers how to become artists. We find his remarks rather vague and inconclusive, though well meant. They are true enough, but they lead nowhere in particular. His illustrations are very good and many of them really "artistic," whether or not they are "art." For the most part, also, their artistic quality is attained by legitimate means, by intelligence in selection, in lighting, in focussing, developing, and printing, rather than by that subsequent work on the plate which generally reduces it to mush and attains to something as like art as a "crayon portrait," at the expense of all the virtues of photography as a record of fact. Most of these works by British amateurs show real taste and feeling and refreshingly little attempt to make their work look like poor charcoal drawing or etching rather than good photography.

The National Academy of Design will hold its winter exhibition in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, West Fifty-seventh Street, from Saturday, December 14, to January 11. Varnishing day will be December 13. The jury of selection will be Hugo Ballin, Edwin H. Blashfield, Emil Carlsen, Carlton T. Chapman, Walter Clark, E. Irving Couse, C. C. Curran, Francis Day, Henry Golden Dearth, Frederick Dielman, Frank V. Dumond, C. Warren Eaton, Ben Foster, August Franzen, Albert L. Groll, Childe Hassam, William H. Howe, George W. Maynard, Edward H. Potthast, Henry L. Prellwitz, Robert Reid, Walter Shirlaw, C. Y. Turner, Robert W. Van Boskerck, A. T. Van Laer, Robert W. Vonnoh, and Henry O. Walker. The hanging committee will be composed of H. Bolton Jones, Henry B. Snell, and Karl Bitter.

The National Arts Club in collaboration with the National Society of Craftsmen will hold an exhibition of arts and crafts at No. 119 East Nineteenth Street from November 20 to December 11, not only to show every branch of modern craft work, but also to illustrate the different periods of development. During the exhibition prominent leaders in the arts and crafts movement will deliver lectures, and eminent craftsmen will give practical demonstrations of the work. Any further information with reference to the exhibition can be obtained from the special committee, No. 119 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Water-Color Club will hold, under joint management, an exhibition of water-color, black and white, pastel, and drawing at the Academy, December 2 to December 28. The jury of selection consists of Hugh H. Breckenridge, Hermann Dudley Murphy, Violet Oakley, Frederick Ballard Williams, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Carl Newman; the hanging committee of George Walter Dawson, Blanche Dillaye, and John J. Dull.

The autumn season in the London galleries has opened with a tribute to age. In the eyes of the British public, the late Sydney Cooper was a hero, because he continued to paint sheep with mistaken minuteness until well over ninety. Today, William Callow has taken his place, and a show of Mr. Callow's water colors, dating anywhere from 1841 to 1904, is bringing the usual success to the Leicester Gallery. Mr. Callow has almost completed his seventieth year in the Old Water Color Society; he was praised in 1839 by Thackeray, who found him better than Harding, his master; he is ninety-five years old. At this ripe age he is giving his first "one-man" show. When it is a question of his work, there is no doubt that, though never an Academician, he comes more legitimately by his reputation than Sydney Cooper. He has an eye for the picturesque in landscape and architecture. He is often happy in his point of view, always careful and conscientious in his record. His drawback is that his career began just when the early British water color was at the height of popularity; and that, with the Briton's inborn conservatism, he has never had the courage to abandon the convention in which he was trained. His work has the smallness, the drawing-book preciseness, the over-elaboration of the men of his generation. The work of the earliest painters in water color, who really did not paint, but washed over their pen or pencil drawings with color, was followed by work of a minuteness of detail, of an excess of finish, that is simply tedious. One or two of Callow's drawings, especially a canal in Venice, suggest what he might have done if less timid, so full and broad are they in treatment. But to him drawings of this kind were notes, memoranda, for his own use, not to be exhibited; and he will be remembered, above all, as the typical representative of the methods of an especially inartistic

phase of the early Victorian period. Even so, however, his drawings have the grace of sincerity.

An important collection of engraved portraits of rulers of Holland and the Low Countries will be sold at auction in Amsterdam on November 26 and 27. This is the first portion of the collection of A. J. Nyland of Utrecht, which is said to be the finest of its class in Holland. Included are a number of portraits of Napoleon I. and Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. The other parts of the collection to be sold later comprise portraits of celebrated persons of the Netherlands, statesmen, artists, writers, etc., historical prints, and the library proper.

Finance.

THE BANK PANIC AND ITS PROBABLE SEQUEL.

If the "twenty-year-cycle" theory in regard to panics is correct—and the precedents are abundant—the markets are not now confronted with a depression of the more serious sort. That should be due, by the calendar, some time around 1913, and from this fact business men in general may take heart. Between current events and those of 1893, for instance, there is no close resemblance. The crisis of that year was accompanied and preceded by collapse of the underlying props of the whole financial structure, by threatened repudiation of gold payments by the Treasury, deficits in public revenue, heavy shrinkage in profits in every sort of industry, and widespread doubt as to the country's future. Clearly the present situation is no duplication of 1893.

Probably the majority of old-time Wall Street men, last week Wednesday, would have said that the scenes of that exciting day most closely resembled those of 1884. Stocks had been falling almost continuously, since the end of 1883, and the markets for money and exchange had been exceedingly unfavorable. Public confidence in certain high financiers and railway men had been seriously shaken; yet no very profound unsettlement had occurred. On the 6th of May, the failure of Grant & Ward, a firm made up of Gen. Grant, his sons, and a young adventurer in whom they had confided, startled the whole community—especially when the $20,000,000 liabilities of the concern were found to be backed by practically no assets, and when the Marine Bank on the same day closed its doors because of its president's entanglements with Ward.

The public and the market received this shock with what looked in retrospect like composure—in this resembling the reception of the Mercantile Bank troubles. What did occur, however, was a general turning of bank directors to the investigation of their own and affiliated institutions, again much like what occurred at the beginning of last week. On May 14, this urgent searching disclosed two startling facts—that the president of the Second National had stolen its securities for use in personal speculation, and that the president of the Metropolitan National had so far improperly placed its resources in securities of a Southern railway system under his control that the bank was no longer solvent. What happened next was a still closer duplication of what has occurred this week. A run on other banks began; depositors hoarded money; in the resultant general panic, a good part of Wall Street failed to get loans at any price. At one hour on that panic day, 4 per cent. was bid and paid on the Stock Exchange for use of a not enormous sum of money during the next twenty-four hours—which was equivalent to an annual rate of no less than 1,440 per cent. Despite this extraordinary bid, interior banks took fright. Their withdrawals of cash, with the hoarding by depositors which went on simultaneously, cut down cash holdings of the New York banks from $86,900,000 on May 10 to $67,500,000 on May 24.

If, then, the New York bank panic of 1884 provides the closest analogy in our history to the events of the present week, it will be interesting to see by what means the tangle of that year was straightened out, how soon the danger passed, and what the sequel was. In the first place, the New York Clearing House banks agreed to pool their assets, issued $26,500,000 loan certificates to banks in its membership whose cash reserve had been exhausted, and agreed to accept such certificates from one another in payment of daily balances at the Clearing House. At the same time, within two days of the severest strain, Europe became a heavy buyer of our stocks at the bargain prices. Exchange on London, which had been ruling above 4.88, and compelling gold exports from New York, fell abruptly to 4.83, the gold-importing point; within a week, gold was on its way to America from Germany and England, and what was of even more importance, Europe took over, in great quantity, the loans of the New York banks. On Saturday, May 24, the New York banks reported a deficit in reserves of $6,600,000; it was reduced to $1,900,000 the ensuing week; on June 7 the surplus was restored, and by July it had risen to $16,300,000. In June, call money ruled at 4 per cent. or lower, time loans at 5 and 6 per cent., and the Wall Street strain was over.

What followed later? A quiet financial summer, largely due to the very bitter Presidential election contest, yet with a vigorous rise on the Stock Exchange even in July. In 1885, after a period of abundant New York bank reserves and of call money rates as low as ½ of 1 per cent. during seven successive months, a great recovery ensued, with all the world once more watching the signs of American prosperity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitken, Robert. The Golden Horseshoe. The John McBride Co.
Aldington, May. Songs of Life and Love. London: David Nutt.
Aldis, Janet. The Queen of Letter Writers. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Annals of St. Michaels. Edited by John P. Peters. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Askew, Alice and Claude. Lucy Gort. Brentano's. $1.50.
Athenæum Centenary. The Boston Athenæum.
Bagot, Richard. The Lakes of Northern Italy. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Bailey, Elmer James. The Novels of George Meredith. A Study. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Board of Health, Annual Report of. 2 vols. Martin B. Brown Co.
Betham-Edwards, Miss. Literary Rambles in France. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Blok, Petrus Johannes. History of the People of the Netherlands. Vol. IV. Putnams. $2.50.
Bone, Florence. The Morning of To-day. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.
Brewster, William T. Modern English Literary Criticism. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Brooks, Mary Wallace. A Prodigal. Boston: Badger. $1.25.
Bruce, Josephine. School Days. A Memory Book. Brentano's.
Bruce, Wallace. The Hudson. Bryant Union Co.
Burroughs, Dwight. Jack, the Giant Killer, Jr. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Calvert, Albert F. Toledo.—Granada and the Alhambra. Lane. $1.25 net each.
Campbell, R. J. New Theology Sermons. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Chancellor, William Eastbrook. Motives, Ideals and Values in Education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 net.
Clarke, Felicia Buttz. Gigi, the Hero of Sicily. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.
Cocke, Zitella. Cherokee Rose. Boston: Badger. $1.
Cooke, Jane Grosvenor. An Interrupted Honeymoon. Barnes. $1.50.
Connelley, William Elsey. Doniphan's Expedition. Topeka, Kan.: Published by the author.
Crowninshield, Frederic. Under the Laurel. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Cushing, Otho. The Teddyssey. Life Publishing Co.
David, Alexander. Le Philosophe Meh-Ti. London: Luzac & Co.
Day, James Roscoe. The Raid on Prosperity. Appletons. $1.50 net.
Dumas's Crimes of the Borgias and Others. Macmillan. $1.75.
Eckstorm, Fannie H. David Libbey. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 60 cents net.
Elliott, Emilia. Joan of Juniper Inn. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Ellis, Edward S. The Forest Messenger. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights. Edited by E. Dixon. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Fischer, William J. The Toiler and other Poems. Toronto: William Briggs.
Fisher, Irving. The Rate of Interest. Macmillan. $3 net.
Forrester, Izola L. "Us Fellers." Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The Fair Lavinia and Others. Harpers. $1.25.

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Gilman, Lawrence. Stories of Symphonic Music. Harpers. $1.25 net.
Grillparzer's Die Ahnfrau. Edited by F. W. J. Heuser and George H. Danton. Holt. 80 cents.
Haigh, A. E. The Attic Theatre. Henry Frowde.
Hole, Samuel Reynolds. The Letters of. Edited by George A. B. Dewar. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Hope, Anthony. Sport Royal. Harpers.
Houston, Edwin J. The Discovery of the North Pole. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.
Howells, William Dean. Between the Dark and the Daylight. Harpers. $1.50.
Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators. Putnams. $2.50.
Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, 1906. Springfield, Ill.
Jordan, David Starr. The Human Harvest. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Krüsi, Hermann. Recollections of My Life. Grafton Press. $2.50 net.
Lang, Andrew. Ballads in Blue China. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher. $1 net.
Lathers, Richard. Reminiscences of. Edited by Alvan F. Sanborn. Grafton Press. $2.50 net.
Lewis, Henry Alfred. When Men Grew Tall: The Story of Andrew Jackson. Appletons. $2 net.
Longfellow's Wooing of Hiawatha. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Luther, Mark Lee. The Crucible. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Macleod, Fiona. The Hour of Beauty. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher. $1 net.
McLaws, Lafayette. The Welding. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Intelligence of the Flowers. Translated by Alexander T. de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Makereth, James A. In Grasmere Vale and Other Poems. London: David Nutt.
Mansion, J. E. Extracts for Composition in French. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 60 cents.
Marshall, Herbert and Hester. Cathedral Cities of France. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Mattapoisett and Old Rochester. Prepared by Mary H. Leonard and others. Grafton Press. $2 net.
Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. Edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. Vol. 11. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Merry Christmas to You, my Friend. Boston: Badger. $1.25.
Merwin-Webster. Comrade John. Macmillan. $1.50.
Moffett, Cleveland. A King in Rags. Appletons. $1.50.
Modern Reader's Bible. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. Macmillan. $2 net.
Murlin, Edgar L. New York Red Book. Albany.
Myers, George William, and others. Geometric Exercises for Algebraic Solution. University of Chicago Press. 75 cents net.
Narratives of Early Virginia, 1606-1625. Edited by Lyon G. Tyler. Scribners. $3 net.
Nesbit, Wilbur. The Land of the Make-Believe. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Nursery Songs and Rhymes. Edited by S. Baring-Gould. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Oberholtzer, Ellis Paxson. Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Pater, Walter. Gaston De Latour. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher. $1 net.
Peck, Harry Thurston. Hilda and the Wishes. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Perin, Florence Hobart. The Optimist's Good Morning. Boston: Little Brown & Co. $1 net.
Ranpie, David Watson. Wordsworth and His Circle. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Reed, Milton. The Democratic Ideal. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 75 cents net.
Santo Ninguno. Getting There. Where? and How? Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press.
Singleton, Esther. Historic Landmarks of America. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Southworth, May E. Galahad, Knight Errant. Boston: Badger. $1.
Starr, Laura B. Filippo, the Italian Boy. Barnes.
Stratilesco, Tereza. From Carpathian to Pindus. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Suzuki, Daisetz Teitaro. Outlines of Mahâyâna Buddhism. London: Luzac & Co.
Tadhkiratu 'L-Awliya. Part II. Edited by Reynold A. Nicholson. London: Luzac & Co.
Tax Commissioner's Annual Report, 1907. Albany.
Teasdale, Sara. Sonnets to Duse. Boston: Badger. $1.
Twain, Mark. A Horse's Tale. Harpers. $1.
Victoria (Queen), Letters of. Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. Longmans. $15 net.
Warren, T. H. The Death of Virgil: A Dramatic Narrative. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Weir, Archibald. An Introduction to the History of Modern Europe. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Whitcomb, Russell. Comrades Courageous. Boston: Badger. $1.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. The Old Peabody Pew. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Wilde, Oscar. The Happy Prince and Other Tales. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher. $1 net.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Powers and Maxine. Empire Book Co. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1907.

The Week.

The results of the elections in this part of the country fulfilled all expectations. Tammany swept New York city. The alliance between Hearst and the Republicans under the leadership of Herbert Parsons, was prompted neither by conscience nor conviction—simply by appetite for office. This unprincipled union disgusted many natural opponents of Tammany. They felt no interest in putting into the principal office, that of sheriff, Max Ihmsen, a creature of Hearst's. Consequently, the campaign was listless, and Tammany met with little or no effectual resistance. In Massachusetts the split in the Democratic party assured the victory of Guild. In New Jersey, the Republican nominee, John Franklin Fort, is apparently chosen Governor, though at this writing the figures are very close. At any rate, there has been a heavy cut in the Republican vote, for Stokes was elected Governor two years ago by a majority of over 50,000. To this loss of Republican strength many causes contributed. For one thing, the Republicans, by their attitude on the excise question, had offended many citizens, especially the Germans. Then, too, Judge Fort, the Republican nominee, was looked upon as the candidate of the old Republican machine, backed by the corporations—the machine that in the convention had defeated Senator Everett Colby and the reformers. Katzenbach, therefore, received many votes that were not so much a compliment to him or his party as a rebuke to the Republican managers. Finally, thousands of New York business men, resident in New Jersey, cast their ballots for Katzenbach by way of showing their displeasure with the national Administration, which, since the recent panic, has been intensely unpopular in New York commercial circles.

It is announced on authority that President Roosevelt is "rewriting" those parts of his annual message which deal with finance. This shows, even more strikingly than bank failures and money stringency, what a panic can do. That the President perceives the need of a change of front is much to the credit of his teachable spirit. He displays none of that haughty attitude of the public man, face to face with facts undreamed of in his philosophy, which animated Joseph Chamberlain when he said: "What I have written, I have written." But it is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt that he proposes to "reassure" the public by large citations from his former messages and speeches to prove that he has always been the most conservative man going. But this will hardly go to the root of the trouble, which, in so far as he is responsible for it, has not been due to his words so much as to his manner and general attitude.

Rumors of an extra session of Congress, though the regular meeting is but four weeks away, seem to be without foundation. It would be difficult to name a sound reason for anticipating the December date. The analogy of 1893 has little validity. Then there was a definite peril to be removed—the silver-purchase law—and the sooner Congress set about the work the better. To-day, the situation is entirely different. As even Mr. Bryan points out, with delightful innocence, no one now questions "the quality" of the currency. There ought undoubtedly to be legislation designed to make the currency more responsive to the needs of business, and to provide for some form of issues on bank assets in an emergency, but that would look necessarily to the future, and could act only as a mild palliative for what has already occurred.

"There is plenty of money in the country, and Wall Street is no longer able to corner the currency market." This, from the Atlanta *Constitution*, of a fortnight ago, is a fair sample of the ludicrous nonsense that was talked by Southern and Western newspapers, just before the financial stringency gripped their part of the country, too. The idea that what was happening in the financial centre of the country was only a "flurry" among speculators had been sedulously cultivated. But the facts have now made their way even through the thickest skull. It is seen that nothing is so fluid and sensitive as capital; that a great shock to credit in one part of the country is certain to be reflected elsewhere. We are all bound up in the same bundle, financially as well as politically. Hence it was that the boastfulness of the Western newspapers died on their lips as they saw the conditions in New York reproducing themselves in Chicago and San Francisco, in Oregon and Oklahoma. Wall Street has, of course, its times of senseless speculation, of which the ups and downs may not immediately signify; but when through a long period the Wall Street barometer is set steadily for foul weather, prudent people everywhere make ready to go in out of the rain.

Secretary Straus has decided that eight lithographers, held at New York as imported contract laborers, are entitled to admission. His opinion is apparently good law, under the opinion of the Attorney-General, and is certainly good sense. There is at present a scarcity of such labor in this country, the Secretary holds, and therefore employers are permitted to go abroad for it. This sounds reasonable, but no doubt it will appear the height of unreason to trade unionists. They will point out that the alleged scarcity of lithographers was caused by a strike, and hence that the government, by allowing foreign workmen to be brought in, puts itself in the attitude of that most offensive of all beings, a strike-breaker. Moreover, a scarcity of labor is the very thing the unions aim to produce. To keep the supply short and wages high in consequence, and to encourage the men to be slack and insubordinate, is of the very essence of unionism as it too often manifests itself in this country. Things have come to a pretty pass if the Secretary of Commerce thinks he can interfere with these beneficent purposes.

The announcement by the Governors of North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama of the successful conclusion of an agreement for coöperation in railroad regulation and investigation affords a new contrast between State and Federal methods. The report adopted by the Association of State Railroad Commissioners on October 11, it will be remembered, expressed the belief that all past general reductions in interstate as well as intrastate tariffs "have been brought about by the affirmative action of State authorities." Yet this has been done largely without formal agreements between the States or uniformity of policy among them. The plan of these Southern States is to make their policies uniform within their respective borders and see if they cannot get the railroads to bring their interstate rates into conformity. But jurisdiction over interstate fares and rates is, of course, lodged at Washington. These States are rash enough to believe that without any legal power of compulsion whatever they can make a better job of regulating the railroads which cross their lines than the Interstate Commerce Commission, with all the new powers granted by the act of last year.

The city which is to entertain the next Republican National Convention is expected to provide a hall seating 14,000 persons. This requirement is announced by Harry S. New, who, as acting chairman of the National Committee, is hearing the conflicting claims of the several cities. "There was no contest in the convention of 1904," says Mr.

New, "but there will be in the next one, with the probability of a much larger attendance." The last convention was a mere jollification meeting. It had nothing of any importance to decide, and the presence of fifty thousand howling dervishes would not have impaired its usefulness. The next one has very important questions to settle. It should exemplify the statesmanlike poise and calm judgment of a great party. Consequently, according to the prevailing logic, it is in order to bring in all the more outsiders, to confuse and deafen, if not to coerce and terrorize, the delegates. If the shouts in the galleries, the "demonstrations" timed by stop-watches, the flags and the marchings really reflected popular feeling, or if any one supposed that they did, the case would be different. But everybody knows how convention tickets are distributed and the galleries packed with partisans of the various candidates. The National Convention has come to be one of the important parts of our scheme of government. Some day the parties are likely to realize the absurdity of trying to conduct a dignified deliberative body in the midst of an hysterical mob.

The bulletin which the Census Bureau has issued in regard to the printing and publishing industry shows that in the half-decade between 1900 and 1905, when the present figures were gathered, there have been a great many unobserved changes in the output of the press in this country. Among the most striking features to which this bulletin calls attention is the tremendous increase in the branches of printing which bear no relation whatever to "literature." There are 792 city directories now published annually, and they use a total of 12,000,000 sheets of book paper. Telephone books use 133,000,000 sheets, and street-car transfers alone 30,000,000. The growth of the "mail-order" business has vastly increased the editions of catalogues printed, and in general the new resources of the printer's art have very greatly increased the amount spent annually on high-class commercial printing. Yet, though book and job printing increased by nearly 40 per cent. in five years, as measured by the value of product, the newspaper and periodical industry increased 46 per cent.; that is, faster still. Yet this difference itself can be accounted for chiefly on the commercial side. Prior to 1890 "subscriptions and sales" accounted for more than half of the total "value of products," whereas in 1905 56.7 per cent. of the return from newspapers and periodicals came from the advertising. This fact underlies any consideration of existing tendencies in the periodical press. Something like three-fourths of American periodicals are and always have been weeklies. The proportion of individual weeklies has fallen off only a little since 1900, but on the basis of circulation these and all other classes have been eclipsed by the monthly magazine:

> For the period from 1900 to 1905, monthly publications reported an aggregate circulation per issue (upon a decade basis) five times as great as the increase shown for the decade from 1880 to 1890, and more than four times as great as the increase shown by the daily class for 1900 to 1905, and over ten times as great as that of the weekly. Thus, in 1905, the aggregate circulation of the monthly outstripped that of every other class, and amounted to almost half the total circulation per issue of all classes of publications in the United States.

One of the most significant developments is the rise of the Italian and Polish newspapers. To make the "undesirable" immigrant into a newspaper reader may not alter his nature, but it sometimes does furnish a starting point for his assimilation. It might be added that some of these hyphenated American journals furnish a good deal more sensible and edifying reading than the sensational American papers which the immigrant's son may peruse so greedily.

The bills which Gov. Stokes has just signed providing for the direct primary in New Jersey and for practically a popular choice of United States Senators are both results of the "New Idea" movement. Both have come to be stock measures of political reformers, and the list of States which have taken them up has to be revised every year. The new method of Senatorial choice in New Jersey will doubtless attract peculiar attention, for the connection of New Jersey's Senators with the financial interests which the "New Idea" men are fighting is more obvious and more direct than in most States. The new plan is a compromise between the ordinary methods of legislative choice and such an extreme enactment as that of Oregon. It does not try to evade the Constitutional provision which confides the choice of Senators to the State Legislatures. Senatorial nominations are to be made by petition, and the names of Senatorial candidates placed on the primary ballots. The individual member of the Legislature, however, may be bound or not, as he chooses. He may file with his nomination papers a pledge that he will support the candidate for Senator who is the choice of his party within his own district, or the candidate who is the choice of the party in the State as a whole, or he may remain unpledged. Thus the Senatorial primary may have much or little influence. In a year of indifference it would be possible for a Legislature to disregard its results altogether; but in the case of a vigorous contest the plan provides a simple and effective means for the voters to make their preference felt.

The "tobacco war," which is no longer to be treated as merely market news, involves another test of the strength of combination in the agricultural field. For the last two years a great deal more tobacco has been raised than the buyers are willing to take at prices satisfactory to the growers. In the effort to hold up prices, reliance has thus far been placed in the pooling of crops and an agreement between growers not to deal individually with the buyers. The depredations of "night riders," so often reported of late, have been committed against farmers who violated or refused to subscribe to this code. But no pooling agreement, of course, can alter the stubborn fact that stocks of tobacco are too large for the immediate demands of the industry. The next stage is to stop production. Agreements not to raise tobacco in 1908 are already reported from some localities. Of course, at every stage the tobacco war has followed the tactics of the hated industrial combinations. But even under pressing necessity, an agreement between individual growers is enormously harder to enforce than one between a relatively few manufacturing establishments.

A terrible discovery has been made in the University of Berlin. The "American professor" sent from Harvard, in pursuance of the policy of international exchange, is no American at all! Professor Schofield is, in fact, a Canadian. Anybody can see what grave consequences are involved. The Harvard authorities, it is true, weakly explain that they had thought of Professor Schofield only as one of their most distinguished scholars, and say that questions of technical citizenship ought not to enter into the interchange of professors. This they contend is "academic," and not "diplomatic." But that is absurd. Who cares a straw what our exported professors know, or can teach? They are sent abroad to brag for their country, to gush for her, and to be, for the time, international figures, typifying the *entente* between two mighty peoples. Evidently, therefore, they must be Americans, *vieille roche*, or their mission will be worse than a failure. We suppose that it is too late to correct the blunder now, but one can fancy the Kaiser's feelings when this American professor appears at court, not wrapped in an American flag.

The *Daily Princetonian* chastises with scorpions those undergraduates who have lately been recreant to the "Princeton spirit":

> At yesterday's practice, with the victorious shouts of the Cornellians still in our ears, eight seniors, eight juniors, and some twenty-five underclassmen sat in the stand, mute spectators of the work of the team; while in the comfort of the dormi-

tories sat the undergraduates of Princeton, every one duty bound to be at the field to cheer the team in its efforts to make up for Saturday's defeat and force the season to a victorious conclusion. Where were the seniors, to whom every one looks as the leaders of the spirit of Princeton? Where were the juniors and the sophomores and the freshmen? Where were the cheer leaders, the men primarily responsible to the team for the active support granted it by the undergraduates?

Where, where was Roderick then? But the trouble is that in football no man's bugle horn is worth a thousand men. Football practice is not a success unless you have the thousand (count them) there in the flesh. Actors can often do better at rehearsals than when the audience is on hand; baseball players make as many star plays in practice as at any time; track athletes seldom equal at meets the records made in private; professional jugglers perform their new feats a thousand times at home before they dare attempt them on the vaudeville stage. But football players without at least fifty "rooters" per capita on the side lines are listless and ineffectual creatures.

If there is to be a great railway strike in England, it has been preceded by a tremendous amount of thundering in the index. The organization on either side, the negotiations, the rival statements, the appeals from the innocent third party—the public—have been going on a long time. Such things usually lead up to a settlement, not a rupture. Though the railway employees have voted by a very large majority for a general strike, no date has been set, and the way is still said to be open for a compromise. The chief point at issue is "recognition" of the union. The railway officials say that they will meet with representatives of their own employees, but will not deal with the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, covering all the roads. No one can deny that a paralyzing strike on the English railways would be exceedingly ill-timed at present. The strain on capital is serious enough without adding that burden. That is one reason why a settlement of the dispute may be the more easily reached.

The Anglo-Russian agreement is reported to have been received with a good deal of grumbling by the radical element in the Persian Parliament. The guarantee of the nation's integrity and independence by the contracting parties is welcomed, but the question is raised by what right the two Powers have proceeded to parcel out the empire into zones between themselves. "Supposing," one deputy is represented as asking, "we should be inclined to grant a concession to France, Germany, or Belgium within one of the reserved zones. Should we not be in a position to do so?" The answer is, of course, that, officially, Great Britain and Russia have not designated certain regions as their exclusive spheres of influence as against every other Power, but only as against each other, each one agreeing not to compete with the other in its assigned sphere. Should France seek to obtain a concession in northern Persia, nothing in the Anglo-Russian agreement imposes a restraint on the Persian Government.

Signs of a reawakening terrorism in Russia are multiplying. The outside world can understand why political assassination should suggest itself to the revolutionists as a satisfactory method of combating the autocracy, without at all taking the same view of its effectiveness. The revolutionists profess to pursue, through organized assassination, a two-fold object. The temporary aim is to bring about, through terror, the mitigation of specific intolerable conditions, such as the frightening of prison officials into a more humane treatment of their political prisoners. Under this head would come the recent assassination of the Chief of Prisons, Maximoffsky, or of the dramatic way in which, *seriatim*, the blow has fallen upon the men connected with the torture of the famous Mlle. Spiridonova. The broader aim of terrorism is to disorganize the entire governmental system by reducing the bureaucracy to a general state of nervous prostration. The revolutionists may have been partly successful in the first object, but experience should have demonstrated by this time that nothing permanent can be gained from campaigning by panic methods. Men who are frightened soon forget their fear—not even excepting Nicholas II. As an instance in point, the very liberties which were granted in 1905, in a moment of panic, have since been revoked in greater part as the government has recovered confidence. To frighten the government and to keep it frightened would be good tactics—but for that, individual campaigning by assassination is altogether inadequate.

The resignation of the Michelsen Cabinet in Norway deserves commemoration on grounds of pure historic interest. That Ministry was the first organized under the restored independent Norwegian monarchy, and its head was the man who had most to do with the revolution of June, 1905, which effected the break-up of the Scandinavian dual monarchy. Premier Michelsen's retirement is said to be due to the condition of his health and to possess no political significance; and the continuity of government policy is assured by the appointment as Premier of M. Loevland, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the late Cabinet and the leading Norwegian representative in the negotiations with Sweden for the settlement of questions arising from the dissolution of the Union. Since that event Norway has given the outside world little occasion for comment, aside from the travels of her young and popular King. Rumors of friction with Sweden over the terms of the military convention embodied in the treaty of separation, and of extensive military preparations on both sides, would appear to have little basis in fact. Time makes it apparent that separation has brought good both to Norway and Sweden. The former, with the most advanced democracy in Europe, is free from grave political problems, and at liberty to devote itself to the development of its economic interests. In Sweden the shock of separation has had a salutary effect on public life by supplying a powerful impulse towards democracy and the general reorganization of the national life in accordance with modern conditions.

Hungary is never without her critical problem. The agreement with Austria has just been concluded, after years of bickering, when the question of universal suffrage assumes dimensions of first-rate importance. The great popular demonstration arranged by the Socialists of Budapest two weeks ago has not been without effect, and within a few days Count Andrassy, Minister of the Interior, will have laid before the Chamber the Government's proposals for electoral reform. That the Magyar majority will try to concede as little as possible is taken for granted. The universal-suffrage agitation, combined with the Socialist movement, has its main strength among the non-Magyar nationalities of Hungary—the Slavs, Rumans, Germans, etc.—and the present ruling classes cannot but look forward with anxiety to a reform that would raise the number of Hungarian electors from one to four millions. The question of universal suffrage was injected into Hungarian politics early in 1905 by the extra-parliamentary Cabinet of Baron Fejervary, in its struggle with the Parliamentary majority led by the Independence party. Brought forward largely as a threat against the Magyar leaders, universal suffrage was seized upon by the masses of the nation and made an unavoidable issue. The amazingly rapid triumph of universal suffrage in Austria has stimulated the Hungarian movement. That the Magyar rulers will have to yield sooner or later there can be little doubt; but there is no reason why, with their exceptional talent for politics, they should not succeed in turning universal suffrage to their own advantage, as Francis Joseph has done in Austria.

SAFEGUARDING THE FUTURE.

The financial tangle seems to be slowly straightening out. But it is not too early to bring to attention two important measures of reform in our financial system generally, the imperative need for which has been shown by recent events. Of one we spoke a week ago: the radical remodelling of the trust-company law. No intelligent man will now deny that this law, even as amended in 1906, is in need of complete overhauling; and the question how to separate the trust business of trust companies from the banking business, pure and simple, ought at once to be seriously considered. The prime defect, even of the Wainwright law for a 15 per cent. reserve, one-third in cash, was that it dealt properly neither with such trust companies as are only banks under another name, nor with such as are doing a simple trustee business. Applied to the one, this statute was inadequate; applied to the other, it was in some respects too stringent. Moreover, it did not in the least solve the problem of admitting the trust companies as members of the Clearing House; for the rule and tradition of that institution is that all banks in its membership must maintain a 25 per cent. cash reserve.

Yet the experience of the last two weeks proved that membership in a clearing house, on the part of trust companies doing a banking business, means much more than local prestige, and more even than the gaining of such benefits as are conferred by mutual protection in a time of stress. People have wondered how it was possible that the "run" on the trust companies should have continued during four or more successive days, when two days have hitherto made up the longest record of a bank run. The answer is that the long lines before the companies' doors were not made up exclusively of panic-stricken individual depositors, but that the companies themselves, having withdrawn in the past four years from even indirect connection with the Clearing House, had left the exchange of checks and balances between themselves and other institutions to be conducted by messengers at the tellers' windows. This being so, these messengers, engaged in the very routine business which clearing houses were invented to perform, added by their presence to the lines which were reckoned "bank runs." To render forever impossible the repetition of such events, the shortest road is the rigid separation of the trust and banking departments of the companies, the application of the banking law's full requirements to the second of those departments, and the admission of the companies on that basis to the Clearing House.

If reform in the trust-company law has been shown to be imperative, so has reform of the currency. We are far from sympathizing with the idea that a rigid bank note system, such as the country now possesses, was in any respect a cause for the breakdown of credit. Never, in our opinion, in a case of grave financial disturbance has there been less ground for putting the blame on the currency. But if an inelastic currency did not cause the trouble, it may nevertheless have impeded natural means of quick relief; and here the defects of our present law are serious. What the markets needed, and still need, is actual currency; and when hoarding by scared depositors has begun, nothing but an elastic bank-note-issuing system will instantly and automatically meet such requirements. Last week Comptroller Ridgely offered special facilities for national banks to take out new circulation under the present law. The step was well-advised. But the existing machinery, with the requirement of bond collateral, is awkward, and the process inevitably long. In 1893, when the same appeal was made in the July panic, and when $9,000,000 new notes were actually taken out by New York city banks, it was September before the greater part of them went into circulation, and by that time the panic was over and the notes no longer needed.

Considered as an emergency provision, the currency plan approved by the New York Chamber of Commerce a year ago, and by the National Bankers' Convention last September, would amply meet the needs of such occasions. Like the Imperial Bank of Germany's "emergency circulation," which has repeatedly done quick service in averting or allaying a panic, the plan for permissible note issues—backed by an institution's general assets, equal to 40 per cent. of a bank's outstanding bond-secured circulation, taxed at 2½ per cent. per annum, and supported by a cash reserve of 25 per cent.—would at this moment be an invaluable recourse at New York, had it been made available by law. After what has happened, it will be impossible for Congress at the coming session again to neglect the subject.

JOHN MORLEY ON INDIA.

It was a singular political fate which made John Morley responsible for the government of India at a time of unrest and danger. Himself an old Radical, sworn enemy of everything that looks like oppression or tyranny, it has been his official duty for the past year, as Secretary of State for India, to employ every resource of the law against seditious agitation. He has laid a heavy hand upon disturbers of the peace. He has banished native leaders without trial. To every appeal to countenance anything approaching disorder, he has presented an iron front. In his official communications, as in his statements in Parliament, he has borne himself as a resolute and unyielding ruler.

Many of his old friends and admirers have been somewhat troubled by this uncompromising attitude. Mr. Morley himself seems to have felt the need of explaining and defending his course, for he went down to his constituents in Arbroath the other evening, and made a long speech on the whole situation in India, and on his methods of dealing with it. Personally, he took the position of a man who had abandoned not one principle which he had ever advocated. To be a member of an autocratic government was not an inconsistency, he implied, for a man of radical convictions, provided he clung to them all the same, and applied them wherever possible. In this sense, Mr. Morley's defence was like that of all political opportunists, using the word in its good sense. He might say of himself, as another did: "The ship swings on the tide, but the anchor holds."

Mr. Morley's great point was that it is the government's bounden duty to put down disorder with a firm hand. If India were to become self-governing tomorrow, and one of her reform leaders were to be at the head of the Administration, the obligation to repress violence would be the same. To maintain order is essential to anything like future progress. The one thing that the Secretary for India has dreaded was to hear "through the dark distances the roar and scream of confusion and carnage in India." In doing his utmost to prevent that, Mr. Morley has kept his eye close on the facts before him, and has refused to be misled by fallacious analogies. People have pressed upon him the case of self-governing Canada. He has been asked how, holding his well-known views about Ireland, he has been harder upon the Hindus than upon the Irish Nationalists. But his answer has been that there is no such thing as a political panacea. Because a doctrine, or a course of action, is true and vital in one set of circumstances, it does not follow that the same will hold in a completely different set of circumstances. But, in all circumstances, order is the first law of liberalism and progress as well as of heaven.

While firmly insisting upon this, Mr. Morley keeps his mind open to the significance and possibilities of the native movement in India. This he refuses to check, so long as it confines itself to orderly methods. Many, he says, have protested to him against the license accorded to native newspapers and speakers. Why doesn't he stop it? Orientals cannot understand that sort of liberty, and will only abuse it. But Mr. Morley's reply is one that Americans like Senator Lodge, who are all the while saying that we must govern so as to "impress the Oriental imagination,"

would do well to bear in mind. Whether the Orientals understand it or not, said John Morley, it is a Western experiment that is being carried out in India. The government there represents Western civilization, with its principles and practices, "and I for one will not be hurried into repression by the argument that Orientals do not understand this toleration."

Hence every facility for self-improvement and self-expression is to be guaranteed to the Hindus. Of what schools and the press can do for them, Mr. Morley is in no wise afraid. Moreover, reform schemes are being put into execution at the very time when seditious movements are dealt with sternly. The various Indian princes and protected states are to be left much more to themselves, to look after their own affairs as far as possible. Natives are to be drawn into the government. Two Hindus have been appointed members of the Council of India—for the first time in history. Furthermore, the government has sent out a circular to elicit opinion as to what the natives really want as a step toward self-government. The unrest in India will disappear if it is mere froth; but if it is the result of "wholesome growth" towards political consciousness in that vast population, then it will continue, and will translate itself into new forms of self-government, with which enlightened and liberal Englishmen cannot but sympathize.

A man of philosophic bent like Mr. Morley cannot speak of the problems of India without throwing light upon others resembling them. To see that order is established, and the opportunity given to settle all political questions in peace, is the first governmental duty. But with this goes the obligation to allow education and democratic aspiration to have free play and work out their natural fruits. Disorder is most criminal when the ends aimed at can be reached, though more slowly, by peaceful agitation and political change. Therefore, the repression of violence carries with it the correlative duty to make the bounds of freedom wider yet. And democracy must not be afraid of its own children, East or West. If the same striving that makes men desire to govern themselves in the Occident impels them to seek control of their own affairs in the Orient, it cannot be thwarted there any more than here.

HARDEN'S VICTORY.

Maximilian Harden's successful defence of himself in the libel suit brought against him by Gen. von Moltke is certain to have far-reaching consequences. The man himself has wielded a brilliant pen not only in his widely circulated weekly, *Die Zukunft*, but, before he founded it, in his essays on politics and education, signed "Apostata." Under this name they were published in book form in Berlin in 1892 and have run through several editions. A devoted adherent of Bismarck, he employed against Caprivi all his great powers of satire and irony. But if the ability of his pen has been acknowledged and his style likened to that of Heine, there is considerable difference of opinion as to the man and his character. He is noted for quarrelsomeness. Until 1886 he bore his family name of Witkowski. On account of family dissensions, he then called himself Harden; but feuds, long and wearisome, and almost endless literary and political disputes, have marked his career ever since. Frequently these contests have ended in bitter personalities, and as a result he generally fights his battles alone.

The fact that he was born a Jew, and that his family still belongs to the orthodox religion, although he himself avowed the Christian faith at the age of sixteen, has intensified official dislike of him, for in Berlin military and bureaucratic circles a Jew is almost as much hated as in Vienna. But he would have been severely frowned upon by aristocrats and autocrats even if he had come of the oldest Protestant lineage. He who assails governmental conditions and social privilege must expect to be hated as well as feared, and to suffer in turn attacks upon his own character and motives. Ugly allegations against Harden the man and discreditable reasons for his "pernicious activity" have for a long time been spread through the land. None the less, whether he is a mere sensationalist or an honest "muck-raker," his following has grown steadily year by year. It is not, however, to Herr Harden's credit that the great liberal and radical newspapers of Germany have held aloof from him and his crusades. Frequently they have sympathized cordially in a particular aim and have joined him in his attack; yet their support has always been restrained as if they doubted the man and were uncertain as to his political principles and their fixity.

That Harden has now made precisely the ten-strike which he has always hoped for, is plain. He is a popular hero; Germany talks of no one else; the presses will not be able to print enough copies of *Die Zukunft*, and he can correctly assert that when he thrust his probe into the festering mass of corruption he has now laid open, he was performing a great public service. His plea that when, like a true knight of the pen, he put to utter rout and shame the base "Knights of the Round Table," he was, at the risk of his own career, coming to the rescue of his sovereign, will be accepted by the masses. It will not help him with the Kaiser, who will bear him no thanks. The private life of the Prussian royal family has for decades been marvellously correct when contrasted with the license of other courts; and many a well-authenticated story of the Empress's concern for the moral welfare of her sons has made almost a noble figure of an otherwise uninteresting personality. But silence on Harden's part would obviously have pleased the Kaiser better.

As for the Kaiser, there is, in all this foul scandal, no reflection upon him, except on his failure to find out for himself what is happening, and in his judgment of men. As to his knowledge of current events, people are generally aware that his reading is limited; the things that will please him have been laid before him. Liberal journals, Socialistic organs, newspapers representing other opinions than his own and those of his Chancellor have rarely if ever reached his eyes. *Die Zukunft's* charges were brought to his attention by the Crown Prince long after they had appeared. As to his personal associates, his cordial relations with some of the leading steamship men and a few young American millionaires have provoked the criticism that he is interesting himself only in foreigners and in captains of industry. The German public, however, does not desire that he should choose his friends solely from official circles, as did some of his predecessors, but rather that he should see more of men of courage and learning, and of liberal views even though of modest achievements.

That the Social-Democratic newspapers are now stocked as never before with ammunition for their assaults on autocracy and its methods is evident from the zeal with which they have already buckled to their work. These journals have the ability to make their evidence and their arguments tell to the utmost. What will, however, shock people more, perhaps, than the frightful immorality revealed is the part the army has played in it all, and the abominable orders private soldiers were compelled to obey. For some time past there have been whisperings that all was not well in the service, and this last revelation will increase public anxiety. The nation as a whole is intensely proud of its troops, but since the Kaiser has done so little to check fast living, extravagance, and the caste spirit, the general demand for prompt reform in this direction will be much strengthened. It is characteristic of Harden, however, that he avows to-day that he is but little concerned with the abnormalities revealed; they draw from him but mild indignation. It is the political results with which he is concerned heart and soul.

OUR COMING MUSICAL DELUGE.

"One thing is certain," said a prominent concert manager the other day, "there are too many artists, entirely too

many, in America this season. Somebody must suffer." When one looks at the list of pianists, violinists, and singers who are to be heard here, one cannot help agreeing with this caterer. Formerly, when Paderewski was in the field, most other pianists maintained a discreet silence; this year they all come rushing in together—Hofmann, De Pachmann, Bauer, Hambourg, Ganz, Schelling, Buhlig, and the women—Katharine Goodson, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Augusta Cottlow, Olga Samaroff, Teresa Carreno. The violinists, headed by Kreisler and Kubelik, are with us, too; and as for the singers, they make an astounding array of talent and—expense. To name only a few: we shall hear Mmes. Abott. Eames, Farrar, Fremstad, Gadski, Morena, Sembrich, Homer, Kirkby-Lunn, Nordica, Melba, Garden, Calvé, Schumann-Heink; Messrs. Caruso, Bonci, Knote, Burrian, Dippel, Burgstaller, Reiss, Goritz, Campanari, Van Rooy, Chaliapine, Plançon, Dalmores, Zenatello, Sammarco, Renaud, Bispham.

In Berlin they are trying to meet this American peril by engaging young American singers; but we shall have them all back as soon as they have become sufficiently famous and able to ask American prices. It must be admitted that in one respect we are more favored than the present musical metropolis of the world: we have a deluge of talent, while Berlin's is a deluge chiefly of mediocrities, and aspirants to fame. The minor-concert evil has reached a crisis there. The critics are beginning to sulk and balk. They declare that most of the 800 concerts they are expected to cover each season are given solely for them—that is, for the newspaper notices; and they are beginning to see the necessity of curbing the nuisance by ignoring many of the minor affairs. While these concerts are much fewer with us, we still have too many of them; they accustom people to the free-ticket habit, and thus injure those entertainments for which there would otherwise be a paying public. We also have too many orchestral concerts, made possible by the generosity of wealthy guarantors. It is pleasant to note that the best of these—the Philharmonic and those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—are receiving more public support than ever. Most of the others would cease to exist if conducted on their own merits, however great these may be; for the majority of Americans still look on orchestral music solely as a very expensive way of making a noise.

With opera the case is different. That, with its theatrical splendor and social surroundings, appeals to thousands whose ears cannot unravel the complex weft of orchestral scores. It is, therefore, quite possible that, notwithstanding the financial situation, the season's offerings by our two grand-opera houses, though abundant beyond all precedent, may not prove greater than the demand. It was shown last year that New York can support two operas at top-notch prices; nay, there were evenings and afternoons when the demand for tickets at both places exceeded the supply. A year's rivalry has made both Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein alive to the necessity of doing their very best, and there can be little doubt that in the matter of excellence, as well as profusion, all records will be broken this winter. Both houses have a bigger roster of artists than they had before, and some interesting novelties and revivals are not only promised, but in actual preparation.

Of special interest is Mr. Hammerstein's attempt to acclimate the modern repertory of the Opéra Comique of Paris in his Manhattan Opera House. Charpentier's "Louise," which the Parisians have applauded hundreds of times, will be heard here for the first time. So will the "Pelléas et Mélisande" of Debussy, the French Richard Strauss; so will two of Massenet's new operas, "Thais" and the "Jongleur de Notre Dame"; also, the new "Hélène" of Saint-Saëns, and a much older novelty, the "Contes d'Hofmann," an opera in which Offenbach showed that he could rise far above his habitual buffoonery. For these operas Mr. Hammerstein has imported the Chicago prima donna, Miss Mary Garden, who has won much success in Paris and Brussels in French operas, new and old But the Manhattan is to sail by no means always under the French flag; German opera, which was tabooed last year, is to take a prominent place, by the side of French and Italian works, with Mmes. Nordica and Schumann-Heink and M. Dalmores in the leading rôles. It will be a novel and fascinating experience to hear the Wagner operas under the splendid acoustic conditions of this theatre, and under the direction of Mr. Campanini, who declares that he is "a great if not a fanatical admirer of Wagner."

At the Metropolitan Opera House, also, some stirring events are impending. The centre of interest probably will be the grand fight between Caruso and—not Bonci or Knote, but Mahler—Gustav Mahler, for ten years the chief conductor and sole manager and tyrant of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, whom Mr. Conried has, with much wisdom, engaged as chief conductor and general superintendent of the Metropolitan. Caruso is the greatest of living Italian tenors, but, unfortunately, he is Italian only; he is not, like Jean de Reszke, a versatile artist who is great also in French and German opera. The result of the prevailing worship of Caruso's wonderful voice has been in the past two years to focus public interest too much on vocalism instead of on the operas themselves. Now, Mahler is a natural and violent antidote to this state of affairs. To him the opera's the thing, and the artists mere means to an end. He will have charge, in particular, of the Mozart and Wagner operas, and he may do things greatly to astonish this town. It has been said of him that, while his Mozart is like a Watteau or a miniature of the most exquisite coloring, he is a towering giant in Wagner. Under him, rehearsals will come into vogue again; and shall we venture a rash prediction? We should not be surprised if the most popular opera of the season should prove to be, not one of the Caruso favorites, but Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

PERSONALLY ANNOTATED BOOKS.

The London Library has lately come into possession of 600 volumes which were once owned by Leslie Stephen. All of them have to do with religion or philosophy, and every volume has marginal notes in Stephen's hand, or drawings from his pencil. Few of the works are now popular, if they ever were, but the historic value of them all must be heightened by Stephen's annotations. At least, the authorities of the London Library think so, for they have had the pages containing the pencilled notes "sized," so as to preserve them as long as the book itself can be kept from falling into dust.

The personal interest given to a book through former ownership, or use, by a famous man, we need not dwell upon. It has long been recognized by collectors and booksellers: "association books" have their price due to names. But the volumes from Leslie Stephen's library possess a significance far beyond that; they admit us to his literary workshop; they reveal the workings of his mind. In his scattered memoranda and criticisms on the Deists, for example, we are led into the very making of his "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century." To one volume, Hobbes's "Historia Ecclesiastica," a singular interest attaches, since on the fly-leaf three generations of scholars have written their opinion of the book. Two of them are Robert Southey and Leslie Stephen. The third and earliest is thought to be Robert Nares. Here are the three judgments:

(1.) Opus stylo barbarum, argumento confusum, et obscurum ut neque intelligi possit, nec dignum sit in quo labores ut intelligas. Nec perlegi, nec perlegam.—R. N.

(2.) Ego tamen perlegi, non sine fructu, nec sine delectatione quâdam. Nihil me pœnitet hujus perlectionis. Opusculum est tam ingenii acumine quam scabredine carminis vere Hobbesium.—R. S. [*i. e.*, Robert Southey].

(3.) Ego quoque perlegi et Roberti Southcy sententiam valde probo. Hobbesii nihil a me alienum puto.—L. S.

Some of Stephen's notes on modern books are characteristically audacious and amusing. They remind one of his letters. In his copy of Mr. Balfour's

"Foundations of Belief" are many spicy comments. One reads: "This is A. J. B.'s meanest evasion." Opposite Mr. Balfour's sentence: "I do not suggest now that the doctrine of the Incarnation supplies any philosophic solution of this difficulty," Stephen had written "Modest!" The same lightly characterizing pencil had left its trail through the "Tracts for the Times." One annotation is: "If J. H. Newman really wrote this, it is a curious instance of the kind of stuff that will pass for logic with an able theologian." On another margin occurs this: "Reverence=grovelling in the mud before a dumb idol."

This was merely the lighter vein of Leslie Stephen. Others of these scarred volumes bear witness to his serious grappling with the gravest problems that can occupy the human intellect. Spinoza was an author whom he had evidently read attentively, and Kant was another. Histories and political economies were deeply scored. Herbert Spencer had been much annotated, though Spencer, it would appear, chiefly provoked Stephen into drawing fantastic sketches on margins and end-leaves.

The habit of writing in books has been often condemned. But the objections rightly made to it do not lie against Stephen's practice. In the first place, the books were his own. They were not borrowed from either a friend or a public library. Hence his annotations cannot be called defacing the property of another. Furthermore, his jottings were worlds away from the artless "This is lovely," or "Isn't this horrid?" written by schoolgirls in current novels. Stephen's fancy was often at play as he read; that is clear; but in general his mind was on the stretch. He marked, but he also inwardly digested. Books were to him both the material and the tools of his work. In that lies the great significance of his books, blazed with the trail of his passage. He did not look upon them with something of the Arab reverence for print, as print, but made them the familiars of his thought and pencil. Like Darwin, he would doubtless have torn his volumes asunder if he could thereby have made them more useful to him.

Many great readers of our time have treated their books as Stephen did his. At the time Brunetière's library was sold, last spring, we called attention to his striking marginalia, the reading of which, according to one French critic, was like an extension of Brunetière's work. With the failing memory of the indexed moderns, they seem more and more to require impedimenta of notes and reminders. The margins of books offer a convenient place to keep them. And then, if you happen to be a scholar and a thinker, all you have to do, in order to produce an article or a lecture, is simply to go to your treasure-house and draw out things new and old. Lowell's lecture on "Don Quixote," before the Workingmen's College in London, was, as he frankly told his hearers, "drawn almost wholly from notes written on its margin in repeated readings."

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Few readers to-day pay any attention to the Latin poetry of the Renaissance. It is set aside as something inevitably artificial, since composed in a language other than the vernacular. Yet of our own poets, not only Milton and Pope, but a romanticist like Wordsworth, were interested in the Neo-Latins, and Thomas Heywood thought it worth while to render into English numerous extracts from their writings. The Neo-Latins, certainly, did not imagine themselves artificial or regard their work as a *tour de force*. They used what to them was the most natural medium; to the Italians, it was their ancient mother-tongue. As Symonds observed:

> The *Camœnæ* had not died; on the hills of Latium where they fell asleep, they might wake again. Every familiar sight and sound recalled "the rich Virgilian rustic measure" of the Georgics and Bucolics. Latin on the lips of Pontano and Sannazaro is native and living; their verse has individual melody and coloring; it is aglow with the splendors of the Bay of Naples. Their creative impulse, it is true, was not lasting; the later "Ciceronians" stifled originality by attempting to refine. But the writers of the north, like Erasmus, with a vernacular totally remote from Latin, could use the latter for literature more freely, perhaps, than the Italians could, who felt more and more constrained to distinguish the vulgar and the polite in their own language of the past. This explains why so original a poet as Buchanan could come from the north at a time when in Italy Latin verse was on the wane. He is the last in the unbroken succession of the Neo-Latins. Milton and Gray and Vincent Bourne wrote admirable Latin verse after Buchanan; but the movement is over with him.

Buchanan cared little for his own poetry. Though Europe rang with the plaudits of that *divinum ingenium*, "prince of all poets in our times," though he was lauded by Ronsard, Montaigne, Grotius, and even the testy Scaliger, Buchanan regarded his work as accidental and ephemeral. "If my friends had allowed me," he remarks, "I should have consecrated it all to eternal oblivion." We are glad that it remains, both as a proof of his talents, and as a memorial of the movement to which he contributed so much—the introduction of humanism into Scotland. It is not surprising that the anniversary of his birth should have been commemorated in 1906 both at St. Andrews and at Glasgow by extended celebrations, and, in the present year, by the publication of two elaborate memorial volumes.* Both books contain valuable studies, written in not too patriotic a vein. It is clear that Buchanan, whose career was that of a teacher from first to last, cannot be called either a great historian, or a profound investigator of political theory. He knew every one in Europe worth knowing, and was the associate of nobles and kings, but he can lay no claim to statesmanship or to any effective influence on political developments in his native land: his influence on his royal pupil James VI. was powerful, but its result was his pupil's reaction and cordial hostility. Nor may Buchanan be counted a vital force in the propagation of religious reform. He convinced himself, after due deliberation, that Protestantism was in the right, but he nowhere shows the moral intensity of the convert; as a contemporary kindly remarked, "he was of guid religion for a poet." Buchanan was not even a great scholar, as his friends Lambin and Turnèbe were great. He was great as a teacher, reforming the instruction at the college of Ste. Barbe, where he first taught, and, through it, that of the entire University of Paris. His "Rudimenta Grammatices," the first of his works (1533), enjoyed a well-deserved vogue, and could give hints even to modern advocates of the "inductive" method, as it contains the better part of their doctrine. But Buchanan was more than a teacher. Ronsard remarked of him that he showed no trace of the pedagogue save the cap and the gown. The cap and gown—and the very stern and pedagogical aspect that some of his portraits show—were the outer signs, curiously, of a versatile man of the world, a man of letters, a poet. Warned by his own judgment, we perhaps should not take his poems too seriously; yet they reveal, despite his assertion, qualities of enduring merit.

I.

Buchanan turned to poetry at an early age. In his school days at Paris (1520), the writing of Latin verse was part of the training. The lad of fourteen took up this pursuit, he tells us, only partly from natural impulse—but partly because it was prescribed. He read much, doubtless, and was storing his mind with impressions, but he wrote no verse till, in 1534, James V. demanded of his young preceptor a satire on the Franciscans. Buchanan had already amused himself with an admirable translation of "How Dunbar was desyrit to be ane Fryer," and responded to the King's request with what he calls an ambiguous poem. If this poem comprised the two palinodes of the "Fratres Fraterrimi," both the King and the friars were singularly obtuse in thinking it ambiguous; it is the kind of recantation that Swift made in his Palinodia—bitter, scurrilous irony. The King called for more, at any rate, and Buchanan wrote his "Franciscanus," the most elaborate of his satires. The model seems at the outset to be Horace's diatribe on the mad world, as described by the converted Damasippus. In the fashion of

* *George Buchonan: A Memoriol, 1506-1906.* Contributions by various writers, compiled and edited by D. A. Millar, St. Andrews. University Press, 1907.

George Buchonon. Glasgow Quartercentenary Studies, 1906. Glasgow, 1907.

There is unnecessary duplication in this two-fold undertaking, and after the excellent life of Buchanan by Hume Brown, the plan of the St. Andrews volume is open to criticism. The life and achievements of Buchanan are there treated by essays on all his important activities—as Latin scholar, as historian, as wit and humorist, etc. Some of these essays have the character of the ten-minute speeches made at the memorial banquet—toasts on prescribed themes. The Glasgow volume contains special studies, which rightly do not attempt to cover the entire career of Buchanan. One could wish that the really excellent material in both volumes had been combined in one *Festschrift* on the plan of the Glasgow book, and that the other memorial had taken the form of a reeditiou of his works. Some of these are published, with translations, in the St. Andrews volume.

the Stoic, the friar bids his auditor give heed: he shall sprinkle himself nine times with holy water, drink nine straight draughts of hellebore, and meekly receive the truth of ascetic doctrine. The cloister, he will find, is a refuge for dullards and *roués*, and is the modern substitute for suicide. One thinks of Juvenal's reflections on the rope as a cure for matrimony; and indeed throughout the tone is anything but Horatian. Buchanan has not the excuse of the *sæva indignatio* of Juvenal and Swift. He bore the friars no special ill-will; he could remark of the Portuguese monks, to whom the Inquisition subjected him, that they were good fellows with only one failing—blissful ignorance on the subject of religion.* One would expect from him the genial ridicule and urbanity of Erasmus; instead he swings the heavy flail of a *censor morum*. It may be his interest in reproducing ancient situations that tempts him to stronger language than his subjects deserve; by slight innuendo, by the turn of a phrase, he sets the friars back in the Roman empire; they are the counterpart of the hypocritical philosophers of Juvenal's and Martial's days. Another reminiscence, and the monk's prescriptions become a new *ars amandi* in the fashion of Ovid. The latter part of the poem is episodic, and like the second half of the Æneid demands an heroic invocation; *maius opus moveo*, he quotes. The closing lines are pastoral, mimicking the epic close of a Virgilian eclogue. All this is parody of a high order, delicately managed for the most part, and distinctly a feature of Buchanan's satire. One can see how the abuse of it would lead him, with his native capacity for sarcasm, to violence and exaggeration.

The "Franciscanus" is too long a poem. Far more successful in point of structure are the "Fratres Fraterrimi," a collection of epigrams and odes. Some of these are of later date, when Buchanan, under the spur of persecution, had acquired righteous indignation and a blasphemy as audacious as Ovid's, while far more vindictive. His powers of sarcasm and condensed satire shine to the best effect in epigram—in such an epigram as that on Pius II., where every word is admirably placed; Pio, in the final place, is given a dreadful emphasis of irony:

> Vendidit aere polum, terras in morte relinquit.
> Styx superest Papæ, quam colat una, Pio†

Another good bit concerns a Dominican master at the Sorbonne.

> In vino audivit verum latitere, Gonellus,
> Sesquipede extento pinguis aquaticulo,
> Sicne, ait, in nugis frustra consumsimus annos,
> Et tulimus tetricæ jurgia lenta scholæ?
> Ergo vale steriliis veri Sorbona, tuumque
> Accipe discipulum, docta taberna, novum.
> Ex illo ad crassam scrutatus dolia fæcem,
> Pervigil et noctes perbibit atque dies.
> Tandem consumtis fœcunda iu pocula nummis,
> Hoc veri invenit, Nil scio, nil habeo.
> Soiandoque sui lepide ludibria damni,
> Soerate se jactat non minus esse sophon.§

*Nec inhumanis nec malis sed omnis religionis ignoris.

†He sold his heaven; at death leaves earth as well. Pope Pius has one last resort—in Hell.

§Gonelius of the rounded paunch heard tell
That truth lies hid in wine. Quoth he, "Ah, well!
Have I, then, spent three years to play the fool
In the long wranglings of the dismal school?
Oh, then, Sorbonne, sterile of truth, adieu!
I come a novice, learned inn, to you."
Thenceforth he studied pint-pots to the lees,
Stern vigil keeping, night and day, in sprees.
When all his money for the cup was thrown,
He found this truth, "I nothing know nor own."
One thought consoled him for his sad emprise—
That Socrates himself was just as wise.

Here the humor is more playful. There are deeper notes, too, now and then, as in the address to some pilgrims, who have wandered far to find the God whom their own hearts can reveal.

II.

Buchanan wrote his tragedies during his stay at Bordeaux from 1539 to 1544. He wrote them because a professor at Bordeaux had to write a tragedy a year for his pupils to perform. Uncertain of his aptitude for this new task, he devoted much care to the first two plays, then finding that they did well enough, he finished the others in short order. For all that he was hailed by his contemporaries as the restorer of the tragic art; the "Baptist" and the "Jephtha" were often translated, and both Milton and the French classic dramatists owed something to his influence.

Buchanan lived in a dramatic age, and he could reshape political events in terms of tragedy. He describes his "Detectio" of what he deemed the crimes of Queen Mary as *plena et tragica plane historia;* Bothwell is *huius fabulæ choragus*, and the catastrophe is noted in its place. We may credit Buchanan with an inborn feeling for tragic situation. He turned, further, for his models not so much to Seneca as to the purer ideals of the Greek drama. Two of his four plays are translations of the "Medea" and the "Alcestis" of Euripides. In the preface to the latter he remarks that the play attracts him because it is not stuffed with murders, poisonings, and the ordinary tragic horrors; its motive is primarily ethical. This is a significant protest: it remains to be seen whether Buchanan penetrated further into the spirit of Greek tragedy than the "Alcestis" and the "Medea" could lead him.

The first of his own plays, and that on which he spent most care, is the "Baptist." An age which is tired even of a pathological Salome and the sight of the Baptist's gory head will find no sensation in Buchanan's tragedy. The daughter of Herodias plays a very minor part, and the rules of the Greek stage, alas! do not permit the appearance of the head. The plot, moreover, must be considered a failure. In the opening scene, Malchus the bigot and Gamaliel the progressive discuss the new prophet and the meaning of his message. Shall they accept it, or not? One is tempted to detect here the voices of scholasticism and humanism in the presence of the Reformation. At any rate a dramatic problem is stated, which the rest of the play does nothing to solve. There is presented instead the personal fate of the Baptist, gradually brought to his doom through the machinations of Herodias: the sub-title of the play is "Calumnia." The tone in general is noble and appropriate, except for unfortunate echoes of Terentian phrases. When the chorus exclaims

> Sed cesso vatem convenire? . . .
> Atque eccum ante ipsas carceris stantem fores!

the reader is prepared for Chremes, not John the Baptist. The iambic verse, further, violates laws of accentuation not discovered in Buchanan's time; the effect is unpleasant, as it reveals instantly that Buchanan is employing, after all, an artificial medium.

The popularity of the "Baptist" is doubtless due to its implicit allusion to contemporary movements. It is dangerous to identify the characters exactly; one should take warning from Nicholas Peck, who in the eighteenth century discovered in a blank verse translation of the "Baptist" what he thought was a forgotten work of Milton's; he found it replete with allegory, which he could easily dovetail into Milton's times. Buchanan himself, publishing the play thirty years after it was written, declared in the dedication to James VI. that his royal pupil should take warning by the moral of the play, to heed no false advisers. In view, further, of his statement to the Spanish inquisition that the fate of the Baptist typified that of Sir Thomas More, we should not read too vigorous an anti-Franciscan purpose into the play. It does present a warning to the tyrant; it is the argument of the "De Jure Regni" in poetical form.

The "Jephtha," Buchanan informs us, took far less time than the "Baptist"; it is distinctly the better play. The Old Testament story contains just the situation that the most distinctive type of tragedy demands—a just man impelled to an unjust deed through inevitable obedience to a righteous power. Such a plot is as potent in "pity and fear" as the "Œdipus" itself, and it is developed by Buchanan in a manner worthy of the ancients. The meeting of Jephtha and his daughter, which recalls that of Agamemnon and Iphigenia, is treated with an effective reserve bordering on the grand style, while the messenger's report of the defeat of the Ammonites is nearer than any of Seneca's descriptions to the sublimity of Æschylus. The spirit of his model helps Buchanan here; for Æschylus and the Old Testament have something in common. Apparently the plot conceals no contemporary allusions. Symmachus, the friend of Jephtha, manifests a Euripidean humanitarianism and common sense; his declaration

> Pertinaci (quod fere ignorantiae est)
> Animo tenetur dogma susceptum semel,*

may be a reformer's thrust at scholasticism. Storgo, the mother, cries out, as she must, at the barbarous sacrifice, and her lament, rather inartistically, concludes the play. But such sentiments are merely dramatic; the Lucretian moral

> tantum religio potuit suadere malorum,

is not drawn. The Angel's prologue gives the poet's meaning; the stern dispensation of God is for Jephtha's good, as it teaches him the humbling lesson that victory comes not by his own right hand. Such sentiment keeps the play Æschylean in tone; there is no Euripidean revolt against a malignant fate, and no contemporary Protestantism.

*The stubborn mind, with ignorance oft paired,
Maintains the dogma it has once declared.

III.

Buchanan's version of the Psalms, the work which most of all established his popular reputation, was written in his cell in Portugal while he was undergoing instruction from the monks of the Inquisition. If we may assume that he had no library at his disposal, the achievement is proof that his mind was aboundingly stored with the literature that he taught. For the work is far more than a specimen of his mastery of Latin verse; it is an attempt to provide

the subjects of the different Psalms with an appropriate ancient setting. He needs for this purpose almost all the metres of the Latin poets and a few of his own invention Thus. imprecatory psalms, like. the tenth, reappear in stinging iambics; the thirty-first is in dimeters, fresh and simple as a Christian hymn; the forty-fifth, a wedding hymn, is in the stately dactylic hexameter that Catullus used for one of his epithalamia, while the nuptial joys of the one hundred and twenty-eighth suggest the other epithalamium and call for the graceful Glyconic strophe. Didactic or narrative psalms, like the seventy-eighth, are in dactylic hexameter, and while the twenty-third Psalm from its pastoral character might require the same metre, it is just as appropriately done into a reflective Horatian ode, with the same touches of the pastoral as appear now and then in Horace. The one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm is inevitably in elegiacs—

Dum procul a patria mœsti Babylonis in oris
Fluminis ad liquidos forte sedemus aquas—

and recalls not merely the melancholy grace of Tibullus, but something of the spirit of Plato's quatrain on the Eretrians buried in Mesopotamia, far from their beloved sea. In short, here is a new sort of lyric, a harmony of Christian and pagan sentiment, which connects Buchanan at once with the humanists of the fourth century and the long line of writers of Biblical epic; and Buchanan's art has nothing to fear from a comparison with Juvencus and his descendants.

The success of the undertaking was immediate and lasting: the first edition of the Psalms, containing one of Buchanan's best poems, the graceful dedication to Queen Mary, appeared about 1564. It was followed by at least one hundred others, reaching in an unbroken line well into the nineteenth century; for the work became a text-book in Scottish schools. That its poetical qualities appealed immediately, moreover, quite apart from the interest of the general plan, is clear from the fact that the poems were set to music, and several times translated into English. Naturally a translation is futile, as the substitution of English for Latin metres destroys thereby the atmosphere that Buchanan sought to create.

IV.

The remaining poems of Buchanan are occasional in character, though the epithet applies in a way to all his verse. The one exception is his unfinished didactic poem "De Sphæra," a product of his later years. There are many things of interest in his elegies and hendecasyllables, which contain very innocuous poems of passion, and in his "Silvæ," a title which stands mainly for pastoral panegyric and lament. But of all Buchanan's works, the reader will turn with most delight to the three books of Epigrams. These are as varied in subject as Martial, and like the "Fratres Fraterrimi" show better than do the longer satires Buchanan's unrivalled powers of sarcasm. If Posthumus recognized himself in the following verses, he never could have forgotten the portrait:

Nescio an inspexti Narcissi, Posthume, fontem:
Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.
Ille tamen merito: nam quod malesanus amabat
Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat.

At tua non paulo est major vesania, qui te,
Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus ames.*

Zoilus, too, must have ceased his gossip, after the following couplet, which, some believe, inspired an epigram of Voltaire's;

Frustra ego te laudo, frustra me, Zoile, lædis;
Nemo mihi credit, Zoile, nemo tibi.†

The second book begins with a collection of epitaphs. That on Jacobus Silvius, a miserly professor of anatomy at Paris, presents a worthy confrère of Euclio and Harpagon.

Silvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit umquam;
Mortuus et gratis quod legis ista, dolet.‡

Then comes a series of portraits (*iconcs*). Buchanan begins with prehistory, and borrowing a suggestion from Ovid, thus introduces Saturn and the age of Gold:

Aurea secla olim me paupere Rege fuerunt:
Lis, vis, fraus aberant, omnia pacis erant.
At nunc justitiam mentita injuria dives,
Lis, vis, fraus, auri secula nuda premunt.§

Two portraits of Helen appear with the rest. One is satirical, a variant on Juvenal's maxim *rara est adeo concordia formæ atque pudicitiæ;* the other is tenderly sympathetic:

Mille petita procis, totidem repetita carinis,
Mille poetarum fama laborque fui.
O si nota minus, minus et formosa fuissem!
Maxima matronae est laus latuisse probæ.¶

A terrible deduction from Juvenal's maxim appears in the brutal sarcasm flung at Mary of England—brutal verses in spirit, cruelly refined in form:

Sum Marie, male grata patri, male grata marito:
Cœlo invisa, meæ pestis atrox patriæ.
Nulla aberat labes; nisi quod fuit addita custos
Fida pudicitiæ forma maligna meæ‖

Not all the epigrams are satirical. One shows us the poet gayly dining with bishops; another suggests that he was no more punctilious with his dinner engagements than he was with his correspondence:

Ad coenam sese dixit tuus affore vates.
Dixit: sed vates dicere falsa solent.**

Finally, a new variety of epigram appears—one at least unknown to Martial—"Valentiniana." These poems contain no comic valentines. A pleasing introductory poem explains the time-honored custom wherehy every youth chose a maiden as his queen for the year. The poet is too old to bring the due present of a wreath; instead, he weaves verses in honor of his youthful queen. Here is one of his garlands:

Accipe quos fœtus tibi fertilis educat annus,
Flaminia o ævi flosque decusque tui;
Non capiti ornatum; neque cuim splendescere pulcher
Externi cultus munere vultus eget:
Sed magis ut noscas, uhi ver aspexeris anni,
Quam cedant veri tempora verna tuo.*

One might extract from the epigrams a dazzling array of sarcasms, fine of point and flawless in execution. They are enough to give Buchanan a high position among writers of satire; it is in this field that his genius works most naturally. It is a pity that after his powers had matured he did not turn again to satire in the large. As it is, one wonders whether our English satirists of the seventeenth century may not reflect his influence to a greater extent than has been supposed.

Excellent epigram, dignified tragedy, Christian and Pagan feeling harmonized in a new lyric—would these have gained if Buchanan had phrased them in his vernacular? Some critics feel that his genius ran to waste in an alien and conventional form. None will deny that Latin brought him in his own day a European vogue which his own language would not have secured him. More than that, only Latin, as we have seen, could have made the point he intended in his versions of the Psalms. The same is nearly as true of his satires, large and small. His subtlest effects are often obtained by parody of ancient motives: for this, the innuendo of an ancient phrase, the lilt of a verse, are often indispensable. Only in the tragedies does his diction play him false. These, then, would have gained if they had appeared in Buchanan's vernacular—could he have mastered that vernacular as Milton mastered his. But for the rest, his choice was the better; and one who imagines that for a Scot of the sixteenth century Latin was inevitably a lifeless convention, will have cause to reform his notions about "dead languages" if he will let Buchanan show him.

E. K. Rand.

Cambridge, Mass.

*I know not, Posthumus, if thou hast gazed
Into Narcissus' spring.
But, Posthumus, I know that thou art crazed
With self-admiring.
He well might crave that heart for which before
Many full mad had gone.
Thou madder art, who dost thyself adore,
Sans rival, all alone.

†In vain, oh Zoilus, I speak thee well,
In vain thou slanderest me,
For none believeth what I tell,
And none believeth thee.

‡Here Silvius lies, who living never gave
A mite away.
His ghost is vexed that you who view his grave
Aren't asked to pay.

§I ruled the golden age, a monarch poor,
From fraud and force, from lawyers' strife secure.
But now when right to wealthy wrong is sold,
Fraud. force, and lawyers crush this age of gold.

¶A thousand lovers wooed me,
A thousand ships pursued me,
A thousand toiling bards won fame through me.
Ah, had my beauty flown me!
Ah, would that none had known me!
Woman's best praise is her obscurity.

‖Mary I am, a hane to spouse and sire.
Pest of my land, a mark for heaven's ire.
No stain I lacked, save that a guardian sure,
My ugliness, has kept my body pure.

**Your poet said that he would dine with you.
He did: but poet's words are seldom true.

*Take thou these first-fruits of the fecund year,
Flaminia, thou flower and glory of thy day.
Nor wreathe thy head; thy beauty shines so clear
No outer show can further tribute pay.
But I would have thee know, when spring is here,
How the year's Spring-time pales before thy May.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the sale at Hodgson & Co.'s, London, November 21, several unusual items of Americana will be offered. "A Plaine Pathway to Plantations," by Richard Ehurne, "Printed hy G. P. for John Marriot, 1624," is a small quarto of 66 leaves, written throughout in the form of a dialogue between "Respire, a Farmer," and "Enruhie, a Merchant," "with certaine motives for a present Plantation in New-foundiand ahove the rest." There is no copy in the British Museum, and the only copy sold at auction in recent years is S. L. M. Barlow's, lacking six leaves, in 1890, which brought $10, an absurd price. Sabin evidently never saw a copy, as he gives the date 1684. Equally rare is Sir Rohert Gordon's "Encouragements for such as shall have intention to be Undertakers in the new plantation of Cape Briton, now New Galloway in Amerıca, by Mee Lochinvar," Edinhurgh, 1625. Sahin gives the date as 1620, with a second edition of 1624, hut does not locate any copy of either edition. Both dates may he in error, for the reprint made by the Bannatyne Cluh in 1867 was of this 1625 edition. Sahin notes that a copy (date not given)

went at the Gordonstoun sale in 1816 for £3. This, we may presume, was the author's own copy, as the Gordonstoun books were mainly the library of Sir Robert Gordon, gathered between 1610 and 1650. A copy of the 1625 edition in the Auchinleck sale, 1893, brought £76. No one of the great American collections dispersed at auction seems to have had it. Other rare Americana are Smith's "Map of Virginia," 1612, lacking the last leaf and also the map; "Virginia Richly Valued by the deseription of the maine-land of Florida," 1609, translated by Richard Hakluyt; John Eliot's "Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England," 1671, the eleventh and last of the series of tracts known as the Progress of the Gospel series; Budd's "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania & New Jersey," 1685, believed to have been printed in Philadelphia, and, after Atkin's Almanac for 1685, the first book printed by William Bradford; and an uncut copy of the famous "Journal of Proceedings in the Detection of the Conspiracy formed . . . for Burning the City of New York," 1744, by Daniel Horsmanden, a book generally known as the "Negro Plot." In the same sale are a number of scarce books in other departments, among which may be noted Herrick's "Hesperides," first edition, 1648; Gray's "Elegy," first edition, 1750; Fielding's "Tom Jones," a remarkable copy of the first edition, 1749, in the original boards, uncut; Pope's "Essay on Man," first editions of the four parts; Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," 1768, and "Deserted Village," 1770, first editions; and Keats's "Endymion," 1818, with the one-line erratum.

On November 12 and 13, Stan. V. Henkels sells at Davis & Harvey's rooms, in Philadelphia, one of the most important collections of American autographs offered at auction in recent years, that of the late Joshua I. Cohen of Baltimore. Dr. Cohen was contemporary with Sprague, Cist, Bushnell, and Gilmore, whose collections were long ago dispersed. Mr. Henkels's catalogue is elaborate, as usual with his important sales, with lengthy quotations from important letters and numerous facsimiles. There are seven fine A.L.S. of Washington, besides three L.S. and several other documents, including ticket No. 380 in the Mountain Road Lottery, signed by Washington. There is an exceedingly interesting letter of Martha Washington and an unusual series of letters of a number of members of the Washington and Custis families. The set of Signers of the Declaration of Independence is complete, and many names are in duplicate or triplicate. The Lynch, the rarest name, is a full signature "Thomas Lynch," and is accompanied by an attestation of genuineness by J. K. Tefft, dated Savannah, April 10, 1840. The Gwinnett specimen is part of a D.S., 2 pages folio, dated 1776. Samuel Adams, Carter Braxton, Samuel Chase, Abraham Clark, Franklin, Hancock, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Lewis Morris, Thomas Nelson, John Penn, Matthew Thornton, and several others are represented by fine A.L.S. The series of letters of officers in the Revolutionary War includes practically all of the prominent generals. There are autographs of the Presidents and their cabinets, from Washington to Lincoln, and officers in the navy. A miscellaneous section includes fine specimens of Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Boone (extremely rare), several colonial governors, James Rivington, the Tory printer, etc.

On November 12 and 13 Messrs. C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, sell the collection of Americana formed by the late W. P. Robinson of Washington. It is mainly State and town histories and genealogies. Some important sets are included, such as the *Genealogical Register*, 60 vols., a complete set; Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary," 4 vols.; the Jesuit Relations, 73 vols.; and the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, 41 vols., a complete set to date. Among the rarer State histories are Proud's "Pennsylvania," Burk's "Virginia," Martin's "North Carolina," and Hutchinson's "Massachusetts-Bay." There are also a few good Western books, such as Imlay's "Topographical Description," third and best edition, 1797; Mrs. Kinzie's "Wau Bun," 1856; Pritt's "Olden Times Border Life," 1849; Kercheval's "Valley of Virgina," 1833; Schoolcraft's "Expedition to Itasca Lake," 1834, and his "Tour into the Interior of Missouri and Arkansaw," 1821.

On November 12, 13, and 14 the Merwin Clayton Sales Company of this city offers the library of a New York collector, including books on the Civil War (a number of Confederate imprints), Indians, Mexico, and slavery. More than 300 lots are catalogued as Lincolniana, the interest in which among collectors is certainly on the increase.

W. M. Voynich, the Polish bookseller in London, has issued a remarkable catalogue of 520 lots, books of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries not to be found in the British Museum.

The stock and goodwill of the late Pietro Franceschini, archæologist and bookseller, has been bought by Mr. Voynich of London, who will probably continue the business in its present quarters in the Palazzo Borghese, Florence. Franceschini was more of a scholar and antiquary than a bibliophile and man of affairs. Even before his death the million volumes and pamphlets he had accumulated had fallen into disorder. There are roomfuls of volumes literally dumped upon the floors. The gradual exploration of such storerooms reveals many editions of the sixteenth century. The other day an assistant who was shovelling an entrance into such a deposit turned up within a few minutes a first edition of Lamb and one of Keats. But about these matters we shall be fully informed as Mr. Voynich issues his catalogues.

The Grolier Club of this city is holding from November 7 to 30 an exhibition of ornamental leather bindings, executed in America before 1850.

Correspondence.

UNDERDONE INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Referring to the interesting communications on "Overdone Instruction in English" in your issues of September 19 and October 3, it would seem to a layman that the regrettable confusion there indicated as prevailing in the schools relative to "teaching literature" arises from a fundamental error underlying all efforts to teach literature as such—the error, namely, of assuming that there is a collection or body of writings denoted by the word "literature" which constitutes a distinct entity capable of being made the subject of a systematic course of teaching or study.

A course of study must have some unity of purpose and a corresponding unity of subject matter. In none of its several senses does the word "literature" denote anything possessing such unity. In its general sense, it describes a body of writings which are as varied and multifarious as life itself, and which have no ground of unity except the history or the genius of the people producing them—a unity too remote to be grasped by the average undergraduate. And even in its most restricted sense the writings which it includes are of the most diverse character. This fact is strikingly, though unconsciously, illustrated by your correspondent, when he mentions in the same breath Bacon's Essays and Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman," as component parts of this study of literature. True, both of these writings are literature, and of a high order; and each is worthy of careful study, but for purposes so different that there is no propriety in placing them in the same course. They have nothing in common except artistic excellence—a quality which might afford ground for a study of literary art, but not for the study of literature. For purposes of study as literature they are about as incongruous as would be Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding" and Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters." The association of such incongruous writings shows the aimlessness and confusion of the teaching of literature there referred to. Any course based upon such material, although it may accomplish some good, must necessarily be a sort of haphazard wool-gathering, consuming time and effort which might be better employed in aiming at something definite.

And this confusion is frequently worse confounded by a failure to distinguish clearly between the teaching of literature and the teaching of language; and to keep them separate. It is true that they are closly allied, and at many points shade into each other; but they are essentially distinct, and each suffers when made to share the attention of the student with the other. For example, the spirit of the "Forsaken Merman" would be but feebly apprehended by one who was giving his attention to the prosody or syntax of the poem, or the etymology of its words. His appreciation of it would be similar to that which would be given to a song by one who, while listening, was pondering on the laws of acoustics, and the number of sound vibrations required to produce the various notes.

This kind of teaching of English, which your correspondents call "overdone," I have ventured to call "underdone." It is both—it is overdone as regards quantity of material gone over; underdone, *i. e.*, crude and ineffectual, as regards quality of work and intellectual assimilation. A partial remedy might be found in a better classification of material and the framing of distinct courses for the various classes of writings. Then, too, a prominent place should be given to memorizing—

a practice which seems to have become almost obsolete.

That at least some acquaintance with the best works in literature can and ought to be acquired as a part of every liberal education is undeniable; but when, and where, and how, are questions upon which we are as yet badly at sea; and are likely to remain so until there is an effective cleaning up of our ideas in relation to our educational views and methods in general The confusion here adverted to is but typical of a like confusion which now prevails in our educational work as a whole. We have, either for good or ill, forsaken the ancient landmarks, and have not as yet established new ones.

The cause of this general confusion in relation to our educational aims and ideals may be expressed in the one word, "popularization." In accordance with the genius of our institutions, we have educated the masses to an extent hitherto unknown; but, in order to do this, have found it necessary to popularize our educational aims and methods; *i. e.*, to bring them down to the masses instead of bringing the masses up to them. In doing this we have both gained and lost—gained in the spread of general intelligence, and lost in the deterioration of standards and of the higher educational work. Perhaps the gain exceeds the loss; but be that as it may, it is to the latter that we owe the evil which we are now considering. And as long as these conditions prevail, and the school and college curriculum is determined, not by the judgment of the most competent as to what education ought to be, but by the demands of uninstructed popular preference, so long must we expect to have educational work "overdone" and "underdone," and done in all sorts of ways.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, October 24.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may not be possible to set forth in a brief letter anything that can add much to the recent suggestions in these columns regarding the betterment of secondary school work in English. But a few further words may be given to the question why teacher and pupil alike find the English part of the school course unsatisfactory.

For one thing, children are taught to read far too early. A child who has not been allowed to learn to read until he has reached the age of seven or eight years may find the learning process a highly pleasurable one, especially when he begins to realize that he is acquiring the key to the mastery of delightful books without number. The writer has known such a child—far from precocious—who read some of Shakespeare's plays aloud well and entertainingly within a year of the time when he first began to make out printed or written words. Beginning his acquaintance with literature in this spirit, the child is likely to carry a love for reading up to and through his college years. On the other hand, instruction in reading given to children too young to understand, far too often results in a distaste for every printed page as taskwork.

Another grave hindrance to any such liking for real literature as would of itself during school years lead to a fair acquaintance with some of the best books is the habit of devouring indiscriminately newspapers and magazines. It is futile to expect young people brought up on scare heads and illustrated serial stories to enjoy even Scott, while Jane Austen must to such seared palates as theirs seem the veriest sawdust. It is not easy to suggest an adequate remedy for the habit of reading periodical trash, but if the homes were kept measurably free from it, the children would in many cases not be at the trouble and expense of buying it for themselves. Anything which makes real literature easier of access than rubbish is a help toward imparting the much-to-be-desired taste for good books. It would go a long way toward securing this appetite for the best if cities in general would follow the example of Cleveland and establish branches of the public library, with many books accessible on open shelves, in the high school building.

But it must be remembered that no freedom of access to the best literature will be of use unless there is leisure for reading. It is not in the class room but at home that the boy or girl must sit down quietly face to face with the author. This is impossible under the conditions that too often obtain in cities to-day, when the pupil is a member of school societies and a constant attendant at school and other parties. Hardly anywhere is our mischievous fashion of entrusting social responsibilities to beaux and belles of sixteen (so much ridiculed by our European neighbors) more disastrous than in depriving young people during their most important formative period of the time for reflecting and maturing.

Finally, the teacher of English, even more than teachers in general, needs to be capable of talking the subject into the class. In a Missouri high school, a good many years ago, there was one notably bad boy. His dislike for discipline went so far as to lead him to spend whole days in a tree top rather than obey orders. This boy, coming into the English classroom to copy matter from the blackboard, chanced to hear the teacher reading from Tennyson's "Guinevere." Instead of copying he listened and at the end of the hour petitioned to be allowed to attend the English recitations as an extra subject. This power to vivify the text, so as to make it appeal to dormant intelligences will make a success of literature teaching even in the most poorly equipped of schools.

J. Y. BERGEN.

Cambridge, Mass., October 26.

THE PRINCETON QUADRANGLE PLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of October 24, speaking of President Wilson's quadrangle plan, you say, "It must be confessed that the college world has not been in the habit of thinking of Princeton as an experiment station" (p. 365). May I be allowed to point out that a plan similar to the one in question has at different times exercised the authorities at Princeton for nearly ninety years? In 1895 Prof. W. M. Sloane wrote:

To preserve that precious collegiate life which once characterized all institutions of the higher learning in the United States, and which still survives in perfect development in Princeton, there must be new and larger dormitories, or, better still, hostels or inns or colleges, whatever they should be called, which would attract to their walls men of similar tastes and standing, and under the careful supervision of the university give their inmates food as well as lodging. ("Four American Universities," p. 108.)

It is interesting to note that as early as 1818 a committee was appointed at Princeton "to consider of measures for extending the college establishment and to print a report on that subject." The report was considered by the board of trustees in November of that year, and the following was the result of their deliberations:

Resolved, (1) That an additional edifice is wanted.

Resolved, (2) That the board will as soon as possible proceed to the erection of an additional edifice.

Resolved, (3) That it be a distinct and separate edifice.

Resolved, (4) That the new edifice, when erected, shall be placed under the government of a different faculty, as soon as the number of students shall render it expedient. (J. Maclean's "History of the College of New Jersey," vol. ii., 177-179.)

Resolutions, designed to encourage liberal subscriptions to the contemplated improvements, were then adopted, and an application for aid was made to the State of New Jersey. The latter was refused, the effort to obtain funds failed, and in a few months the whole scheme was abandoned. In 1877 President Maclean wrote:

As the proposed plan did not succeed, and as it is highly probable, if not morally certain, that no attempt will be made by the college authorities to revive the scheme of having under one board of trustees a collection of colleges, with separate faculties, it is not worth while to discuss the wisdom or expediency of such a plan.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, October 31.

Notes.

John Lane Company has ready for publication the following books: "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," by W. B. F. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley, in two volumes, with color prints and reproductions of contemporary caricatures, broadsides, songs, etc.; "Pictures from the Balkans," by John Foster Fraser, with illustrations in color and a map; "Beauty and the Beast," a translation by Ernest Dowson of the unabridged French fairy story, with four full-page illustrations in color by Charles Condor; a new edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with illustrations, many in full-page color plates, by W. H. Walker; "Champions of the Fleet," by Edward Fraser.

It is good news to hear that the translation of Nietzsche, which had progressed through four volumes and then apparently been dropped, is to be completed. The Macmillan Company is now publishing the fifth volume containing "Beyond Good and Evil." The same house is to publish, beginning with January, the new quarterly *Harvard Theological Review*, edited by the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School.

The second volume of Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's "Thoughts and Things, or Genetic

Logic," will be published by the Macmillan Co. next month.

The John C. Winston Company issues the first volume of "Great American Lawyers," edited by William Draper Lewis, dean of the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. This work, which is to be completed in eight volumes and sold only by subscription, will contain the lives of ninety-six deceased lawyers who have been famous as scholars or practitioners. The individual biographies run to about 11,000 words each.

T. Fisher Unwin is publishing a selection of the poems of Carducci, translated by Mrs. Francis Holland, a daughter of the late Sir Spencer Walpole. The Italian and the English are printed on opposite pages.

Besides writing his autobiography Herbert Spencer provided by his will that his "Life and Letters," in "one volume of moderate size," should be compiled by his friend Dr. Duncan. This work is now to be published. It avoids repeating the material of the "Autobiography," which extends only to 1882 and thus scarcely touches Herbert Spencer's battle with the Socialists. The new work is rich in letters, and contains, in an appendix, "The Filiation of Ideas," written by Spencer in 1898-9 as a history of his intellectual development.

The November *Atlantic* is the fiftieth anniversary number, an occasion of pride for publishers and editors. Two of the former editors are still living—William Dean Howells, from 1871 to 1881, and Walter Page, from 1897 to 1899—and both are contributors to the present issue. Prof. C. E. Norton, who was in Europe when the magazine was started, tells an amusing story of losing a trunk full of MSS. (and other things) which he had procured in London for Lowell, and which disappeared mysteriously from the New York wharf. The trunk was never found, but Professor Norton confesses that the *Atlantic* did not suffer from the loss of the British contributions. There are other papers in this issue commemorating the old days of the magazine, and giving a survey of the changes in literature, science, art, and politics during the past fifty years. It opens with a hitherto unprinted poem of Lowell's, which was written in September or October of 1857, and sent to Professor Norton. We can think of no better vow for American letters at the present moment than that the *Atlantic* should continue for another fifty years to maintain its level of solitary excellence, and to thrive.

The sixteenth edition of Baedeker's "Paris and Its Environs" is just out, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. This edition contains thirty-eight plans and fourteen maps—one more map than the fifteenth edition, 1904.

Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Me., has added to his dainty Old World Series four new volumes. The first contains Walter Pater's unfinished romance, "Gaston de Latour"; the second, a collection of graceful and fanciful stories by Oscar Wilde, "The Happy Prince," "The Nightingale and the Rose," "The Selfish Giant," "The Devoted Friend," and "The Remarkable Rocket"; the third, "The Hour of Beauty," songs and poems by "Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp); and the fourth, poems by Andrew Lang, including "Ballads in Blue China," "Verses Vain," "Sonnets," three "Letters to Dead Authors," and "Rhymes Old and New." Among the sonnets are those on Homer, perhaps the high-water mark of Lang's writing, either in prose or verse. The reading of this little book recalls those days, twenty-five years ago, when Lang was hailed as one of the coming poets, and provokes the vain regret that he did not more strictly cultivate the thankless muse.

"The Parish Clerk," by P. H. Ditchfield, may be commended as a work of curious erudition and as a storehouse of capital anecdotes. To those, also, who are directly or indirectly interested in the disappearance of one of the ancient customs of Britain, its humor will lie close to pathos. The office of parish clerk can be traced back to the time of King Ethelbert, when Gregory the Great wrote to St. Augustine of Canterbury a letter of regulations for the marriage and mode of life of clerks. It survived the Reformation, and was one of the threads of tradition not broken by the Puritan dominion. It is at last passing away under modern conditions, leaving a memory of habits and characters racy of the soil. We cannot convey an appreciation of the book without large quotation from its treasure of stories, and these can be better enjoyed in their context than in isolation. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The History of the University of North Carolina," by Kemp P. Battle, is published by The Edwards & Broughton Printing Company of Raleigh. In addition to the interest it has for the alumni of one of the South's largest institutions of learning, Dr. Battle's history will prove both entertaining and instructive to any student of the country's educational growth. Only the first volume has been issued, covering the time from the foundation of the university, in 1795, to its temporary closing in 1868. With great industry the author has collected anecdotes, statistics, and items about collegiate training in America since the days just after the Revolution. While there is included, of course, a vast quantity of information regarding North Carolina and the university town of Chapel Hill, every chapter contains historical sidelights of more or less general interest. It is a curious fact, for instance, that in the beginnings of a college now ranking among the best in the South, there was an announcement of such a curriculum as the following:

For Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Bookkeeping, $8 per annum.
For Latin, Greek, French, English Grammar, Geography, History, and Belles Lettres, $12.50 per annum.
Geometry with practical branches, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, and the principles of Agriculture, $15.00 per annum.

The president of the university in those early days was called "Professor of Humanity," and his salary was $300 a year and two-thirds of the tuition money. In the personal reminiscences the author is at his best. No other man in his State, or in the South perhaps, has so great a store of reminiscences at his call. He was formerly president of the university, besides figuring in North Carolina politics, and more recently he has occupied the chair dealing with the State's history, spending the most of his time, however, at the task of compiling his book. The completed two volumes will comprise something more than 2,000 pages. Of its comprehensiveness nothing more need be said. Dr. Battle has not left out anything—a fact which undoubtedly will be as much a cause of satisfaction to the North Carolina graduate as an impediment to the stranger searching for the important amidst a mass of detail.

Among the numerous handbooks devoted to the history and monuments of the two great English universities, J. W. Clark's "Cambridge" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) easily holds the first place. As Registrar of the University he has long had peculiar opportunities of tracing the growth of the individual foundations and the gradual acquisition by the colleges of the river banks that were once closely built streets and wharves in the hands of the jealous and hostile town. It is unfortunate that in this new edition of his work Mr. Clark neglects the chance of adding some information about twentieth-century Cambridge, and is still content with a picture of the wine-parties and offish dons of sixty years since. In his story of the masters of Trinity he stops short at Whewell, and ignores all the important changes due to the new buildings of the last two decades. The Cavendish Laboratory and all that its presence means to Cambridge has no interest for the antiquarian Mr. Clark. In a volume that is dated 1908 and proclaims itself a new edition, one would expect to find some revision of references. By "the present century" Mr. Clark still means the nineteenth, so that a generation hence his readers will be misled into supposing that in the first decade of the twentieth century the University dined at four o'clock. The illustrations, 46 in all, are mainly woodcuts from drawings by Toussaint and Dehaines, and are pleasing enough.

The American pilgrim who visits the hackneyed shrines of literature and history that abound in the English counties is not apt to linger on his round. Few, however, have surpassed in speed and copiousness the record of Miss Katharine Lee Bates. Her "From Gretna Green to Land's End" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) describes a literary scamper that leaves only the eastern counties untouched. As she hurls herself through the length and breadth of England, easily making two moves to any other pilgrim's one, she pours out a lively stream of fact and comment that keeps the reader amused and only too well instructed. The information, literary and historical, is thoroughly got up; and the American reader for whom the book was written need not resent the superficiality of the travelling, since it is not so much to the England of to-day that Miss Bates hurries his attention, as to those literary, legendary, and pathetic associations with which, by some more leisurely method, she has made herself at home. The book has an attractive appearance, and the illustrations are from good photographs.

Gherardi Davis has privately printed in a limited edition a study of "Regimental Colors in the War of the Revolution," illustrated by thirty-four plates, two of which are in colors. The illustrations, which are admirable, would alone make this volume of value, and the judicious notes and descriptions prove the wide and individual research of the author. He describes the British, French, and Hessian colors as well as those

of the States; and the result adds one more item to the long list of opportunities neglected by the national government. Many colors and standards were captured in the Revolution, and if preserved would have made an interesting exhibit. As early as 1814 only six were in the War Department, although it was well known that twenty-four had been taken at Yorktown alone. To-day five represent the total holding, but enough interest now exists to assure the preservation of this remnant. Other material was found in historical societies and in private possession; but when all flags were listed they made a meagre showing. It would be impossible to summarize the facts presented by Mr. Davis, but he proves that the use of the United States flag was not "regulation" as late as 1779, and that while the stars and stripes were used at sea, they were not in all probability used by the army. He thus accounts for the fact that no regimental stars and stripes of the period of the Revolution now exist. The volume offers a wholesome corrective to many accepted traditions, and will constitute a lasting record of the small number of widely scattered flags of that period now to be found.

In the four lectures published under the title "The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry" (Fleming H. Revell Co.), Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus discusses in general the religious sentiments of the principal Victorian poets. Three of his chapters are given specially to Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and Browning. The style is rather discursive and there is some "fine writing" which is suggestive of the preacher rather than of the literary interpreter and critic. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which treats of Shelley, and it is remarkable that a clergyman should read with such an impartial mind the writings of the most pronounced atheist of modern times. For in Shelley's poetry Dr. Gunsaulus discovers a real religious element. Recognizing the pessimism which pervades the poet's works, Dr. Gunsaulus says:

> Shelley is the poet of the unsatisfied. No twentieth century, however weary she may be of doubt and analysis, can ever go back to the eighteenth, and avoid the protest of this clear-eyed soul—a soul who abides at the gateway, the type of the yearning spirit pouring forth his lofty expectations in exquisite rhythm, uttering his pathetic scorn with sweetest music, the very incarnation of the restless heart and thirsty soul which, with heated forehead, utters the cry of the human.

Yet while there is an appreciation of the genius of the poets about whom the author writes, there is also in every lecture a certain amount of bathos and sloppy extravagance.

The Rev. John Henry Burn, a Scotch Anglican, has made a good compilation of religious lyrics on the plan of the Church year. The volume is entitled "The Churchman's Treasury of Song" (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Mr. Burn presupposes some capacity of poetical appreciation, and his selections are of good quality and taste. Anglican writers naturally predominate, although Watts, Anne Steele, Sears, and others from non-liturgical churches are represented. In the large number of poems, one for every day in the year and often several for special days, there are seventeen by Isaac Williams, fourteen by George Taylor Farquhar, thirteen by Lord Kinloch, ten each by George Herbert and Horatius Bonar, and seven from Tennyson, mostly stanzas from "In Memoriam." Mr. Burn has done well to include Clough's pathetic "O Only Source of All Our Light and Life." None of the poems of Addison are included, or any of the translations of John Mason Neale. Miss Borthwick is credited with "Jesus, Still Lead on," without note that the hymn is a translation of Zinzendorf's "Jesu, geh' voran." The poems are usually well adapted to the days to which they are assigned.

The interrogatory title of Franz Spemann's book, "Landeskirche oder religiöse Freiheit?" (Berlin: Hermann Walter), implies that a "State-church" is incompatible with "religious freedom" and asks the reader to choose between these mighty opposites. The fact that the author is not a free-thinker, but a strictly orthodox theologian and vicar of the Protestant church, adds additional interest to his work and makes it a significant sign of the times. It is evident that his views concerning an established church are shared by many of the German clergy, although they have not the courage to follow his example and enforce their convictions by taking off their clerical robes and renouncing all the social and pecuniary advantages of their position as "officials of religion."

That the idea of the separation of church and state is proving contagious also in the academic circle of Germany appears from the recent pro-rectorial address of Prof. Ernst Troeltsch of the theological faculty of the University of Heidelberg, published as a booklet of seventy-nine pages, entitled "Die Trennung von Staat und Kirche, der staatliche Religionsunterricht und die theologischen Fakultäten" (Tübingen: Mohr). Troeltsch, while declaring that the present relation of state and church in Germany in general and also in reference to religious instruction in schools and to the management of the theological faculties, is fairly tolerable, yet thinks that at bottom it is "eine tiefe innere Unwahrheit." He believes that church and state will probably never be able to adjust their relations except by a peaceful separation. From this point of view he outlines a scheme of the influence which, even in case this is done, the state is to exert over the religious instruction in the public school and over the appointment of theological professors. There are many persons in Germany that demand the abolition of the theological faculties as a part of the universities, chiefly for the reason that theology is not and cannot be pure scientific research.

Prof. Otto Pfleiderer of the University of Berlin has rounded out his discussion of the origins of Christianity by the publication of "Die Entwicklung des Christentums" (Munich: J. F. Lehmann). He began the discussion in his lectures of 1904-1905, later published in his "Entstehung des Christentums." This work also appeared in English, and was followed a year later by his lectures, "Religion und Religionen." The new volume—the third—covers substantially, though more fully, the ground of the second part of Harnack's "Essence of Christianity," and, like Harnack's "Evangelium in der Geschichte," follows out the development of Christianity to the Reformation, and also after that period. Pfleiderer's position is in general more radical than that of Harnack and the school of Ritschl; he denies the claim that in Christ there has appeared a perfect revelation of God or that such a revelation has been recorded in the Gospels. He accordingly will not recognize in the history of the Church, after the manner of Protestantism in general, a steady decay and decadence from the original ideals of Christianity, but he finds that in some respects these ideals find their expression in every period of the history of the Church.

Among the annuals published by the Germans none is more deservedly popular than the Neue Christoterpe (Halle: Müllers Verlagsbuchhandlung). The issue for 1908 has been edited by Adolf Bartels and Otto H. Frommel, although it still bears on its title-page the honored names of the founders of the series, Rudolf Koegel, Emil Frommel, and Wilhelm Baur. The contents are varied—story, description, history, poetry, and the like, all written from the standpoint of evangelical Christianity. Its more youthful rival is a similar collection called Aus Höhen und Tiefen, which is also richly illustrated and now appears in its eleventh year, edited by Dr. Karl Kinzel and Ernst Meinke and published by Emil Richter, of Berlin. The former volume costs 4 marks and the latter 4.50.

"Die eiserne Zeit vor hundert Jahren," by Richard Knötel (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a beautifully illustrated volume which deals with the Napoleonic era between 1806 and 1813, particularly in reference to Germany. The thirty full-page pictures in colors are designed to give as many *Heimatbilder* of German days of stormy trial and ultimate elevation. There are glimpses of the merchants returning from the Leipzig fair and bringing the terrible news of Jena and Auerstadt, of the German Paul Revere's rattling over the cobbles of terrified villages, of the brave Frau von Bonin giving safe escort on horseback to a royal chest of treasure, of the rough-handed conduct of French soldiery while quartering themselves in devout peasants' homes, of the quick drilling of the same clumsy and immobile farmer folk, and the march of the great army to Russia. These vivid pictures not only remind the student of the awful pathway trodden by the Germans in their upward struggle to their present liberty and power, but attest anew the superiority of their modern art over ours, at least in depicting the human figure in motion. The volume is tastefully ornamented with gold and color cover-stamps, inside cover illustrations, and various tailpieces.

During the past season the committee on American archæology of the Archæological Institute of America offered properly qualified students the privilege of joining the field expeditions of the Institute in Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico. A number of students availed themselves of the opportunity to participate in the practical work of exploring, mapping, and excavating ruins in the San Juan, and Rio Grande basins. These expeditions closed October 1. Through the courtesy of the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution the committee is authorized to announce that the government

excavations at Casa Grande, in the Gila Valley, Arizona, resume this month under the direction of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, to continue during the autumn and winter, and that students may arrange through the Archæological Institute to participate in the work at this site. Students desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity should correspond with Edgar L. Hewett, Director of American Archæology of the Archæological Institute of America, No. 1333 F Street, Washington, D. C.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence between the years 1837 and 1861. Edited by Arthur Christopher Benson and Viscount Esher; illustrated. 3 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $15 net.

On the personal side, these letters add little to our knowledge of the Queen's character. That had already been revealed and understood fully. Here we get only cumulative evidence of her kindness, her purity, and of the essential commonplaceness of her mind. She comprehended and satisfied the middle classes of Britain so perfectly because she was practically one of them. Her tastes and standards in art and literature and statesmanship were middle class. Intellectually, former writings of hers had displayed her limitations. Her Highland Journals would prepare one for the worst. The letters to Tennyson, included in the latter's biography, showed her literary obtuseness. But she at least knew her own failings in this respect. A memorandum by Prince Albert's private secretary in 1841 reads:

> Lord Melbourne said: "The Prince is bored with the sameness of his chess every evening. He would like to bring literary and scientific people about the Court, vary the society, and infuse a more useful tendency into it. The Queen, however, has no fancy to encourage such people. This arises from a feeling on her part that her education has not fitted her to take part in such conversation; she would not like conversation to be going on in which she could not take her fair share, and she is far too open and candid in her nature to pretend to one atom more knowledge than she really possesses on such subjects."

The Queen's private letters, of which the most numerous, intimate, and unguarded here printed were to King Leopold of Belgium, are very much what one would expect. They are warm-hearted, often to the point of gushing, but with a narrow range of interest, and without any literary or personal distinction. Take this specimen, written in 1844, when Prince Albert's father died:

> A father is *such* a *near* relation, you are a *piece* of him, in fact—and all (as my poor *deeply afflicted* Angel says) the earliest pleasures of your life were given you by a dear father; that can *never be replaced* though time may soften the pang.

A carefully educated woman of twenty-five who could write like that was evidently *capable de tout.*

It is, accordingly, the public aspect of the Queen which alone can give much interest to these volumes of her letters. One notes immediately a striking difference between her personal and her official correspondence. It goes deeper than a contrast of style, and reaches the whole habit of thought. This is doubtless to be explained by the fact that her more important communications to her Ministers, Viceroys, and Governors were written for her by Baron Stockmar or Prince Albert. The extraordinary influence of the former upon the Queen is explicitly avowed by the editors. It was one of the causes of the popular murmuring, early in Victoria's reign, over the too great predominance of German interests at Court. Stockmar was practically her private secretary, though Melbourne publicly denied it, and acted for a long time as a sort of political director to her. He brought with him a Prussian view of the monarchy too high for English consumption. But he impressed it upon the young Queen, and it led her into some of her first collisions with her Ministers. Prince Albert continued the same tradition to a certain extent, but he had a good head for politics, and soon became of the greatest value as an adviser of the Queen, and made himself, as these volumes bear fresh witness, a figure of real importance in the political world of England. It is plain that the Prince and the Baron, between them, had a great deal to do with shaping the Queen's ideas of her rights and duties.

Victoria was fortunate in her first prime minister. Lord Melbourne was a man of the world, cynical and sagacious, though not a first-class politician, but he acted from the beginning upon a very chivalrous conception of his relations to the young Queen. His attitude was a happy mingling of protection and deference. He led her wisely along the untried path of her royal duties, and gave her a personal affection which she returned. She showed him every confidence—indeed, leaned upon his advice, even after he had left office, a little too constantly for the peace of mind of Sir Robert Peel, who had become her Constitutional adviser. Some of the intimacies thrust by the Queen into her formal third-person letters to Melbourne, are amusing. Thus we find the ex-premier gravely writing, in 1841: "Lord Melbourne is very glad to hear of the princess's tooth." Victoria's stiff notions of propriety sometimes vexed Melbourne. When she insisted that no one, political obligations or not, should be appointed to the Household upon whom the slightest breath of scandal rested, Lord Melbourne groaned, as we find stated in a memorandum by Prince Albert, "that d——d morality will undo us all."

The Queen felt deeply at first the contrast between Melbourne and Peel. The latter, she wrote Melbourne, she found "such a cold, odd man she can't make out what he means." Later, however, she came to have a due respect for Peel's abilities and to appreciate his eminent services. It was from the irrepressible Palmerston that she had her worst trials—until Gladstone came. Palmerston would not flatter her; he would contradict and correct her; he even disobeyed her. This became so flagrant that he had to give up the Foreign Office. She made no secret of her distrust of him, and reflected with some satisfaction in 1850 that he was "too old to do much in the future." Palmerston was then sixty-five, but had still fifteen years ahead of him, several of them as Victoria's prime minister! Of Disraeli, all the Queen's first impressions were unpleasant. There are hostile and even contemptuous references to him. No one could guess from anything in these letters that he was to become chief favorite among all her prime ministers. To Cobden, she did not take a fancy. Peel's praise of him in 1846 "shocked" her, and she objected when it was proposed to make him a member of the Cabinet in 1847. In 1859, Palmerston suggested that John Bright be made a Privy Councillor. The Queen was "sorry not to be able to give her assent." "It would be impossible to allege any service Mr. Bright has rendered, and if the honor were looked upon as a reward for his systematic attacks upon the institutions of the country, a very erroneous impression might be produced as to the feeling which the Queen or her Government entertains towards these institutions." It is only fair to add that, later, Mr. Bright was welcomed at Windsor, not only as a Minister, but as a good friend. Queen Victoria, in her long life, underwent many such sea changes.

If her personal likes and dislikes fluctuated, her political convictions remained steady. She had no sympathy whatever with the democratic movement of her day. Class privileges (with class duties, of course) were among the fixed things in her mind, and she dreaded everything that looked like what she called "violence." When the Ministerial Reform bill was pending in 1852, she wrote to Russell: "The Queen takes it for granted that the Bill as approved by her will be stood by in Parliament, that Lord John will not allow himself to be drawn on to further concessions to democracy in the course of the debate, and that the introduction of the ballot will be vigorously opposed by the Government." A part of her enmity to Palmerston was due to the fact that she did not understand and did not like his connection with the liberating forces at work on the Continent and in England. To royalty as such she was always wondrous kind. Even her personal scruples had to give way a little when it was a question of moral lapses by a King.

The political interest of these volumes is rather of the minor order. There is a great deal about the rise and fall of Ministries and the ups and downs of parties; we are let into the intrigues of politicians; get some useful addenda to Greville's gossip, by way either of confirmation or correction. Even in foreign relations, however, which the Queen followed with assiduous interest, and in which the English monarch has still the greatest residuum of power, there are no revelations of high importance. We see the Queen petulant over the Spanish Marriages; we see her through the Crimean war absolutely certain that England was *not* laying her money on the wrong horse; we have from her pen an estimate of the character and ambitions of Louis Napoleon. Nothing of all this, however, is either very novel or very weighty. The letters stop with 1861. What the Queen was and did in the crisis of our civil war; what part she played at the time of the struggle between France and Germany; her rôle in the famous emergency of 1875, when Bismarck and Moltke thought of striking again—for this we have yet to wait. When the later records are given to the light, the political reputation of the Queen as a ruler may stand higher than it is left by these volumes.

We would not convey the impression that they are dull or disappointing. With many

arid tracts, they contain much that is entertaining. Melbourne, Peel, Russell, and Palmerston write interestingly. Disraeli's reports of the proceedings in the House read, as the Queen remarked, "like his novels." This is an anticipation of Mr. Balfour's description of Lord Beaconsfield's conversation—"a brazen mask, talking his own novels."

CURRENT FICTION.

The New Religion. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"The old medication," cries the chief apostle of "the new religion," "is forgotten: hygiene, as a persistent occupation, is the medicine of the future! The coming age is going to think of and live for its body." This is not the first time Mr. Maartens has made merry at the expense of the medical profession; his merriment here is distinctly forced. The story is a queer hodgepodge of satire and sentiment, garrulous in manner, and often merely facetious in tone; an over-prolonged sniff at doctors and doctoring. Whether honest men or not, his physicians are invariably wrong in diagnosis and foolish in treatment. In short, most modern ills are to be traced to "the impassive Æsculapius, the fitful ruler of our fates. There is no ruiner of modern lives such as he." Even surgeons, it seems (we had supposed there was something in surgery), are chiefly occupied in cutting off perfectly good legs and in sewing up forceps and things inside their innocent victims. The gist of the whole matter would seem to be that physicians are either knaves or fools; mainly knaves.

Upon this cheerful theme, in the course of his rambling narrative, Mr. Maartens plays many groaning or strident variations. Everything turns upon the relation between physician and patient, the consequence being that his characters become mere exhibits. An odd thing is that several of them are sufficiently alive to impress one as worthy of a better fate. There is a good deal of effective satire upon medical fads, particularly as connected with the new game of hygiene—good-humored and self-contained satire such as really brings the matter home to the bosom of the ordinary reader. But the mood of the book as a whole seems to vibrate rather helplessly between snorts and giggles. Somehow the author has failed to hit the key; the story is neither fantastic enough nor sober enough to be more or less than a gentle irritant.

A Bachelor's Baby. By Thomas L. Masson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

In this good-sized volume Mr. Masson has brought together a miscellaneous three-score of his recent humorous productions. Here are to be found short stories, dialogues, whimsical-serious essays, strings of modern apothegms, bits of verse, and what not. To speak of the volume comprehensively is not easy, considering its hodge-podge make-up, nor are any of the component elements important enough in themselves to need particularization. Mr. Masson's wit is facile, occasionally smart, often pungent, never very penetrating. In a weighty essay on "The Decadence of Husbands," he observes:

> There can be no question that, in spite of the obstacles mentioned, there is still a latent, lingering desire on the part of many to get married. Rash people are still trying their hands and pocketbooks at it. . . . No doubt tradition, habit, inertia are all largely responsible for this. No doubt a certain proportion will continue to get married long after it has gone out of style with the best people. There will always be old fogies.

It may be questioned whether by 332 pages of this sort of writing the author does not run danger of defeating his own avowed end, which, according to the Introduction, is "to amuse and interest the public" and "to present certain philosophical conceptions of life in literary form."

An Encore. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

We doubt whether any American writer of fiction of the present generation has produced work more likely to last than the "Old Chester Tales" of Mrs. Deland. They have precisely the mellowness of atmosphere, precisely the delicacy of humor, of which the mass of our literature must confess its lack. And Dr. Lavendar, the *deus ex machina* of so many of the tales, is, one must think, worthy to go down to our great-grandchildren along with the beloved old men of fiction—Sir Roger, Uncle Toby, the Vicar, and the Colonel. This prettily bound and decorated edition of one of the most charming of the Old Chester chronicles is, we suppose, aimed at the holiday public. We hope it will hit the mark.

The Woman's Exchange of Simpkinsville. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is an attractive little holiday volume not unlike Mrs. Deland's. These Simpkinsville (Arkansas) people lack some of the graces of the Old Chester folk; but they are painted in like detail, and with similar affection. "Sonny" and his family are probably as widely known to magazine readers as Dr. Lavendar and his parishioners. Mrs. Stuart's touch is broader than Mrs. Deland's, and she is more open to the charge of sentimentalism, but this tale of the old age of Sonny's surviving sisters, and of the way in which he at last came into his own, is of a kind always sought by people who prefer their holiday trinkets in the form of sterling print, rather than of sterling silver.

A Turnpike Lady. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The rural Vermont of somewhat more than a century ago is the scene of this quiet tale. The writer, it is clear, has informed herself faithfully in regard to the domestic life of those days, and we have descriptions, which sound veracious enough, of sugaring time and husking time, of spelling bees, of old-fashioned courtings, and of the various superstitions held in respect by the community. We have a glimpse, too, of the Tory side of the Revolutionary struggle. Whether the Green Mountain vernacular of a past century is accurately reproduced is beyond our determination; but at all events one recognizes an uncommonly successful writing-down of many of its present-day idiosyncrasies. For the rest, the story is quite inoffensive, told in a rambling, artless, unpractised fashion, that almost makes one question whether it were not intended as a juvenile. The writer's main undertaking, however, is to show us that true love is worth waiting for, even if it compels the sacrifice of comfort and social prestige and the embracing of poverty. "You better wait for it, Naomye," said the heroine's sister, who had eloped twenty years before with an itinerant fiddler. "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but as the Good Book says: All for love, and the world well lost." Needless to say, Naomi's waiting received its reward.

Susan Clegg and a Man in the House. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A new series of monologues by Miss Clegg is matter for mild rejoicing. Susan Clegg is not, like Mrs. Wiggs, a creation of true humor, but she is a very funny caricature, or, if you will, photograph, of the New England spinster in her sourest and most absurd mood. It is the kind of thing announced on vaudeville programmes as "full of ginger—not a dull moment"; or in press notices as possessing "a laugh on every page." Such writing has, at the very least, its medicinal value; for if mellow humor is the balm of hurt minds, broad fun is a cordial for tired ones. Miss Clegg's experiences with a male boarder, as here recorded, are to be recommended heartily to people who may have found refreshment in "Three Men in a Boat," "Chimmie Fadden," or the sea worthies of W. W. Jacobs.

Gallantry. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Cabell's group of eighteenth century scenes has been wrought with cleverness, tact, and invention. He is frankly superficial and paints his pictures of George the Second's England, and France under Louis Seize, rather in snuff box style than with any complicated probing after the eternal human heart. Of course, it is not every one who cares to collect snuff boxes, but, granted the taste, "The Casual Honeymoon," all the adventures of Capt. Audaine and Miss Allonby, "April's Message," the whole history, in fact, of Ormskirk's courtings, form as satisfactory specimens as are likely to be manufactured at the present day. Moreover, in the plots, counter plots, and intrigues there is a grateful amount of lively movement. Unlike Thomas Hardy (in his biting eighteenth century studies), or Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Cabell does not attempt to reconstruct character, to create trenchant personalities. He busies himself about the satin-clad courtier, the airy fine lady, and the gallant. His miniatures are careful; though the touch is so light, the style seldom halts, and in the few instances where it lapses from that of his chosen period, it at least never ceases to be properly suited to the bloody or amorous minuets through which his puppets are stepping. In fact (never losing sight of the scale), no more discerning estimate of "gallantry" need be sought than that furnished by Mr. Cabell's own epilogue, where Ormskirk pleads:

> The author's obdurate, and bids me say
> That—since the doings of our Georgian day
> Smack less of Hippocrene than of Bohea—
> His tiny pictures of that tiny time
> Aim little at the lofty or sublime,
> Nor paint a peccadillo as a crime.
> Since though illegally all midgets mate,
> And flies purloin, and gnats assassinate,
> They are not haled before a magistrate.

This is his aim, and in large measure he attains it. If it be objected, that life was not then composed exclusively of dispatch boxes, robbers, spies, masqueraders, duels, and evening parties, without a second's breathing space between, the answer is that exciting rather than commonplace moments have been selected, as better suited to fiction; and not only selected: they have been trimmed, polished, and refined to a version suggesting the school of Watteau rather than Hogarth.

To place "Gallantry" more exactly, we may safely say that while not for an instant comparing with such a masterpiece as Mr. Hewlett's "Stooping Lady," it has infinitely more merit than many such popular successes as, to take one example, "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man. By James Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The two most recent additions to the constantly increasing store of Rooseveltiana, different as they are in point of view and subject-matter, have one striking characteristic in common. They are both simple. The Presidential exponent of the simple life could not ask better examples of this sort of biographical writing. Of the two, the little book by Mr. Burroughs is the more intimate, and the more valuable, because of the light it throws on an interesting phase of the President's many-sided character. Like the books of Francis E. Leupp and Jacob Riis, it is the tribute of a friend, written from knowledge gained in close personal companionship, not from a perusal of newspaper files and public documents. Unlike their books, which attempted to portray Mr. Roosevelt in every field of his multifarious activities, Mr. Burroughs's volume deals only with the man as he appears in the woods and fields. There is not a word of politics in it. The book comprises two sketches, "Camping with the President," an account of the trip which the President and the naturalist took together through Yellowstone Park in the spring of 1903; and "President Roosevelt as a Nature Lover and Observer." In the latter, a random series of personal anecdotes, illustrative of all sorts of birds and beasts, from Oyster Bay sparrows to carved ivory elephants, the author bears this testimony to his friend, while at the same time he takes a sly slap at the "nature-fakers":

> I cannot now recall that I have ever met a man with a keener and more comprehensive interest in the wild life about us—an interest that is at once scientific and thoroughly human. And by human I do not mean anything akin to the sentimentalism that sicklies o'er so much of our more recent natural history writing, and that inspires the founding of hospitals for cats; but I mean his robust, manly love of all open-air life, and his keen insight into it.

The book is as sincere as it is frankly the work of an admirer, but it is such a tribute as any man might be proud of.

James Morgan's biography is a clear, straightforward account of the President's life from boyhood to the present day. The author expressly disclaims any attempt to analyze the individual or to advance or criticise his political policies. The book has not the personal touch that characterizes the writings of some of the President's other Boswells, but what it possibly loses in interest from the fact, it gains in value by its impartial recital of the varied and dramatic scenes in the career of "a man, who," to quote the author, "has the enthusiasm of a boy, and whose energy and faith have illustrated before the world the spirit of Young America." The book, however, is by no means a history for juvenile readers, although the title might suggest as much. It is crammed full of facts, chronologically, not topically, arranged, so as to make it a useful work of reference. There is very little superfluous matter or "fine writing"; the anecdotes are plentiful and even if somewhat shopworn, well chosen to illustrate traits of character. Mr. Morgan is the first man to write a real biography of Theodore Roosevelt as distinguished from the character sketches of which we have several excellent examples. He has accomplished a difficult task accurately and impartially.

Chronicles Concerning Early Babylonian Kings. By L. W. King. 2 vols. London: Luzac & Co. 16s.

Mr. King, the assistant keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum, enjoys a high reputation as an editor of cuneiform texts. Although still a young man, he has already published more than most scholars accomplish in a lifetime, and the quality of his work is in keeping with the quantity. In previous publications, notably in his two volumes on the "Seven Tablets of Creation" and his three volumes on "Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi," he also displayed his ability in interpreting cuneiform texts, which is quite a distinct achievement from the mere copying or even translating them. In his latest production, he attacks the difficult problem of early Babylonian chronology, and with the help of new sources which he was fortunate enough to discover among the treasures of the British Museum, he has succeeded in definitely solving a number of difficulties that have hitherto baffled scholars. The early date of 3750 B. C. was assigned to the famous King Sargon on the basis of the statement of scribes in the days of Nabonidus, the last King of Babylonia (555-539 B. C.), that Sargon ruled "3,200 years" before Nabonidus. This date has for a long time been felt by scholars to be too high. Various theories have been put forward to explain the statement "away," including the radical assumption that the scribes, by an error, wrote 3,200 instead of 2,200. It has been left to Mr. King to prove by the direct evidence of a new chronicle that the so-called first and second dynasties of Babylon, instead of being successive, were partly contemporaneous. This fact was not taken into account by the scribes of Nabonidus; and since the second dynasty covers 368 years, this figure must now be deducted from the total of 3,200 years. By means of this reduction, the way is cleared for fixing the date of Hammurabi (the sixth and most important King of the first dynasty of Babylon) after 2000 B. C.—perhaps nearer to 1900 B. C. With this established, there need be no further hesitation in identifying Hammurabi with the King Amraphel of Babylonia mentioned in the famous and much discussed fourteenth chapter of the book of Genesis—the contemporary of Abraham. According to the scheme of the Priestly Writer in the genealogical sections of the Pentateuch, the interval between Abraham and the Exodus is 645 years, and since the date of the Exodus, which took place in the reign of Merneptah, can now be approximately fixed at 1234 B. C., the date thus obtained for Abraham, 1897 B. C., accords pretty accurately with the new date for Hammurabi. We thus obtain a safe point of departure for the early Babylonian chronology, though it is perhaps just as well to add that the substantial agreement between the date for Abraham, according to the Priestly Writer, and that for Hammurabi does not settle the question of the historical existence of Abraham, but only the reliability of the chronological traditions of the Hebrew scribes. Shortly before Mr. King's book appeared, Dr. Arno Poebel, a young Assyriologist of promise, had, on entirely different grounds, reached the same conclusion with regard to the relationship of the first and second dynasties of Babylon, so that the new theory thus reinforced will probably meet with unanimous acceptance.

The new system of chronology also furnishes the solution of a number of other problems which had hitherto puzzled scholars; and a point of some importance is the proof incidentally established for the substantial accuracy of most of the chronological data embodied in Babylonian and Assyrian annals. German scholars have during the past two decades vied with one another in proposing all manner of emendations for the various figures furnished by Babylonian chronicles, by date-lists, and by incidental references in the official annals, until scarcely a single date was left untampered with. While it seems certain that the ancient scribes did occasionally err, those errors have a certain *rationale*. The scribes, it is equally certain, were not "guessers," even when they indulged in round numbers; and it is rather curious that not a single one of these many recent conjectures, though often supported with much ingenuity, has been confirmed, while most of them have now been shattered by a single blow. The high date assigned by the scribes of Nabonidus to Sargon thus turns out to be not a guess, or a wilful exaggeration, but an error of the scribes in counting dynasties as successive which were in reality contemporaneous—wholly or in part.

The texts published by Mr. King also furnish a new synchronism between the history of Babylonia and Assyria, which shows that one of the oldest rulers of Assyria, Ilu-shuma, whose name has been found on various documents unearthed by the German expedition working at the ruins of the ancient capital of Assyria—the city of Ashur—was a contemporary of Su-Abu, the founder of the first dynasty of Babylon. This enables us to carry the history of Assyria definitely beyond the year 2000 B. C., and to give approximate dates for a considerable number of Assyrian rulers, both before and after Ilu-shuma, in regard to whose period there had hitherto been considerable doubt.

A third result of importance for which we are indebted to Mr. King's researches is

the evidence of an invasion of Babylonia by the Hittites at about 1750 B. C. Fresh interest in the Hittites has been created by the remarkable discovery of an extensive archive at Boghaz-Köi, which turns out to have borne the name Khatti, and was at one time, therefore, the capital of the Hittite Empire. Professor Winckler of the University of Berlin, who found a large number of cuneiform tablets at Boghaz-Köi in the summer of 1906, is again engaged in explorations in that region, and, according to reports, has been even more successful than last year in the discovery of more documents which promise to shed a new light on the movements of the Hittites, and which may prove to contain the key for the reading of the hieroglyphic Hittite inscriptions. The tablets at Boghaz-Köi do not appear to be older than the fourteenth, or, at the most, fifteenth century, so that the date now furnished by Mr. King is the oldest testimony we as yet have for this strange group of peoples, who at various periods were engaged in conflicts with the Egyptians in Western Asia, and at one time threatened to destroy the mighty Assyrian Empire. To find the Hittites advancing as far south as Babylonia in the eighteenth century comes as a great surprise to scholars. Mr. King has made it plausible that the Hittites even succeeded in sacking the city of Babylon and in removing as trophies of war statues of Marduk, the chief god of the Babylonian Empire, and of his consort, Sarpanitum. At all events, we find a king of Babylonia some centuries later recording the return to Babylon of statues of these deities which had been taken to Khani in northern Syria, situated within the Hittite domain.

Mr. King is a sober scholar as well as a sound one, and the self-restraint he exhibits in indicating with great frankness the difficulties that he has not succeeded in setting aside makes him a reliable guide for those who are unable to control his statements by recourse to his sources. Thus, he admits that the reconciliation of the chronological system of Berosus—which, to be sure, has not come down to us at first hand, and may have been tampered with in passing from one author to another—with the new data is apparently a hopeless task, though, on the other hand, the difficulties are not increased by the acceptance of King's deductions from his data.

Again, although some new information is to be gleaned from the valuable material placed at our disposal by Mr. King for the period lying beyond the first dynasty of Babylon, he judiciously refrains from the attempt and the temptation to fix the date of Sargon, one of the oldest of the Semitic rulers in Mesopotamia. So much, however, now seems certain; that not long after Sargon an endeavor was made by the older settlers, known as the Sumerians, to grasp the control from the Semitic invaders. A powerful dynasty with its centre in the old Sumerian capital, Ur, arose, and for a time at least held sway also over northern Babylonia. Since Mr. King makes out a good case for the thesis that the so-called Ur dynasty follows immediately upon the one represented by Sargon and his son, Naram-Sin, it follows that we must definitely abandon the high date still maintained by some scholars for the Sargon dynasty. In addition to the 368 years represented by the second dynasty, which now no longer enters into calculation, we may safely cut off a few more centuries, and bring Sargon down to about 3000 B. C. Further than this, however, we may not go at present.

Of the two volumes, the first contains the discussion of the new texts, and the second the texts themselves in accurate autograph copies, as well as in transliteration, and accompanied by translations. The copies are made with that finish and neatness to which King has accustomed us by his former publications. In the translations there is of course room for differences of opinion in minor details, and some of King's renderings are open to serious objections which cannot, however, be considered in detail here. The publication may be set down as the most important that has appeared in many years within the domain of Assyriology. It is a significant contribution to the earliest history of the ancient Orient. Apart from their intrinsic merits, King's two volumes are to be commended as models of good historical method in combination with sound philology and sober exegesis. The style is fluent and forcible, while the discussions are remarkably clear, so that the book can be read with pleasure as well as with profit by all interested in ancient history. There are too many repetitions which might have been avoided by footnote references.

The Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe. Reprinted from the original manuscript in the possession of Mr. Evelyn John Fanshawe of Parsloes, with four photogravure portraits and twenty-nine other reproductions. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs were first given to the public in 1829 by Sir Harris Nicolas, and reissued in 1830. There was no later reissue until 1905, when John Lane Company published a popular edition with illustrations and with an Introduction by Beatrice Marshall. The present edition, by the grandson of the first editor, is made directly from the manuscript (we may remark, by the way, that the editor, though multifariously learned, seems not to know the difference between the use of MS. and MSS.), in the possession of Evelyn John Fanshawe, of Parsloes, Essex. How necessary such a revision was may be seen by a comparison of the two texts. Names are constantly transcribed wrong in the edition of 1829, "Lady Norton" for "Lady Morton," "Lady Danby" for "Lady Denbigh," "Lord Charles Clare" for "Lord Cha(ncellor) Clar(endon)," "a horse" for "a hone" in the famous apparition scene in Ireland, etc.

It is good to have one of our slender classics renewed for us in this careful manner, although we cannot go all the way with the editor in his apparent enthusiasm for the Memoirs. He quotes the opinion of Horace Walpole, who had seen them in manuscript (as he saw all manuscripts) and who wrote of them in 1792 to the Countess of Ossory: "I had been told they were very curious, which was a little more than I found them, though not unentertaining"; and against this opinion sets that of Professor Mackail: "The most charming and individual of any English memoirs of the period, Mrs. Hutchinson's not excepted." The judgment of most readers, we think, will be closer to Walpole's than to Professor Mackail's. There are beautiful passages here and there, such as Lady Fanshawe's account of the love between herself and her husband, or the leave-taking of Charles I.; but there is nothing like the sustained elevation that gives to Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs the quality of high literature. There is an interesting picture of the life led by wandering cavaliers during the Rebellion and under the Commonwealth. Mr. Shorthouse, one remembers, drew largely on these Memoirs for his picture of Oxford court life in "John Inglesant," giving, by the way, a slanderous story of Mrs. Manley's about Lady Fanshawe under the name of Lady Fentham. The later account also of Sir Richard's short career in Spain as ambassador for Charles II. is not without picturesque qualities and historic value; but to see how amateurish Lady Fanshawe's writing is at bottom, one need only compare her meagre outlines with Madame D'Aulnoy's picturesque reminiscences of Madrid.

The most noteworthy part of the present edition is the elaborate notes, occupying far the larger part of the volume and giving full information about every thing and every person in any way alluded to by Lady Fanshawe. We do not at the moment recall any family memoirs of the period that have been worked out with such minute care. Perhaps some of the material, such as the brief, though not uninteresting, lives of well-known historic characters, might have been omitted to advantage, and the space given to more of Sir Richard's own letters and to a reprint of his more interesting poetical productions. The editor deprecates harsh criticism of errors which are almost bound to occur in a work of such elaborate and minute research. We can only say that the mistakes we have discovered are few and unimportant. The book must remain a standard work of reference for students of the period.

Political Problems of American Development. By Albert Shaw. Columbia University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

In this volume Dr. Shaw has collected the lectures delivered last winter as the opening course of the new Blumenthal Foundation in Columbia University. His utterances are permeated by a "full measure of hopeful confidence in the character and the future of American democracy," and are, according to his preface, "mature and deliberate." It must, however, frankly be said that one may have absolute faith in the success of the great American experiment without agreeing with many of Dr. Shaw's opinions. With his optimism no one can find fault, but from his historical judgments and his forecasts of the future we must often dissent. Indeed, we cannot feel that this work will add to Dr. Shaw's reputation either as a writer or as a student of American problems. The whole volume smacks of the haste of journalism. It is frequently repetitious, and is not lacking in that dogmatic finality of opinion which is a pitfall for all editors.

To let the book speak for itself—we think

that most of our readers will be surprised to learn how deep an impress the aborigines have left upon our national character:

Certain Indian traits and qualities—those of physical courage and endurance, of silence and stoicism under conditions of danger and difficulty, of a certain unassailable personal dignity—have for a hundred years unquestionably so affected the American mind as to have entered very deeply into the quality of what we may call American personality. If all our pioneers were not at some time engaged in Indian fighting, they were all schooled in the need of being prepared for it. Outside of our Eastern cities, every American boy until within a very recent period has been trained in the use of arms, has had some knowledge of wild animals and woodcraft, and has imbibed something of that personal initiative, resourcefulness, and capacity for self-directed action that could not have come alone from our early provisions for democratic equality and universal education. It came in large part from the experience of subduing a great continent and from the actual or traditional dealings of our people with so remarkable a man as the American Indian.

Dr. Shaw's easy and popular philosophy that everything that is is wise and good may be seen on nearly every page. He is certain that the "constant efforts of philanthropists and idealists to give practical effect to our national pledges of justice toward the Indians have provided us with a series of problems of government and administration from which we have never at any time been wholly free"; but he lets fall no single word of anger at our betrayal of our wards or at our exploitation of them and their lands. Dr. Shaw is deeply interested in the negro, but here, too, he is quite satisfied that all is well. The North, he says, has come to see that the South must work out its own problem. The negro is, of course, deprived of the suffrage (the foundation stone in any democratic structure) but then, is he not allowed "to educate his children, and to work freely and securely at any trade or calling?" It happens that the vast majority of negro children are not educated properly (6,000 are uncared for in Atlanta alone), and that the negro is frequently disturbed at his trade, and sometimes altogether prohibited from following it. But the complacent statesmanship of Dr. Shaw passes over matters like these, just as it sees in Chinese and Japanese exclusion a wise policy wholly unconnected with questions of national ethics. Similarly our performances at Hawaii, and at Panama, and our war with Spain are either to be slurred over or approved.

Only when it comes to foreign policy does Dr. Shaw show indignation. Curiously enough it is against those statesmen who failed to purchase Canada from England during the civil war that he thunders most vigorously. Our latter-day ventures in expansion he approves here as in the *Review of Reviews*. But the curious reader cannot but marvel at this interpretation of the facts of current history:

In the great debate of the year 1900 the country specifically accepted and justified our Philippine policy in view of the circumstances that surrounded it. . . . This Philippine undertaking has already proved a costly and difficult one, but its lessons have been so salutary as to have justified it. . . . It has sobered and dignified our diplomacy, and has reacted very favorably upon our political conditions at home. . . .

Science.

Evolution and Animal Life. By David Starr Jordan and Vernon Lyman Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

This volume contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered jointly by the authors each year at Stanford University; and it is a noteworthy contribution to the popular literature of evolution. In less than five hundred pages we have an elementary and yet comprehensive introduction to our present-day knowledge of the facts, processes, laws, and theories relating to the life and evolution of animals. The names of the authors vouch for the reliability of the text, and their unbiassed treatment of moot questions is shown in a paragraph from the prefatory note:

We cannot talk long without saying something others do not believe. Others cannot talk long without saying something we do not believe. We wish you to accept no view of ours unless you reach it through your own investigation. What we hope for is to have you think of these things and find out for yourselves.

The book contains twenty-one chapters, and the subjects range from the physical basis of life, natural selection, variation, and heredity, through sex and ontogeny, paleontology, adaptations, and color. The last two chapters are devoted to instinct, reason, and man's place in nature. Thus in this single volume is given a bird's-eye view of the whole extensive field. Such a vast outlook cannot fail to be an inspiration to the student; indeed, many of our extreme specialists could gain much from it, in the correlation of their work with that of others; the microscopist might well take his eye from his instrument and, from his window, glance for a moment over a wide expanse of sea, land, and sky. An appendix contains a bibliography of general and special treatments of the chapter subjects, but these references are confined to books and papers published in English. Since both authors are zoologists, animals are generally given preference over plants, although Burbank's work has a prominent place.

Notwithstanding the extreme condensation, the text is clear and pleasant reading, brightened by original similes. For example, the illusion of special creation and permanence of type is stated to be due to the fact that "as a flash of lightning in the duration of the night, so is the life of man in the duration of nature." At the instant of brightness the branches, the flying clouds, the falling rain, all appear motionless and at rest. The position of the authors upon certain important questions, and their vigor of diction, are best illustrated by several short extracts.

There is no absolute definition for the word *species*. The word *kind* represents it exactly in common language and is just as susceptible to exact definition. . . . A species is an island, a genus, an archipelago, in a sea of death. . . Not a few so-called true species are only ontogenetic species held for a number of generations true to a type simply because the environment, the extrinsic factors in the development of all the individuals in these successive generations, are the same. But how these individual characteristics and changes can be put into the heredity of the race we do not understand.

As illustrative of variation:

Fill a bottle with flies. All in time will die of suffocation, but a certain few will outlast the many. Bring in a number of wolf cubs. Some will become relatively tame—some will remain wolves, and between the most fierce and the most docile we shall find all ranges of variation.

The illustrations are numerous and well chosen. The few slips which occur are unimportant: the starfish figured on page 23 is not walking, but righting itself; spermatozoan No. 11 on page 218 has no caption.

"Guides for Vertebrate Dissection," by Prof. J. S. Kingsley (Henry Holt & Co.), consists of three pamphlets, dealing respectively with the frog, the dogfish, and the necturus. Each pamphlet (they average about thirty pages) is complete in itself and is issued separately. The author has kept constantly in mind the needs and the limitations of the student. There are many questions which are left unanswered in order to stimulate independent investigation. For the same reason illustrations are omitted. The first mention of any scientific term is printed in blackfaced type. Brief descriptions for injecting and for making skeletons are given in the introduction, and each pamphlet contains an excellent bibliography. The intention, of course, is to have these manuals used under the direction of an instructor; otherwise the student may get into difficulties, as in the dissection of the nerves, that stumbling block to the beginner. Other sections treating the remaining groups of vertebrates are promised. The thoroughness and the small cost should make these guides widely acceptable.

The death is announced, in his seventy-third year, of Howard Saunders, the distinguished British authority on birds. Mr. Saunders was born in 1835, and first became absorbed in ornithology when as a young man he was travelling in South America on business. He was for a while editor of the *Ibis*. His published books include Vols. III. and IV. of "Yarrell's British Birds," "Manual of British Birds," and the British Museum Catalogue of Terns, Gulls, and Skuas.

Prof. Domenico Capozzi, known for his works on pathology, has just died at Naples at the age of seventy-six.

Drama.

MENANDER IN EGYPT.

PARIS, October 22.

A year ago, as was noted in these columns, Gustave Lefebvre, in the course of excavations at Ichgaou—the ancient Aphroditopolis the Little—on the banks of the Nile, discovered in a heap of papyrus containing accounts and contracts several rolls written in Greek characters. They proved to be four considerable fragments of as many different comedies of Menander. They have been examined in detail by a competent Hellenist, Prof. Maurice Croiset of the Collège de France. He has settled the text, and now communicates the results to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. In all there are thirty-four pages of text. Our previous acquaintance with Menander was limited to the praise of the ancients—Quintilian putting him above Terence, who is supposed, *more Romano*, to have plundered him, and who

was set down by Cæsar as a demi-Menander—with a few bits of dialogue and wise saws. Altogether, this was not enough to furnish the modern critic with means of independent judgment. The new discovery is consequently an event in the literary world.

The first fragment gives the *dramatis personæ*, the argument, and several lines of the first scene of a piece. As the names and description of most of the hundred and eight comedies of Menander have been preserved, M. Croiset was able to identify all this as the beginning of "The Hero." The second fragment is far more important, comprising the principal scenes and entire development of the Ἐπιτρέποντες (from two under characters who "submit to an arbiter" a case which brings about the intrigue of the piece). The story is not very proper (except perhaps in Paris), but ends with high Greek morality by love coming honorably to its own. The third fragment is very incomplete—a prologue and a few scenes—but it is pieced out by previous discoveries made by Grenfell and Hunt, sufficiently to get at the story of ἡ περικειρομένη ("She, whose hair was cut")—a punitive Rape of the Lock, with a pathetic, happy ending. The fourth fragment is the most complete of all—the entire three acts beginning the "Samian Woman." The plot, as usual, unweaves a tangled web of past seduction and abandoned children; but the dialogue justifies the opinion of the ancients concerning Menander's conversational charm. The philosophical student of Greek religious practices will find by the way many disclosures of the license of the feasts attending the mysteries. But, says M. Croiset, the great thing is that we can now judge for ourselves the real talent of Menander—his mastery in rendering delicate shades of character and varied sentiment, and that which Quintilian admired, his marking off each of his characters by conversation belonging to his social condition. Peasants, bourgeois, soldiers, slaves—all are here revealed to our remote days by this disciple of Theophrastus and friend of Epicurus, this typical Athenian, who was drowned bathing at the Piræus. His statue in the Vatican shows a round, full-cheeked face, with eyes strongly asquint, a long nose and wrinkled forehead. With the new discoveries we have a complete Menander renaissance. S. D.

H. H. Furness, jr., son of the veteran editor, who has collaborated with his father and already issued a revision of the Variorum "Macbeth," has now the volume containing "Richard III." in press. It will be published early next year.

We have seldom had occasion to examine a more unnecessary book than "Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays," by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. (Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.) It contains no learning and, except in the quotations, no wit; the style is that of a schoolboy; the general intelligence is barely mediocre. The plays here "studied" are, notwithstanding the title, seven: "Othello," "Macbeth," "King John," "Richard II.," Henry IV.," parts 1 and 2, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The method is simple. The author merely strikes out the speech tags and substitutes, "Iago retorts," "Brabantio exclaims, certainly with truth," "Then asks Roderigo." The following is typical:

Roderigo eagerly asks:
"Where shall we meet in the morning?"
Iago replies:
"At my lodging."
Roderigo rejoins:
"I'll be with thee betimes."
Iago replies:
"Go; farewell."

In the chapter on "Othello," no fewer than 169 pages are devoted to a narrative of the plot in this style, and the essay is closed with five pages of comment, partly obvious and partly wrong. Considerably over half of the play is quoted verbatim. The complete text could have been given in less space, and the change would have been pure gain. The few explanatory notes are borrowed from an out-of-date commentary, and are often inaccurate. We are totally at a loss to understand why the book was written, and, when written, why published; and it is noticed here merely as a warning.

One of the latest contributions to the poetic drama is the "Attila" of Laurence Binyon, produced with moderate success in London by Oscar Asche, one of the most promising actors of romantic and tragic characters. It is called a tragedy, but may be described more accurately as a high form of romantic melodrama. To historical accuracy it makes no pretence whatever, although some of the incidents are founded more or less remotely on fact. The scene is laid in a Burgundian city, where Attila, warned by a soothsayer of the impending death of his three sons, resolves to cast aside his wife, and wed the princess Ildico, who, after an interval of patriotic hatred, learns to reciprocate his passion. On the wedding night, however, Ildico discovers that Attila contemplates also a matrimonial alliance with the Roman princess Honoria, who has sent him a ring. This trinket she demands from him, and when he refuses she kills him in the bridal chamber with his own sword. As a matter of fact, Ildico did not kill Attila, and probably never even heard of Honoria, but the play is none the worse on that account, especially as nearly all the rest of it is pure fiction. Unfortunately, the invention is not always commensurate with the proportions of an heroic theme. The piece lacks coherence, dignity, and the sustaining purpose of an adequate motive. But Mr. Binyon has furnished some effective scenes for Attila—such as the consultation with the soothsayer and the various episodes connected with the wooing of Ildico—and many passages of spirited, sonorous, and occasionally imaginative rhetoric, which, when declaimed with the fiery vigor of Mr. Asche, would doubtless be exceedingly effective. Some of the descriptive bits are finely imaginative, but the verse, as a whole, is more remarkable for smoothness and directness than for elevation or variety of fancy. Attila himself is a striking figure, with his barbaric strength and imperious passion, but too much stress is laid upon the mere animalism of his nature. In this respect, as in others, truth might have been sacrificed profitably to romance. But the general literary quality of the play is undeniably good, and entitles it to respectful recognition.

"The Breaking Point," by Edward Garnett (London: Duckworth & Co.) has secured some amount of public notice because G. A. Redford, the English censor of plays, refused to permit a performance of it in a London theatre. Otherwise it is extremely unlikely that it would have attracted much attention. It is to be noted that Mr. Redford did not assign any particular reason for his veto, simply intimating that, in his judgment, it is not suitable for public representation. Perhaps he would have been wiser, as he almost certainly would have been less kind, if he had allowed it to be acted and drop quietly into oblivion. Mr. Garnett, and a good many others, have assumed that the play was suppressed because it is immoral. To that charge it is not fairly open. It does not glorify, or advocate, or palliate vice, and it is not salacious in fact or in purpose. But it is unnecessarily offensive to good taste, and is, moreover, an amateurish piece of work, founded upon highly improbable premises, unnatural in action, and, in spite of some violent theatrical situations, quite devoid of any real literary or dramatic value. The conduct of the principal personages concerned is so at variance with all ordinary experience of human nature that the mere notion of its having any illuminating effect upon existing social conditions is preposterous. As one of Ibsen's heroines says, "people do not do such things." Now that Mr. Redford has advertised the play, it is possible that more may be heard of it; but if it ever reaches the footlights here—unless in some greatly modified form—observant spectators will be tempted to regret that there is no American censor. In a preface Mr. Garnett maintains that the sole business of such an officer is "to prevent gross or prurient indecency on the public stage." If this means anything, it means that there should be no restriction upon that veiled suggestion, which is so much more pernicious than any open vulgarity. There is, of course, no intimation in this that Mr. Garnett would be willing to avail himself of any such license. He did not stop, probably, to consider the full scope of his words.

"The Point of Life," by Amelia Josephine Burr, is a little three act poetic play not unworthy the attention of an artistic independent theatre. Although the work of a novice, it exhibits some measure of constructive skill and a good sense of dramatic situation, combined with lively fancy and a literary style which is clear, facile, and in places eloquent. The play is remarkably compact and rapid in action, is vital in its characterization, and depicts the victory of a noble nature over fleshly impulse in somewhat crude colors but with indisputable veracity. The scene is laid in Florence in the sixteenth century and the spirit of the time and place is happily preserved. Benvenuto Cellini is enamored of Luciana, the beautiful and chaste wife of a rich merchant, Domizio. His declaration of love which she repels with fine scorn, so overwhelms her that she falls into a trance which is mistaken for death, and—her husband being absent—she, like Juliet, is placed in the family tomb. There Benvenuto seeks her and discovering that she still breathes, carries her off to the house of his sister, Liperata, where she partly revives and while still only semi-conscious, turns to him as her preserver and lover. In the fury of his passion Benvenuto would take advantage of her weakness,

but Liperata, by a moving appeal—as vigorous in expression as it is fine in sentiment—rallies his better manhood and he departs to meet the returning husband and bring him to his wife. The tale is melodramatic in its improbability, in its multiplication of concidence and the obvious artifices of its contrasting incidents. But these are the natural defects of inexperience and do not obscure the substantial motive of the piece, its local color, its animation, its living personalities, and its admirable literary quality. The character of Benvenuto is sketched with boldness and with insight. Liperata and Luciana are delicate and graceful examples of womanhood; and there is a capital page part, Cosimo. Some roystering scenes are drawn with much spirit and are enriched with rarely melodious songs. In short, the little play is full of promise and deserves the dainty form given to it by the Hiliside Press, of Englewood, N. J.

"The Christian Pilgrim," the stage version of "Pilgrim's Progress," in which Henrietta Crosman will appear, is to be presented in the Liberty Theatre next Monday. The piece is in five acts and eleven scenes, which show the course of Christian from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, with illustrations of "The Wicket Gate" and "The Cross on the Hill," "The House Beautiful," "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," "Vanity Fair," "By-Path Meadow," "Doubting Castle," "The Shrine of the Wanton," and "The River of Death." The more important parts will be played by Tyrone Power, Miss Minna Adelman, Edward Mackay, Addison Pitt, Miss Corah Adams, and H. Roger.

Sarah Bernhardt has just begun another engagement in London, and the critics are practically unanimous in declaring that she shows few traces of the flight of years.

Music.

The Indians' Book. By Natalie Curtis. New York: Harper & Bros. $7.50 net.

Miss Curtis has called her volume "The Indians' Book" because the Indians are its authors. "The songs and stories are theirs; the drawings, cover design, and title pages were made by them. The work of the recorder has been but the collecting, editing, and arranging of the Indians' contributions." But this work of the "recorder" took many years and much patience. She visited many Indian tribes, sought interviews with the chiefs, and from them and others collected an abundance of valuable material. Her object was twofold: to make the white man better acquainted with the Indian, from the æsthetic point of view, and to preserve for the younger Indians the songs and legends of their ancestors. Unlike some of her predecessors, she soon abandoned the phonograph as "inadequate and unnecessary," and her equipment consisted solely of note book and pencil, a camera, and a color box for the use of the Indians who supplied the pictures for the book. Sections are devoted to the Eastern Indians, to those of the plains, the lakes of the Northwest, and the Southwest, and finally to the Pueblo Indians, who artistically present the chief points of interest. Each chapter is preceded by a few remarks regarding the history and character of the tribe under consideration.

In Miss Curtis's camera all Indians look pleasant; they are all gentlemen and ladies, as in the pages of the late Daniel Brinton; but there is no harm in this attitude, which, perhaps, comes nearer the truth than the old maxim that the only good Indian is a dead one. No attempt is made to determine how much of the Indian's poetic, artistic, and musical performances may be a result of the remarkable imitative talent which George Catlin noted many decades ago; but it must be said in general that the poems, stories, and tunes collected by Miss Curtis have the true aboriginal flavor. A good specimen is the Pima Wind Song:

> Far on the desert edges stands the cactus;
> Lo the blossoms swaying,
> To and fro the blossoms swaying.

The music of this song appeals to us much less than the words; and the same is true of most of the numerous tunes presented in this volume. Some of them are quaint and pretty; for example, the Hopi Lullaby on page 498, which would make an admirable theme for a piano piece; but on the whole our young composers who believe they can build a special and "national" species of music on the red man's tunes will not find much encouragement in the specimens here presented. Harmony, of course, there is none in the Indian's music, and Miss Curtis cannot be too much commended for not disguising these primitive tunes by dressing them up in European clothes. But the melodies, too, are in most cases disappointing. Catlin, no doubt, went too far when he spoke of an entire absence of melody in the music of the Indians, and declared that "their songs are made up chiefly of a sort of violent chaunt of harsh and jarring gutturals, of yelps, and barks, and screams." Stephen Powers was moved to tears by some of the simple Indian melodies he heard in California, and others have been deeply impressed on hearing this music—amid its proper surroundings.

Miss Curtis declares that "no civilized music has such complex, elaborate, and changing rhythms as has the music of the American Indian." This statement is not borne out by her many examples, which are rhythmically almost as monotonous and uninteresting as they are melodically, and not to be named in the same breath with the rhythmic complexities of a Wagner score, not to mention the Hungarian pieces of Liszt or Max Reger's rhythmic puzzles. Of interest are the author's comments on a rhythmical peculiarity of Pueblo music—a sudden holding back of the pace during one, two, or more bars. It is, she declares, "in no sense a rallentando, but an abrupt change of tempo with no loss of rhythmical precision. At the end of the slower bars the first tempo is resumed with the original impetus. Such change is merely a leap from one tempo to another and back again." Another peculiarity of Indian song which makes for expression is "a rhythmic pulsation of the voice on sustained notes somewhat analogous to the effect produced on the violin when the same note is slightly sounded several times during one stroke of the bow." These peculiarities are indicated by special signs in the music here printed. Miss Curtis has also followed Kurt Schindler's method of printing the songs in such a way that corresponding musical phrases are placed one beneath another like lines of verse.

When Oscar Hammerstein undertook the audacious project, last winter, of opening a new opera house in competition with the Metropolitan, he relied largely on the war of tenors which he expected would result when he pitted his Bonci against Conried's Caruso. The war, however, did not materialize, and Bonci was captured by the enemy. Thereupon Hammerstein imported another Italian tenor of repute, Zenatello by name, of whom he predicted great things. On Monday night, when the season at the Manhattan Opera House was opened with "La Gioconda," Zenatello won a great success, and the general opinion was that now Caruso might have to look to his laurels. Zenatello is a tenor of the manly sort; his voice is not only strong, but has a virile timbre, with none of the whine and bleat which mar so many Italian voices. His highest tones have a splendid ringing quality, and there is in them no appeal to the gallery. He sings like an artist, and as an actor enters into the spirit of his part. In fine, he is a valuable acquisition. So is Mme. Nordica, whose beautiful voice was heard to the best advantage; and there is a new contralto, Mme. Gerville-Reache, of whom good things may be expected. Under the bâton of Campanini, Ponchielli's rather stupid but effective opera was accorded a fine performance.

When Paderewski was last in this country his tour was cut short by a railway collision which came near ending his career. Fortunately he suffered no physical injury, but his nerves were so shattered that for more than a year he was unable to resume his concerts in Europe. That he has fully recovered his physical strength and mental buoyancy was made patent last Saturday, at his Carnegie Hall recital, by the very first piece on his programme—his own new Variations and Fugue, a work of the most strenuous sort played in a most dazzling and emphatic manner; also by the fact that after finishing his programme, which occupied an hour and three-quarters, he appeased the clamor of the enthusiasts with six extra numbers, requiring forty minutes more, without the slightest sign of fatigue. His new piece reveals his creative art in the phase of ripest musicianship; it is less melodious than most of his earlier works, but it displays an astounding mastery of all the resources of the composer's art, and its difficulties are such that probably not more than half-a-dozen pianists could play it. Among the other pieces played on this occasion one may single out for comment the Beethoven sonata op. 27, No. 1, which Paderewski played with enchanting early nineteenth-century simplicity and clearness; the Schubert-Liszt "Erlking," which was presented as a short, but thrilling, musical tragedy; two Chopin études, and two Liszt rhapsodies (Nos. 13 and 2), which, as usual, aroused more tumultuous enthusiasm than anything else. The next recital, on November 23, will bring two noveities of prime importance: Paderewski's own new sonata and the Liszt-sonata, which he has never yet played in America, and for which he has said he wants to do some missionary work.

For the second Sunday afternoon concert of the New York Symphony Society, on November 10 at Carnegie Hall, Walter Damrosch has made a Dvorák programme which will give one of the most complete pictures of this composer's activities as an instrumental composer ever presented here. The symphony will be the "New World," which in general popularity in this country seems to rank with Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique." Other Dvorák works to be performed are the "Carneval Overture" and the "Slavonic Dances," both characteristic of his skill in developing the folk-song and dances of Bohemia. Excerpts from the "Terzetto" will be played by the entire forty-six violins and violas of the orchestra, and a group of duets will introduce for the first time in America the Misses Eugenie and Virginia Sassard, who have won success in London and Paris by their singing of duets of Dvorák, Brahms, and the French composers.

Kubelik's concert at the Hippodrome, Sunday evening, November 10, will be his only appearance in this city for some time, as his tour of 125 concerts will keep him in the Middle West (opening in Chicago, November 14), for the first five or six weeks of the season. At the New York concert Kubelik will be heard in the "Sinding" concerto in A major, and other selections by Beethoven, Hubay, Saint-Saëns, Fibich, and Paganini, and will be assisted by the Russian Symphony Orchestra of seventy-five men, Modest Altschuler, conductor.

In announcing the date for the next Bayreuth Festival (July 22 to August 20, 1908) the management calls attention to the numerous complaints made by visitors to that town of the exorbitant prices charged by ticket speculators. Efforts are made to keep the tickets from these speculators, but they are aided by families living at Bayreuth, who reserve the seats for them. To put a stop to this proceeding, the management threatens to disclose the names of the disloyal citizens who thus aid the speculators.

Art.

Storia dell' Arte Italiana. By A. Venturi. Vol. V. La Pittura del Trecento. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli. 30 lire.

With the fifth volume of his great history Professor Venturi traverses the field already charted with admirable skill by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. And it cannot be denied that the comparison is in many respects a cruel one. Venturi quite lacks the cautiousness of his predecessors, is prone to state suppositions as facts, and frequently neglects even to tell whether a startling view is his own or another's. The result is a book which is misleading for the beginner and irritating to the adept. Yet it is a work which the adept must reckon with, if with tears. Venturi's vast encyclopedic knowledge, his keen æsthetic sense, his long familiarity with all the procedures of connoisseurship, give value even to his caprices. We shall note only what seem his most important contributions to the central problems of Cimabue and Giotto.

Giving up—too readily it seems to us—the Ruccellai Madonna to Duccio, our author claims for Cimabue not merely a large part of the choir and transept decorations of the Upper Church at Assisi and all the other works traditionally ascribed to the master, but also a great part of the ceiling designs of the Florence Baptistery, and a series in old St. Peter's, Rome. The latter are represented only by rude sketches of a much later date, and both these additions to the *œuvre* of Cimabue must be regarded skeptically. But the common sense reconstruction of Giotto's master as an artistic personality—agreeing broadly with the parallel studies of Fry and Aubert—is a genuine service to the history of Italian painting. We shall probably hear no more of that flippant journalism—sacrilegiously incorporated in the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle—which endeavored to reduce Cimabue to the position of an historic doubt. As for the Ruccellai Madonna, the last word has not yet been said, and it is worth while inquiring if its Sienese appearance be not deceptive. Is it after all more Sienese than certain panels of Lorenzo Monaco a century and more later, and may not the similar effect be due to the similar cause of conscious imitation of the style of the City of the Virgin? May not the imitator even be Cimabue himself (as tradition still believes) before he had been liberated by contact with the Roman School? One who considered the picture simply as draughtsmanship—apart from its Byzantine calligraphy—would, we feel, be very slow to attribute it to a Sienese brush. The hands are plainly enough Esau's, but is not the voice Jacob's?

Venturi approaches the great topic of Giotto with fairly apostolic enthusiasm, and with much insight also. He is possibly led astray at times by seeking to determine too narrowly the part of assistants in the work generally attributed to the master. One must admire, without being convinced, the certainty with which he parcels out the St. Francis series at Assisi to the master and three helpers; and one must doubt, without admiring, when he declares the Franciscan Allegories in the crossing of the Lower Church to be a scholar's amplification of the more terse originals at Santa Croce. No works in the Giottesque cycle have in a higher degree his specific beauty of line and his real sense of ponderosity. In short, if the designs of these vaults are not by Giotto, can we safely ascribe to him with any certainty any painting whatsoever? Naturally these large matters are not to be settled in a note, nor is here the place to essay so thorny a topic as the authorship of the St. Francis series in the Upper Church. Here we have to do with two opposing views and an evasion. Venturi ranges himself with the tradition that the work is Giottesque, and about a third of the frescoes by Giotto himself. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and now Aubert, regard the cycle as pre-Giottesque—a sort of emanation from Cimabue. Berenson, who has never treated the subject at length, takes a skeptical position, accepting these stories as vaguely Giottesque, and as containing something of Giotto, but declining on the ground of the damaged condition of the frescoes to make any more definite affirmation.

Now concerning these theories one may pay his money and take his choice, but we feel that few will venture to dissociate the series wholly from Giotto. Even if the legend were of no weight, it would be hard to imagine so remarkable a group of precursors painting only at Assisi and elsewhere leaving no trace of their activity. The probability seems to lie somewhere between the skepticism of Berenson and the cocksureness of Venturi. Throughout the invention seems Giotto's, but details, backgrounds, etc., were often left to subordinates. The master hand, unless it be admitted in the first story, seems to the present writer, hardly traceable until we reach No. 14, the Pilgrimage to La Verna. From there on for ten subjects Giotto seems to have taken a personal hand in the work, but it would be rash to assert that any picture is wholly his, or, for that matter, that several are not wholly the work of inferior hands. With this tentative suggestion that the subjects on the right wall were superintended by Giotto, and those on the left, excepting the last three—the work of the so-called "St. Cecily Master"—in considerable measure executed by Giotto, we must leave this perennial riddle.

Of Venturi's faithful chronicle of the fourteenth century painters after Giotto we can only say that the survey seems exhaustive, that, in particular, the tracing of the radiating influence of Simone Memmi and the Lorenzetti is very useful, and that the abundant cuts of entire fresco cycles from Cimabue to Agnolo Gaddi make the book a useful resource for reference.

Per Lamm will publish this month "La Caricature de la Conférence de la Paix," a collection of caricatures on the Hague Conference brought together from all sources.

In order to popularize classical art and to educate the people to a better appreciation of its masterpieces, the well-known art publishing house of Franz Hanfstaengl of Munich is publishing under the general title of Weichers Kunstbücher a collection of reproductions from the paintings of modern and former times, at the small price of eighty pfennige for each booklet. These new issues are chiefly based on the famous Hanfstaengl reproductions, and each contains about sixty examples. Up to the present time twelve such booklets have come out, treating of Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Raffael, Reynolds, Teniers, Old Dutch Painters, Titian, Franz Hals, Murillo, Wouwerman, and Velasquez. These reproductions are, on the whole, excellent, though differing somewhat in quality. One drawback is that they are rather small, as a rule 7 by 10 centimetres. The publisher announces that it is his purpose in this series to issue a "Reclam der Kunst," in imitation of the famous Universalbibliothek, which for decades has been published in small pamphlets at a nominal price by the house of Reclam.

Alesso Baldovinetti, as an eclectic and experimentalist at the turning point of Florentine painting, was predestined material for the new connoisseurship. As a landscapist of merit he also has a certain claim upon unscholastic lovers of art. Happily enough, considering the contentious

possibilities in the case, he has escaped so far the maker of monographs, only to fall into the kindly hands of Emilio Londi, whose "Alesso Baldovinetti, Pittore Fiorentino, con l'Aggiunta dei suoi Ricordi," is published by Alfani e Venturi, Florence. This little study is informed with good sense and keeps clear of hero worship. In the main, it is a compilation and criticism of recent scattered investigations, but Signor Londi's original suggestions are always worthy of consideration. He attributes, for example, the St. Nicholas predellas in the Casa Buonarotti to Baldovinetti. On such a point one must reserve judgment. At least no better ascription has as yet been made. Signor Londi also raises the possibility that Baldovinetti may have been the teacher of Piero Pollaiuolo, and in a sense the conveyer of the tradition of Domenico Veneziano to the later realists. This supposition has something for it, but a little study of the decorative painting of the time (cassone fronts notably), such, for instance, as William Rankin is making in the *Burlington Magazine*, will demonstrate the wide diffusion of Domenico's influence. It seems an exaggeration, then, to make Baldovinetti the chief inheritor of the new tradition. In the main the little pamphlet, with its adequate illustrations, may be cordially recommended.

At the eighteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club, now open at the American Fine Arts Galleries on West Fifty-seventh Street, F. Luis Mora has won the Beals prize for the best water-color, with his Vacation Time—three women and two men in the stern of a sail-boat.

At Montross's gallery an exhibition of water-colors and pastels will be open till November 23. Among the artists represented are Horatio Walker, J. Alden Weir, Elliot Daingerfield, George H. Clements, D. W. Tryon, Childe Hassam, and W. L. Lathrop. At Macbeth's there are pictures by American painters, dead and living, including George Inness, William Keith, Ernest Lawson, C. B. Coman, William Sartain, A. C. Davies, Jerome Meyer, and George Luks.

For a number of years excavations have been going on at Silchester, in Hampshire, England, where a whole Roman town has been gradually unearthed. This season's work has closed with the discovery of what is perhaps the most interesting relic of Roman times found in the north. It is a small square temple, the ground plan of which is still in perfect preservation, showing a floor about twelve feet by fourteen. The outer walls are about thirty-six feet square, with a wide entrance on the eastern side. Against the western wall is the base of a platform, which evidently supported the image of the deity. Of the latter, several fragments have been found, which give us an idea of its original form. The figure is bearded and wears a long cloak and greaves ornamented with lions' heads. A fragment of one of the hands is grasping some object, which appears to be the lower end of a cornucopia. An inscription, also found recently, contains the word "Marti," which suggests that the temple may have been dedicated to Mars, of whose image the unearthed fragments probably formed part. On another fragmentary inscription occurs the word "Callevæ," which helps to establish the identity of the Roman town at Silchester with the Calleva, or Calleva Attrebatum, of the Antonine Itineraries. Several architectural fragments of the temple have also been unearthed, but only the inner area of the building has as yet been explored. When the surroundings are opened up, it is hoped that enough of the original fragments may be recovered to reconstruct the temple.

Finance.

THE PREMIUM ON CURRENCY.

During this financial crisis New York has witnessed a phenomenon not seen since the panic of 1893, and rare in any market of the world—a premium on currency, paid in the form of checks on solvent banks. In the early stages of the present panic, one of the incidents was the practical stopping of business in foreign exchange, because our credit was uncertain, and bankers were unable to borrow money for the importation of gold. Gold is engaged for import through purchase in New York of a draft on London for the amount desired; this draft, sold by a banking house with London connections, may be cashed in London and used at once to draw gold. But, obviously, before the operation can be completed, the purchase money must be raised through a bank loan, and paid in New York City. On the 24th and 25th of October, the money simply could not be raised; not until the banks, on October 26, decided on the issue of Clearing House certificates was this part of the operation made possible.

Once these facilities had been restored, engagement of gold in London began in quantity. The first engagements were legitimate on any basis of exchange, because the rate on London had fallen to 4.81, whereas 4.84 is normally the point at which English gold may be ordered for import at a profit. Moreover, American bankers had made large drafts against exported grain and cotton. But in the existing state of the New York market, with reserve money imperatively needed, inquiries for sterling bills as a basis for importation of gold soon far surpassed the volume properly authorized by these commercial bills. So keen was the bidding to get gold for import, that, as against the rate of 4.81 for sight sterling bills on October 26, the price had risen to 4.88 a week later, and was said, in some instances, to have touched 4.90 at the opening of the present week. But since 4.88½ is the rate at which, ordinarily, gold may actually be exported with a profit from New York to London, the use of these high-priced drafts on London for engagement of foreign gold indicated abnormal conditions. Soon it became manifest what this unusual factor was. Institutions or individuals in urgent need of cash for their reserves, in order to get gold by the next English steamer, actually bid a premium for the cash delivered in New York. Thus, if gold could commonly be imported at a profit with exchange at 4.84½, the offer of a premium of 3 or 4 per cent. would make possible what actually occurred this week and last—importation of gold with exchange at the exporting point.

To such operations, however, some limit must be set. If the only restriction were the needs of the importer, any premium could conceivably be bid, and the gold reserves of a European bank could be drawn on so long as that bank continued to pay gold freely. But no institution could permit such a drain without making at least an effort to check it. The Bank of England, having on Thursday of last week advanced its official discount rate from 4½ to 5 per cent., held a special meeting on Monday of this week and moved the rate up to 6. This action, putting a higher price on money, made the transfer of gold from London to New York more costly. For the time, however, the expedient did not check the movement, and the bidding for gold continued with exchange well above the normal export point. The final result of such conditions, which the London dispatches frankly describe as "barbaric," can be only guessed at. But as a matter of fact, the actual arrival this week of the first consignments of gold from London should stop these panicky bids.

This is not the first adoption of this emergency expedient to relieve a panic. Many people have forgotten the interesting way in which it was employed in 1893. At the crisis of that panic, when the deadlock of credit seemed for a time to be complete, and when shutting the Stock Exchange had been actually discussed in the governing committee, relief through foreign exchange was forced in the same way as on the present occasion. In 1893 the main objective point was established by a different mechanism. During the panic of the past two weeks the actual premium on imported gold has been paid, so far as can be ascertained, chiefly by banks directly to international banking houses. In 1893 the main purpose was the drawing of hoarded currency out of its hiding places in this country. With that end in view, one or two Wall Street brokers advertised an offer to pay in certified checks on New York banks a premium of 1½ per cent. for any kind of currency. Such an offer meant that the banks had largely suspended cash payments on checks, for otherwise no broker would give a check for $101.50 on a solvent institution in exchange for $100 worth of bills or coin. As a matter of fact the banks had not formally suspended, but they were generally refusing, from sheer inability, to pay cash for large checks. Somewhat the same situation has arisen in the past two weeks, but with this important difference: that to-day cash for the payrolls of employers has almost invariably been provided, whereas, in 1893 it was precisely such requirements which were not met.

Employers of labor, with their large weekly or monthly payments, could not wait, and it was they, directly or through their banks, who had employed the Wall Street brokers to announce the premium for currency. The offer was an experiment. Its result, however, as regards the drawing out of the hoarded money was successful. Within two weeks a sum of cash estimated by the brokers at not less than $15,000,000, was delivered in exchange for the checks. This $15,000,000 was, it should be observed, entirely independent of such gold as the market then obtained through foreign exchange. In all, $48,000,000 in gold was brought from Europe during the stress of 1893, and of this between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000 came, like the gold imports of

the present week, with exchange above the normal import point. Since at the height of the crisis of 1893 the brokers' premium for currency went as high as 4 per cent., it was inevitable that gold should have been imported under abnormal conditions, just as at present.

The economic aspects of that premium on currency were much discussed, in 1893 and afterward. Financial experts are generally agreed that what actually happened was not a premium on currency, but a discount on bank checks. Nothing even in the panic emergency of 1893 made gold or silver or banknotes worth more than before. Something, however, had made a certified bank check worth less. Where previously such a check represented power to draw cash at will, it now represented nothing of the sort; it was a claim to that amount of the assets of a solvent bank, not wholly available in cash till the panic subsided. But this simply meant that the check was worthless for the immediate purposes of the man with large payrolls falling due. To all intents, therefore, these checks were offered at a discount of 1½ to 4 per cent. Precisely the same principle applies in the present panic. The buying of gold in London for New York, with exchange at 4.89 or higher, through the paying in New York checks of a 3 per cent. premium on the cash, and the actual advertisement of a "premium on curreney," this week, by one or two Wall Street brokers, simply indicates that for the moment the checks on some New York banks were selling at a discount.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ancient Hebrew Literature. Arranged by R. Bruce Taylor. 4 vols. Dutton. 50 cts. each.

Anthropological Essays presented to Edward Burnett Taylor, by H. Balfour and others. Henry Frowde.

Arabian Nights. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. Dutton. $2.50.

Ashe, Sydney W. Electric Railways. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.

Austen, Jane. Pride and Prejudice. Dutton. $2 net.

Baedeker's Paris and Its Environments. Imported by Scribners.

Baird, William Raimond. The Hand-Book of Beta Theta Pi. Published by the author.

Barham, R. H. Ingoldsby Legends. Dutton. $6 net.

Beers, jr., William F. The Torrens System of Realty Titles. Lawyers' Coöperative Pub. Co.

Belloc, Hilaire. Paris: Imported by Scribners.

Bennett, W. H. The Life of Christ According to St. Mark. Armstrong. $1.75 net.

Brand, Capt. Jack. The Free Lances. McClure Co.

Brebner, Percy. The Knight of the Silver Star. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.

Brooke, Stopford A. The Sea-Charm of Venice. Dutton. $1 net.

Bullock, Shan F. Robert Thorne. Brentano's.

Butler, Ellis Parker. Kilo. McClure Co.

Byron, Henry. A Day-Dreamer's Harvest. Ivan Somerville & Co.

Bury, J. B. A Student's History of Greece. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Bossuet: Selections from the Funeral Orations. Edited by F. M. Warren. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Carey, Rosa Nouchette. The Angel of Forgiveness. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton. My Merry Rockhurst. Macmillan. $1.50.

Cattelle, W. R. The Pearl. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Coffin, Henry Sloane. The Creed of Jesus. Scribners. $1 net.

Conard, Henry S. and Henri Hus. Water-Lilies. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.10 net.

Cooper's Adventures of Deerslayer. Edited by Margaret N. Haight. American Book Co. 35 cents.

Crapsey, Algernon S. The Re-Birth of Religion. Lane. $1.50 net.

De Morgan, Mary. The Windfairies and Other Tales. Dutton. $1.50.

Douglas, Hugh A. Venice on Foot. Imported by Scribners.

Eiselen, Frederick Carl. Sidon: A Study in Oriental History. Columbia University.

Emanuel, Walter. A Dog Day. Dutton. 50 cents.

Father and Son: Biographical Recollections. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Fea, Allan. Nooks and Corners of Old England. Scribners.

Finley, William Lovell. American Birds. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Fletcher, J. E. The Harringtons of Highcroft Farm. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Fontaine, James. Memoirs of a Huguenot Family. Translated by Ann Maury. Putnams. $2.50 net.

Foote, Anne Elizabeth, and Avery W. Skinner. Explorers and Founders of America. American Book Co. 60 cents.

Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. John Smith. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Franceschi, Giulio. Proverbi e Modi Provebiali Italiani. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Francis, Philip W. The Remarkable Adventures of Little Boy Pip. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.

Gardiner, Ruth Kimball. The World and the Woman. Barnes. $1.50.

Gilbert, Nelson R. The Affair at Pine Court. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield and The Deserted Village. Edited by James A. Tufts. American Book Co. 45 cents.

Gordon, W. J. Round about the North Pole. Dutton, $5 net.

Gorst, Mrs. Harold E. The Light. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Green, J. Reynolds. Vegetable Physiology. Philadelphia: F. Blakiston's Sons & Co. $3 net.

Gregory, Caspar René. Canon and the Text of the New Testament. Scribners. $2.50 net.

Gregory, Lady. A Book of Saints and Wonders. Scribners.

Haeselbarth, Adam C. Patty of the Palms. Kenny Publishing Co. $1.25.

Haines, Jennie Day. Christmas Tyde. Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.

Hand Book of Card Games. Compiled by Belle M. Miller. Crowell.

Handy Book of Synonyms. Crowell.

Hare, Christopher. The Life of Louis IX. Imported by Scribners.

Harrison, Frederic. The Philosophy of Common Sense. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Heather to Golden Rod. Boston: Badger.

Herzog, Rudolf. Der Abenteurer. Lemcke & Buechner.

Hohler, Mrs. Edwin. Peter: A Christmas Story. Dutton. $1.25.

Horace's Odes and Epodes. Translated into English verse by John Marshall. Putnams. $1 net.

Howard, Oliver Otis. Autobiography of. 2 vols. Baker & Taylor Co.

How to Play Chess. Compiled by Charlotte B. Rogers. Crowell.

How to Play Golf. Crowell.

Hutchinson, Francis Kingsley. Our Country Home. Chicago: McClurg.

Ingersoll, Robert G. Abraham Lincoln. Lane. 75 cents net.

Ireland, Alleyne. The Province of Burma. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Jacobi, Mary Putnam. Stories and Sketches. Putnams. $1.50.

Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. IX. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Kelly, Myra. Wards of Liberty. McClure Co.

Kester, Vaughan. John O'Jamestown. McClure Co.

Lagerlöf, Selma. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Lake, Kirsopp. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Putnams. $1.50 net.

Landor, A. Henry Savage. Across Wildest Africa. 2 vols. Scribners.

Lang, Andrew. Olive Fairy Book. Longmans. $1.60 net.

Little Bits of Judaism. Baltimore: Press of Fleet-M'Ginley Co.

Longfellow's Building of the Ship. Paul Elder & Co. 60 cents net.

Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal. Paul Elder & Co. 60 cents net.

MacClintock, Porter Lander. Literature in the Elementary School. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

Macfarland, Charles S. The Infinite Affection. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

McMahon, John R. Toilers and Idlers. Wilshire Book Co. $1.25 net.

Marcosson, Isaac. How to Invest Your Savings. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 50 cents.

Matheson, George. The Representative Women of the Bible. Armstrong. $1.50 net.

Meade, L. T. A Girl from America. Dutton. $1.50.

Meadows, Alice Maud. A Million of Money. Brentano's. $1.50.

New Jersey Insurance Report, 1906. Camden, N. J.

Nietzsche, Frederick. Beyond Good and Evil. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

O'Shea, M. V. Linguistic Development and Education. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Penfield, Edward. Holland Sketches. Scribners.

Penrose, Mrs. H. H. The Given Proof. Brentano's.

Perkins, Lucy Fitch. A Book of Joys. Chicago: McClurg.

Pierce, Ulysses G. B. The Soul of the Bible. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

Piric-Gordon, C. H. C. Innocent the Great. Longmans. $3 net.

Poincaré, H. Science and Hypothesis. Imported by Scribners.

Pyle, Howard. The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions. Scribners. $2.50 net.

Rappoport, Angelo S. The Curse of the Romanovs. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Reed, Elizabeth A. Hindu Literature or the Ancient Books of India. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.

Replies and Decisions of the New York Journal of Commerce. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Co.

Robertson, A. T. Epochs in the Life of Jesus. Scribners, $1 net.

Robins, Elizabeth. The Convert. Macmillan. $1.50.

Scott, Robert F. The Voyage of the Discovery. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners.

Scott, William. The Riviera. Macmillan. $6.

Seton, Ernest Thompson. The Natural History of the Ten Commandments. Scribners.

Sharp, Evelyn. Nicolete. Brentano's. $1.50.

Sherman, Waldo H. Citizenship in the United States. American League for Citizenship Training.

Smith, Bertram T. K. How to Collect Postage Stamps. Macmillan. $2 net.

Smith, Minna Caroline. Red Top Ranch. Dutton. $1.50.

Sterling, Sara Hawks. The Queen's Company. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Stevens, William Chase. Plant Anatomy. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. $2 net.

Symonds, John Addington. Essays: Speculative and Suggestive. Imported by Scribners.

Truscott, L. Parry. Catharine. The Human Weed. Brentano's.

Types of the DeVinne Press.

Ungnad, Arthur. Selected Babylonian Business and Legal Documents. Leiden: E. J. Brill.

Upton, Florence K. The Colliwogg's Christmas. Longmans. $2.

Van Dyke, Henry. Days Off. Scribners.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1907.

The Week.

The history of a panic is the history of a confused conflict of many causes; and unless you know what sort of effect each cause is likely to produce, you cannot explain any part of what happens—it is like trying to explain the bursting of a boiler without knowing the theory of steam.

That sentence of Walter Bagehot's might well be set as a copybook model for many of our rough and ready expounders of the financal trouble—these men with their glib "Morse did it," "The currency system did it," "Roosevelt did it." We have to distinguish, of course, between the real and the political explanation. Politically, Mr. Roosevelt will be held responsible. By an inexorable political law, the President who "created" prosperity must also preserve it, or he becomes unworthy of idolatry. To trace the larger causes is work for the financial historian and the social philosopher. But we are too close to the upheaval to be certain of all the forces which wrought it. At the same time, we can perceive, for example, that what has been called the "cosmopolitan loan fund" of the world had not only become larger than ever before, but was more fluid than ever, and had been more exhaustively drawn upon. Under the pressure, we have seen it running here and there like drops of quicksilver. That financial trouble in New York should close the Stock Exchange of Rome, as the dispatches tell us, betrays in a striking way not only the international character of surplus capital, but the long and severe strain it has undergone. Part of the trouble runs back to the state of mind of the people generally. The habit of extravagance has become fixed during these seven fat years. Luxuries have been bought as never before—luxuries of the kind that perish with the using, that not only lock up capital, but destroy it. Unproductive expenditure has been large, in contrast with reproductive outlays. It has been true, too, that profits and savings have been, in a probably unprecedented way, put into speculative securities. This meant that hundreds of thousands of people had not their customary margin in cash savings, upon which they could readily put their hand in a crisis. Beneath this luxurious temper lies the belief that prosperity will go on without a break. We may keep spending freely and without a tremor. But the same credulity easily translates itself into panic. From believing that there is no end to our riches, people pass to the other extreme and believe that all riches are about to take wings. Easy-going and unwinking luxury becomes in a night panic-stricken hoarding. We have only hinted at causes which go deeper than any person, any law, any party. Folly and improvidence were in for a punishment. They are now getting it.

Much attention has been paid to the somewhat startling figures of last Saturday's weekly New York bank statement; especially to the $51,924,000 deficiency below the 25 per cent. ratio of reserve to deposits required by the National Bank law. A little examination will prove, however, that the showing is by no means so sensational or disquieting as might at first glance be supposed. It is true that this deficit of last Saturday is the largest in our banking history. The largest reported in the panic of 1893 was $16,545,000, on August 12, and, although the banks ceased publishing their weekly statements in the panic of 1873, it is wholly improbable that there was any such deficit then. But the test of present conditions is not obtained by comparison of actual deficit figures, but by comparison of the ratio still maintained between reserve and deposits. The $16,545,000 deficit of August, 1893, left actual cash in hand amounting to 20⅝ per cent. of deposits; last Saturday's $51,924,000 deficit left a reserve ratio of 20¼. In other words, the New York banks are substantially no worse off than they were fourteen years ago. The reason why the present deficiency is so much larger than that of 1893 is that all other items in the bank statement are to-day much larger. Last Saturday, the New York banks held $219,794,000 in actual cash; when the deficit of 1893 was greatest, these same cash holdings were only $76,505,000. But, naturally, in the legitimate expansion of business between 1893 and 1907, loans and deposits had increased in a similar ratio. Where deposits, in that earlier panic, amounted to $372,200,000, last Saturday they footed up to $1,086,878,000. The conclusion to be drawn is that the New York banks, being nearly three times as strong in actual resources as in 1893, can report a deficiency in reserves three times as great and still retain fully as sound a position as in that year. Within four weeks of the heaviest deficit of 1893, a surplus over the 25 per cent. reserve had been restored, and the same thing is likely this year. As for the mere fact that reserves were so far invaded as to reduce their ratio to deposits from 25 per cent. to 20¼, every one knows that such use of the stipulated reserve, in a panic time, is precisely the reason why that reserve was prescribed by the banking law. The sound principle of banking, recognized ever since the celebrated "Bullion Report" to Parliament in 1810, has been that, in times of panic, banks should discount freely and fearlessly for all solvent customers, but at high rates, and should use their reserve fund for that purpose.

Vast programmes of legislation are being marked out for the coming Congress. It is to repeal the Sherman Anti-Trust law; it is to reform the currency; it is to vote $1,000,000,000 in appropriations; it is to get ten thousand recommendations from the President, and act upon all of them *instanter*. People who blithely make such predictions leave too many things out of their reckoning. They forget that politics will swallow up everything else at Washington this winter. The shadow of the Presidential election will rest upon the Capitol from the first day of the session. Everything that is proposed, debated, or enacted will be thought of primarily in relation to the political fortunes of some man or party. Under such circumstances, the actual work done—if we do not count intriguing as work—is pretty certain to be small. Congress is proverbial for finding its strength in sitting still. And if business depression hangs over the country into next year, the House, at least, under that master of how not to do it, Speaker Cannon, will be likely to sit stiller than ever.

When the Service Pension act was passed, many people who had opposed it tried to console themselves by the thought that, even if the pension-grabbers had triumphed, they would at least not be heard from again. This theory has already been proved baseless. Your pension-hunter's appetite can never be satiated. Hardly had the bill pensioning every one of ninety days' service become a law when there was a movement to obtain State pensions in addition to the Federal. Now, a more serious undertaking is announced. As soon as Congress reassembles, Senator Burrows and Representative Dawes are to introduce a bill for a retired list for all volunteer officers who served at least one year in the field prior to Lee's surrender. According to their ages, the beneficiaries are to receive one-half or three-quarters of the pay of regular officers of the ranks they held when mustered out—but nobody is to receive more than $2,000 a year. There is to be no back pay, and every pension now held by an officer is to be surrendered. It is estimated that 9,000 officers still survive who would benefit by this law; of these only two are major-generals and twenty-eight brigadier-generals, out of 680 of both grades. Precedent for the proposal

is a law approved May 15, 1828, giving to each of the surviving officers of the Continental Line the amount of his pay in the line up to the full pay of a captain. There were 12,500 who profited by this law, and they were at that time nearly all of the age of seventy or above.

We fear that when Secretary Taft returns he will have to provide for his carriage some other motive power than the arms and legs of his enthusiastic fellow-countrymen. As if the defeat of Burton in Cleveland were not enough, Samuel Gompers now says unkind things about the Secretary. Has the Republican Administration, then, created the highest wages on the face of the globe for nothing? Has the President shaken the grimy hands of scores of locomotive engineers, only to have an official spokesman of organized labor decline to give complete and unqualified support to the heir-apparent? The sentiments of Mr. Gompers, like those of Dick Deadeye, "disgrace our common natur'." Mr. Taft and his friends may draw some satisfaction from the fact that the candidates on Mr. Gompers's blacklist last year did conspicuously well in the elections. But, unfortunately, there are others who treat the plans for the Presidential succession with courtesy equally scant. Mr. Taft is popular now, and he always has been popular in this country; but it is becoming increasingly plain that his standing as a Presidential candidate would be actually better to-day without Administration support.

For the year ending June 30, a bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that our railroads took more than their customary toll of deaths and injuries. The killed number 5,000, an increase of 775 over 1906, and the injured 76,286, an increase of 9,577. This is an old story, and it constitutes a national disgrace. That a certain proportion of accidents is unavoidable on the best-regulated railroads, must be admitted. The English roads have had at least three terrible disasters within a twelvemonth. But defective equipment, negligence, and recklessness are not accidental, and to them must be attributed a painfully large share of our annual railway slaughter. The bulletin speaks of the extraordinary number of derailments during the twelvemonth. Many of these were due to broken rails. That fact should certainly stiffen the railroad officials in their demand that the steel manufacturers make a better quality of rail.

The result in actual votes of the Hearst-Parsons deal in New York County deserves special study, because the whole fusion movement was frankly put upon a numerical basis. Herbert Parsons made no other defence, or pretence, from the first. It was all a question of figures and percentages. To every Republican who protested on the score of principle or consistency, Mr. Parsons had but one answer. He took out his pad and jotted down the election returns of 1905. In that year, the vote for Ivins in New York County was 64,289, for Hearst 123,292, for McClellan 140,264. Hence it was as plain as addition that the way to beat Tammany was to fuse the Republican vote with the Hearst vote. In actual result, however, Mr. Parsons's little sum figures out as follows:

64,289+123,292=117,000.

The reverse of this mathematical puzzle is displayed in Brooklyn. In Kings County, the Republican vote in 1905 was 61,192; that for Hearst, 84,835, and for McClellan 68,728. In Brooklyn, however, there was no fusion with Hearst. His tremendous vote was deliberately ignored, but with the result, in the returns for County Clerk, that the problem in subtraction contrasts in this way with Mr. Parsons's in addition:

61,192—84,835=79,969.

Such figures may lie, but they point an unmistakable political moral. Any politician who sits down with the election returns and proceeds to make his combinations purely on the basis of votes cast—ignoring the past, hazarding the future, leaving out convictions, making a jest of conscience—is certain to be confronted with such unpleasant results as stare Mr. Parsons in the face. He will always find an unknown quantity vitiating his nicely prepared equation. That unknown quantity is the moral element. People whose votes are to be "delivered" have a way of obstinately refusing to be counted as so many cattle. They will insist upon exercising their own judgment; and indignation at political chicanery and cynicism will always powerfully influence them. This is the consideration which never entered into Mr. Parsons's reckoning. His crushing defeat has writ large a moral which the most hardened politicians must hereafter take to heart. You cannot denounce a man one year as a dangerous incendiary, the deadly enemy of law and order, and then the next year embrace him as a brother, without having the people repudiate you and all your works.

A mixture of good and bad—as in most human things—appears in the reports on the condition of the civil service, read last week at the annual meeting of the Civil-Service Reform League in Buffalo. President Roosevelt and Gov. Hughes came in for praise; Mayor McClellan and the Federal officials of Buffalo for severe condemnation. Gov. Hughes's address was the valuable testimony of an executive who, in actual practice, and with a large amount of patronage, has found the best interests of the State conserved by adhering to the principles of the reformed service. Particularly effective was the Governor's quiet disposal of the time-worn flings at civil-service examinations. He would attach no undue importance to examination papers, but, "as compared with the system of making public office a partisan encampment, the system of competitive examination is so far in advance that there is no debate among reasonable men upon the question."

The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia heard arguments last week in an important boycott case. The Buck's Stove and Range Company is applying for a temporary injunction to restrain Samuel Gompers and others and the American Federation of Labor from boycotting it and its products. The company has already brought suit against Gompers and his associates on the ground that their interference with its business has constituted restraint of trade within the meaning of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The attack upon the company arose out of the allegation that members of the Brotherhood of Foundry Employees had been compelled to return to a ten-hour day after having once worked for nine hours. The affidavits in support of the company's application make a book of 312 pages and show how far-reaching is the terrorism exercised by the Federation of Labor. The company was notified by agents the country over that they could not sell its products without incurring the enmity of local unions, and risking their entire business. A boycott of a firm of manufacturers has been something heretofore thought of as merely a local affair, applying, say, to Bridgeport only. But this amazing exhibit shows that the Federation followed up the products of the Buck's Company into State after State, and through its local branches did its best to destroy utterly the business of the company. Other, and quite different, ways in which the boycott is being used by the Gompers inner ring of eleven men, who control their two million followers from Washington, have recently been brought out by *American Industries*, the organ of the National Association of Manufacturers. It publishes in facsimile a letter from the officers of the Memphis branch of the International Union of Steam Engineers, "consisting of more than one hundred of the leading and most intelligent engineers of the city of Memphis," to the effect that its members will patronize only those dealers in engineering supplies who advertise in the *International Steam Engineer*, an "official paper" printed in Boston. Obviously, if the same tactics are employed in

other cities, the *International Steam Engineer* will shortly have the finest advertising display in the country, and its manager can retire in luxury, since he can ask any rate he chooses.

If anything were still necessary to convince fair-minded men of the emptiness of the Japanese war scare, so persistently fostered by the Jingo press, Foreign Minister Hayashi's declaration of policy through the medium of the Associated Press should be sufficient. No more manly or frank enunciation of a great Power's attitude has been reported for many a year, nor can we readily think of a statesman who has ventured so far in the expression of conciliatory sentiments without actually abandoning the conciliatory for the merely supine. It is, of course, open to those who gaze eagle-eyed on the Pacific and discern thereon Japanese armadas bearing hosts of invasion, to believe that all this elaborate explanation of the Japanese Foreign Minister is guile and deception. As a matter of fact, we have gone far enough in our recoil from the Japanomania of two years ago. No admirable quality that the mind of man could devise was wanting to the gallant little nation then; no sinister motive or capacity that the mind of editor can devise is wanting to the Mikado's people at present. They are dishonest, immoral, cruel, ambitious, and superhuman only in their ability to work mischief. The one quality of intense though shrewd patriotism, we do not deny them. Yet if people would only stop to think on present conditions in Japan and in international politics, how clearly it would appear that a shrewd and limitless patriotism itself counsels Japan to peace for years to come.

Men of impulsive nature like the German Emperor often do the wrong thing; but sometimes, too, they hit upon the right action at the critical moment. The Kaiser's visit to Edward VII., which is said to have been suddenly decided upon, is very timely. It cannot but prove a contribution to the cause of European peace, and it loses nothing of its significance in coming so dramatically close upon the dissolution of the Hague Conference, with its disappointed hopes. The meeting of the German and British monarchs completes the circle of *rapprochements* and *ententes* which has been drawn about the European Powers in the course of the last three years. First, Great Britain and France entered into the now celebrated "understanding" which removed the colonial possessions of both Powers outside the scope of possible future contention. Spain, through her close relations with France in the matter of Mediterranean policy, came under the influence of the dual agreement. Since England has always been the friend of Italy in the Mediterranean, there followed, as a result of the Anglo-French *entente*, a decided relaxation in the chronically jealous relations between France and Italy. The very integrity of the Triple Alliance seemed threatened when Italy joined with France against Germany in the Algeciras Conference of last year. France, a mediator in turn, has no doubt hastened the recently concluded agreement between Great Britain and Russia. And now it is not improbable that Russian influence has helped to bring about the interview between Edward VII. and William II. It is true that where everybody is everybody else's friend, the chances for quarrelling are not removed. Nevertheless, the peace of Europe must profit when Germany abandons her attitude of suspicion.

No one expected any other outcome of the suit brought by Chancellor von Bülow than the punishment of the journalist who libelled him in such a criminal way. Von Bülow is by no means a generally popular man, but he has the respect of all intelligent political observers. Indeed, even the cartoonists of the Opposition give him a kindly appearance, at the moment of ridiculing his ideas and satirizing his utterances. That Von Bülow's position has been shaken somewhat by the revelations in regard to the court camarilla is undeniable. The way in which the Foreign Office is now seen to have handled the Moroccan affair is also bound to injure him; for the former Under-Secretary of State confessed profound ignorance of some of the actions brought to light by the Harden revelations. Meanwhile, the Chancellor's efforts to carry on his "block-policy" of uniting Conservatives and Liberals are meeting with greater and greater opposition. The Radical Liberals are doing their best to break it up, and to enter into a working agreement with the Socialists. The Centre, too, is no less antagonistic than it was a year ago. Hence, the coming session is likely to witness some vigorous onslaughts upon the Chancellor, whose long summer absence from Berlin has increased the anxiety of the public about his health.

An agitation in favor of restoring the death penalty, which has been virtually abolished in France by the commutation of death sentences to life imprisonment and by the suppression of the annual appropriation for the maintenance of the guillotine in the Department of the Seine, is reported to be rapidly growing. Crimes of violence in the large towns have been increasing to what the greater part of the French press describes as an alarming extent; the *apache*, or thug, has become a prominent character in contemporary journalistic art; and the pleasant life that awaits the convicted murderer in the perpetual care of a kind-hearted government has been contrasted by the Opposition press with the mode of life of the average laborer or peasant. The government, indeed, is about to introduce into the Chamber a bill for the abolition of capital punishment. That it does not overlook the seriousness of the present situation, however, is shown by the initiation of measures looking towards the reorganization of the police system all over the country. Such twofold action is wise, for it proceeds on the principle that if punishment is really a deterrent of crime, its efficacy depends, not on the degree of severity, but on the certainty of its application. The history of the movement for the abolition of capital punishment is often that of a spasmodic abandonment of the death penalty, with its equally spasmodic reëstablishment under the influence of temporary panic. That the French government is bent upon putting the issue to a fair trial is evident from the recent action of President Fallières in commuting the death sentence of the perpetrator of a peculiarly atrocious crime, in the face of public indignation.

France has not yet got over her alarm at the discovery of an international syndicate of church-looters, when she is confronted by the much more serious danger of a "syndicate of traitors," or an "association of international spies," five of whose leaders were arrested this week at Toulon. From a rapid examination of documents taken in the raid, the police are inclined to believe that "the gang has for a long time been carrying on an extensive traffic in military and naval secrets." Popular imagination likes to conceive the Mafia and the Black Hand as world-wide societies with a highly perfected organization, which allows some mysterious grand chief to press a button and send murder and sudden death thrilling along every cable under the seven seas. At the present moment, the editor of a New York Yiddish newspaper is reported to be awaiting calmly the fulfilment of the sentence of death passed on him by the Russian Black Hundred But the idea of an international syndicate of traitors is incomparably fascinating. Nations will no longer be forced to maintain expensive secret service systems, or to cling to antiquated small-producer methods by bribing a captain or a lieutenant here and there. An application, in a printed envelope, addressed "Iscariot, P. O. Box 23, Zurich," will bring Germany all the information she desires about the fortifications on the northeastern French frontier, or acquaint the American government with the exact disposition of the Japanese army, now secretly encamped in Hawaii.

RETURNING REASON.

The results of the election, falling together with events in the financial world, seem to us to promise a period of more rational politics. The explosive and clamorous politicians have been pretty thoroughly found out and discredited. Hearst is under a large-sized extinguisher. Bryan cannot get any possible cheer out of the election returns: his own State went against him again, and his lieutenants in Massachusetts made a magnificent wreck of a great party opportunity. The President, too, is sobered. His political astuteness, if nothing else, may now be counted upon to lead him to come out as the most cautious and healing of statesmen. He may be depended upon to use the great powers of his office to help steady the country's affairs. The bare official announcement that the President is to make no more public utterances for a month, is, as Carlyle would say, significant of much.

If we are truly to have a reaction from our sensationalized politics of the past few years, the change will be great and refreshing. Few of us have stopped to reflect how the nerves of the nation have been successively racked. By turbulent methods, by loud outcry and the shouting of the captains, we have somehow come to believe that politics means a continual *tour de force*. Somebody must be always in the limelight, gesticulating and vociferating. Every campaign must be a whirlwind. The people must more and more be driven frantic; and the gravest political questions must be decided by the larger volume of applause. We will not undertake to apportion the responsibility for this state of things. The sensational press cannot escape its share; but the chief blame lies with those politicians who have sought to keep the masses perpetually agitated, who have thrust one question after another to the front, and insisted that it be settled at once, and that by dint of lung-power rather than the prevailing of the better reason.

This style of political progress, by plunging and squealing like a six-mule team, has been much practised for the past decade; great individual successes, or notorieties, have been achieved by means of it; but there are many signs to-day that the people are tired of it, and that we are in for a quieter era. The country has seen the results of ripping things to pieces, and keeping everything in a whirl, and is now looking about for a party and a political leader to do a little of the humdrum work of restoration and construction. There can be little doubt that it is this new attitude of mind which has caused so many people in so many different parts of the country to turn to Gov. Hughes. They have heard his confession of political faith, as made in his address at Columbia University—namely, that it should be the great aim to apply reason to public affairs. They have also seen him proving his faith by his works. And the extraordinary and unforced feeling, manifested so widely, that a man of his type ought to be chosen for the Presidency, is of itself a striking indication that we are passing out of an excitable time of upheaval, into a calmer and saner period.

Of course, when we speak of applying reason to politics, the larger reason is intended. The truly rational politician must take into his reckoning all the facts of political human nature; must know what things can be done, and what cannot be; must be responsive to the desire for improvement, his effort being to direct it wisely. Reason is opposed to passion, or vindictiveness, not to progress. Only, the progress must be along tried paths and by sound methods. Out of vague unrest or disturbance, the rational statesman must be able to find a way by deliberate use of sensible remedies for public dissatisfaction. The two capital examples that Gov. Hughes has given are in the field of insurance and supervision of corporations. After the excitement and the scandals of the insurance investigation, a new code of well-considered laws emerged. That Mr. Hughes should have been able to digest the results of the inquiry in his report to the Legislature, and then not only draft but carry the appropriate legislation, has been described by a competent authority as a great intellectual feat. But it was more than that: it was patient and constructive statesmanship. And of the same kind in planning (we cannot yet pronounce fully upon the results) was the measure establishing the Public Service Commissions. In either case, what we had was, after the earthquake of investigation, the still small voice of reason: all the facts firmly grasped and dispassionately studied, the necessary changes in the law worked out and put into operation.

That is the ideal of rational politics which Gov. Hughes has so well exemplified. Over-zealous friends of Roosevelt speak of the Governor as a "reactionary"—or, at least, say that those who are talking of him for the Presidency are all "reactionaries." No mistake could be greater. Steady and sane progress cannot be called reaction except in contrast with the mad and blind rushing ahead which ends in the ditch. There is nothing of the rest-and-be-thankful attitude in Gov. Hughes. He would vie with the next man in maintaining that there are great problems in connection with corporation control which the country is bound to attack. The difference is that he would do it without haste or passion, and by bringing to bear the best collective judgment of the nation.

If the people are indeed returning to reason, it is not strange that they are casting about for a reasonable man. Hence the force in the contention that the elections of last week, with their rebuke to agitators and hot-heads, have greatly increased Gov. Hughes's chances of being nominated for the Presidency.

THE TARIFF ON PAPER.

That the President would sympathize with the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in its appeal for the abolition of the tariff on press paper, wood-pulp, and all the wood that goes into the manufacture of paper, was to be expected. Perhaps something of Theodore Roosevelt the free-trader of bygone days stirred anew in the Presidential breast. Besides, he would be a rare politician who in these days should be adamant to the wails of a united and suffering press. And so the President has promised not only to recommend in his annual message to Congress the abolition of the oppressive tariffs, but also to urge the Department of Justice to ascertain if the paper manufacturers are violating the anti-Trust laws.

Whether the President was able to control his risibles at the spectacle of representatives of the most determined "stand-pat" newspapers demanding free trade in paper, while insisting that not another hair on the hoary tariff head should be touched, is not reported. But his sense of humor makes it impossible that he should have failed to appreciate the joke. He is, of course, fully aware that in the new Congress his recommendation will fall on deaf ears. His political legatee, Secretary Taft, has given reasons why there should be no tariff changes until after the Presidential election. These every "standpatter" who wishes to keep the tariff on paper can cite as having been directly inspired from the White House. But it is not only the approach of the election which will block the way to this desirable legislation; the representatives of the publishers will speedily learn that to make a single change in the tariff now may endanger the entire structure. Senator Burrows, for instance, lamented with all solemnity the other day the inability of his party to alter certain schedules obviously too high until it could go over the whole tariff. Two years hence, however, when the general overhauling will be in order, dozens of statesmen will rise to urge that tariff readjustment, if any, be made by changing only one schedule at a time. By such tactics, revision may be postponed till the Greek kalends.

If the Republican party really wanted to end a flagrant wrong, this would be its opportunity. Gladstone attacked the same problem in England in 1860, in the face of great opposition. Conservatives the country over rose in arms at the suggestion of free paper. It would flood the country with cheap and pernicious newspapers; it meant the establishment

of a "daily propaganda of socialism, communism, red republicanism, blasphemy, bad spelling, and general immorality." The House of Lords voted down the bill abolishing the tax—but to its cost. Within a year, Mr. Gladstone had retaliated in a way which has ever since tied the hands of the Lords in matters of finance and taxation. He adopted the simple expedient of sending to the Lords in one bill all measures affecting supply and revenue; "which," as Mr. Gladstone said, "we knew the Lords would not dare to throw out." The Republican party could find the way quickly enough to repeal our own "tax on intelligence," as Mr. Gladstone termed it, did its masters only permit. But those protected interests which cowed the valiant President Roosevelt into suppressing his tariff reform message are the persons whose word is law—not their puppets in Congress.

So far as the Paper Trust is concerned, the Department of Justice, if it conducts its investigation with care, will, we believe, find much of interest besides recent disregard of a Federal Court's orders. The Trust asserts that it owns only two Canadian mills, but a reputable Boston publisher who tried lately to obtain his supply from Canada suddenly found that, after he had made all arrangements, the mill was unable to do the work. Subsequently, an agent of the Trust appeared in his office and recounted to him every step in his negotiations with the Canadian mill, and then laughed at his failure to break away from the Trust.

On the other hand, the International Paper Company insists that the raising of prices is due to the growing scarcity of material. Its net earnings have steadily decreased from $2,138,117.31 in 1905 to $1,985,540.96 in 1906 and $1,623.616.48 in 1907. Furthermore, it has been forced to sell six million dollars' worth of bonds during the last four years to provide for new timber lands, pay for alterations, renewals, etc. The stockholders, therefore, cannot be said to profit by the increased price of the product.

But, in spite of this plea of poverty, the fact seems to be that the Trust is dumping paper abroad at a lower figure than it obtains here. After the Trust was organized, our exports of paper were doubled within three years. The value of the exports in 1906 was $9,536,-065, and the paper was sold in England at less than two cents per pound, as compared with something less than three cents in this country. If the scarcity of wood-pulp is the real reason for the rise in price, the Trust ought to be the first to ask for a lowering of the duty, for there is abundant wood for pulp in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. And, quite aside from the question of paper, the senseless deforestation of much of this country has made all lumber scarce and costly. Hence, if the Republican party were really as concerned for the pocket of the workingman as it pretends to be for the condition of his dinner pail, it would make the repeal of the tariff on lumber a matter second only in importance to a readjustment of our inflexible currency. From one point of view, the sufferings of the publishers may accomplish some good. President Hayes used to tell the story of how the tragic recapture of a slave in the street in which he lived had made of every man in it a foe of slavery. "Hereafter, Mr. Hayes," said one of his pro-slavery neighbors, "I shall be not only a black Republican, but a *damned Abolitionist*." We hope that, so far as the tariff is concerned, the present object-lesson will make all newspaper publishers damned abolitionists.

FRANCHISE BARGAINING.

It is an interesting fact that the realization of what a city is able to obtain by skilful bargaining with a public-service corporation has come about during the very years when the advocates of complete municipalization have been most eloquent over the peculiar advantages of their own plan. The results that have actually been secured by negotiation are on record for the guidance of the cities which sooner or later will have to approach the same questions. Though it is too early to attempt a final judgment, recent experience teaches that the average municipality is in a much better position for dealing with its public utilities than was formerly supposed.

No party to a bargain or a controversy could possibly have made a worse start in this respect than did the average city. Municipal ownership advocates are in the habit of speaking rather disrespectfully of the United States Supreme Court's decision in the Dartmouth College case, on which franchise properties are so largely based. "Reasonable legislation," says Frederick C. Howe in one of his books, "would have created a license, revocable at the will of the granting authority, but subject to compensation by the community for the actual investment made by the company. Such is the title enjoyed by other wealth." Be that as it may, "reasonable legislation" had extremely little to do with the early treatment of public-service companies. Some most enlightened franchise ordinances were passed at very early dates, to be sure. The first franchise ever granted in Chicago, for example, safeguarded the city's interests so well that no capitalist ever built a road under it. But, in general, where the desire of a community to get the benefit of the new and wonderful urban conveniences would not give the exploiters of these conveniences what they wanted, bribery would. This method of corruption did more than create powerful material monopolies; it created an attitude of mind on both sides unfavorable to the public interest. It was expressed in the attitude of a street-railroad official who once remarked that "the first man who accepted a limited franchise deserved to be shot."

Yet, as it has turned out, the possession of long-term or even perpetual franchises does not make a corporation invulnerable. So long as communities grow, neighborhoods change, and invention progresses, public-service corporations have to seek new licenses and privileges, and every application for extension or modification of the old conditions is a weapon in the city's hands. Perhaps a traction company wants to lay its tracks across a new bridge, or an electric company to build new conduits. A city often can make a better bargain by securing favorable changes in former grants than by exacting compensation in money. There have even been cases, we believe, in which companies that had secured perpetual, irrevocable franchises in horse-car and cable days, could have been made to capitulate before being allowed to use electric power.

Concrete instances of recent date show the great strategic importance, so to put it, of these supplementary or expiring grants. Chicago contended for years against traction companies to which the Illinois Legislature had granted in 1865 ninety-nine-year extensions of all franchises. The city never recognized the validity of the act, but even when the companies were insisting most stoutly on their rights, no one supposed for a moment that, because of them, a settlement of the burning question was to be deferred till 1964. The city made the relinquishment of these ninety-nine-year rights a condition in each of the many solutions proposed from the mayoralty of the first Carter Harrison to that of Dunne. Though in the end these always dubious rights were disposed of by a Supreme Court decision, there is no practical doubt that the companies would have had to waive them soon in any event, if the city continued firm. Cleveland, at the present time, illustrates the same condition. There the old company, with absolutely unassailable 5-cent-fare franchises on three-quarters of its lines, with from ten to twenty years still to run, was ready to surrender all of them if it could get a new twenty-year franchise that would keep its system complete even at a 3½-cent fare. Detroit and some other Western cities, we believe, have secured almost as favorable arrangements for themselves by making their companies bid for privileges which, if not absolutely indispensable, were at least extremely important to the operation of their systems.

Allusion has been made above to the unfortunate atmosphere that used to surround all franchise discussions. The

corporations' own sublime belief in their right to extraordinary and continued privileges communicated itself to some extent throughout our society. It helped to make ordinary citizens indifferent, and officials complaisant and venal. Even the most casual observer must have noticed the change in the attitude of both the corporations and the public. The Chicago telephone franchise, for example, is regarded as more favorable to subscribers than any other in the country. It provides for an amount of public regulation that would have been looked upon as remarkable a few years ago. Yet even that franchise is under attack now on the ground that it was practically drawn by the company itself, and that the city ought to have done better still. The same point was made in Cleveland. Mr. Burton was attacked as the traction company's candidate, though his programme would have brought the city better terms than any other has to-day. Mayor Johnson expects to get still better conditions within a month. Nor are Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago in possession of any magical secrets for corporation taming. Though they began better than New York or Philadelphia, they have only been using in these later stages of development the advantages which time will put in the hands of every city.

THE THIRD DUMA.

The results of the Russian elections, which are now nearly completed, show, on the face of the returns, an almost absolute majority for the Reactionaries in the new Duma. So confident are the Monarchist, or True Russian leaders, as they call themselves, or the Black Hundred, as they continue to be called by their opponents, that they have publicly announced their intention of proceeding to St. Petersburg, merely to aid a benevolent Czar in tiding over the present crisis, and then to bring about their own permanent dissolution, leaving Holy Russia safe at rest once more under the cherishing wing of the autocracy. The Empire has evidently travelled fast and far in the two years since the publication of the October manifesto, which gave to Russia its "Constitution." At that time the world saw an absolutist government in full panic, a people roused to the wildest expectations of political and social reform, the bureaucracy more than ready to go over to the masses, the nationalities within the Empire advancing more or less openly bold projects of autonomy or separation—Russia, in short, passing inevitably, it seemed, into revolution and dissolution. To-day, reaction feels itself firmly seated in the saddle, quite free from panic, audacious enough openly to violate its solemn pledges, and seemingly preparing, with supreme irony, to turn the Duma, created as an instrument for the regeneration of Russia, into a weapon for Russia's undoing.

This is the obviously dark side of the situation. The optimist, to make out his case, would argue somewhat on the following lines: The ascendency of the absolutist party in the new Duma is by no means a determined fact. The Reactionaries do not quite number one-half of the total membership, and they may be held in check by a combination of the two other great parties, the Octobrists, or Moderate Right, and the Constitutional Democrats; the Left is regarded as insignificant in the third Duma. Such a combination between the two parties which stand for the maintenance of the rights acquired under the Constitution of October 30, 1905, may possibly be brought about by the very excesses of the reactionary element; that something like coalition against the absolutists is already under way is reported in recent dispatches. In addition, it is the fact that most of the statesmanship and eloquence in the coming Duma will be found on the side of the anti-absolutists. The Octobrists and the Constitutional Democrats have succeeded in returning some of their most prominent leaders in the previous parliaments, and a notable gain is to be recorded in the election of Mr. Milyukoff, the virtual leader of the Constitutional Democrats, whom the government kept out of the first and second Dumas. Mr. Milyukoff's talent for organizing parliamentary majorities may again come into play, and a "Constitutional" *bloc* obtain control of the Duma.

But even if a fairly Liberal majority should get the upper hand, the question still remains, What can the new Duma hope to accomplish? That it will once more attempt to deal with the great problems which brought about the two former dissolutions is quite improbable. Political amnesty, ministerial responsibility, a thoroughgoing agrarian law—on these the government spoke with finality when it was faced by hostile radical Dumas; and, naturally, it will not bear contradiction now when it has the power. The Duma, at the present time, is in a position to do only what the government will allow. Should the autocracy decide upon sweeping aside all remnants of the Constitution by formally abolishing the Duma, it is strong enough, for the present, to do so. It need not fear an increase of resentment among the ranks of the radical masses, because there the government's course up to now has already created a maximum of irreconcilable hatred.

That the Czar and his ministers, however, will not go to the extreme of abolishing the Duma, is a practical certainty; for a distinction must be drawn, to some extent, between the government and its mob of fanatical supporters in the new Duma. The latter, like every parliamentary mob chosen in a period of reaction, is anxious only to please the powers in control, by foaming loyalty at the mouth, oblivious of consequences beyond a single parliamentary session. A government, even if it be the Russian government, cannot but have an eye to the near future, and that future is by no means an unclouded one for the autocracy. The Czar's government, therefore, now that it has a Duma it can control, will most probably allow it to perform the strictly salutary functions of "adviser" to an omnipotent autocracy, a function contemplated in the original manifesto of August 19, 1905.

What can the Liberal parties, under such circumstances, hope to accomplish? The Constitutional Democrats will probably decide to swallow the bitter pill, to accept the inevitable, and set to work to save what can be saved out of the wreck of Constitutional rights, in the hope of winning back little by little that complete charter of liberties which Russia enjoyed for two or three days after the thirtieth of October of two years ago. But a conciliatory policy on the part of the Constitutional Democrats would be more than playing for small concessions; it would be gaining time and opportunity for the recuperation of the working classes, whose efforts during the last two years have exhausted them, but without whose active participation, events have shown, there can be no real progress in Russia. The revolutionary leaders must reorganize their scattered forces, reëstablish discipline, and gather munitions of war before another upheaval like that of 1905 can be expected. Till then the Liberals in the Duma, acting as a rearguard, will probably try to save what they can out of the rout.

POPULARIZING THE BIBLE.

In the present effort to quicken interest in the Bible and increase the number of its readers, the argument commonly advanced is that the Bible is very entertaining. This, indeed, is the inference from the title of Senator Beveridge's last book, "The Bible as Good Reading." A generation or two ago there was no attempt to sugar-coat the pill. The Bible was the Bible, the inspired word of God and the one key to Heaven. Thus it was that children of five sat down dutifully to their chapter a day—long or short, rain or shine. The question whether you enjoyed the Bible was entirely irrelevant; you were not expected to enjoy it. The reading was as inevitable a part of daily routine as going to school, chopping kindlings, or washing your face. But as the dogma of verbal inspiration has lost its hold, as the belief has spread that the future of your immortal soul does not depend directly upon your knowledge of

the Bible, and as learned critics have advanced the opinion that the Bible is merely one of many edifying books, the impelling motive for reading it has weakened. It must take its chances in competition with thousands of other more or less attractive books, with the newspapers and the illustrated magazines. These causes, we take it, fairly explain that deepening ignorance of the Bible which clergymen and also teachers of English so loudly lament.

To be sure, the higher critics eagerly assure us that the Bible contains some of the best literature in the world. This is the view which Matthew Arnold urged more than thirty years ago in "Literature and Dogma." Rejecting much of the current theology of his day, he maintained that the Bible must be approached from the point of view of culture. He insisted, as he says, on "the case for letters"; for by this means, he thought, "much fruit may be got out of the Bible." And this has been the attitude of many later writers. But, unfortunately, you cannot persuade people that culture will save them from the pains of hell; and thus it is that millions of amiable men and women care nothing about culture, and calmly neglect the Bible and all other great masterpieces of literature in order to read the last popular novel, the "storyettes" in the monthlies, and the vulgarities of the Sunday newspapers. Then, too, the Bible, regarded merely as literature, has suffered because many people have practically held to that motto which Mr. Arnold described as so ingeniously absurd, "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible!" We have handed the whole Bible to our children, told them that it contains the most entertaining stories, like those about Joseph and his brethren and about Samson, and have then been surprised to see the book laid aside in half an hour. The truth is that, compared with the total bulk of the Bible, the amount of matter that is entertaining to the average child is relatively small; and the amount that is of the highest literary value is also small. A child cannot read the Bible for an hour without running upon some pretty dull passages; and adults who do not read primarily for religious instruction agree in testifying that the Bible can be enjoyed only by one who knows how to skip.

The case of the children was long ago recognized by publishers of books in which the Bible stories are retold—often in words of one syllable. But to read those was not to read the Bible itself; and the literary style of these books was often extremely crude. A distinct improvement on this method was shown in the volume entitled "The Bible for Children," arranged from the King James Version by Mrs. Joseph B. Gilder, and published by the Century Company in 1902. In the introduction to this excellent anthology Bishop Potter himself says:

> Not all of the Bible is of equal worth and pertinency; not all of it is of equal interest or utility. The old tradition that to read it through, mechanically and indiscriminatingly, two or three times a year, had of itself some occult and mysterious potency, has come to be recognized as belonging to the kindred tradition that soldiers' lives have been saved by a New Testament carried in the left breast pocket, because it was a Testament; whereas any other volume carried in the same place would have stopped the bullet quite as effectually.

Of course, the notion of making anthologies of this kind is not exactly new. The Psalms, the Epistles, and the Gospels in the Book of Common Prayer form a small but admirable anthology. The American Bible Society itself has printed in separate volumes not only the New Testament, but the Psalms and other portions for which there is special demand. But the importance, indeed the necessity, of presenting the Bible by selections is, we are glad to observe, becoming more generally understood. This autumn, for example, we have two volumes in apparent response to a growing demand: "The Soul of the Bible," made up of passages chosen by Ulysses G. B. Pierce, and published by the American Unitarian Association; and "The Literary Man's Bible" (Chapman & Hall), prepared by W. L. Courtney, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Courtney, in his preface, frankly avows the purpose of securing for the literary parts of the Bible a heartier appreciation:

> When so many people seemed to imagine that the Bible had nothing to do with literature, it appeared to me not an unprofitable task to attempt to prove that the Bible contains literary elements of priceless merit.

To such treatment the Bible lends itself admirably. It is not a unit: it is a collection of Hebrew prose and poetry; and the most pious and orthodox Christian cannot object to a volume of selections which shall give wider currency to the best of it.

For the shortcomings of the rising generation in Biblical knowledge are a topic of perennial discussion, here and in England. France, too, echoes the complaint. Not long ago, in *Figaro*, Marcel Prévost complained in an *obiter dictum* that "the children of the primary school to-day no longer learn the sacred history; they are ignorant for the most part of the beautiful story of Joseph sold by his brethren, of the Queen of Sheba, and of the war of the Maccabees." With that sentence as text, E. M. de Vogüé has written for *Figaro* a leading article in which he points out that the philosophies, the literatures, the arts, and the languages themselves of Western civilization have been nourished (*alimenté*) in large part from the Bible. The Biblical tradition impregnates all our fashions of thinking and speaking. A man totally unacquainted with the sacred history would go through the world as if deaf or blind. A people which loses familiarity with the Bible is exiled from its spiritual and intellectual fatherland, and becomes a tribe of outlaws. To these sentiments men of all creeds or no creed can subscribe. All inheritors of that great treasure, the King James Version, must welcome any anthology that may make the vital parts of it more accessible and popular.

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP AGAIN.

A storm that has been brewing for some time seems likely to break soon upon the devoted head of George Alexander Redford, the British dramatic censor, or, to give him his legal title, Examiner of Plays. A committee of dramatists, belonging chiefly to what is generally but rather vaguely described as the advanced school, and other interested persons, is in process of formation, with a view to securing either the abolition of his office or a limitation of its authority. It is to be noted, however, that the movement, though not uninfluential, appears to be founded upon a sense of private injury, rather than upon any general public demand.

The immediate cause of it is the veto which Mr. Redford has put upon the production of two plays, one, "The Breaking Point," by Edward Garnett, son of the late Dr. Richard Garnett, of British Museum fame, and the other, "Waste," by Granville Barker, one of the most active and successful champions of the intellectual and imaginative theatre. Of the latter piece not much is yet publicly known, but Mr. Garnett's play has been published, and few unprejudiced readers will deem its exclusion from the stage an outrage. It is not immoral, but it is uselessly and unnecessarily crude in its references, unpleasant and improbable in its theme, and unnatural in its treatment. In this one instance, then, the censor can make out a good case in his own defence. He has not burked a masterpiece or eclipsed the gayety of nations, but the justice or injustice of a single decision on his part is, of course, an insignificant matter compared with the general question of the utility, the necessity, or the extent of his jurisdiction. And now that the English-speaking theatre, owing to the syndicate system, is rapidly becoming an international institution, the question is one that is not without interest on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Garnett, who is organizing the assault upon the censor, bases his indictment upon several "axioms." Among them are the following: (1) That it is not his function to suppress works of art, (2) that his sole function is to pre-

vent "gross or prurient indecency," (3) that it is not his business to suppress intellectual plays criticising contemporary life or introducing new moral teaching. There are others, but these three will suffice; and, if the second is sound, manifestly two of them are superfluous. The first point to decide is what constitutes gross and prurient indecency. If this phrase is to be construed exactly, it can only mean acted obscenity, and that is a matter amply provided for by police regulations, and no specially qualified censor is needed. But the real danger to be guarded against, of course, is veiled indecency, the artful suggestion that puts a gloss upon vice, disguises vile and morbid passion in specious and alluring form, confuses right and wrong, and, under the pretence of serving truth or revealing beauty, panders to the lower instincts.

Nobody can deny that there is a large amount of such insidious poison in the modern European drama, or assert that it is either profitable or healthful for a mixed audience. Whether it might be instructive and inspiring to an assemblage of assorted specialists is another matter. To the young of both sexes, it is beyond all question highly demoralizing. The question then arises whether it is wiser, in a community which professes to set some store upon training and example, to give dramatists a free hand in dealing with such material, without reference either to manner or motive, expecting the consumers to provide their own antidote, or to subject them to some sort of regulation. If the latter plan be adopted, it is clear that the regulating authority ought to be endowed with a much larger share of wisdom and discretion than could reasonably be looked for in the average police officer. It is upon this theory, presumably, that the British censorship is still maintained, now that the original political significance of the office has practically disappeared.

That some kind of theatrical supervision and control is desirable, in the interests of literary and dramatic art, as well as of good morals, most reflecting persons will agree. The great difficulty lies in the selection of a competent tribunal, one that could not be suspected of bigotry, prejudice, favoritism, prudery, or excessive liberality. That the public feel instinctively the need of some such institution is possibly shown by the development of the unofficial guild of dramatic critics. These gentlemen might constitute a potent censorship, if their numbers, and the lack of recognized standards, did not preclude the possibility of their agreement. Experience seems to prove that the only practical censorship must consist of one man, or a very small commission. With us, the problem would be to keep it free from political and other malign influences; but there would be an abundance of work for it to do, if only in the suppression of the host of cheap and pestilential melodramas with which the whole country is overrun, and the posters of which are often a disgrace to our civilization.

Against Mr. Redford's integrity there has been no breath of suspicion. Only his judgment is impugned. Doubtless, he has made some mistakes, but he will not lack for sympathizers in his view that Tolstoy's "Powers of Darkness," Ibsen's "Ghosts," Brieux's "Maternité," Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "The Breaking Point," however benevolent they may be in purpose, contain matter that is unsuitable for popular entertainment. Mr. Garnett and some of his associates are quite sincere, doubtless, in their indignation and protestations; but there is a vast amount of hypocrisy beneath the pretended zeal of many of the advocates of the advanced drama. It is the prospect of financial gain, rather than any worship of art or intellect, that is too often the true incentive. There is a market for the abnormal and the lewd. Mr. Redford has been fighting honestly and courageously, if not always wisely, in behalf of that decent reticence which is an essential characteristic of the best art and good manners. Unfortunately, he cannot kill a rank play without advertising it—a fact of which American managers take prompt advantage. But if his censorship is ineffective here, that is not his fault.

A DISCOVERY OF JEWISH REMAINS IN EGYPT.

PARIS, November 1.

Prof. Charles Clermont-Ganneau, of the Collège de France, publishes a lengthy description of the striking results of recent excavations in the island of Elephantine. They prove the existence of a Jewish temple of Jehovah in that place under the twenty-seventh dynasty (from Persia), with remains from the reigns of Xerxes, Artaxerxes, Darius Nothus, and the second Artaxerxes. They furnish names already known from the Bible, and one mentioned by Josephus.

It will be remembered that M. Clermont-Ganneau's career in Semitic epigraphy began with his discovery of the Moabite Stone in 1870, when he was dragoman of the French consulate at Jerusalem. In spite of the opposition of Semitic scholars of the old school, and of certain hasty conclusions of his own, his wide knowledge of Semitic remains and inscriptions, and his detection of recurring archæological frauds won for him final recognition. The French government and university long since bestowed on him their confidence and highest honors. Several years ago he came into conflict with the authorized scholarship of the day concerning the precise epoch of the ten or so Aramæan texts, which so far comprised all that had been discovered of Semitic origin in the papyrus fragments. These were commonly attributed to the Greek period of the Ptolemies. M. Clermont-Ganneau placed them much farther back—during the Persian domination over Egypt. His conjecture was verified by successive discoveries of other Aramæan inscriptions explicitly dated from the years of the Persian reigns. A final papyrus (of the Strasburg library) proved under his skilful interpretation, where the German, Prof. Julius Euting, had failed, to be a petition of non-Egyptians against the priests of the god Chnemu of Elephantine. With his usual alertness M. Clermont-Ganneau decided that the petitioners must have been Jews of the exile; but he was unable to obtain government aid to verify his guess by new excavations.

In 1904 the natives, while extracting ammoniacal earth from the ruins, came on ten still perfect papyrus rolls, which were afterwards published by A. E. Cowley of Oxford. These consisted of notarial acts concerning Jewish inhabitants of Elephantine and the city of Syene, with concordant dates of the Aramæan and Egyptian calendars for a period of sixty years (between 470 and 410 B. C.). The oaths were in the name of Jehovah, God of Israel, and —what was most surprising—his sanctuary was shown not to be a mere synagogue, but a veritable temple with sacrifices quite as in the now ruined, but still exclusive temple of Jerusalem. "This was enough to make, perhaps did make Jeremiah howl," says M. Clermont-Ganneau. Thus accredited, he was sent last year by the Académie des Inscriptions on a mission of scientific excavation.

During four months, beginning with November, 1906, aided by M. Clédat, his oldest pupil, he used the funds supplied by Edmond de Rothschild in searching for this Jewish temple. A German mission had already preoccupied the greater part of the ground. A happy chance, in the part of the island which was left to them, directed the French diggers, after more than two months with none but Greek and Egyptian finds, to the very heart of the Jewish quarter. They soon came on quantities of ostraca bearing Aramæan inscriptions on both sides. These have not yet been completely deciphered; but enough is already known to disclose that they are of the same time, writing, and language as the previous papyrus. They contain among other matters of daily life a quite new form of the name Jehovah. The French excavations were stopped by the heat in April last, but are now to be renewed with the firm determination to resolve this mystery of the unknown temple.

Meanwhile, Herr Rubensohn of the German mission had found new papyrus fragments with important Aramæan inscriptions, of three of which a first interpretation has just been made by Prof. Eduard Sachau of Berlin. The first more than confirms all the conjectures of M. Clermont-Ganneau and starts up any number of questions in Jewish history and religion. It is a petition, dated from the seventeenth year of the reign of Darius Nothus, and addressed to Bagohi (the Bogoas of Josephus), Persian governor of Jerusalem, by Jedoniah and his fellow priests of Elephantine. It complains that their temple, built by their fathers to the "God of heaven," had been pillaged and destroyed by the manœuvres of the priests of the god Chnemu. Even Cambyses, they say, respected this temple when he de-

stroyed those of the Egyptians. It was of cut stone, with seven monumental doors, stone columns and a cedar roof; and the sacred vessels were of gold and silver. Reference is made to a previous petition, which had also been sent to Yehohanan (Johanan), high priest at Jerusalem, to his brother Ostan Anani (Hanani), and separately to the sons of Sanaballat, governor of Samaria. These names, with that of Shelemiah, occur in the book of Nehemiah. The third papyrus shows that the petition for rebuilding their temple had been granted.

Prof. Clermont-Ganneau, with the vivacity which age and controversy have not quenched, adds:

Who knows? Our picks may yet discover, laid away in some secret "geniza," a copy of the sacred book which was used in the ceremonies of worship—a Bible anterior by five centuries to Jesus Christ!

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Led by personal interest first incited by a visit to the Bermudas and his own efforts to trace material printed about them, George Watson Cole has for several years been contributing to the *Bulletin of Bibliography* a series of Notes on Bermuda Bibliography. These have now been reprinted "for the author" under the title "Bermuda in Periodical Literature," a well-made book of nearly three hundred pages. The editor points out in his Preface that by far the larger part of what has been written concerning Bermuda has appeared in periodicals or in transactions of learned societies; and, while the 1382 items recorded include a number of books, most of them relate to such scattered articles. Mr. Cole's work is much more than would be expected from the title. Almost every entry is followed by a note of explanation or an extract from the article itself, and some of these are interesting reading. The Index is elaborate, and contains authors' names, places, and scientific and common names of plants and animals. Three hundred and fifty copies have been printed, of which fifty are on large paper. The volume is illustrated with facsimiles of title-pages of eight of the earliest and rarest books referring to Bermuda, and a photogravure portrait of the author.

Albert Matthews has been making a careful study of early Boston newspapers, and the result of his investigations, published by the Colonial Society of Massachusetts as the third part of its important check-list and collations of issues, has also been issued separately with the title "Bibliographical Notes on Boston Newspapers 1704-1780." It is filled with interesting notes and extracts. The first attempt at a newspaper to be printed in America was a sheet, which appeared in Boston in the autumn of 1690, having the title *Publick Occurrences Both Foreign and Domestick.* It was immediately suppressed by the authorities, only one number, that for September 25, being issued, and of that number the only specimen known is in the Public Record Office, London. The next attempt was more successful: the *Boston News-Letter* began April 24, 1704, and lasted with frequent change of name and of publisher until 1769. Its first publisher was John Campbell, postmaster of Boston; and it is a curious fact that for fifty years, 1704 to 1754, every postmaster of the city was also the publisher of a newspaper. The second Boston newspaper, the Boston *Gazette,* was begun in 1719, by William Brooker, Campbell's successor in the post office. The third Boston newspaper, the *New England Courant,* is of more interest, on account of Benjamin Franklin's connection with it. Its publication was begun by James Franklin on August 7, 1721. Owing to its frequent criticism of government affairs and freedom of speech on religious and other subjects, the General Court ordered in January, 1723, that James Franklin "be strictly forbidden . . . to Print or Publish the *New England Courant* or any Pamphlet or Paper of the Like Nature, except it be first supervised by the Secretary of this Province." The number for February 11, 1723, contained a notice beginning:

The late publisher of this Paper, finding so many inconveniences would arise by his carrying the Manuscripts and public News to be supervis'd by the Secretary, as to render his carrying it on unprofitable, has intierely dropt the Undertaking. The present Publisher having receiv'd the following Piece, etc.

The "Present Publisher" was Benjamin Franklin, James's younger brother, then a boy of seventeen; and the paper appeared over his name for several months, or until he ran away to New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Matthews's summary shows that between 1704 and 1780 no less than 13,680 issues of various newspapers appeared in Boston. Of about 10 per cent. of these no copies are now known to exist. Of the others almost all are to be found in one or another of the great Boston libraries (the Public, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Athenæum), or in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. But of some numbers the only known copies are in the Lenox or New York Historical Society libraries in New York or in the library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, which is especially rich in files of colonial newspapers.

Reports have been received by cable of the prices paid for some of the rarest items of Americana in the sale of the books of the Earl of Sheffield at Sotheby's in London, November 4 and 5. Daniel Denton's "Brief Description of New-York, formerly called New-Netherlands," 1670, a fine copy with the date, brought £350. The record is £400, paid for Lord Ashburton's copy in 1900. Edward Winslow's "Good Newes from New England," 1624, brought £250 (the Ashburton copy, £240 in 1900); and Higginson's "New England's Plantation," 1630, the second edition, but containing more matter than the first, published the same year, £100. "A True Relation of the late Battell fought in New England, between the English and the Pequet Salvages," by Philip Vincent, 1638, the second edition, went for £83; and Underhill's "Newes from America," 1638, the second of the contemporary printed accounts of the Pequot war, a fine copy, with the rare folding "figure of the Indian Fort or Palizado," £245. We know of no previous sale at auction of a copy with the plan. A pamphlet of four leaves, "Strange News from Virginia; being a full and true account of the Life and Death of Nathaniel Bacon," 1677, was bid up to £99.

Correspondence.

WORDSWORTH AND GAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of the cardinal principles of Wordsworth's poetical creed was detestation of the poets who looked to Pope as master. Of these none stood closer to Pope than John Gay. This fact may lend interest to the following literary parallel.

In Wordsworth's "To a Skylark," published in 1827, occur the following lines (3-6):

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst *drop into* at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

A hundred years earlier, in Gay's well-known ballad, "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan," stanza iii. contains the following lines:

So the sweet lark, high-poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear),
And *drops at once into her nest.*

The verbal correspondence may be only a coincidence; but Gay's description of the lark certainly shows "the eye on the object" quite as surely as does Wordsworth's.

Frank H. Chase.

Beloit College, October 26.

THE "PUBLIUS" LETTERS ATTACKING SAMUEL CHASE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: More than twenty years ago (in 1886) I pointed out that the letters of Hamilton, signed "Publius" and printed in 1778, were directed against Samuel Chase, a member of the Continental Congress from Maryland, who had used information gained in Congress to speculate on the army's need for flour. The evidence on this matter was summarized in the New York *Evening Post,* November 1, 1886. Bernard C. Steiner, in his "Life and Correspondence of James McHenry" (Burrows Bros. Co.), gives a foot-note to the effect that in January, 1782, McHenry wrote to Hamilton and Edward Giles "refusing to tell the name of Publius, but adding that he would send Publius, who is not an inhabitant of the State, the proceedings of the House of Delegates in the case of Cadwalader against Chase, and will tell Publius's name only in case he is willing to retract." But Mr. Steiner apparently was not aware of the identity of Publius, or of the controversy involved. I have just found in the Hamilton manuscripts a draft of a letter, evidently written to McHenry, and adding one more item to the history of this abuse of his position by a member of Congress. This draft must have been known to the editors of Hamilton's writings, but was omitted because of the difficulty of knowing who C——e represented. Now that the occasion of the letter is known, it becomes an interesting and characteristic expression of feeling on the part of Hamilton.

Worthington C. Ford.

Washington, November 1.

I am much obliged to you for the papers you transmitted me on the subject of Mr. C——c. Nothing gives me greater pleasure

on all occasions than to see suspected and injured innocence vindicated, nor would any person more chearfully retract an ill-founded accusation, on conviction of its error, than myself. You know the motives and the grounds of my charges against Mr. C——e, at a period fertile in practices as pernicious as basc. You know that *I can have no* personal enmity for him, and that considcrations of public good alone dictated my attack upon his conduct and character, influencod by a persuasion produced by the strongest authorities, that he was acting a part inconsistent with patriotism or honor. You are not less convinced, that if the evidence of his innocence ballanced in my mind that of his guilt, I could not refuse it to my own feelings, to make him the most explicit and complete retribution. But hitherto, it is impossible that this can be the case. My witness, one of them is entirely out of my reach, the other too remote to enable me to have yet known what he may have to oppose to the late transactions in Mr. C——e's favour. The informations of both were too positive, their characters are too respectable to permit me lightly to relinquish the impressions of their testimony. I have too often seen public assemblies acquit guilt from prepossession, party spirit, want of formality or certainty (though there has been the greatest probability) in the evidence, to allow myself to regard the determination of your's as conclusive. I respect however the decision of such a body too much not to be induced by it to *doubt* and *examine*. This I shall do and govern myself by the result.

As to the discovery of my name, demanded with such preposterous vehemence, by a volunteer in the dispute, I conceive myself under no obligation to make it; especially to a person uninterested in the matter. I have esteemed Major Giles's character, and am sorry for his sake that he has so indelicately entered the lists; and made himself, not only the champion of Mr. Ch—e's innocence in the present case, but of his virtues in general, certainly at best equivocal, in spite of the Major's panygerics. He should have recollected, that by an alliance with his family, he did not ally himself with his principles; and that he degrades Mr. Ch—e, as well as commits himself by unnecessarily taking up the glove for him. I attribute it however to an imprudent generosity of temper, and forbear any strictures that may wound him. You, sir, who are acquainted with me must be convinced that an apprehension of his, or any man's resentment is a motive incapable of operating upon me, or having the least share either in the concealment of my name or in the moderate return I make to his invictives.

I have the honor, &c.

Feby. 26, '82.

THE REPUBLICATION OF OLMSTED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Notice of the republication of Mr. Olmsted's books, written before the war, on the condition of the slave States, lately appeared in the *Nation*. Remembering the interest excited by their first appearance fifty years ago, I have taken up and reread his "Seaboard Slave States." Indeed, I found it difficult to lay the book down until I had finished it. What a picture of States founded on slavery! Republication cannot but enable us to mark more clearly than at present the advances made under freedom, and to discount the opinions of those who even still strive to represent the relations of master and slave, as the only wise ones to subsist between the white and negro races. How interesting it would be if some capable writer as honest and fair-minded as Olmsted followed his wanderings, and enabled us actually to compare the present with the past. It might, indeed, pay an enterprising publisher to commission some competent person to the task.

Alfred Webb.

Dublin, October 28.

FRATERNITIES IN THE SMALL COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The proposal of President Wilson to substitute residential quadrangles for the familiar clubs at Princeton, calls attention once more to the recurring problem of the organization of undergraduate social life in American colleges. In spite of captious critics, it does not appear that those small colleges which have clung so tenaciously to the Greek letter fraternities have after all fared worse than those larger institutions, which in their wisdom abolished fraternities—and left the recalcitrant undergraduates to recombine in so-called dining clubs. Given the American youth and the American college with its strong insistence upon "all-round manhood" rather than scholarship, some sort of social grouping is inevitable. Now that the storms that beat upon college fraternities a quarter of a century ago have subsided, it is possible to measure with some degree of impartiality their worth or worthlessness. Not the least remarkable aspect of the present situation in those small colleges where fraternities have stood their ground, is the absence of the old town versus gown feeling. Nearly a score of years ago, the writer attended a town meeting in a college town in western Massachusetts, in which discussion turned upon a certain new chapter house. An irate citizen whose land abutted upon the fraternity grounds, and who had unpleasant prepossessions about his new neighbors, exclaimed, "I tell ye, I'd as soon have a nest of skunks in my cellar." It is the almost universal testimony of the older inhabitants of at least one old college town in New England, that the traces of original sin in the present undergraduate are far less conspicuous than before the régime of the chapter house. There is, indeed, strong reason to believe that the fraternities should be credited with some part in this regenerative process.

Among the older New England institutions, Bowdoin College presents an interesting example of the functioning of fraternities in the undergraduate life, since all but 9 per cent. of the students are members of one or another of the eight societies. All the fraternities now possess comfortable chapter houses, which occupy some of the most desirable sites in town. Their total valuation is put at $73,000, which yields the town taxes to the amount of $1,500. This, in a town which places a valuation of only about $3,600,000 upon all of its taxable property, is a very considerable sum. Ownership of property, with its attendant responsibilities, has unquestionably heightened the sense of corporate responsibility in the undergraduate members of these fraternities. So long as the student was an irresponsible tenant in a dreary dormitory he exhibited no concern about the property of either college or townspeople. Happy the householder who could keep a front gate on its hinges when the bonfires of victory were lighted. As landlord, the student views depredations upon private property with far different eyes. As a member of the commonalty, he has developed a rudimentary social consciousness.

Fraternity pride has contributed also to the social education of the undergraduate. A wholesome inter-fraternity rivalry has created conventional penalties for the particular society which sins. The consciousness that the fraternity may suffer from individual wrongdoing, is often an excellent deterrent. A wise administration has more than once made use of this *esprit de corps* to discipline flagrant offenders. Indeed, there have been instances where the fraternity has rendered most effective service to the college by itself taking the initiative in matters of social reform. Like the Anglo-Saxon *tithing*, the fraternity is in a sense pledged to the keeping of the peace.

Those who live in the immediate presence of fraternities and who witness daily and hourly the boyish, careless, undergraduate life, must needs shut their eyes to many on-goings, if these complacent reflections are not to be proved suppositions contrary to fact. The history of college fraternities is a series of lapses from grace, and of buoyant recoveries. The comforting and convincing fact is that recovery surely comes. In the long run, loyal alumni can be counted upon to apply the needed corrective, when a local chapter loses its standing.

But above all else, the fraternity stands for a phase of education which is often too lightly valued. It is the testimony of a mature observer, for many years a teacher in a technical school of national repute, that, other things being equal, the college graduate who comes to his technical courses comparatively late will, in the end, outstrip his schoolmate who lacks the academic training, in competition for positions requiring administrative talent. American society has come to put a high premium upon this peculiar talent. The ability to achieve desired ends, by sound judgment in the employment of human agents, may be a congenital gift, but it is surely fostered and brought to ripe maturity by contact with men. Membership in a college fraternity has often drawn men out of themselves, forced them to take the measure of their associates, and thrust responsibilities upon them. There is no better school for temper than the constant attrition which results from the close contacts within fraternities. Through his fraternity, if at all, the bookish youth is brought into touch with realities; in the give and take of intimate friendship, he may achieve self-mastery.

That there are real dangers from this remarkable growth of fraternities in the small college, no one will deny; but they are of a different sort from those which haunt the minds of parents. A not unfriendly critic once remarked, "You have eight colleges at Bowdoin." The menace of fraternities to the small college is the tendency to exalt the part at the expense of the whole, to transfer to the fraternity the allegiance which belongs to the college. Yet it is possible to exaggerate this tendency. Integrating influences are constantly operative. The diamond, the gridiron, and the gymnasium cannot be permanently dominated by cliques. Clubs innumerable draw undergraduates together in entire forgetfulness of fraternal bonds. Moreover, where the chapter houses offer accommoda-

tions to less than half the members, and where lower classmen for the most part are relegated to the dormitories, the dangers of divided allegiance are remote. Those who have observed the history of Greek letter fraternities in small colleges may regret many unhappy concomitants of the system; but were they asked to suggest a more effective organization of social life, they would postpone their decision.

ALLEN JOHNSON.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., October 23.

POWER OF THE YALE FACULTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article of mine in the October *Atlantic*, on "Externalism in American Universities," occurs the sentence:

Chiefly at Yale of all the leading universities is there some vestige of real power remaining to the faculty.

To those who have fuller personal acquaintance with the facts, the expression "some vestige of real power" has seemed entirely insufficient. And because of the importance of Yale's example, and to correct any wrong impression which my own statement may have given, I have asked the kind permission of Prof. E. P. Morris to quote from a letter which he has had the courteous interest to write me:

The printed constitution gives the professors in each department (Yale College, the Sheffield Scientific School, the Law School) the determination of the "permanent policy" of the department, subject to the concurrence of the President and to ratification by the Corporation. As interpreted by custom here, this means that the professors settle the course of study, fix standards and methods of instruction, adjust the relations between departments, and determine how much instruction is needed. In particular, we have by vote of the Corporation the right to nominate all officers of instruction, whether permanent or non-permanent, and in the case of appointments for a limited term we recommend the amount of the salary. We make out every year a budget of the expenses of instruction, we appoint and name our own committees, we make our own rules for the conduct of our business, and we elect our own dean.

In all these matters our action is subject to the concurrence of the President and the Corporation, but here custom supplements written law; the veto power of the President is very rarely used, and during the sixteen years that are within my personal knowledge the Corporation has not found it necessary to reject a nomination made by us.

This may not be an ideal constitution, but it seems to me to embody some sound principles. The Corporation, to whom the credit of shaping it belongs, has reserved to itself the management of the finances—the heaviest of the responsibilities—and the final decision in matters of importance, but has desired to divide the other responsibilities and to place them in the hands of those who can best meet them. Such a division of power is safe, I suppose, only where it is backed by a long tradition of independence and of friendly feeling; nothing prevents friction so well as a sense of common responsibility.

An authoritative statement of the extent of faculty power at Yale will certainly be appreciated by all to whom our academic constitutions are of interest, and who have been struck by the fact that the form of government in most of our colleges is so contrary to that of European universities generally, and in such contrast to the political forms which prevail with us.

GEORGE M. STRATTON.

The Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, November 5.

Notes.

Next week Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will have the following books ready: "Greece and the Ægean Islands," by Philip S. Marden"; "Memoirs of Monsieur Claude, Chief of the Police under the Second Empire," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; "Longfellow's Sonnets," edited by Ferris Greenslet; "Life of William Pitt Fessenden," by Francis Fessenden; "Federal Regulation of Railway Rates," by Albert N. Merritt; and the ninth volume of the Riverside edition of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Works.

Albert H. Smyth's edition of Franklin has been added to Macmillan's Eversley Series, in ten convenient and low-priced volumes.

Owen Wister's next book, to be published by the Macmillan Co., is "The Seven Ages of Washington," a study of the character of the first President and an estimate of his influence on the institutions of the country.

Henry Holt & Co. are publishing, in conjunction with Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons of London, "Shirley Brooks, of Punch: His Life, Letters, and Diaries," by George Somes Layard. Brooks was an attractive character, and his memoirs ought to be unusually interesting.

The English copyright on "Alice in Wonderland" expires this month, and cheap editions of the book are expected to invade England as they have already invaded this country. But the Tenniel illustrations are still under copyright.

T. Fisher Unwin publishes this month the first issue of the *International: a Review of the World's Progress*, edited by Dr. Rodolphe Broda of Paris. Dr. Broda has enrolled a permanent staff of correspondents all over the world to the number of about 250, who will contribute notes on political, economic, scientific, artistic, literary, and religious events. The review is published simultaneously in English, German, and French.

From John Lane Co. we have three copiously illustrated additions to the Spanish Series: "Toledo: An Historical and Descriptive Account," "Seville," and "Granada and the Alhambra," all by Albert F. Calvert. The illustration's frankly the thing. In each case a condensed and dry historical sketch is supplemented by a dash of guide-book; but it is the massed plates at the end which give to the books their peculiar value. The reproductions embrace not only natural scenery, with architectural and historical monuments, but paintings and endless details of building and ornamentation. Everything, in fact, is given except color. That is a necessary but grievous lack in Toledo, for example, where black and white can only suggest the real effect. One finds an occasional mistranslation—"gate" for *puerta* is awkward in the extreme, for the Cathedral—and there is at least one wrong label on a picture. But on the whole, there is little but praise for the plan and execution of these well-printed volumes. The plates are small in size, but clear, and will serve whether as material for study or as precious memoranda for the returned traveller.

The Johns Hopkins dissertation "Dares and Dictys" (Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co.), by Nathaniel Edward Griffin, is part of a larger work planned by the author. It consists almost entirely of a study of the origin of the "Ephemeris Belli Trolani" which goes under the name of Dictys of Crete. The unpublished section will conclude the discussion of this subject, and will deal also with the origin of the "De Excidio Troiæ" of Dares. By a curious coincidence the careful and elaborate argument which Dr. Griffin has presented in order to prove (what many scholars had already maintained) that the Latin "Ephemeris" of Dictys is really a translation from a lost Greek work was rendered unnecessary almost as soon as it appeared, by the publication of a substantial fragment of the actual Greek original in Part II. of the Tebtunis Papyri edited by Grenfell, Hunt, and Goodspeed. This fragment was found written on the back of a series of revenue returns dated in the year 206 A. D., and in the opinion of the editors is itself of about that date. As they remark, this puts back the date of composition of the Greek original to the second or, more probably, to the first century of the Christian era, so that "the traditional reference to the reign of Nero is no longer to be laughed out of court." This same discovery gives also the fullest confirmation to the contention of Dr. Griffin and others that the Byzantine historian, Johannes Malalas, drew directly from the Greek and not from the Latin version. Although the publication of the fragment has done away with the necessity for argument on the main proposition, one may still read with profit Dr. Griffin's discussion of the work of Dictys—especially as that work appears to have undergone different redactions in the centuries following its composition. Perhaps with the aid of the Greek fragment Dr. Griffin may be able to throw some light on this subject. A comparison with the Latin "Ephemeris" will be of particular interest, inasmuch as it was this version that influenced the writers of the mediæval romances concerning the legend of Troy.

Under the pseudonym of "Le petit homme rouge" an English journalist who has long been in close touch with French politics and literature publishes "Court Life of the Second French Empire" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Without containing anything very novel, the book gives a temperate and readable account of the working of the Court of Napoleon III., especially on the financial side, and deals with most of the personalities that composed it. The author is scrupulously fair to the Emperor, his knowledge of Paris is intimate, and his narrative is on the whole accurate.

Maeterlinck's essay on the signs of reasoning in plants gave its name, "L'Intelligence des Fleurs," to the collection of essays that, in the English translation, is entitled "The Measure of the Hours." It is now published separately under the title, "The Intelligence of the Flowers" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It is by far the most interesting of Maeterlinck's latest essays (which were reviewed in these columns June 13, 1907), and will be welcomed by many in its new dress. The translation is, as before, by A. T. de Mattos, and the

illustrations, a new feature, are from full-page photographs by A. L. Coburn. The margins are decorated by W. E. Fisher, and if one must have decorated margins, these with their subdued tone, are least likely to annoy the reader. The cover is pleasing, and the volume, as a whole is a good example of the decorated gift-book.

A new monthly, *Zeitschrift für Religionspsychologie*, with the significant sub-title *Grenzfragen der Theologie und Medizin*, is published by the house of C. Marhold in Halle, and edited by a physician, Dr. Johannes Bresler, and a minister, Pastor Gustav Vorbrodt. The purpose is evidently a physiologico-psychological explanation of religious phenomena.

In the recent work of Prof. Karl Beth of Vienna, entitled "Die Moderne und die Prinzipien der Theologie" (Berlin: Trowitzsch & Sohn), we have one of the latest and best expressions of a new school of conservative theological thought, which demands that the traditional dogma must come to some kind of understanding with modern thought and criticism even at a sacrifice. The movement itself was started perhaps two years ago by the work of Superintendent Th. Kaftan of Kiel, entitled "Die neue Theologie des alten Glaubens," in which this influential churchman demanded indeed adherence to the three fundamentals of the divinity of Christ, the Atonement, and the Trinity, but was willing to discard, among other things, the theory of verbal inspiration. Kaftan's scheme is largely along the lines of the best Ritschlian theology. Another pathfinder in this tendency is Prof. R. Seeberg, the conservative colleague of the more critical Harnack, in Berlin. In his new work on the Principles of Protestanism he cuts out from the traditional Protestant system matter that he regards as not based on the Scriptures, but as developed by a sort of "rationalistic orthodoxy." On the other hand, Prof. W. Bousset of Göttingen, in a long series of essays in the *Theologische Rundschau*, declares that the new movement is an unsatisfactory compromise, and Prof. Wilhelm Herrmann of Marburg agrees with him. Beth's work is not only a discussion of the new principles involved, but also a full historical analysis of the genesis and development of the new school. It costs 5.50 marks.

In the posthumous work of Prof. W. Wrede, entitled "Die Entstehung der Schriften des Neuen Testament" (Tübingen: Mohr), we have in the shape of three lectures, delivered originally in 1904, and entitled "Paulus und die paulinische Briefliteratur, Die Evangelien, und Die Übrigen Schriften," a popular and clear expression of the more advanced views of modern criticism with reference to the origin of the different New Testament books. Wrede was the author of the work on Paul in the Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher, in which he took a rather hostile attitude toward this Apostle, especially in relation to the teaching of Christ, and these views are now repeated. Since Harnack's late works on Luke and the Acts, some of Wrede's views on these subjects have been made more than doubtful, but as a summary of critical views on a central problem of theological thought, this booklet of 112 pages merits close, although discriminating, study.

The new edition of "Meyers Konversations-Lexikon" has reached its sixteenth volume extending from Plaketten to Rinteln. The quality of freshness, of which the publisher of every new encyclopædia is eager to boast, stands out here in such leading articles as "Polarforschung"; "Polen," which makes mention of the part played by the Polish deputies in the first Russian Duma; and "Preussen," the history of which is brought down to July, 1906. The volume contains an excellent map of the globe representing the distribution of religions and Western missionary activity. Every mission station in Africa, China, and India is indicated, with its proper denomination, or separate sketch maps; an extremely useful feature in view of the frequency with which the missionary question appears in the present affairs of China and the Congo.

We have also received the first volume of "Meyers Kleines Konversations-Lexikon," extending from A to Cambric. The scope of this work has been entirely changed by an increase in the number of volumes from three to six, a step taken by the publishers, according to their own statement, in order to place before the public a work that should be at the same time comprehensive and low-priced. The 1,038 pages of the first volume correspond to some 2,500 pages in the large Lexikon, so that the new six-volume edition will be a little less than half the size of the parent work, and will correspond rather to one of our own smaller encyclopædias than remain a mere condensation. Comparing the articles in the first volume with the same titles in the *Grosses Meyer*, we find that the scale of one-half is not always maintained. Thus "Amerikanische Altertümer," which receives seven columns in the twenty-volume edition, has only one column in the present volume; "Afrika" is reduced from 25 pages to 8; "Asien" from 22 pages to 5; "Bier" from 15 columns to 4; and "Bildhauerei" from 20 columns to one Colored plates are much more sparingly used. Nevertheless, the smaller work, which sells at one-third the price of the large editions, seems to be prepared with the same scholarly care and to be well adapted for its purpose.

Under the title of "Die Mandschurei, Bilder aus dem russisch-japanesischen Kriege," the house of Karl W. Hiersemann of Leipzig has published an exceedingly interesting album of 389 war pictures on 122 large sheets. The album itself, prepared in St. Petersburg, contains the work of noteworthy Russian artists, done in aquarelle and in pen drawing, together with some photographs of officers on the field.

The fiftieth birthday of Hermann Sudermann, September 30, was marked by the appearance of the one hundredth edition of his novel entitled "Frau Sorge," which was first published in 1887. The house of J. G. Cotta has brought out the edition in exceptionally fine form, together with as excellent picture of the author.

Jules Renard, who has been elected to the seat of the late J. K. Huysmans in the Goncourt Academy of Ten, fitly represents the ideas of the founders. He is so independent that he made no canvass; he does not even live in Paris, but in the jealous retirement of a provincial hamlet. He is forty-three years old, and studied at the École Normale before it had lost its splendid literary character. He did not finish, but was obliged to go into commerce until literature could support him. At twenty-two he began with verses—"Les Roses"—but shortly found his way in sharp, clear, pointed stories etched from keenly sympathetic observation of everyday lives. His great success came with "Poil de Carotte"—the thoughts and feelings and unhappiness of an overlooked boy, child of a careless mother who is too indulgent to the others, her favorites. Jules Renard is remarkable for his simple, direct, and personal expression, without waste of words. He has had a certain success in short pieces at the theatre. Prof. W. G. C. Byvanck's book "Un Hollandais à Paris en 1891" set him down as the representative of "the generation of to-day." Another generation has arisen since then, but he remains a noteworthy figure of that activity in pure letters which has for its organ the *Mercure de France*, founded by him and his coevals.

The Rev. Reuen Thomas, pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church in Brookline, well known in Congregational circles in England and America, died in Brookline November 9. Born in Warwickshire, England, in 1840, he attended the Collegiate School of Sutton-Caldfield and University College, London, and entered the Congregational ministry in 1862 as assistant to the Rev. Newman Hall, of Christ Church, London. Later he continued his studies at the University of Rostock, Germany, and received the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1865. After holding pastorates in Liverpool and London, he accepted a call from the Harvard Church, of Brookline, in 1875. Dr. Thomas was the author of several books, including "Divine Sovereignty," 1885; "Through Death to Life," 1888; "Leaders of Thought in the Christian Church," 1892; "Kinship of Souls," 1899; and "Grafenburg People"; and he was a frequent contributor to reviews and religious periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic.

The death is announced from London of Gerald Massey, in his eightieth year. His poems, first published in 1889, under the title of "My Lyrical Life," have been several times reissued. Other books of his are "Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love," 1851; "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," 1854; "Craigcrook Castle," 1855; "Shakespeare's Sonnets Never Before Interpreted," 1866; "Concerning Spiritualism," 1871; "The Natural Genesis." 1883.

AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY.

The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. By Herbert L. Osgood. Vol. III. Imperial Control: Beginnings of the System of Royal Provinces. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3 net.

In accordance with his plan announced several years ago, Professor Osgood has completed his study of the colonies in the seventeenth century by the issue of the third volume, dealing with imperial control. As far as method, style, and temperament are concerned, the present volume in no way differs from those that have gone before. There is the same impersonal objective mode of approach, the same rigidly scientific in-

terpretation of facts, the same interest in the legal and institutional aspects of the subject, and the same disregard of all that is dramatic and picturesque. We read little of religion, education, and literature, and nothing of housing, domestic economy, food, the turf, architecture, fashion, or social relations. It is true that the colonists in the seventeenth century were little concerned with some of these things, but had they been concerned, Professor Osgood would have displayed little interest in making such topics a part of his treatment. His business is to present the colonies as institutions whose place and history are capable of exact legal definition, whose internal and external development deserves analysis from the point of view of government, administration, and law, and whose place in the scheme of world history can he logically determined. The first two volumes were devoted to the colonies considered as separate entities, under corporate or proprietary management, without regard to their connection with the higher authority in England; the third is designed to present them as parts of a growing imperial system, the head and the centre of which were in London, and the circumference of which embraced the far-lying settlements that formed the crude material out of which the empire, apart from the kingdom, was gradually taking shape.

The steps in this process, as far as they concerned the original thirteen colonies in the seventeenth century, form the chief interest of Professor Osgood's book. Though presenting much that is new and hitherto unknown, it rehearses, in the main, facts that are more or less familiar. But the story of the colonies has a new look, the old friend has a new face, the landscape is seen in a new perspective, the proportions are adapted to a new scale; certain phases of the subject that formerly played little part in colonial history here occupy a large space on the canvas, while others that used to he, and still are, stock in trade to many a writer, have either disappeared altogether or been relegated to a very unimportant place. And these changes in the size and proportion of things have all taken place because Professor Osgood has chosen to believe that the home government was a factor which played a very influential part in colonial history, and that its policy, system of control, and actual management of colonial affairs form a subject so essential to an understanding of colonial history that its omission from nearly all the earlier treatises upon the colonies will always remain something of a mystery. For a number of years a few scholars have cried out against this neglect; but now that Professor Osgood's book is before the public a wider circle of students will appreciate the significance of the omission. Professor Osgood states his purpose and sums up the situation in the following words:

> In the present volume attention will be called to the influence which was exerted over the colonies and over the proprietors who coöperated in founding them by the British government, that is, by the sovereign power under whose protection they all came into existence. Under this aspect of the subject the emphasis will be laid on British and general imperial interests, which operated as a restraint upon the tendencies in the colonies toward local independence. . . . Historians have hitherto neglected this side of the subject or have treated it as foreign or inimical to the colonies. . . . To the colonists such authority was certainly not foreign; . . . It was a part and a condition of their existence. When properly exercised this authority did not involve a meddlesome interference, but was as necessary and inevitable as were the tendencies toward isolation and independence in the colonies themselves.

After an opening chapter on the nature and organs of imperial control, Professor Osgood passes to the first concrete illustrations of British policy, the dissolution of the Virginia Company and the relations with Massachusetts prior to the great Civil War. He continues the history of Virginia as the first royal colony from 1624 to 1640, and then, turning to the home government, traces the variations in its colonial policy and management during the Civil War, the Interregnum, and the Restoration until 1675, narrating at length the experiences of the Royal Commission of 1664. At this point he resumes his outline of events in Virginia, analyzes the causes and results of Bacon's rebellion, the career of the Royal Commission of 1677, and carries the history of Virginia to the close of Effingham's administration in 1689. Then turning to New England, he deals with the difficult question of England's later relations with Massachusetts and the dissolution of the company, with royal government in New Hampshire and New York, and with the establishment of the Dominion of New England. His final chapters concern the Revolution and its after results in New England, New York, and Maryland, and finish with a brief summary of conclusions, covering the leading aspects of his work.

From this brief statement and from a further perusal of the work, two conspicuous limitations appear: First, Professor Osgood has confined his attention to the territory of the United States and to the relations of the British Government with the original thirteen colonies. He says:

> This book contains less than a history of British colonial administration because the island colonies, with Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, are for the most part left out of account. . . . If one were treating of colonial administration alone, without particular reference also to institutions of the United States, he would take his stand in England and trace the development of the system wherever it appeared along the entire American coast. The plan of these volumes is somewhat more restricted than this, and limits our attention chiefly to the middle section of the great arc [from Newfoundland to Trinidad]. But the existence of the colonies which did not become parts of the United States must not be forgotten. . . . Administrative control by the British government over the island colonies became at an early date continuous and vigorous. After the Restoration the system of royal government was rapidly extended over these colonies; royal appointees of all sorts were sent among them, . . . elaborate sets of instructions were given to the governors. . . . Precedents which were favorable to active imperial administration were first established on a large scale in the government of the island colonies. The system was most thoroughly tested there.

In the second place, Professor Osgood has further restricted his field by ignoring to a very considerable extent all questions of trade and commerce, illicit trading and smuggling, money and exchange, trade-routes and markets, and problems of British revenue. Had he not done so, he would have been compelled to take cognizance of the island and other colonies that he expressly places outside the sphere of his interest. He is not writing a history of British colonial administration. Perhaps for this reason he is able to throw but little light upon the actual operation of the British system in America, and contents himself with recounting certain exceptional incidents that came to the attention of the home authorities, connected with the names of Randolph, Rousby, Bland, and Miller. Of the system itself, estahlished after 1672, he tells us practically nothing. It is probable that in the end, even after all the data are collected, there will be hut little to tell, as information on that point is scanty; hut Professor Osgood might have laid a little more stress upon the machinery set up to collect the "plantation duty" under the Act of 1672, even though many of its early features will always remain more or less obscure.

In three particulars does Professor Osgood differ in his manner of approaching his subject from the writers who have preceded him. The first point of difference is that he views the colonies, particularly the royal colonies, as British dependencies subject to a higher sovereign authority in London; secondly, he treats as essential and organic parts of his subject such topics as the growth of British colonial policy, British organs of administration, the acts of trade, and the royal commissions—some of which will appear as novelties to many readers of colonial history—and he sets them in the very forefront of his narrative; thirdly, he maintains with noteworthy consistency the point of view once taken, and never loses sight of his main purpose—to bring together for continuous treatment all aspects of British and American history which concern the problem of colonial control and administration. In accomplishing his object he has made an exhaustive use of the Calendars of State Papers, Colonial, and has analyzed their contents with painstaking skill and understanding. Probably no previous writer has used these collections of invaluable material with the thoroughness that is here exhibited, and probably not a few of those already familiar with colonial history will be surprised to learn how much those volumes actually contain. Professor Osgood shows little familiarity with the original papers, but except in matters of detail it may be doubted whether a perusal of the complete documents would have altered essentially his conclusions.

The portions of this volume containing the most valuable contrihutions to our knowledge of colonial history are those relating to the British system. Not only is the presentation thoroughly original and sound, but it is also illuminating and creative. No discussion of the navigation acts has dealt so clearly with the commercial principle of the staple—that mercantilist device whereby all colonial exports and many colonial imports were forced to pass through the ports of England. And no one, so far as we know, has ever pointed out the influence of Virginia and the tobacco trade in giving shape to the doctrine of the enumerated commodities. Though a competent history of the navigation acts has yet to be written, Professor Osgood has not only made a very suggestive and enlightening contribution to the subject, but has also pointed out the direction that his successors must inevitably follow.

This work marks an epoch in the writing of colonial history. Hereafter no writer, teacher, or student can ignore the plain lesson which it sets forth or allow himself to perpetuate the shallow particularistic conception of thirteen colonies practically independent of British control that has hitherto held sway. When the eighteenth century comes to be treated in like manner, the truth of Professor Osgood's contention will appear in a form still more emphatic; British control will assume a more orderly and unified form, and Burke's famous remark about "salutary neglect" will need as much modification as does the great orator's later comment upon the Board of Trade and the uselessness of its records. A larger colonial world is beginning to take form in the minds of modern scholars, much as three centuries ago it began to take form in the minds of English statesmen and mercantilists—a world, the centre of which was at Whitehall, where the Privy Council, the principal Secretaries of State, the Admiralty, Treasury, and other departmental boards had their seat, and where the Board of Trade sat in the "Cockpit" as the advisory and inquisitory agent of the crown, while the outlying members were the colonies from Nova Scotia to Barbadoes, nearly thirty in number, under a common administration, subject to common trade laws, customs system, and admiralty control, and guarded with a jealous and watchful eye. They were fostered because they contributed to the wealth of the kingdom, and protected because they furnished available strategic points in England's many struggles with the great maritime rivals of the Continent. The history of this larger world must be written before our thirteen colonies take their proper place in the progress of civilization. We are beginning to discover how substantial was the British system and how well ordained were the organs established for the execution of its purpose. When in the past the system has been discussed at all, the temptation has been to lay stress upon its weaknesses and its defects; the business of the future will be to show how much it actually accomplished. In the eighteenth century all the colonies but four were royal colonies, Governors' instructions were made more mandatory and inclusive, royal appointees spread like a network over the colonies, agents from every colony resided in England, and the system of supervision in matters that concerned the Plantations General reached a high point of completeness. When all the evidence is gathered and massed together, the system of British control will assume unexpected proportions, and will be found to be inextricably interwoven with the life and government of the colonists. Even in the seventeenth century we begin to feel that the revolutionary struggle to come was not between a people and a King, but between a people and a system—a far better ordered system than most of us have been inclined to believe. If this be true, the time will come when the causes of that revolution will undergo revision in the light, not only of new evidence, but also of a new and more thorough understanding of the problems involved. Perhaps Professor Osgood himself will undertake the larger task; if not, he may well be content with playing the part of a pioneer in thus opening up a phase of history little explored, and never systematically investigated.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Folk Afield. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book is, to say the truth, a little disappointing to a reader who has fresh in mind the remarkable novel called "The Whirlwind," published but a few months ago. Here is a miscellany of short stories, in various moods and keys, but of no marked power. It seems to be the fate of English short-story writers just now to cultivate versatility at all costs. Of recent months one recalls, for example, volumes by Quiller-Couch, Maarten Maartens, and Vincent O'Sullivan. In every instance there is an air of continual experiment. Shall we write amusingly, or profoundly? Shall our next be a bit of genre, or a psychological studylet, or a yarn, or a *conte*? It is all the same to us, for it is our aim to have the whole business of fiction at our finger-tips. Will you take a bit of George Eliot, or Hardy, or Kipling, say, or Maupassant? It cannot be denied that this book by Mr. Phillpotts leaves a similar impression of tentativeness, of, let us not say insincerity, but insecurity. The "Foreword," to be sure, claims little for the tales. "These stories," it reads, "pretend to be no more than swift and slight impressions of those humble people who alone at any time or place concern my work." In a sense they are, he further intimates, notes on travel which, from inveterate habit, he is led to cast in the form of fiction. Italy, Algiers, Egypt, the West Indies, France, Syria, the high seas—so varied is the setting of his narratives. They are fairly good stories, and not more than that—for a Phillpotts. One of them, "Pierrotin from Paris," is worth all the rest—extremely good, even for a Phillpotts. But it is not sufficient to persuade us that the short-story form is that from which this writer should expect the best result, or to which he should devote much energy. One novel like "The Whirlwind" is worth (if not, alas, in a commercial sense) a thousand tidbits such as he here lets fall from his table.

Money Magic. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Garland has covered much ground since we welcomed "Main Travelled Roads," as a promise of the crude sincerity to be hoped for in the New Western fiction. Unfortunately, however, his subsequent development has been entirely towards conventionality, without a corresponding gain in finish of manner or thought.

Bertha Gilman, Colorado "biscuit-shooter," consents to marry an elderly gambler on condition of his closing the gaming houses and living upon some mines which turn out a fabulous fortune yearly. This man, Haney, meets with a grave injury in the usual brawl, and there is a hasty marriage so that the young woman may inherit. Haney, however, recovers and (except on one occasion) proves himself a model American husband, with no wish in life but that his wife shall spend money on amusement and personal ornament Naturally the girl-wife (in spite of her experience as waitress in a restaurant) is in that condition so prevalent among young ladies in fiction, a condition popularly known as "unawakened." Equally as a matter of course, her awakening comes about through the agency of a handsome young man. Her husband considerately plans suicide, but even this crumpled rose leaf is removed from under her. While climbing a high hill, to carry out his intention, he dies of heart failure; his potion of strychnine was not needed so that for Bertha and for the world in general "self-murder was never written opposite the name of Marshall Haney."

An interesting point might have been made of the way in which Bertha immediately learns all about clothes, to a point that satisfies Chicago society, both fashionable and artistic, while her diction to the last remains that of the free, untrammelled quick lunch counter.

The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Adam Gregg, artist, is summoned to Maryland to paint old Judge Colton's young peach-blossom wife. Improvising a studio in the attic, Gregg poses the lady against a background of flowers, and the picture ends by realizing his highest hopes. Judge Colton has been away for a month and the finished portrait is to surprise him on his return. Unfortunately, the low-necked dress scandalizes the old gentleman, and he makes some nasty remarks. Even the fact that his own mother had actually worn the offending garment does not appease him. Adam and Olivia have one sad talk together, and Adam rides honorably away. After that, metropolitan successes crowd upon him. Honorably, he refrains from making any inquiries about the Coltons. Hearing by accident of the judge's death (many years after), he hurries to Maryland, only to find a burned house and a vague rumor of Mrs. Colton's being "daid." The picture, however, masquerading as a Gilbert Stuart, turns up in New York, and through it he establishes intimacy with Philip Colton (Olivia's son), now a rising young business man. Philip has become so acclimated in New York that he is making a fortune by holding his tongue as to the real amount of copper in a certain mine. Shamed by the sight of his mother's face, and by Gregg's denunciations, he tells the truth, fails disastrously, and is severed from his betrothed. Within a few days he is made head of a bond department at a salary of $10,000 a year, and marries his Madeleine. Before long a little blue-eyed, golden-haired Olivia is old enough to be lifted up and to place flowers before Olivia's picture, which never leaves its place over the mantel in Gregg's studio.

This story is almost sure to please those who enjoyed "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square."

A Fountain Sealed. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

The novel of adventure is not necessarily one of physical movement. There are books where the adventure is intricate and incessant, yet chiefly concerned with the emotions; with the shadowy doings of introspection, criticism, self-consciousness, thought-transference; where looks do battle, attitudes announce discoveries, and eyes talk metaphysics. The plain citizen, the clamorer for a simple story, will not take kindly to "A Fountain Sealed." On the other hand, the reader who is attracted by the

subtle in style and substance, who likes a maximum of soul-searching with a minimum of "scene," will find it a mine of interest, and will have the further satisfaction of perceiving that a novel may deal with the subtleties, yet be unquestionably clean. There is a story, and an absorbing one, but it relates chiefly to states of mind. The opposing forces are led by the lofty, spiritually-assured Imogen and by the buoyant charmer, the comfort-bringing Valerie. The chronicle is of them and their respective adherents, their encounters, their contentions, their exchange of prisoners and partisans, and their final retirement into their appointed destinies—nominal victory for one camp, for the other nominal defeat.

Side by side with the ultra refinement of treatment, with the abstinences, discretions, and withdrawals, there lies in parts of the character-drawing a perilous likeness to caricature. More especially is this true of Imogen, whose self-righteousness reduces her at times to the absurd; and of the Pottses, man and wife, who sit Chadbandishly in the surrounding preciosity. It seems open to question whether an uncomplex, inarticulate Englishman would become interested in having the over-soul expounded to him by even the most beautiful of Americans, but that is only a detail in a whole which concerns itself with the events of the emotions. One of the most admirably drawn characters is the ghost of Mr. Upton, who has just died when the book opens. His pompous mediocrity, indeed, is the pivot of the entire action. An idolized memory, he sits above exaggeration. A bore, fathomed but buried, he passes beyond the chances of unreal detail into the region of entire credibility. If affairs are unlikely, they are at least vivid. If the characters are not always real persons, they are amazingly real pictures. Imogen is in the main consistent if improbable, and perhaps, after all, she is no more grotesque than an absolute egoist always must be. The summarized Valerie of the ante-novel period is not quite easy to reconcile with the tactful Valerie of our history; with the Valerie whose detractor accuses her of "a smile that claimed nothing yet that chained men"; of "a vague, sweet silence, that judged nothing, yet softly blighted, through its own indifference, all other people's enthusiasms." The pages themselves must be read to show how the little touches pile themselves up into a substantial structure of import and dignity.

Sundry carelessnesses speckle a generally elaborate manner. Mary is Mary Colton in the first chapter, but Mary Osborne in the eighth, though neither married nor changed at birth. In one place the word "competent" seems to have taken possession of the pen, and we have on one page, "competent reticence," "feverish competence," a "cool and competent" lover. Imogen, Botticelli Madonna-like in person, has long, narrow hands with square finger-tips, at one time; at another her lover gazes admiringly on her hand with its pointed, up-turned finger-tips.

Laid up in Lavender. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

If the twelve stories in this volume are only newly taken down from a fragrant shelf, as the title suggests, and as internal evidence hints, they are none the less fresh and neatly pointed. Each one has its pivot of clever invention and its deft wording. Some of them familiarly suggest the famous teller of tales of intricate adventure; others turn for interest on the mysteries inherent in old English abodes; others yet are of humorous episodes with amusing and kindly portraits of the English types that Trollope and *Punch* have brought home to the American heart, but in situations that it has been left to a Weyman to devise. Each has its motive and its surprise, prepared with nicety and approached with a craftsman's pen. The variety of provender supplied in the group makes a wholesome and digestible banquet from nourishing soup, through seasoned entrée to contenting coffee.

Letters from The Raven. With Introduction and Critical Comment by the Editor, Milton Bronner. New York: Brentano's. $1.50.

One's first thought is that these letters of Lafcadio Hearn ought to have been included in the general collection published by Mrs. Bisland last year, yet perhaps there is an advantage in having them by themselves in this little book. Their flavor gains a certain pungency by this isolation from his general correspondence.

When Hearn came to Cincinnati at the age of nineteen he was introduced to a printer named Henry Watkin, an Englishman of little formal education but of some taste for the exotic in literature, and the two exiles became intimate. Mr. Watkin was soon the "Old Man" or "Dad," while the boy, "by virtue of his dark hair and coloring, the gloomy cast of his thoughts, and his deep love for Poe," became "The Raven." Hearn had a trick of dropping in at the printing shop at any hour of the day or night, and of leaving cryptic notes for the "Old Man," signed with the picture of a saucy or dejected raven as the case might be. "These chambers are cursed with the Curse of Silence. And the night which is the Shadow of God, waneth," wrote the young disciple of Poe on one of these occasions. There is a good deal of interest in these notes and in the letters which later Hearn wrote to Mr. Watkin from Memphis and New Orleans. They show his early *Wanderlust:* "My heart," he says, "always feels like a bird, fluttering impatiently for the migrating season." They are filled with bits of weird description such as this of his lodging while delayed at Memphis on his way to New Orleans:

> My room is carpetless and much larger than your office. Old blocked-up stairways come up here and there through the floor or down through the ceiling; and they suddenly disappear. There is a great red daub on one wall, as though made by a bloody hand when somebody was staggering down the stairway. There are only a few panes of glass in the windows. I am the first tenant of the room for fifteen years. Spiders are busy spinning their dusty tapestries in every corner, and between the banisters of the old stairways. The planks of the floor are sprung, and when I walk along the room at night it sounds as though Something or Somebody was following me in the dark.

From New Orleans we get vignettes of his strange Creole life, as we already know it, and new hints of odd occupations, such as the attempt to conduct a five-cent restaurant. The correspondence lags toward the end, with only four notes in all from Japan. These, however, have a certain importance, in so far as they confirm the impression that Hearn, before his death, was growing impatient of Japanese life, and still felt the throbbing *Wanderlust.*

Even more remarkable than the Watkin letters is a group of notes written in Cincinnati to an *inconnue.* Hearn, at this time in his twenty-sixth year, was a reporter on Murat Halstead's *Commercial;* the lady, whose name is not revealed, was apparently of some social position. Evidently she became fascinated by the exotic young writer and sought his confidence, if not a rather highly-colored platonic friendship. Her letters are lost, but Hearn's, which she returned to the writer, were given by him to Mr. Watkin, with the command to do with them as he thought best. They do not lend themselves easily to quotation, but they give glimpses into a curious relationship. "You have acted throughout, or nearly so, upon sudden impulse, which was injudicious," he writes after some misunderstanding; "and when you found me acting in the opposite extreme, the necessary lack of sympathy in our actions prompted you to believe that I was 'heartless.'" At another time he is saying: "I feel generally very reluctant to unbosom myself on paper, not knowing who might behold the exposition, and sneer at it, without being capable of understanding it." There is a tantalizing restraint in all that he writes to her, which would, perhaps, be better understood if we possessed the other half of the correspondence.

Deutsch in Amerika. Von Prof. Karl Knortz. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

Some readers may throw Professor Knortz's book aside in disgust on turning the introductory pages (which are clearly intended for a public in Germany) and before discovering that much of the work is timely and meritorious. That the title is ambiguous is not the only stumbling block; the purpose of the Introduction seems to be to stir up the smouldering embers of misunderstanding by pretending that all Americans distrust Germans, to collect all the fire-flies of dislike that together they may appear a dangerous flame. The Pennsylvanians of Penn's time and their anxiety lest Pennsylvania should become a German colony are cited as an old example of American antipathy, and we are charged with being envious and concerned with keeping Germans altogether out of the country. Dewey's victory is belittled, not so much for the purpose of presenting it in its true historical light, as for fanning anew the breeze about the Germans at Manila. John Hay is branded *ein echter Jingo* and *Anglomane.* The spirit of such writing is mischievous in the extreme, and intellectually and morally not a whit above page after page of bitter and unjust invective against America such as one may find in German journals for the last half century. That which makes the act more reprehensible is the status of Karl Knortz as a resident of America and student of American affairs, the translator of Longfellow and compiler of German and American literature.

Yet, as already stated, the book has much to commend it. Professor Knortz is con-

vinced that Deutschtum in America is on the wane, and devotes his energies to discovering, if possible, the causes of the retrogression. Numbers of Germans in America never had the best of schooling while in Germany, or else were drilled in a study of Old Testament worthies, rather than of German poets, musicians, and artists; and finding that they had no need of these higher things to "make money" here, have settled down to German-American materialism. These men are never moved by spells of homesickness for the Fatherland, and the old-time emigrant sung by Freiligrath is a thing of the past. The thrifty German soon becomes a "four-story-house-owner," notes that the local newspaper prints items about his health and that of his family as the home paper in Germany used to do about the all-mighty prince; and, like Lenau, he soon loses his love for the country of his birth.

Not the least interesting of the themes discussed by Professor Knortz is the use of the German language in America, its chance of survival, and, incidentally, the acquirement of English by the immigrant, or rather his failure to acquire it, and the reason why. Knortz attributes much of the German's shyness to the disposition of American children and elders to laugh at "broken English," and he intimates that this is particularly an American vice; yet any one who has lived or travelled widely abroad will know that all peoples are prone to titter or roar at the slips of a foreigner in speech. When Professor Knortz, however, says that the average American boy or girl underestimates the difficulty of mastering a foreign tongue, delays beginning, tackles it superficially and usually throws it aside in disgust, he is right: we are still a nation of dilettantes in the acquisition of tongues, and undoubtedly prone to withhold from others due credit for mastering our own speech. Professor Knortz is also right when he reviews the withdrawal of German from the majority of grammar schools outside of Ohio, Wisconsin, and Indiana—forgetting, however, the good work in German in the Baltimore schools. He is right, too, in criticising severely the policy of sending out to grammar and high schools teachers so little prepared to instruct in German that they know nothing, or almost nothing, of German life and literature. But when Professor Knortz demands that such teachers should be able to speak *ein fehlerfreies Deutsch* he goes too far—not, of course, in respect to the ideal, but in consideration of what one actually meets with the world over. *Das Sprechen ist etwas an und für sich:* every student of long residence in Germany can count upon the fingers of one hand the *berühmte Gelehrter* in the field of English who can talk our mother tongue like a native. The average *Doktor phil.* who has become *Lehrer* in a *Gymnasium* or *Realschule* and is stocked with Beowulf and Chaucer, bombards you with a *schauderhaftes* English; and one has only to run through contributions by German teachers of *Englisch* to their half century of *Programms* to find the most astounding errors as to content and idiom—errors that might easily have been avoided if the writer had submitted his manuscript before publication to some resident American or Englishman. Archaic Latinized words experience renaissance, and William Gilmore Simms is given a chapter as lengthy as that accorded to Longfellow or Emerson. Professor Knortz praises the steadily-growing facilities for the study of German in the higher institutions of America, and thinks that it is easily driving Latin and French from the field.

German Vereins in America also come in for a review and a dressing down at the hands of the German-American professor. Some are all very well, but the most awful are the so-called *literarische Vereine*, such as that at Belleville, Mo., which recently gave, instead of sweetmeats from Jean Paul or plums from Goethe—"*eine grosse* euchre party." One thing is evident, and as commendable as it is unique and interesting, and that is that Professor Knortz deprecates the excessive drinking of beer at the gathering of his tribesmen. In conclusion, Professor Knortz cites as evidence of the retrogression of the Germans in America the facts that German-American newspapers are disappearing, German-Americans journals and books are published less and less, German bookstores are failing here, and German theatres closing up. He says that beyond doubt the growth of the German language in America depends on the immigration of Germans, who, however, are coming in fewer numbers to our shores. To counteract this falling off in interest and loyalty to German things, Knortz advises the further establishment of German kindergartens, the erection of monuments to distinguished Germans in our public parks, the presentation to schoolchildren of easily understood German heroic and historical plays, the giving of free lectures on the history of the Germans in America, active participation in politics without blind party allegiance, the yearly distribution of instructive books to those learning German in the upper classes of public schools, the dissemination of German literature, and the support of the German press and theatre. He would have also genuine accomplishment in professional life, showing the Yankee at all times what a German can really do.

Lectures on Humanism: With Special Reference to its Bearings on Sociology. By J. S. Mackenzie. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The title of these nine lectures delivered at Oxford will probably mislead the reader of contemporary philosophy. Professor Mackenzie does not use the term humanism as the equivalent of pragmatism, and the subject of his book differs widely from that discussed by Prof. F. C. S. Schiller, for example, in his two volumes which bear similar titles. It is humanism in the older and correcter sense that is here considered:

> What I understand by humanism may be most simply described as a point of view from which human life is regarded as an independent centre of interest, if not even as containing within itself the key to all other interests, or as being, in old Greek phraseology, the "helm" by which the universe is steered.

The theory is the opposite not of intellectualism, but of naturalism in the realm of science, and of supernaturalism in the realm of religion. The author sets forth his opinions with constant reference to the history of philosophy. He finds that the naturalism of the early Greek philosophy gave place to the humanism of the Sophists and of Socrates. He traces the rise of humanism during the Renaissance, but holds that it found no adequate expression until the time of Kant and Hegel, regarding the system of the latter as "an almost complete humanism," but overestimating the naturalistic element in the Critical Philosophy. He says that Kant's doctrine that things in themselves are unknown "fatally limited" his humanism; whereas we should say that Kant by this doctrine virtually abandoned a naturalistic position, and made his system necessarily humanistic; for the "things-in-themselves" are for him nothing but the negative limits of knowledge. Indeed it seems more reasonable to regard Hegel's "humanism" as "fatally limited" by his theory of an Absolute developed as Nature.

Throughout these lectures the opposition is emphasized between the quantitative, mechanical view of nature which is prevalent in modern science, and the qualitative and teleological view which Professor Mackenzie regards as the true philosophy. The man engaged in the investigation of nature may possibly leave out of view qualitative differences in his ultimate conceptions of the universe; but the philosopher approaching truth by the inner path must necessarily assert the reality of purpose and will in the constitution of the world of which he is a part. The philosophical position is therefore ethical rather than mechanical.

> When we say that we set ourselves to achieve an end or carry out a purpose, what happens is: (1) that something presents itself to us as a good; (2) that we "identify ourselves" with this end, *i. e.*, that it fits into the general system of our conception of good on the whole; (3) that, as a result of this, certain organic adjustments begin to take place. These organic adjustments, so far as they are simply physical facts, take place in accordance with the general laws of material phenomena, *i. e.*, there is transference of motion, but no real creation or loss. The end or purpose—the recognition of something as for us a good—would seem here to be the real explanation of the change that takes place; and it may be doubted whether we have any real reason in the end to look for any other kind of explanation.

While in the earlier part of the book the discussions are somewhat abstract and sometimes obscure, even those not metaphysically trained can read with perfect understanding, lectures iv-ix., which deal with the applications of these teleological principles to politics, economics, education, and religion. The author everywhere illustrates his principles so that there is no obscurity in his teaching. Here, for example, is an interesting exposition of humanism in relation to politics. After showing that the old Greek city-state seemed to have a far more humanistic character than our modern political types do, he adds:

> Perhaps the most hopeful case for such a purpose in our modern world would be such a nationality as Japan, with its intense unity and enthusiastic aims, based on what may be described as a social and political religion. If we are to treat European nationalities in a similar fashion, it would almost be necessary to regard them as a single unity for this purpose. And indeed it is almost natural for the modern sociologist to regard the whole world. . . as the unity within which the developing life of man is to be regarded as becoming realized.

In the lecture on Humanism in Education, there is a discussion of the relative value of scientific and humanistic studies which is of some pedagogic interest, although it is original and ingenious rather than convincing. He concludes that even from a utilitarian point of view, the humanities are as valuable as the natural sciences. In a book of less than two hundred and fifty pages, it is of course impossible to treat adequately the great problems which Professor Mackenzie has raised; but he has at least succeeded in talking in an agreeable and interesting way about them. The inadequacy is most apparent in the lecture on Humanism in Religion, where the condensation of statement tends to obscure the author's distinction between humanism and supernaturalism.

The Virgin Birth of Christ. By James Orr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Birth and Infancy of Jesus Christ, According to the Gospel Narratives. By the Rev. Louis Matthews Sweet; with an Introduction by James Stevenson Riggs. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. $1.50 net.

The Incarnation and Recent Criticism. By the Rev. R. J. Cooke. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

In his recent "Problem of the Old Testament" Professor Orr of the United Free Church College, Glasgow, presented the ablest defence of the conservative position in Old Testament criticism that has appeared in many years, and his present volume on the Virgin Birth is likewise as skilful and valiant an apology for the traditional view on that subject as is likely to be written. Dr. Orr is a past master in argument. He keeps the main point at all times clearly in mind, marshals his facts in effective order, is shrewd in the discernment of an opponent's weak points, understands how to make his adversaries appear to refute each other, and, above all, lends to the weight of his reasoning the force of sincere and positive religious conviction. The present volume adds nothing new on the subject, or at least nothing of great importance, but as a popular presentation of the arguments on the conservative side it will not easily be surpassed.

His attitude, however, is that of a doughty defender of the faith, a polemic theologian, not of an historical critic or a seeker after light. He sees that an important doctrine of the faith is "assailed," and speaks constantly of "hostile critics," who are "attacking" the citadel of faith. He springs courageously to the rescue, and is resolved to maintain the fortress at all costs. Such an attitude scarcely admits of full justice to the critical difficulties in the way of acceptance of the Virgin Birth, and in fact neither the discrepancies in the narratives, the silence of large portions of the New Testament, nor the views of Christ's dignity, which apparently had a different basis, appear in Dr. Orr's pages in their full force. He cannot perceive the slightest legendary tinge in the early chapters of Matthew and Luke, or the smallest inconsistency in the genealogy of Jesus being traced through Joseph. He rejoices in the discrepancies between the two accounts of the birth, and speaks of their "deep and beautiful harmony." He is totally unmindful of the capacity of Biblical writers for accepting diverse and opposite traditions, and reasons that the assertion of descent through Joseph cannot disprove birth through the Virgin, since Matthew and Luke did not so regard it. His apology, therefore, while it will unquestionably "fortify the doctrinal conscience" of those who are already orthodox, and of those who are merely disquieted because a favorite dogma has been impugned, cannot be expected to carry conviction to the large number who have rejected the tradition because of their feeling for the legendary character of the narratives on which it is based. To these Dr. Orr's only comfort is that the doctrine is in the manuscripts, of which there are copies by the hundreds.

The attempt to make Paul sponsor for the Virgin Birth must be pronounced farfetched. It is based on Galatians iv, 4: "God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, born under the law." The phrase "born of a woman" means simply human birth, as may be seen from Matthew xi. 11: "Among them that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist" (cf. Job xvi. 1). But Dr. Orr observes that whereas Matthew uses γεννητός (*sic*, for γεννητός), the ordinary word for "born," Paul employs γενόμενος, "becoming," and in the choice of this word Dr. Orr finds a veiled reference to the Virgin Birth. But the fact is that γενόμενος is altogether too common an expression for simple birth to allow of the slightest doctrinal or unusual connotation. John vii. 58 reads: πρὶν Ἀβραὰμ γενέσθαι. Would Dr. Orr assert the miraculous conception of Abraham?

In one respect, however, Dr. Orr has performed a real service, and that is in pointing out that the Virgin Birth has large doctrinal significance. It has been much the fashion of late to assert that the question was quite unimportant and without bearing upon the doctrinal structure of Christianity. Similarly it was said, when the higher criticism of the Old Testament began first to make its way, that the religious use and value of the writings were not affected. Nevertheless the Old Testament is not the book it was in the Puritan days, and it is well for piety and for the world that it is not. Likewise the views of the person of Christ are destined to undergo great change if the narratives of the infancy are pronounced legend rather than history, and thoroughgoing polemists like Dr. Orr do well to exhibit the doctrinal consequences of a change of view.

Mr. Sweet is less fortunate than Dr. Orr in the arrangement of his work, and goes into the subject in far greater detail. He devotes careful attention to each of the theories which have been advanced to account for the infancy narratives, pronounces them all unsatisfactory, and defends in general the conservative position. His critical skill and appreciation are not sufficient to allow him to do full justice to his theme, this being especially noticeable in his treatment of Old Testament passages.

The virgin birth also looms largely in Dr. Cooke's tractate on "The Incarnation and Recent Criticism." He sees disastrous consequences in the translation and popularization of the writings of such scholars as Harnack, Pfleiderer, Lobstein, and Réville, declares them "old foes with new faces," and refutes their opinions *in toto* and *currente calamo*.

Les Filigranes: Dictionnaire historique des marques du papier dès leur apparition vers 1282 jusqu'en 1600. Par C.-M. Briquet. 39 figures dans le texte: 16,112 facsimilés de filigranes; 836 pages, 4 vols. Genève: Jullien.

This scholarly book will fill with gratitude the hearts of all those whose studies centre about the Middle Ages. The author is a descendant of one of those Huguenots who left France a few centuries ago and did honor to their native country wherever they chose to take their new abodes—in England, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Holland, even in America. For seven generations, members of his family have been conducting business in some branch or other of what they call in France by the general name *l'industrie du livre*. But they did not regard theirs as a mere money-making trade: they have felt for the wares they were handling, books, paper, binding, types, ex-libris, etc., a sort of affection which business men of the modern type could hardly understand. The book now before us is an outcome of this genuine fondness for all matters connected with books. It deals with an almost completely unexplored field of knowledge, *filigranes*, or water-marks. They are made by a copper-wire, shaped in some determined fashion, and pressed on the moist paper pulp.

These trade-marks—for they are nothing else—have been in use ever since the thirteenth century. The fascinating stories that they can tell, few would suspect who have not looked through the four volumes filled with thousands of facsimiles, and have not read the explanations of the compiler. Indeed, the *filigranes* explain some of the mysterious names by which stationers still call certain papers: Crown, foolscap, elephant, post (postman's horn); or in France, papier petit-Jésus, gros-vilain, pigeonne, petit-larron, demoiselle, etc. Often the *filigranes* have disappeared long ago; but stationers continue to call by the same name any paper having the same form or size or color.

It took M. Briquet twenty-five years to complete his collection. He visited all the important libraries, archives, and book collections of France (France was up to the eighteenth century providing paper for all Europe), of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland. He has examined 30,840 volumes and pamphlets, 1,432 portfolios, files, and bundles of documents, and he has taken altogether some 44,000 tracings of *filigranes*. If any one feels that a study of *filigranes* can be nothing more than an innocent mania, like collecting spoons, he need only read the interesting Introduction to see how wonderfully helpful this work can be. A more accurate, and, whenever available, more rapid means of investigation, historians, archæologists, and students of mediæval literature have never known. Often scholars brimming with erudition, and armed to the teeth with philological and linguistic methods, simply cannot ascertain definitely the date of some important document—a date which will throw light on a score of other problems. But, as M. Briquet has classified his material in

the form of a dictionary, an investigator, who can find a *filigrane* in the document can learn from this work by M. Briquet when the *filigrane* began to be used, when it was discontinued, where it was used, by whom. The value of the method has just been tested in Switzerland, by Ad. Fluri. A document of importance, the Chronicle of Justinger, has come down to us in several manuscripts, containing at times widely different readings. For years archivists and paleographs had been vainly discussing the question of the earliest copy. Thanks to the *filigrane*, the problem has been at once definitely settled. Thus Briquet's Dictionnaire will be indispensable in all libraries, in museums, and archives containing documents previous to the seventeenth century.

Queer Things About Persia. By Eustache De Lorey and Douglas Sladen. Fifty-two full-page illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Life in Teheran, as Seen by an Attaché, would be an apter title for this book than that given it by the authors. For it is the simple, but entertaining, record of the experiences and impressions gained during two years' residence in the Persian capital by a young member of the French Legation. M. de Lorey describes his house, his servants, street scenes, bazaars, a dinner at the palace of the Grand Vizier, a reception by the late Shah, and a religious play, "Kassem's Marriage," a veritable Mohammedan Oberammergau. A realization of the strange mixture of the West and the "immovable" East may be had from his account of the return of the Shah from a hunting trip.

> First came the *ferrashes*, carrying whips, and the *shaters*, or runners, in velvet helmets plumed with peacocks' feathers; then came the *Nasakdji Bashi*, or chief executioner, dressed in blood-red, and the *fellekeh* of the bastinadoes, drawn by richly caparisoned mules. All this medley of gay colors, all this pomp of functionaries and soldiers, was surrounding a chariot too strange for the magnificent sovereigns of Iran even to have dreamt of it—*the motor-car of Muzaffer-ed-din Shah.*

Much interesting and valuable information is given in regard to marriage and divorce, and the position of woman, the material relating to the Shah's harem having been obtained from one of its doctors who "lifted for me the corner of the jealous veil which envelopes this feminine city." Brief references are made to the system of government and mal-administration of justice, but there are no references to Persia's relations to the great Powers, or to the reform movement now in progress. Some incidents of a journey in Kurdistan, narrated in the closing chapter, show the normally disturbed conditions on the Turkish frontier.

Douglas Sladen's part in the preparation of the book is best described in his own words. When M. de Lorey had arranged his notes on any subject, "he dictated and I wrote down the chapter, and this time it was I who made the suggestions"; and he adds that their aim was to "present Persia as it presented itself to the eyes of one, who, in the earliest years of manhood, was thrown by the chances of diplomatic life into daily contact with an ancient and effete civilization, which was generally most comic when it was meant to be serious." The numerous pictures, especially those illustrating Persian architecture and gardens, add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

Science.

European Animals. By R. F. Scharff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Those who were present at the recent Seventh International Zoölogical Congress in Boston, and were fortunate enough to hear Dr. Scharff's most interesting address on the Geographical Distribution of Animals, will welcome this volume as embodying in full the results of his work. Since the day of Wallace's classics on this subject a number of other works have appeared, notably Richard Lydekker's "Geographical History of Mammals"; but for thoroughness and for general scientific worth in its restricted geographical field, Dr. Scharff's volume will long remain unequalled. It is based on a course of the Swiney Lectures, and hence is as readable and as interesting to the layman as to the scientist. Conservatism marks most of the work, and yet the author advances many new suggestions and generalizations, which he supports by proofs so excellent that few of them can be refuted.

In an introductory chapter, Dr. Scharff discusses geographical history and distribution, and the relation between the two. After a brief review of theories as to the means of dispersal of animals and plants, he says, "We may regard it, therefore, as an established fact that accidental dispersal of a species is the exception, while slow progress on land for terrestrial animals is the rule." In regard to the disputed question of whether the glacial period did or did not exterminate all life in western Europe, the author takes the negative side, treating "that important event in our geological history as a negligible quantity." His theory of the original home of an animal is that it is "somewhere near the centre of its geographical range."

Having thus outlined the broader phases of his subject, he takes up in the remaining ten chapters, various regions of Europe: a chapter each to the British Isles, the Spanish Peninsula, Scandinavia, the Alps, etc. Beginning with Ireland he describes some of the most characteristic animals—and, in spite of his title, the plants—and by tracing them to their original homes, he, little by little, reveals the past geological changes which have affected that island. The fresh water herrings now living in lakes of Ireland, Scotland, and England, not far from the Irish Sea, hark back to a time when these countries were much more elevated, and separated only by a large fresh water lake, instead of the present sea. On the other hand, the Englishman finds in Ireland none of the moles, voles, snakes, unios, and many insects with which he is familiar at home. The former land connection of Ireland with Spain and Portugal is clearly indicated by identical species of arbutus, heather, slugs, spiders, weevils, and dragon-flies. Another geograpical hint of importance is given by certain Irish fresh-water sponges and pearl mussels and the pipe-wort, all of which are found in North America. At the end of the chapter is a summary of the past and present relations of the Irish fauna and flora, with those of other regions, adjacent and remote. This treatment may be taken as typical of the other chapters. The whole forms a comprehensive and yet condensed review of our present-day knowledge of the geographical history and distribution of European life.

A novel as well as helpful feature of the volume is the character of the many illustrations. The majority consist of an outline map of Europe, with a blackened distribution area of some animal or plant, a photograph of which is placed in one corner. The value of such graphic illustration in place of tedious detailed statements of distribution, involving often an intimate knowledge of countries unfamiliar to most readers, is very great. Students will welcome the appendix giving a list of over two hundred works and papers consulted in the preparation of the volume.

"Along the Labrador Coast," by Dr. C. W. Townsend. (Boston: Dana Estes & Co.) is an excellent illustration of what may be accomplished in a short vacation. From July 10 to August 3, 1906, the author skirted the Labrador coast or explored the vicinity of the fishing villages. Even when the mail-boat went ashore for only a half-hour he made a note or two of the birds or trees or human inhabitants. Concerning one of the trees stunted by the cold and storms of this bleak land he writes:

> A black spruce eleven inches tall and twenty-two in extent, with a trunk only one inch in diameter, had lived over half a century, showing fifty-two rings in its cross section. The sturdy little veteran wreaked his vengeance on me by making a great nick in the sheath knife with which I labored to dissect him and learn his secrets.

Many of the author's facts are valuable contributions to our knowledge of the fauna and flora of Labrador. The simple narrative makes enjoyable reading and admirably supplements the more technical "Birds of Labrador," which Dr. Townsend has published as No. 7. vol. XXXIII. of the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History. While travelling primarily as an ornithologist, the author neglected nothing of interest—historical, botanical, or human. Besides the general account, there are chapters devoted to Fish and Fishermen, the Eskimo Dog, Capt. Cartright, the Need of an Audubon Society, and Dr. Greenfell and his Work. A map enables the reader to follow every step of the trip.

W. H. Dudley Le Souëf, author of "Wild Life in Australia" (Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs), is director of the Melbourne Zoological Gardens, and has thus had unexcelled opportunities to observe the fauna and flora of this island continent. He takes us from Victoria to New South Wales; thence to Bass Strait, to Queensland, and to western Australia, filling every page with a wealth of fact and anecdote. Those wonderful mimics, the lyre birds, the playgrounds of the bower birds, and the great mound nests of the brush turkeys, together with insects, flowers, native aborigines, and the terrible wille-wille storms which devastate parts of the country—all are described in almost breathless sequence. There are also many pictures. The chief criticism of the book is the heterogeneous

way in which the subject matter is treated, there being no segregation of correlated facts or grouping of related classes. This defect is partly redeemed by two indices, one general, and the other giving the scientific names of all the animals and plants mentioned in the book. One of the most interesting passages relates to a great pit, or depression, in the centre of an island frequented by a large colony of nesting albatrosses. At the bottom of this pit the author found the bones of hundreds of the birds, and it proved to be a veritable death-trap. When an albatross came up wind, headed for its nest across the island, it sometimes swooped too low over the depression. The wind on which it was relying instantly failed it, and before the bird could recover it would strike against the steep side and tumble helplessly to the bottom, from which it was unable to rise and make its escape. This is the first popular book on Australian natural history. which gives a vivid and yet wholly accurate account of the animated life of that strangest of all lands.

An important contribution to ornithology is a memoir just published by W. P. Pycraft on "Some Points in the Anatomy of the Emperor and Adélie Penguins"—part of the natural history report of the British National Antarctic Expedition. The fallacy of regarding the feathers of these birds as directly comparable with the scales of reptiles is discussed, and it is shown that, though scale-like, they are really degenerate feathers of true flight. This theory is also supported by examination of the less specialized wing bones of the embryos in which the thumb is separate and the shape of other bones hints of volant ancestors. The most important discovery is that two sets of down plumage in penguins precede the definitive feathers of the adult. The first is fine, silky, and hair-like; the second is longer and thicker, and very dense, like velvet. In some species this is three inches in length, a special adaptation against the severe cold of the Antarctic breeding places. Mr. Pycraft finds a direct correlation between these three plumages and those of nestling owls and some other birds. If his theories as to relationship with the nestling plumage of birds in general prove correct, we shall have radical changes to make in our heretofore accepted ideas of sequence of plumage from the embryo to the adult. Reviewing our knowledge of the penguin group as a whole, from the giant six-foot eocene types to the little jackass penguin of South Africa, he declares unreservedly that they are all descended from birds with full powers of flight. Finally, he regards the steganopodes as the common ancestral stock from which have descended the penguins, divers, and petrels on the one hand, and the storks, hawks, and duck-like birds on the other.

A new meteorological observatory is to be erected on Mount Marmolata, the highest point on the South Tyrolean Dolomites, and on the border between Tyrol and Italy. The structure is to be built next year under the auspices of the Società degli Alpinesti Tridentini, the largest and wealthiest scientific body in the Italian Tyrol. The Marmolata is 3,360 metres high and is excellently adapted for scientific observations and study.

Drama.

W. S. Gilbert. By Edith A. Browne. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

This biography of W. S. Gilbert, in the Stars of the Stage series, is not altogether destitute of sound critical appreciation, but is written too much in the style of the feminine newspaper interviewer to be quite worthy of its subject. It is interesting, however, in the details which it gives of the brilliant humorist's youth and up-bringing, his early literary and theatrical tendencies, his career at school and the London University, and his various disappointments in seeking distinction in the army, the law, and civil service. In these diverse pursuits he acquired the varied experience of life which he was to put to such admirable satirical purpose later on. The book is not at all an adequate review of Mr. Gilbert's abilities or achievements, especially as regards the more serious side of his work, but furnishes well selected samples of his lighter humor in liberal extracts from the "Bab Ballads," several of the poetic plays, and the famous operettas. These will act as incentives to younger readers, as yet unacquainted with his writings, to go to the parent source for further entertainment. Old admirers, of course, will get small satisfaction from them.

Miss Browne gives a pleasant account of the long and brilliant reign of Gilbert and Sullivan at the London Savoy, and of the artistic coöperation to which the representations owed their finish and effect. All that is an old story now. But it is worth while to quote Mr. Gilbert's own words concerning the spirit in which the enterprise was originally undertaken:

> We resolved that our plots, however ridiculous, should be coherent, that our dialogue should be void of offence, that, on artistic principles. no man should play a woman's part, and no woman a man's. Finally, we agreed that no lady of the company should be required to wear a dress that she could not wear with absolute propriety at a private fancy ball.

This resolution they kept, with results which all the world knows. A more scathing commentary on the decadent "comic opera" of to-day could scarcely be imagined. As an illustration of Miss Browne's critical faculty it may be said in conclusion that she puts Gilbert, the sanest of humorists, in the same category with Bernard Shaw and couples Henry Irving with Charles Wyndham.

The Macmillan Co. has reissued Richard G. Moulton's "Moral System of Shakespeare," published in 1903, under the new title of "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker."

The Shakespeare Society of New York has planned a "Bankside Restoration Series," edited by Appleton Morgan and Willis Vickery, as a sequel to its "Bankside Shakespeare." The intention is to print on opposite pages Shakespeare's play and an adaptation of it by one of the playwrights of the later seventeenth century, so that a comparison may easily be made. The value of the scheme may be judged by the first volume just issued, under Mr. Vickery's immediate supervision, containing "Timon of Athens" from the first folio, and the adaptation by Thomas Shadwell (1678). A glance through the pages is sufficient to show that the method is much less fruitful than in the case of such folio and quarto versions as were compared in the "Bankside Shakespeare," for in Shadwell we have a remaking of the play so thorough that only occasionally is the dialogue of the two versions nearly enough identical to repay line for line comparison; and the rearrangement of scenes and introduction of new characters throw out the concurrence so often that in a large proportion of cases one of the contrasted pages is blank. This objection would hold against the scheme, even if it were well executed. But the workmanship of this initial volume is a disgrace to American scholarship. The General Preface and Introduction are negligible in substance and positively illiterate in style. Grammar, spelling, and proofreading are alike wretched. For the texts themselves, they are clearly not to be relied upon. A collation of the first scene of Shakespeare's play with the First Folio, which it seeks to follow *literatim*, reveals some dozen errors. It is difficult to see what good purpose is served by such publications: it is easy to see how much harm is done.

A new edition of R. B. Sheridan's "Rivals" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) makes an attractive volume, with its clear type, fine paper, ample margins, and copious illustrations, and is likely to be in demand as a gift book. Brander Matthews in an introduction furnishes a satisfactory but scarcely necessary refutation of long forgotten and altogether unimportant charges of plagiarism on the part of the author, who, if he, like many another genius, was not above taking an occasional hint from lesser writers, so improved upon the idea as to give it all the practical effect of originality. The pictures designed by M. Power O'Malley are fairly good in draughtsmanship and sufficiently ornamental, but do not possess any specially illuminative or dramatic quality. In facial expression and significance they offer but feeble reflections of the spirit of the text. The notes are of little value.

James MacArthur's dramatization of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which, under the name of "The Christian Pilgrim," was produced in the Liberty Theatre on Monday evening, is a fairly adroit piece of work, and in its rearrangement, sticks closely enough to the original dialogue, which lends itself readily to theatrical adaptation, to preserve the literary quality practically intact. On the whole the representation embodied the spirit of the original work more faithfully and sincerely than was, perhaps, generally expected. There was abundant evidence of a serious and artistic intent behind it, but, as might have been foreseen, the spiritual motive and purpose were least discernible whenever they became the excuse for the most elaborate spectacular illustration. In the scenes in "Vanity Fair" and in the enchanted retreat of the Wanton the interest was purely theatrical, not at all literary or moral. But during the episodes of the flight from the City of Destruction, Christian's passage of the Wicket Gate and winning of the Cross on the Hill, the arming in the House Beautiful and so on, the play was actual-

ly an enactment of the allegory, and exercised the same sort of religious and emotional influence as was exerted by "Everyman." At no time did it degenerate into mere futility and mockery. Miss Crosman, Mr. Roger, and Mr. Mackay spoke the dialogue with comprehension and effect, but the elocution of many of the performers, notably that of the leading man, Tyrone Power, was exceedingly poor. In the case of Mr. Power, who assumed several leading characters, Beelzebub, Apollyon, Hategood, and Giant Despair, with but little sense of characterization, this defect was serious. To the general public the piece will appeal most strongly by its spectacular and musical features, which are uncommonly good in their way, but it is none the less deserving of consideration as an artistic effort.

Music.

Stories of Symphonic Music. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

Previous to Beethoven, symphonic music was little more than the melodious weaving of pretty tone patterns, without any emotional purport or pictorial suggestiveness. Beethoven deepened the emotional import and made a few attempts at pictorial delineation, the most famous of which is the Pastoral Symphony; in this he intends the music to illustrate successively the "awakening of joyful impressions on arriving in the country"; a "scene by the brook"; a "merry gathering of country folk"; "a thunderstorm"; and a "shepherd's song: glad and thankful feelings after the storm." It is true that after penning these indications of his realistic intentions, he had an access of repentance and wrote that his music was intended to be "more an expression of feeling than painting"; and this deprecatory afterthought caused pictorial or "programme music," as it is generally called, to be looked on by the conservatives for many decades as only semi-respectable. Nevertheless, the fact that Beethoven had actually written such music encouraged Mendelssohn to compose his "Scotch" and "Italian" symphonies, and his "Hebrides," "Melusina," and "Calm Sea" overtures, which made Wagner call him "a landscape painter of the first order", and after him the tide rose gradually until absolute (non-pictorial) orchestral music was swept away almost completely. Berlioz, Liszt, Raff, Spohr, and others were among the pioneers, and all the prominent composers excepting Brahms followed in their footsteps, at least in some of their works.

At the present day orchestral conductors seldom arrange a programme that does not contain some "programme" music; sometimes the "programme" is printed in the programme, but often it is not. In the latter case an injustice is done to the hearer as well as the composer, an injustice almost as great as that perpetrated by a vocalist who sings a song in such a way that the words cannot be understood; for, as Ernest Newman has aptly remarked: "If the poem or the picture was necessary to the composer's imagination, it is necessary to mine." There ought to be some way of compelling concert organizations to print the necessary information. Mr. Gilman's new book, "Stories of Symphonic Music," will save them the trouble of compiling the requisite information. To be sure, our author rather deprecates the "efforts of many persons in the audience to extract from programme notes and analyses information as to the dramatic or pictorial or poetic meaning of the music to which they are listening," on the grounds that there is no time for such effort during a concert, and that it is likely to distract the attention of the hearer from the music. There is something in that, too, and we cordially agree that the best thing for every concert-goer to do is to get a copy of Mr. Gilman's book and prepare himself beforehand.

It is a good book, up-to-date, like all of Mr. Gilman's writings. In fact, we fear it is, in not a few of its sections, rather too much up-to-date. The author is ultra-modern in his taste, and he includes in his pages not only symphonic works which are part of the standard repertory, but "such others as seem likely to become so." Among these is the first piece he describes, "The Witch of Atlas" (based on Shelley's poem), by Granville Bantock, an English composer quite neglected so far in our concert halls. Considerable space is given to other pieces now seldom or never heard at our concerts—works by Converse and Hadley, in particular. These are Americans, and so are three others (Chadwick, MacDowell, and Loeffler) in Mr. Gilman's list of thirty-four composers of programme music. Of Liszt's symphonic poems seven are described, while Wagner is represented by the "Faust Overture" and the "Siegfried Idyl." Huber's second symphony was perhaps worth including in this book as an endeavor to compose a tonal commentary on a famous painting; yet, in this, Huber's work was anticipated by Liszt's "Battle of the Huns," which was inspired by one of Kaulbach's frescoes representing the aerial battle between the ghosts of the slain Huns and Romans in the year 451.

American composers and students may find much in Mr. Gilman's volume of interest to them as marking the trend of modern music. We would call their attention particularly to the pages describing the four symphonic poems of Saint-Saëns. That Frenchman, better than any other writer of pictorial music, knew how to condense and present the programme for his music. His "Phaëton" is a model for all composers—a sketch which irresistibly invites a musical setting and makes it easy to follow:

> Phaëton has obtained leave to drive his father,'s, the Sun's, chariot through the heavens. But his unskilful hands lead the steeds astray. The flaming chariot, thrown out of its course, approaches the terrestrial regions. The whole universe is about to perish in flames, when Jupiter strikes the rash Phaëton with his thunderbolt.

What Mozart is among composers, Mme. Sembrich is among singers; her art is always pure, lovely, serene, and though a cloud may occasionally appear on the horizon, it is never a storm cloud. The nearest approach to dramatic emotion on her Tuesday afternoon programme at Carnegie Hall was Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," and the pathos of this was not fully revealed either by her or by her accompanist, Isidore Luckstone, who in all the other songs was admirable. Mme. Sembrich is at her best in songs of light calibre, and nearly all she sang were of this kind; those that had a dash of the comic pleased her large audience particularly. She is mistress of six languages, and sang in them all—Italian, German, French, English, Russian, Polish. Though she now occasionally needs the art of concealing art, she is still the greatest living representative of the *bel canto*, unless the tales regarding Mme. Tetrazzini cabled from London are true.

Jan Kubelik experiences no difficulty in playing any music ever written for the violin; the most stupendous feats seem child's play in his hands. Much more difficult is the rôle he has to play before the public and the musical experts. The public —as represented by an audience of over five thousand persons at the Hippodrome last Sunday—wants to see him exhibit dazzling fireworks *à la* Paganini, while the musicians sneer at him as a mere virtuoso if he gratifies this wish. The problem is how to get both the pay of the public and the praise of the critics. The programme attempted to solve this problem; it included the Sinding concerto, a Beethoven romanza, and the "Havanaise" of Saint-Saëns. In this music he showed that his art has ripened, that he can now play with expression as well as with skill. Yet he himself, like his audience, was much more at home in the final piece, Paganini's "Witches' Dance." In this, all the tricks of the trade are exemplified, and by his marvellous manipulation of them the juggler provoked the wildest enthusiasm.

Professor Kopfermann, head of the musical department of the Berlin Royal Library, has discovered Mozart's seventh Violin Concerto, which was hitherto believed to have been lost. Professor Kopfermann has edited the concerto, and it was performed for the first time on November 4 in Berlin.

Dr. Edmund Hart Turpin, who died in London on October 25, was one of the best known English concert organists and musical journalists. He had been for thirty-two years honorary secretary of the College of Organists. He was born in 1835, at Nottingham. In 1888 he was appointed to the post of organist of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, which he held to the last. He was for several years editor of the *Musical Standard*, and subsequently of the *Musical News*. As a lecturer he was also much in demand. His compositions are mostly of the ecclesiastic order (oratorios, masses, cantatas, anthems), but there are also secular works—piano pieces, quartets, and a "Monastery" symphony.

Vicomtesse Vigier, formerly Sophia Cruvelli, the famous prima donna, died at Nice November 6, aged eighty-one years. She created the leading rôles in Verdi's "Ernani" and "Attila."

Art.

THE WATER COLOR CLUB EXHIBITION.

The exhibitions of the New York Water Color Club are always smaller than those of the American Water Color Society, and it cannot be said that there is any special difference in the point of view represented by the two bodies. The strongest work in

each exhibition is likely to be by the same men. The club includes in its present exhibition pastels which give a different shade to its walls, but the growing use of opaque colors renders it difficult, at times, to distinguish at a glance whether a given work is in pastel or in gouache. Perhaps the standard of this exhibition is a little lower than that of last year's Society showing, but there is good work in it, and certain new-comers are more conspicuous than they might have been in the larger exhibition.

There is, as always, the interest of seeing how the same men get far more beautiful color when they paint in water-colors than when they handle oils. To those who are in a position to know of experiments now being made, it is evident that the lesson is at last being taken to heart, and that painter after painter, who has been brought up in the superstition of "direct painting," and has floundered in mud or chalk for years, is beginning to understand that something is to be said for the traditional methods of oil painting. Painter after painter is beginning to see that there is a special beauty in transparent and translucent color, which is absent from opaque pigment. Unless signs fail the day is at hand when color, for its own intrinsic beauty, and workmanship, also, will reappear in the art of painting in oil.

Instances of the sort of thing oil painting has lacked, in our day, are to be found plentifully enough in almost any water-color exhibition. Take as an instance, here, Otto C. Wigand's, Early Spring, No. 237. Mr. Wigand is a painter in oils whose work is always to be seen in our exhibitions and makes a respectable, if not a distinguished, figure there. If he could give it such charm of color, such fullness and delicacy, at once, as he has achieved in this little watercolor, he would be recognized as one of our foremost painters. Or take Alethea Hill Platt's On the Edge of Dartmoor, No. 101; Mary Langtry's Warm Sunlight's Glow, No. 398 (a picture singularly misnamed, as it is a twilight scene), and the same artist's picture of a white duck absurdly entitled "And scurvy care is dead to such as we," No. 252—all three of these drawings have a decorative color quality—a quiet richness—of which few of our painters in oil, except Maxfield Parrish, who paints almost entirely with transparent color, are capable. These are far from the only examples of what I mean; examples are everywhere. There are bits of still life, flower pieces, all sorts of things by quite undistinguished persons which show the advantage of working in a medium in which stupid prejudice does not forbid the use of real color. It is only in the case of those who are going into the extreme use of pure gouache that watercolor painting is in danger of becoming as lifeless as is much of our modern painting in oils.

Many well-known artists are represented in the exhibition by characteristic works, like F. Luis Mora's brilliant Vacation Time, No. 339, awarded the Beal prize, which has all of his dash, if something less than his occasional subtlety, or Henry B. Snell's Rainbow, No. 363, in which the illusion of light in the bow itself is striking, but is gained at some sacrifice of the quiet beauty of the rest of the picture. On the whole, one likes better his less striking Gray Weather, No. 254. Genjiro Yeto, from painting Japanese subjects in an impressionistic manner, has taken to painting American flowers in a Japanese manner, and the result is delightful.

A systematic review of everything worthy of notice in the exhibition would require more time and space than are at my disposal. Let me conclude with a welcome to one or two new names. Charles Emile Heil is represented by four examples, all of which are interesting. Repose, No. 197, and Laborers Homeward Bound, No. 395, are based on strong charcoal drawings, full of character, washed over with transparent colors. If there is any such drawing under Nos. 73 and 117, Child and Turkeys and The Golden Gown, it is effectually hidden. Both have a curious, stencil-like technique, which is very effective in rendering the glitter of the feathers on the turkeys' backs and the embroidery on the gown. The flesh-modelling in No. 117 is hard, but there is a certain distinction in the drawing. In all four of Mr. Heil's pictures the flesh is rather brownish, and less successful than the accessories. On the whole, he seems to be a person with something to say and a personal way of looking at things, and his work has a decorative intention that is welcome. One will hope for more and still better things from him.

Finally, one of the best things in the exhibition is the Checkered Dress, No. 173, by Hilda Belcher, an entirely new name. It is delightful in tone, charming in characterization, well drawn, and unusually successful in the rendering of flesh—a difficult task in water-color. There is nothing here more quietly beautiful or which one would more strongly wish to carry away.

KENYON COX.

Lemcke & Buechner are the agents in this country for the new dictionary of artists, "Allgemeines Lexikon der bildenden Künstler von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart," edited by Dr. Ulrich Thieme and Dr. Felix Becker of Leipzig, with the cooperation of 300 specialists of Germany and other lands. This great work is to be completed in twenty large volumes, the first of which has just appeared ($8 net).

The most important contribution to the literature of art that the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has made lately is a catalogue of the Morgan collection of Chinese porcelains. The tabulations are reprinted with additions from an earlier edition for private circulation which was printed by Robert Grier Cook in 1904. The new issue, which the museum publishes, contains an historical introduction by Dr. Stephen W. Bushell, a new preface by William M. Laffan, and a series of full-page halftones. In the preface Mr. Laffan says:

> The purpose of the present catalogue is to afford to those interested in the subject of Chinese porcelain an opportunity to study the objects exhibited in the Morgan collection in the light of the latest knowledge that is to be had on the subject. The collection is the most comprehensive that is known, and it has been described as succinctly and lucidly as appeared possible, without any technicalities that could be avoided.

Among the recent accessions in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts are two collections of Egyptian antiquities, one of 187 pieces, which was acquired by purchase, and the other, of 29 pieces, secured under the Egyptian Research Account.

The excavations at Paestum, which have been carried on since last spring, have yielded some remarkable results. Paestum, the Greek Poseidonia, was founded about 600 B. C., probably by Troezenians who were driven out of the city of Sybaris by the Achæans. For a long time it was one of the most flourishing Greek cities, and it was not until the third century B.C. that it lost its independence and became subject to Rome. In our own times it is known chiefly for its three magnificent temples, the largest of which, the temple of Poseidon, dates back probably to about 500 B. C., and is one of the finest and best preserved examples of Greek Doric architecture. The fact that Paestum was for a long time an important Greek city, and had not yet been explored by modern archæologists, made excavations on that site especially alluring. Prof. Vittorio Spinazzola of the University of Naples obtained permission to investigate the site and in three short months brought to light a large quantity of most interesting remains. The first thing discovered was the great central road, thirty-six feet wide, composed of large polygonal blocks, with its paths still intact. It passed behind the two great temples, and has been uncovered for more than 405 feet. In the neighborhood of the temples many fragments of cornices and terra-cotta ornaments have been found; also large fragments of terra-cotta which form a frieze three yards long. These are adorned with five lion heads and beautiful designs of spirals and flowers, and are painted red and brown, the colors well preserved. It is probable that this frieze is part of the cornice that crowned the temple. About seventy-eight feet from the altar which stands in front of the later temple, commonly known by the name of the Basilica, were found a large number of objects dating from prehistoric times down to the Roman epoch: primitive weapons of the stone age; bracelets and ornaments of the bronze age; a rude idol in the form of a bearded god, with round eyes and archaic smile; archaic inscriptions and manifold remains of later times. Great expectations are entertained of the results of the excavations this coming winter.

It had been planned to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Rome as the capital of Italy in 1911 by a great international archæological exhibition in the Baths of Caracalla. For this purpose the Baths were to be elaborately reconstructed in cement and wood and given as much as possible their original appearance. This project, however, found many opponents, and it has now been proposed to spend the four million francs which it would take to reconstruct the Caracalla Baths on the complete clearing of the Baths of Diocletian. All the little houses which have been erected on the site should be pulled down and the old walls brought to light again. The large halls, which are still partly covered, should afford plenty of room for the archæological exhibition, and the same rooms could later be used to house some of the collections which have been crowded into the Museo delle Terme.

In the *Notizie degli scavi* L. Pernier gives an interesting account of important Etruscan finds which have recently been made in the neighborhood of Corneto Tarquinia. A rich Tuscan landlord, Vincenzo Fioroni, undertook excavations at his own expense, both at La Cività and near the hill Poggio dell' Impiccato. At the latter place more than one hundred tombs were discovered, of which eighty-four were found to be intact. The methods of burial were varied. Some of the graves were cylindrical holes cut into the rock and protected with a stone lid; others were movable stone jars stuck into the ground; others, again, consisted of large square chambers covered with enormous blocks; and finally there were discovered several monolithic sarcophagi. The contents of the graves were likewise varied. Among the numerous weapons the helmets are specially noteworthy, both for their number and for their form and artistic decorations. A great variety of fibulæ (brooches), bracelets, terra-cottas, and vases were also found, as well as the characteristic hut-urns.

We have received from Jacques Reich of this city the remarque proof of his etching of George William Curtis, the latest addition to the series of distinguished Americans, in which the portrait of Schurz was so admirable. The etching of Curtis represents him not as he was when he thrilled the Republican convention in 1860, but in his later years, and his sterner aspect. It has not the charm of other portraits of Mr. Curtis.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' shops in this city is a collection of Rembrandt's etchings, most of them picked up in Europe during the past summer, at Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, on view till November 30; etchings and lithographs by Whistler, H. Wunderlich & Co.'s, till November 30; paintings by August van Tack, Macbeth's, November 24.

Finance.

THE AFTERMATH OF PANIC.

The spread of the New York panic throughout the rest of the country; the deficit in New York bank reserves (below the 25 per cent. ratio) of $38,838,000 on November 2, and of $51,924,000 on November 9—both figures quite unprecedented; the repetition of the premium on currency witnessed in 1893 and 1873—these successive events of the past two weeks have merely duplicated, on perhaps a larger scale, the similar incidents of preceding panics. Some experiences which followed the New York panic in those other years have not yet been repeated; notably the failure of small banks and mercantile institutions throughout the interior. The reason is that the partial suspension of credit throughout the country has brought all enterprise, solvent and insolvent, to a sort of equality. During the crisis, the country's strongest banking institutions practically pooled their resources with the weakest. Through this joint use of credit, collapse of ill-protected banks and industrial concerns has been prevented, or at all events postponed. It will be when the measures of emergency relief are no longer necessary, and when the regular course of business has been resumed, that all institutions and individuals will be brought to what Western markets call a "show-down." When this real test of solvency comes, many of the weaker or "over-extended" undertakings may be forced to the wall.

In the past week, the event which has in many respects been more sensational than anything of the sort in previous panics has concerned the relations between New York and financial London. When trouble was at its worst in the fourth week of October, all experienced financiers agreed that large recourse to Europe's gold supply would be inevitable. Certain conditions favored such a method of relief on a substantial scale and on a strictly commercial basis. The Bank of England, which, as long ago as the middle of summer, had begun to strengthen its own position through exaction of an unusually high rate of discount, had accumulated an exceptionally large stock of gold and had raised its ratio of reserve to liabilities to the highest figure reported in that month in half a dozen years. On the other hand, our country was fortunate in having a fair surplus of wheat, which the outside world would presumably be compelled to buy at the seller's prices. So far, then, the means of obtaining foreign gold seemed to be well provided; in fact, perhaps $10,000,000 gold was engaged at London, during the early stages of the panic, with exchange on that city holding at rates which abundantly justified such shipments, and with export of agricultural commodities, and sales for future export, reaching unusual magnitude. But the New York market either would not or could not wait. Banks and bankers, accordingly, as was noted in this column last week, offered as high as 3 per cent. premium for imported specie. On this wholly artificial basis of exchange, no less than $40,000,000 gold was started from London on its way to New York city.

The Bank of England, from whose reserves the greater part of this gold had been withdrawn, advanced its rate to 5½ per cent. on October 28, and to 6 on November 4; and on Thursday of last week it broke all precedents since the world-wide panic of 1873 by raising the rate to 7. On the same day the Bank of France fixed 4 per cent., the highest since the Boer War panic of 1899; and on the ensuing day the Bank of Germany went up to 7½, the highest figure in its history. These extraordinary rates, while partly designed to meet conditions in Europe's own markets, especially at Berlin, nevertheless were primarily directed to regulating the New York demand for gold. Exactly what the withdrawals by New York signified to the Bank of England may be judged from the fact that last Thursday's weekly statement of the Bank showed a loss of $30,000,000 gold within a fortnight, and a fall in its ratio of reserve to liability, from the comfortable figure of 49⅜ per cent. on October 17, to 35¼ on November 7. The second of these figures, though below the traditional 40 per cent. minimum, was nevertheless no lower than has been reached occasionally even in recent years. But those instances were due to temporary causes, such as the large December settlements at London; in the present case, nobody could tell how long this extravagant American demand would last. The Bank of England possessed no means of protection except its discount rate.

When the strain is over—always supposing serious trouble does not break out in Europe itself—it may be confidently predicted that these high bank rates will gradually drop, and that the foreign money markets will resume a normal course. Meantime, however, the remarkable movements above described, and the continuance of gold withdrawals from Europe for New York during the present week, raise the question: What has become of all the gold which lately seemed to be flowing into the world's reserves? The world's gold production during 1906 broke all records, and production this present year, so far as America and the Transvaal are concerned, has run beyond even 1906. Moreover, the Treasury estimate of this country's actual money circulation, published a few days ago, showed that during October, the month of panic outbreak, the gold in the United States increased by $6,700,000, and that the total supply of all sorts of currency was enlarged by $14,000,000.

These figures include the holdings of the Treasury. If they are omitted, so as to indicate the amount of currency in actual circulation (on the markets or in bank reserves) the comparison is far more striking. Owing in the main to the large deposits made by the Treasury last month in banks, here and elsewhere, the total supply of money in the United States, outside the Treasury, increased between October 1 and November 1 no less than $70,500,000. In other words, during this very panic period the circulating medium has been increasing with extraordinary rapidity. What has become of it all? And, in particular, how is it possible that when money enough was on hand a month or two ago, there should now be so excited a scramble for the reserves of all the great banks here and abroad?

No doubt actual hoarding by individuals accounts partly for this sudden need. The difficulty has not been complicated, as in 1857, by the sudden removal, from circulation, of notes of banks which had suspended payments. But when due allowance has been made for private hoarding—the amount, perhaps, in the whole United States, may have reached $30,000,000 or $40,000,000—the fundamental cause of the present urgent demand still remains to be pointed out. In times of easy credit, relatively small reserves in cash suffice as a basis for large superstructure of bank liabilities. The country banks, under the national bank law, deposit at New York or other cities three-fifths of their 15 per cent. required cash reserve; trust companies work under an even smaller margin of actual cash in their own vaults. Each institution leans on the credit of some other, without provoking distrust. But once let general doubt about banking credit spread throughout the country, and each fiduciary institution will try to collect at once into its own vaults as large a stock of cash as possible. Reliance on other banks where reserves have been redeposited is not enough. Indeed, the panic of 1893 showed plainly to the West and South that a solvent country

bank might be forced to close its doors through inability to obtain cash due it from a solvent city institution. The result of a precautionary hoarding of currency by the banks of a hundred cities is that supplies of currency which, a month ago, were ample for the market's needs, are now entirely inadequate.

It may be asked: How shall we find relief? The answer must be sought in the history of former panics. When excitement quiets down; when the sheep and the goats have been separated in the ranks of firms and institutions; when the community as a whole has regained its confidence in such institutions as survive—then the currency hoarded by individuals will return to the bank reserves, and institutions which have been holding unusually large quantities of cash to meet the crisis will gradually relax their grip on the money. It will once more flow to the larger city markets, and from there, if former experience is a guide, will go back to Europe in the form of gold. But time is required for this process of recovery.

Financial.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ady, Cecilia M. A History of Milan Under the Sforza. Putnams.

Allen, Annie Winsor. Home, School and Vacation. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net

Allingham, William. A Diary. Edited by H. Allingham and D. Bradford. Macmillan. $3.75 net.

Baldwin, Charles Sears. Essays Out of Hours. Longmans. $1 net.

Bauer, Hugo. A History of Chemistry. Translated by R. V. Stanford. Longmans. $1 net.

Beginners' Number Primer: One to Twenty. Macmillan. 20 cents net.

Berenson, Bernhard. North Italian Painters of the Renaissance. Putnams.

Blake, Mary Elizabeth. In the Harbour of Hope. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

Brady, Cyrus Townsend. Northwestern Fights and Fighters. McClure Co.

Brown, Demetra and Kenneth. The First Secretary. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.

Burgess, Gelett. The Maxims of Methusalah. Stokes. 75 cets. net.

Burr, Anna Robeson. The Jessop Bequest. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

Burstein, Maurice J. The Ideal System of Finance. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.

Canfield, Dorothy, and others. What Shall We Do Now? Stokes. $1.50.

Caffin, Charles H. The Story of American Painting. Stokes. $2.50 net.

Cary, Elisabeth Luther. Honoré Daumier. Putnams.

Clarke, Helen Archibald. Browning's Italy. Baker & Taylor Co.

Clark, John Bates. Essentials of Economic Theory. Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Chaffers, William The Keramic Gallery. Imported by Scribners.

Crawford, Mary Caroline. Little Pilgrims Among Old New England Inns. Boston: Page.

Crouch, Frances. Feminine Finance. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.

Curtis, Carlton C. Nature and Development of Plants. Holt.

Davey, John. The Tree Doctor. Akron, O.: Saalfield Publishing Co. $2 net.

Davis, Richard Harding. The Congo Coasts of Africa. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Downes, Robert P. Life's Eventide. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Duckworth, Lawrence. Marine Insurance. London: Effingham Wilson.

Elliott, G. F. Scott. The Romance of Savage Life. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Forster, John. The Life of Charles Dickens. Henry Frowde.

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Franklin's Autobiography. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. American Book Co. 40 cents.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1907.

The Week.

One phrase in the President's letter to Secretary Cortelyou in regard to the bond and note issues will, we think, provoke remark. "The government," he wrote, "*will see* that the people do not suffer if only the people themselves will act in a normal way." It is, of course, a consistent Republican theory that this phrase expresses. The party has always assumed that its measures were the *sine qua non* of prosperity. Now that a depression has set in, the party naturally feels compelled to assert its power to defend the faith. Of course, it cannot. Relieve the money stringency it may, but no widespread depression is to be conjured away by promises that "the government will see to it." That is an unwise pledge, from the point of view of politics as well as of economics. As the New York *Journal of Commerce* put it Tuesday, Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to conceal a serious situation by saying that crops are good and business conditions are sound, and by urging people to be normal, is only "applying the Christian Science doctrine to the finance and business of the country which has been for two or three years working into a disordered condition and needs careful and judicial treatment."

Mr. Bryan's announcement that he will not seek, but is ready to accept, another nomination for the Presidency, will arouse almost every conceivable emotion—except enthusiasm. The general feeling, if he should run again for the Presidency, would be like that of the returned English officer in the story, who, when he was asked to go and see the House of Commons, inquired, "Is that thing going on yet?" The advantage of having a new man as a candidate is often very great. He provokes interest. Everything printed about him is read; his speeches are closely scanned. This was the good fortune of Mr. Bryan himself in his first campaign. But after eleven years of it, that curiosity is now rather more than sated. With a fresh nominee, too, there is always the possibility of enlisting hope. People are optimistic in the case of a new man. He will do better—the new broom will sweep away the old cobwebs. But Mr. Bryan, instead of causing hope to spring eternal, would make dejection sit like an incubus on every breast. During half a generation citizens have now formed the habit of voting against Mr. Bryan, and such habits are fearfully hard to break. Mr. Bryan makes a great parade of appealing to "the rank and file" of the party. He says he is not going to be guided by the opinion of newspapers "calling themselves Democratic." The mandate that he will obey must come, if at all, from the plain people in the party. The fact which Mr. Bryan doubtless has in mind, that a great many Democratic papers in the South have been outspoken against his candidacy, cannot be dismissed as a mere vagary of their editors. It speaks, rather, of a widespread feeling. If Mr. Bryan is named for the Presidency next year, it will be due to skilful use of the "organization," not to any spontaneous demand of the mass of Democrats, North or South, plain or fancy. From beginning to end, Mr. Bryan's manifesto harps on "availability." But the real objections to him go deeper than any weighing of the chances of success. He might be "sure to win," and yet we should have the same conviction that he is not the man for the Presidency. He has shown himself as unstable as water and as dangerous as fire. He speaks smoothly of "Democratic principles," but any definition of them that could pass outside of a lunatic asylum would shut out such enormous centralization of power as is involved in his scheme for government ownership of railroads. A determined rally of a few States would make his candidacy impossible. The question is, What are self-respecting Democrats going to do about it? They will have to answer very soon.

The Administration has no more difficult task than to decide when to hold an election in Cuba and set up the new government which it is bound to put into power. The understanding has been that this step should precede our own Presidential election in 1908. Now there is reported a growing demand from various sources in the island for an early election; and the preliminary census has been just completed. It does not seem possible that the government can please all the parties in Cuba. Some will think the day chosen comes too soon, others too late, and those who desire a permanent intervention will naturally not be satisfied at all. The discouraging fact seems to be that, during this interregnum, no one strong man has come forward who is entitled to the office of President by reason of his sagacity and ability. The danger is, of course, that, if a member of one of the present factions is elected, the others will start a revolution. The Cuban police and rural guards have, we understand, been greatly improved of late, and if in connection with the election there could be an agreement that American officers should be placed at the head of the Cuban forces in order to keep the peace, there might be some chance of a government's surviving for a while. Whether such an arrangement could be worked out is problematical, for the reason that every President would naturally wish to control the head of the military. If only some Cuban Diaz would appear, Gov. Magoun, we feel sure, would rejoice. It is pleasant to record that, according to all accounts, the American government of Cuba has been of an excellent character, while the conduct of our American troops deserves the warmest commendation.

Oklahoma does not enter the sisterhood of States in the best of tempers. She feels rather like an unconventional but entirely worthy member of the family who has been kept waiting interminably in the vestibule. She has had the added vexation of overhearing scraps of the conversation from upstairs. "Oh, she can wait." "We're expecting Arizona presently; let's have them both shown up together." "She can't possibly have grown up. I remember her as a particularly obstreperous baby. Hadn't she better eat with the children?" There is some excuse for this feeling. We never kept any other Territory half so well qualified for Statehood on probation so long. Yet the whole summer's gossip about the President's possible refusal to approve the new Constitution doubtless rested on a very small basis of fact. Plenty of Republicans wanted to keep the Democrats out for a year or two more, and there were enough debatable provisions in the Oklahoma Constitution to serve as excuses. That the President would consent to this kind of political scheming, especially when its victim was a commonwealth which he held in such friendly esteem as Oklahoma, was altogether unlikely. Gov. Haskell has declared his intention of reorganizing the administration slowly, and of being impartial in the designation of State depositories, and the like. If he carries out his purpose, his course will be in refreshing contrast to the petty political machinations of some of the opponents of Statehood.

The proposal for a national park on the Hudson, for the preservation of the Highlands from Peekskill to Cornwall, should take more account of the possibilities of the tract as a forest reserve. Romantic the region is, and not without historic associations; but so grave has become the shortage in lumber that no new national reservations should be created which do not aim to stop or make good the senseless deforestation of our lands. That the lumber consumption of

the country has increased more rapidly than our population is to a considerable extent due to the destruction of forests for the making of wood-pulp paper. But, whatever the causes, the astounding fact remains that enough lumber has been cut since 1880 to make a one-inch floor over an area of 25,000 square miles. Such lavish use of lumber cannot, of course, continue without serious industrial results. The railways are feeling the pinch when they buy their ties, and so are manufacturers of furniture, cooperage products, vehicles, and builders of all kinds. If they were aware that there is only fifteen years' supply of hard wood now available for cutting, their present anxiety would be far greater. The time is, therefore, ripe for urging the increase of our forest reserves, not only by the Federal Government, but by the States as well. New York, for instance, ought to assume jurisdiction over the Lake George mountains and shores. That region is practically useless for farming purposes, but for forestry is of greater value than the newly proposed Hudson River park. In Michigan, a beginning has been made in the work of preserving some timber lands by the appointment of a commission of nine to investigate the whole matter and report to the Governor. But before the nation as a whole the all-important matter is the creation of a national forest reserve in the Appalachian and White Mountains. A bill authorizing the acquirement of the necessary territory passed the Senate, but failed in the House. Congress did, however, appropriate $25,000 for a thorough examination and survey, and a definite plan is now ready for submission to Congress when it meets next month. Costly the purchase of the necessary land indubitably will be. Nevertheless, the Appalachian reserve bill should be carried through Congress at the earliest possible moment.

"Dr. Wiley, the government's so-called 'food expert and reformer,' is as much responsible for the present demoralization of a great mass of the business of the United States as any one person in the country." This charge, from the lips of the counsel for the American Extract Manufacturers' Association, has a familiar ring. The present state of public feeling is such as to make the cry of "disturber of business" an effective slogan for every cause, no matter how selfish its motives. Against last year's food law, made inevitable by the Chicago stock-yard revelations, people raised the wail about America's diminishing exports, on the theory, presumably, that just as all party differences must be forgotten in the face of a foreign enemy, so all possible moral scruples, with regard to the vending of tainted food, must be forgotten in the face of a foreign customer. What, after all, do Dr. Wiley's critics demand, in the last analysis, but the right to sell an article under any name but the one by which it is known to its maker? Men in high office have been justly censured as "disturbers of business" because their zeal has far outrun their discretion or the necessities of the case; but it is still to be shown that the head of the Agriculture Department's Bureau of Chemistry has, according to assertion, "destroyed food values to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of dollars by unfair methods."

Writing on the subject of "Aids to Contentment in the Navy," Rear-Admiral Goodrich has contributed some valuable suggestions to the Naval Institute's *Proceedings*. There is, it appears, considerable discontent in the navy, as well as in the army, and Admiral Goodrich joins Lieut. Ridley McLean, who has also written on the subject, in believing that the features of naval life which cause the greatest discontent are unnecessary ones. Primarily, Admiral Goodrich feels that the navy, in its treatment of its men, has not taken note of the changes which have revolutionized society during the last one hundred years. He finds that the attitude of the average naval captain towards his men is about what it was in 1861, although during that time the duties of crews have undergone a marked change. For instance, of the crew of the steamer Tennessee in 1880, 81.2 per cent. was made up of seamen, only 14.9 per cent. being in the engine-room, or artificer's branch. To-day, the Maine, out of a crew of 670, carries only 334 seamen, or less than 50 per cent., while 39.1 per cent. are in the engine-room and among the artificers. Moreover, the seaman of to-day bears to his predecessor of 1880 only a slight resemblance. The modern ship is a floating machine shop, and her crew ought to be treated as high-class mechanics, and not as were sailors in the time of Marryat. Then they were imprisoned on board men-of-war, as if they were convicts, and certain to get drunk or to desert if allowed to go on shore. To-day, confinement on a ship is more irksome in some ways than formerly, because the friends of a sailor have so many more pleasures and opportunities than did the corresponding classes a hundred years ago. Moreover, sailors are now dressed as they were a century ago, and are often compelled to change their clothes—if they are in the engineering department six times a day, or more. Rear-Admiral Goodrich would have them wear working clothes all day, and change to clean at night. He would compress all work into the hours between 8 A. M. and 5 P. M., and then devote the rest of the twenty-four hours to sleep and recreation. If the ship is in a home port, he would allow all but one-quarter of the crew to go ashore every night, and stay, if they wished, until seven o'clock in the morning. Finally, he would have Congress permit the navy to punish offenders by imposing fines, as in the army, and would do away with the deprivation of liberty as a punishment. All of which appears to the civilian ashore sound and sensible, in keeping with the times. The wonder is that such views have not long prevailed.

That the present football season has been a notable improvement upon its predecessors no observer can deny. Primarily, there have been fewer injuries than for years. Such casualties as have been reported have been mostly among the players upon "scrub" teams. The absence of serious accidents is the more noteworthy because opponents of the present game were certain that the open style of play would be more dangerous than the crush of a mass play. The event has shown that the facts are on the other side. It is also gratifying to learn that the conduct of the players has been better. There have only been isolated instances of deliberate "slugging" or foul play. Undoubtedly, this is partly due to the extra umpire and to increased official vigilance; but whatever the cause, the result is welcome. As to the game itself, last year all the teams were unfamiliar with the open style of play, and even the most skilful players failed to grasp the possibilities behind the new rules. This year the benefits are clearly visible, and the game appears transformed from that of two years ago, when twenty-two "beefy" players shoved each other up and down the field. Now lithe and active men are sought. Moreover, the player is compelled to use his brains to a far greater extent than heretofore. The variety of plays and their ingenuity are amazing after the years of tandem-smashing through right or left tackle or the guards, varied by an occasional punt. From the spectator's point of view, the game is also vastly improved. The forward pass is but one of several new plays which add to the interest and keep the ball always in view. Finally, the new rules have brought about a greater equality among the teams of large and small colleges. While conceding all these improvements in the sport this season, the *Nation* is still opposed to intercollegiate football contests. Their inherent evils are not affected by the fact that the playing rules have been improved, and that the list of injuries has shrunk. The over-emphasis upon athletics continues. The excitement of the undergraduate world during the football season remains. It is still true, as a Harvard professor said last year, that no solid work can be got out of the classes until the Yale game is

over. All of the arguments against the game that President Eliot has marshalled with such telling effect are still of force. Nothing has happened which should cause the Columbia University authorities an instant's regret over the stand they took last year in forbidding football.

Catholic authorities in this country, as well as abroad, are, outwardly at least, conforming to the injunctions of the Pope's encyclical against "Modernism." The trustees of the Catholic University at Washington have recently passed a formal vote against the teaching of Modernist heresies in that institution. Father Tyrrell, the English Jesuit of liberal leanings, who in two able articles in the London *Times* replied to the arguments of the encyclical, has just been sentenced to what is known as the "lesser excommunication." Under this punishment he is forbidden to approach the sacraments, though he is not barred from ordinary communications with the faithful. The sentence has deeply stirred Father Tyrrell's admirers, who regard him as the Roman Church's "greatest master of English style and her subtlest apologist since Newman." Moreover, according to Sunday's press dispatches, two German ecclesiastics have also fallen under the ban. One is Father Josef Müller, a leader of the Catholic Reform Party in Bavaria, and editor of *Renaissance;* and the other is Prof. Johann H. Schrörs of Bonn University. The first has been directed by the Archbishop of Munich to leave the diocese; and the second, by order of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, finds himself without Roman Catholic students. For some time Professor Schrörs, who fills one of the chairs of Catholic theology, has been lecturing in favor of applying scientific methods not only to Biblical criticism, but also to the interpretation of the Fathers of the Church. Suddenly Cardinal Fischer of Cologne issued instructions to all Catholic students at Bonn University to absent themselves from Professor Schrörs's lectures. The faculty of the university is reported to be indignant at what is regarded as outside interference with the freedom of scientific research, and has petitioned the Minister of Education to protect Professor Schrörs against the Cardinal. In the twentieth century this news falls very strangely on our ears. For comment on it we need do nothing more than quote a sentence from George Haven Putnam's lately published "Censorship of the Church of Rome":

> There is something almost pathetic in the long series of attempts made by popes, councils, bishops, congregations, and inquisitors, to protect the souls of the faithful against the baneful influence of the ever-increasing tide of literature that was pouring forth from the various centres, so much of which was calculated to lead men astray from the true doctrines, and to bring them into risk of everlasting perdition.

We catch the first effect of the Kaiser's visit in the softened tone assumed by the German press, and in the rumor of negotiations under way between Edward VII. and the Emperor, which, because they deal with the affairs of other countries than their own, would presuppose that their own affairs have been satisfactorily adjusted. Edward VII., it has been reported, is striving to bring about a meeting between the Kaiser and the French President. What such an event would mean to the peace of Europe need not be dwelt upon. The probability of such a happening, which five years ago would have been deemed utterly impossible, is due to the momentous series of diplomatic arrangements, which began with the Anglo-French understanding of April 8, 1904. This arrangement, which from the beginning virtually included Spain in its terms, was followed by a distinct improvement in the tone of Franco-Italian relations; France in turn facilitated the conclusion of the recent agreement between Great Britain and Russia; the winning over of Germany's ally, Italy, and Germany's friend, Russia—in other words, the rapid closing of that circle which evoked such ominous growls from Germany—made it incumbent for the Kaiser to make friends with Great Britain, which German opinion, in part, at least, has regarded as the architect of anti-German machinations. And now Edward VII. is preparing to complete his circle of European agreements—a circle not around Germany, but including her as a link—by bringing together Germany and France. We have called such an arrangement not improbable. On the part of Germany, the desire to come to an understanding has existed for some time. There are two favorable factors. First is the situation in Morocco, where France seems pledged to a course of radical action extending over a long period, but where Germany's good or ill-will can make her task comparatively light or extremely difficult. Second is the spirit of mistrust in her powers of self-defence which has fallen upon France of late. The effect of the anti-militarist agitation cannot be minimized. High officials in the army, including one commander-in-chief, have resigned because they would not accept the responsibility of conducting a successful campaign under prevalent conditions. The Chamber has found it necessary to debate the subject "Are We Defended?" The naval arsenals and dockyards are hotbeds of labor sedition, and the frequency with which officers have been arrested for selling information to foreign Powers is alarming. Under such conditions France should welcome the prospect of some sort of understanding with Germany.

The first subject to receive the attention of the third Duma will probably be the agrarian problem. A solution is to be attempted on the lines already laid down by a series of imperial edicts during the last two years. There is to be no wholesale expropriation of landowners, but the transfer of land to peasant cultivators is to be facilitated by means of agricultural banks. Emigration to Asia is to be fostered. Above all, however, the government is to pursue its policy of breaking up the present communal system of peasant proprietorship, and furthering the creation of a class of prosperous peasant landowners. The main object, therefore, of the government's programme is not social, but political. Its experience with the two former Dumas has shown how susceptible the present exceptional status of the peasants renders them to the influence of revolutionary theory and propaganda. The revolutionaries have been saying to the peasants, "You practically are living now under a local socialist régime; all you must do is to get rid of the iniquitous bureaucracy and autocracy to arrive at ideal conditions." The government's hope is to cut the ground from under this argument by eliminating the communistic elements from Russia's rural system. Already, by the Imperial decrees before mentioned, the peasants have been liberated from a number of their political disabilities, the right of free migration has been conferred on them, and the individual acquisition of land has been especially encouraged. Whether the Russian government, after creating a middle class of small peasant proprietors, will find them more easy to deal with than the existing peasant community is, however, an open question. The break-up of the Russian communal system and the building up of a class of large peasant landowners would mean a corresponding reduction of the great mass of the peasantry to the position of propertyless agricultural laborers—a class which might easily make trouble. And there are other difficulties in the way of the government. Among its very supporters in the present Duma, among the members of the Right and the Centre, the Slavophil element is said to be strong. The new president of the Duma, Khomyakoff, is described as an ardent Slavophil. Now, it is one of the main tenets of the Slavophil creed that, in her present system of communal peasant owners, and her consequent lack of a landless class, Russia possesses an enormous advantage over the Occident which is destined to make her the leading world-power in the future. It is a question whether their possible interests as landlords can make the Duma conservatives forget their Slavophil tendencies.

TREASURY'S RELIEF MEASURES.

With full realization of the gravity of the crisis which has inspired the action of the Treasury, we are still of opinion that the course adopted over Sunday is a serious mistake. That it will help the markets for the moment, and hasten through indirect means the restoration of bank reserves, is highly probable. But a precisely similar argument could have been invoked for the issue of $100,000,000 in irredeemable legal tender notes, supposing that recourse to have fallen within the power of the Administration; and to dismiss the action of the government with the easy assertion that the end justifies the means is to surrender all right to judge of the country's financial policy in the longer future. A $50,000,000 issue of Panama Canal bonds, already authorized by law and available as a legal basis for new banknote issues, was doubtless open to objection as a drain on capital when no capital could be spared; but otherwise much might be said in favor of it.

The expedient of short-term notes, on the other hand, we regard as vicious. As a precedent, it is fraught with evil. The extent to which it commits the Treasury for the future to the paternalism which reached such excesses under Secretary Shaw is perhaps the least of possible unhappy consequences, yet this of itself is unfortunate enough. The use of government credit by President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle after the panic of 1893 bears no analogy to the present case. In that famous instance, the government sold bonds to make good the depleted gold reserve against its own outstanding notes and to enable the Treasury to maintain the public faith. No trouble of that sort exists to-day. Nor does this new operation stand on a footing even with Secretary Cortelyou's use of the public surplus to relieve the recent panic through deposits with the banks. The Treasury then did nothing more than throw back on the money market what in a normal system of finance ought never to have been taken from it. No similar principle can be invoked in behalf of the present action.

It has, we are all aware, the defence of an urgent crisis. Money has been hoarded in stupendous quantities; bank reserves have been heavily cut down; and credit has been paralyzed. Taking into full account these formidable difficulties, we nevertheless cannot blink the fact that the issue of credit notes on the present plan and scale is undeniable inflation. To all intents and purposes, the expedient is like that which an excited Congress voted under closely parallel conditions after the panic of 1873, and which Grant blocked by his courageous veto. In the one case as in the other the government has created a heavy floating debt to raise money which it does not need, and which it proposes to throw into the country's circulation. We do not see how any one can for a moment contend that this is a safe precedent.

People may ask whether the existing emergency was not grave enough to warrant recourse to any shift, however objectionable at an ordinary time, which would avert overwhelming disaster. Our answer is, that the situation did not call for such methods of relief. We believe that the financial strain, severe though it still remained last Saturday, was showing distinct signs of relaxation. The successive steps of this 1907 panic had followed exactly those noted when confidence returned after the crisis of 1893. Then, as now, actual currency was hoarded by the tens of millions; then, as now, a heavy deficit in bank reserves existed; the channels of daily settlement between banks were choked with Clearing House certificates; "pay-roll money" in many cases could not be provided; a premium in the form of checks was bid and paid for currency; the hoarding of cash was thereby temporarily increased; at various inland cities "clearing-house checks" and employers' credit notes were in hand-to-hand circulation. Then, as now, we indulged in a "raid" on London's gold; forty millions were taken for New York, mostly from the banks of England and mostly through payment of a premium. There was not, in short, one phenomenon of the present panic which did not appear in the same order fourteen years ago. Yet the outcome, in 1893, was that, as soon as the New York bank statement indicated that an inflow of foreign gold had stopped the depletion of cash reserves, the currency premium declined, the hoarding ceased, and the hidden money began pouring back into the banks. That stage of recovery had, we believe, been reached with the publication of the bank statement of last Saturday.

If any real difference can be discovered between conditions in 1893 and those of to-day, so far as concerns the international position, it is such as to indicate far greater elements of strength and recuperative power in 1907. During a fortnight past, we have been buying gold abroad as we might have bought pork or iron—by bidding until we found a seller, and by pledging our credit for the payment. But with the subsequent arrival at the seaboard of the enormous quantities of grain and cotton bought by European merchants in our first collapse of credit, we are rapidly paying for the gold in real commodities. Our power to do this has been immensely greater than in the agricultural depression of 1893, and we have far more left in reserve than we had then for further payments. The inference should be plain that the problem of the markets was as sure of solution in the normal course of affairs this year as in 1893. That use of the government's credit will go far towards rectifying the situation without further inroads upon Europe's stock of gold, is entirely probable. The question still remains, however, whether we are not paying too dearly for this result—gratifying as it may be for the moment.

THE WAR ON THE SALOON.

So absorbed has this country been for the last few years in the attempt to regulate corporations, check monopolies, and deal with the unprincipled rich, that a veritable revolution in the sentiment of the people upon a great social question has taken place practically unnoticed. Only when the Georgia Legislature voted almost unanimously for prohibition did the general public begin to learn that there is a great anti-saloon movement under way. It is, however, by no means confined to the South, as the last election has clearly shown. The dispatches report that 160 out of 180 Chicago precincts voted against license at the last election, thus closing 199 saloons. The Chicago City Council voted last week to establish prohibition in a southwestern section nearly a square mile in extent. More than one-half of that city will thus have abolished the saloon. Here in our own neighborhood, White Plains and other Westchester County towns "went dry." In New Jersey, Judge Fort's defence of the Bishops' Law contributed largely to his election as Governor.

The movement cannot be explained in the South by racial problems, or in the North by any popular zeal for total abstinence, or by any sudden, emotional, semi-religious outburst against the drink evil. The Southerner does not turn total abstainer merely that the negro may thereby profit physically and spiritually. The Northerners who are going to the polls in such large numbers and silently voting away the "poor man's club" are not all teetotalers. Nor is their action influenced by a narrow belief that men can be made moral by act of legislature, such belief as brought about the prohibition laws in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and other States half a century ago. The strength of this movement lies in the votes of localities. When the prohibition laws were repealed in New Hampshire and Vermont, many towns and cities voted for license. Gradually these are swinging back into the prohibition column, just as in North Carolina 62 out of 97 counties are "dry," and all but thirty towns and cities, as a result of local initiative and decision.

Naturally, the liquor-dealers are everywhere in great alarm, and are seeking to counteract the movement by supporting extreme anti-saloon measures. Conditions in Alabama show how little likelihood they have of succeeding. In spite of concessions on the part of the li-

quor interests, the Prohibitionists, by means of the local-option law, have driven them out of county after county. Three counties were carried at the end of October by such large anti-saloon majorities that it is evident that six others in which elections are pending will go the same way. Already 41 out of 67 Alabama counties are "dry." Naturally, the Legislature will not long stand out against public sentiment of this kind, and a State prohibition law may be looked for within the near future. Mississippi will adopt prohibition just as soon as its Legislature assembles in January—this even the liquor-sellers admit. Tennessee is practically lost to them, for only three towns and three cities and 5 out of 96 counties still tolerate the sale of liquor; in Kentucky, the recent anti-saloon victory speaks for itself. Indeed, if Mr. Roosevelt had stopped to analyze the Republican victory in that State, for which he officially expressed his gratitude, he would have found that it was not a Republican, but a temperance triumph. Louisville itself did a noble day's work in defeating the political corruptionists, and in closing the shops of their chief supporters, the rum-sellers. Altogether, in the South the liquor-sellers have been driven out of 981 counties, and are allowed to operate only in 275—and the latter figure decreases week by week. Even in Louisiana, where an effort has been made to control by high license, rather than by prohibition, there are indications that the nineteen dry parishes will soon be reinforced by some of the forty which now permit the sale of liquor.

That the West is in sympathy with the movement appears from the inclusion within the Oklahoma Constitution of a prohibition clause. In Illinois, so the Chicago *Evening Post* reports:

> Victories too many to enumerate were won by the anti-saloon forces; and not in the "country" alone, but in towns and cities of size and importance. Jacksonville went "dry" by a majority of nearly 800 votes, and it is only here and there that the saloons escaped the rising flood.

The *Post* adds that prohibition as an election issue is now out of the Prohibition party's hands, and has become the "popular cause of many thousands of voters" who are still Republicans and Democrats. It attributes this change largely to the new methods of the anti-saloon leagues. They appeal to reason rather than to emotion, and make use of modern advertising methods to bring home salient facts, and are getting greater and greater support from business men of means and standing. Thus in Indianapolis the Kokomo Steel and Iron Company estimates that the saloons near its plant cost it $75,000 a year. It asks for a law prohibiting saloons in factory districts. "Kokomo," it says, "has thirty saloons that pay $7,500 a year into the city treasury. The manufacturing interests are damaged more than ten times that amount by the saloons."

Will it last? Can the laws be enforced? Is the vicious Maine experience to be repeated? These are the questions every one must ask who ponders on this extraordinary reversal of public sentiment, which, as *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular* puts it, makes the liquor-dealer confront the practical question whether he is not to be wholly legislated out of business. Any liquor law can be enforced behind which there is public opinion, and at present the feeling against the saloon is so spontaneous, is such a natural rising of the people, that there is greater hope for the success of prohibition than ever before. "Blind tigers" there will be, of course, and officials who will connive at an illegitimate traffic. But in Birmingham, Ala., to cite one case, since Mayor Ward has come into office, prohibition in that city does prohibit, and the anti-saloon leagues have learned to stand by him and other executives with their "law-enforcement departments." What the situation in the rural districts of the South, where practically every farmer can brew some kind of intoxicating drink for himself, will be five years hence, no man can foretell. But the prospects are excellent for a rigorous restriction of a business that is the costliest, the most demoralizing, and most injurious of any the State permits.

OMNISCIENT RULERS AND KITCHEN-CABINETS.

Not the least interesting feature of the revelations made in the Harden trial is their light on the essential limitations of the human mind, even when that mind belongs to the head of a great nation. William II.'s amazing versatility has been the subject of more eulogistic comment than has fallen to the lot of any of his contemporaries, with one exception. The War Lord of Europe has repeatedly laid aside his helmet and his sword to strike the poet's lyre, or grasp the wheel of his racing yacht, or to join debate with theologians and Assyriologists, and always with heaven-stirring success. What was there this strenuous young man did not know thoroughly, or could not do with unrivalled perfection? Great historical painters engaged in depicting the fortunes of Germany and the Hohenzollerns were dumfounded by the Kaiser's acquaintance with the minutiæ of early European history. Leoncavallo, after composing the music for "Roland of Berlin," declared that if the Imperial librettist were not the first monarch of the Continent, he could easily be Europe's greatest tone-poet. Grizzled generals, accompanying the Kaiser on manœuvres, can only quail before the eye that grasps at the same time the nature of an entire terrain and the wrong shade of the buttons on a corporal's uniform. American millionaires declare him the prince of good fellows, and informed on everything connected with this country. And so on without end. The only pity is that William II. does not seem fully acquainted with his duties and responsibilities as Emperor of Germany.

"The Emperor knows only what I wish him to know," declared Prince Eulenburg, head of the court clique which is shown to have exercised a profound influence on the course of German politics from a date preceding the fall of Bismarck in 1890. The way of the Great Chancellor was made hard by the camarilla; it brought about the overthrow of his successor, Von Caprivi, and the appointment of Hohenlohe and the present Chancellor von Bülow. When Bülow, then Ambassador at Rome, attempted to put aside the honor Prince Eulenburg would thrust upon him, and urged the Prince to take the post himself, the latter replied: "I will make kings, but I will not be a king." And the German Emperor has the mortification of reflecting that this modern Warwick did not even bestow the royal title on William II. in person, but on his first minister, thus reducing his sovereign to the position of an instrument. The successive Chancellors, in fact, refused to be tools of Prince Eulenburg, and as a result, Germany, in her foreign relations particularly, was often led to pursue a double policy—the official policy of the Chancellor and the foreign department, and the personal policy of the Emperor, acting under the inspiration of the camarilla. The Morocco crisis of 1905, with its imminent threat of a general European war, was brought about, according to Maximilian Harden, through wrong information with regard to French opinion obtained by the Emperor through Prince Eulenburg.

If the Kaiser was exposed to the dangers of wrong counsel in matters of broad foreign policy, what chance was there of his receiving correct information with regard to the internal affairs of his Empire? The Agrarian camarilla had even more to gain by shutting off the Emperor from his subjects than from his Chancellor. There are not wanting in Europe apologists for the autocratic system who are accustomed to sneer at parliamentary government as a composite of parochial politics, log-rolling, and electioneering tactics. The implication is that an autocrat, swayed neither by local prejudice nor personal ambitions, is the ideal guardian of national interests. There are Germans who, though favoring the establishment of a thorough Constitutional régime, with a Ministry responsible to the Reichstag, believe that with regard to the army and the navy Imperial exigencies demand the concentration of power

in the hands of the Emperor. But it appears now that the very security of the Empire, for the sake of which the people are ready to carry almost unparalleled burdens, suffers from the inevitable vices of autocratic control. Would the safety of the Empire be threatened by interpellations addressed to a responsible minister of war in the Reichstag, as it has been threatened by hideous revelations concerning the morals of part of the army's officers and rank and file?

Excessively self-confident by nature, and carried away by the flattery of his courtiers and of the world, the Kaiser may have forgotten that one cannot do everything and do everything well. It is no imputation against the loftiness of his motives—the absolutist tradition, which is so strong in Germany—that, forgetting the primal functions of his office as chief magistrate of a great nation, he has tried to be all things to all men. Men, at bottom, are still imperfectly democratic, and their response to the influence of a Great Example may be so powerful at times as to prove a personal distraction, and a positive hindrance to the maintenance of a just view or of correct proportions. The Kaiser's advocacy of a certain book, or his condemnation of a certain school of scientists, or his curt disposal of the woman question as one of *Kinder und Küche*, or his exaltation of righteousness above peace, may be welcomed with such thunders of popular applause as to make him temporarily forget that, with Emperors as with shoemakers, sticking to the last is the best policy in the end.

PROFESSOR NORTON AT EIGHTY.

The commemoration last Saturday of the eightieth birthday of Charles Eliot Norton has not only given his friends and former pupils an opportunity for expressing personal gratitude and affection, but has furnished occasion for surveying a career which has been unique in American life. No critic has made so deep an impression as Mr. Norton on some of the best minds of his time. We might perhaps define his life-work by saying that he has demonstrated the function of culture and the efficacy of criticism, conceived broadly, in a modern democracy.

In his early years, Europe, and especially Italy, revealed to him the immense part beauty has had, and ought to have, in the development of the highest qualities in individuals and in races. He absorbed Ruskin's enthusiasms, without surrendering his own judgment, and arrived, by a patient and systematic study of the fine arts, at rational conclusions concerning the degree to which a civilization can be measured by its architecture, sculpture, and painting. But he was forty-eight years of age before being called to the Harvard professorship, from which, during twenty-three years, he addressed a multitude of students. At first, few of them, and fewer still of the public outside, understood him. It is almost ludicrous now, when nearly every important American city has its art museum or its art schools, to recall that Mr. Norton was long as one speaking in the wilderness. He made his professorship a fountain of the humanities. For he was not only a master in his specialty, but also a cultivated man—a combination which modern erudition almost precludes. Younger men went to him for advice on books, or conduct, or politics, or religion, because they found that his lectures were saturated with human interest, and that the lecturer himself was the most hospitable of scholars. Harvard, in transition from college to university, was particularly forturate to have in its faculty such an exemplar of culture. Whether his counsel were followed or not, it never passed unheeded. He spoke as the enlightened critic; as one whose standard was not local, whose experience of men and books was wide, and whose aptitudes and discipline lay in the field where the highest type of men is developed.

The service of a critic like Mr. Norton, especially in our time and country, cannot be over-estimated. Assuming that, because the United States is a great experiment, it cannot be helped by the past, people repeat blunders which a knowledge of the past would teach them to avoid. It is the function of criticism to publish this knowledge. Public men resent such interference; and there was no better proof that Mr. Norton's criticism cut deep than the scorn which some of them pretended to feel for the "mere critic," the "common scold," the "Pharisee," the man who would not "come down into the heat and dust of the arena," but who sat aloof and belittled the efforts of the patriotic gladiators. The language of such as they has not changed since the first demagogue misled the first popular assembly. Much of the effectiveness of Mr. Norton's criticism was due to the fact that he spoke for the conscience of that remnant which is hated by its own generation and haloed by the next. The courage required to stand out against popular frenzy, to utter truths which will alienate one's associates, is rare. Yet it has been so natural to Mr. Norton that he probably has never thought of it as a virtue in his case. Unless a nation wishes to sink to a level of self-conceit and swagger which doom it to decay, it will learn that he is the true patriot who sets before it the highest standards. Such patriotic service Mr. Norton has rendered his countrymen for half a century.

One of the delusions of the age is to regard men of action as superior to men of ideas. Yet in the promulgation of ideas, a critic may have the force of an originator, by giving to ideas the suppleness or charm they need in order to pass current. It we had a record of Mr. Norton's suggestions to editors, publicists, and speakers, we should be able to measure, in part, at least, the extent of his influence in putting ideas in circulation. The "Life" of Mr. Godkin revealed not only that Mr. Norton was one of the founders of the *Nation*, but that he was a counsellor to whom its editor turned in any emergency for criticism and support. Nearly ten years before the *Nation's* birth, Mr. Norton had fostered the project which resulted in the *Atlantic Monthly*. For six years he himself edited the *North American Review*, and during the Civil war, as secretary of the Loyal Publication Society, he compiled its broadsides, which carried to all parts of the country the principles which saved the Union.

All these activities, which now seem mere by-products in Mr. Norton's career, were little known by the larger public. They represent, however, a vital part of his character. He would hold that that culture is spurious or sickly which does not teach one to be a citizen. In his own Cambridge he joined as naturally in the movement to promote temperance as in support of the hospital for incurables, or in the plans for beautifying the city. And from Abolition days to the present, no one who cared to know was left in doubt as to where Mr. Norton stood on the great issues before the State and the nation. Critical as he has been of American shortcomings, he has never been other than an American. The very close ties which have bound him to England have made no Anglomaniac of him.

But every consideration of Mr. Norton's detailed activity leads back to the personality of the man himself. What is the secret of his charm, the key to his power? On the moral side, he has had conscience and courage; on the critical side, taste; on the human side, sympathy. To a far greater degree than Edward FitzGerald, Mr. Norton has had taste—which that quaint genius defined as "the feminine of genius"—for he has had catholicity. He has not only gone straight to the acknowledged masters of world-books, but has been quick to discern the promising new-comers. Many an author who has since achieved distinction can recall that his first recognition came from Shady Hill.

Such recognition springs from hospitality of spirit not less than from taste; and Mr. Norton has been the companion of the *élite* of two generations. Thanks to these, he has mingled as freely with his elders—with Emerson, Longfellow, Carlyle, FitzGerald, as with his nearer contemporaries—Lowell, Stephen, and Ruskin, Godkin and Curtis—as with his juniors, from Mr. Howells and Mr. Bryce and Mr. James, down to the young un-

dergraduate of to-day. What his friendship meant can be read in the tragic letters of John Ruskin, whom he steadied in great moral crises and whose genius he guided to produce some of its most precious work. In the Letters of Leslie Stephen you find that it is again the friend at Shady Hill to whom the most intimate messages are written, and from whom come suggestions and advice. How loyal and tender and discreet that friendship has been appears also in the editing of the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, of Lowell, and Ruskin, and Curtis. One might almost imagine that Mr. Norton has been too solicitous of the fame of his illustrious contemporaries to take any thought for his own.

Of his own books the prose translations of Dante may almost be regarded as original works. His early "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy," issued nearly half a century ago, are still delightful for general reading and valuable as picturing the Italy of the fifties. In his "Church-Building in the Middle Ages" Mr. Norton has embodied many of his ideas on the philosophy of art, besides giving the most interesting and exhaustive account in English of the way in which three of the great monuments of mediæval architecture were planned and carried out.

The final achievement of such a career can never be summed up, because its influence penetrates quietly and deep. Nobody can point to a group of men and women to-day and say, "There are Mr. Norton's disciples"; for the very essence of his influence has been to instil into each one according to his needs and capacities principles which are no man's monopoly, but may be every man's treasure. To America, his example has been precious. It has dignified the scholar's calling by showing how the scholar also may have wide human interests; it has ennobled the profession of teaching, by proving that the professor may have culture, which is more than erudition; it has strengthened the earnest thinkers, the lovers of beauty, the men of conscience, who have been baffled or disheartened by the barbaric tendencies of a plutocratic age. Mr. Norton, shunning publicity and unknown by the million, has shed his influence on the hundreds and the thousands, and they in their turn have reached the multitudes. To do this, and in doing it to win the respect and affection of the best of two generations, is better than fame; it is self-realization through the most fruitful and unselfish service.

THE NEW STYLE OF ORATORY.

Arthur J. Balfour recently made an address to the students of Edinburgh University on the art of public speaking. It is always instructive to get such comments of a practised speaker on his own craft. They ought to be peculiarly useful to students who have possibly a surfeit of abstract teaching in rhetoric and oratory, and who might well find it refreshing to encounter the real thing, and supplement a professor by a practitioner. Mr. Balfour had many sensible things to say. The sum of his doctrine was that the art of public speaking is simply the art of public conversation raised to a higher level. This, of course, is merely another way of valuing the qualities of simplicity, directness, and vivacity above a stilted and fustian-loaded style.

A change in the direction favored by Mr. Balfour has undoubtedly come over public speaking within two generations. The taste of the best speakers as of the most intelligent audiences is all away from ranting and the pompous style. We doubt if Webster's famous peroration, "When mine eyes shall be turned," could be delivered in the Senate to-day without provoking a titter. It was in good and approved form in his day, as was the same orator's elaborate and metaphorical way of asking that the question before the Senate be read; but we unleisured moderns demand that a speaker go more swiftly to the point, and with fewer oratorical furbelows to impair his speed. And if he can give us, instead of high-flying eloquence, a sort of sublimated conversation, Mr. Balfour is unquestionably right in saying that he will please us better.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there is conversation and conversation. Some unhappy men orate when they converse. There was the well-known complaint of the Queen that Mr. Gladstone addressed her in private as if she were a public meeting. One of the perils of an inflated public style is that it may be carried into private life. When Roscoe Conkling went to Ohio in the Garfield campaign of 1880, he was invited to meet three or four influential men in a Cleveland house. They expected a rational conference, but Conkling stood with his back to the chimney and harangued them for a mortal hour. They could not have been more bethumped with words if they had been a national convention. That was clearly a case where the conversational method did not work. The reverse of that failure is seen where a man who is dull or sleepy in private conversation, insists upon being so also in public discourse. H. W. Lucy, in an article on "Speech-Making in Parliament," recalls a story about the Duke of Devonshire, when he was Lord Hartington, which illustrates the hazards of the conversational style when it is *not* raised to a higher level.

Taking a lady down to dinner on an evening when earlier he had made an important speech in the House of Commons, she asked whether it was true that at one stage of his argument he had interrupted himself with a prolonged yawn. He admitted the indictment. "How could you?" said the lady. "Ah," said Lord Hartington, "you don't know how dull the speech was."

Speaking to a university audience, Mr. Balfour would have been ungracious if he had done despite to the theoretical teaching of oratory. He did not; rather, he praised and urged it. Elocution, he thought, should be thoroughly studied. He warned his young hearers, however, to distinguish between the art of elocution and the arts, or artfulness, of elocutionists. By this he meant the inculcated tricks of gesture, advice about raising or lowering the voice to show emotion—all of them, affirmed Mr. Balfour, "things which are taught by professors of elocution, but which are not practised by any successful speakers." This, too, is in line with the prevailing demand for simplicity in oratory. We suspect a man who tears himself to tatters; he is all too probably following the advice of Lyman Beecher that, when you had nothing to say, you were to "holler." Lyman Beecher's greater son sometimes hollered, no doubt, but at the height of his fame and genius, Henry Ward Beecher gave as fine an example as one could wish of public speaking which was essentially conversation aglow and transfigured.

After all, one can never get away, in all such discussions, from the mystery of personality. It is that which makes the orator. All you can say is that some men have the magic power of casting a spell over an audience. Their speeches may not read well in print, being bad, often, both in form and in logic. Fox's speeches were usually of that sort, yet those who heard them delivered were under what a contemporary called "the wand of the magician." It is in the temperament, the character, the fused mind and soul of the speaker that the incommunicable secret of the great orator lies. It was in this respect that Mr. Balfour placed Gladstone "far above" any other speaker to whom he had ever listened. "Mr. Gladstone," he said, "held his hearers spellbound, not only by his words, but by the character of his gestures, the tone of his voice, the flash of his eye."

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Sir Lewis Morris died on November 12. He was born in Carmarthen, Wales, in 1833, and was graduated from Jesus College, Oxford, in 1855. In 1861 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, where he practised—chiefly as a conveyancing counsel—until 1881. Meanwhile his interest in education and literature was bringing him into prominence in fields outside the bar. He was made an honorary fellow of Jesus College in 1877, and not long after he became honorary secretary of the University College of Aberystwith, of which he was later successively treasurer and vice-president. In 1880 he was made a member of the committee to inquire into the subject of inter-

mediate and higher education in Wales; and he wrote numerous addresses and papers on educational subjects. Among the early advocates of the University of Wales he was a leader, and he became deputy chancellor of the institution, and was on the governing boards of the three Welsh colleges. He also served as justice of the peace for Carmarthenshire, his own county. In politics he was an active Liberal and ran, although unsuccessfully, for Parliament. In 1895 he was knighted. He was best known as a writer of verse. His "Songs of Two Worlds," 1872-1875, and "The Epic of Hades," 1876, have run through many editions. His other volumes are: "Gwen: a Drama in Monologue," 1879; "The Ode of Life," 1880; "Songs Unsung," 1883; "Gycia," a drama, 1886; "Songs of Britain,"—embodying several beautiful Welsh legends—1887; "A Vision of Saints," 1890; "Songs Without Notes," 1894; "Idylls and Lyrics," 1896; and "Harvest Tide," in 1901. He wrote on request (the laureate was ill) an ode for the foundation of the Imperial Institute, and for it he received from Queen Victoria the Jubilee Medal. He also wrote odes on the Queen's Jubilee, on the death of the Duke of Clarence, and on the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York.

As an author Sir Lewis Morris was overshadowed. His very name blanketed him. William Morris, born only a year later, was far better known as a writer of both verse and prose and as leader of a movement in art. The result was that Sir Lewis, who by any other surname would have stood fairly on his own merits, was often dismissed as "the other Morris." And the sting of this sneer lay in the fact that in too many respects he was only the other Morris. His figure was not individual and striking enough to be stamped sharply on the popular consciousness. Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs Browning, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne—these are names that convey a fairly clear idea to every one familiar with the poetry of the nineteenth century. Rossetti is less widely known, and James Thomson has but a small band of admirers; but no one carries away from "The Blessed Damozel" and "Jenny" or "The City of Dreadful Night" a blurred image of the authors. Nor can any one who reads a considerable amount of Sir Lewis Morris's poetry say that he is dim or wavering in outline; yet he has written no single short piece which is as distinct and unforgettable as any of the three which we have just mentioned; and each of his works seems not quite so good as something else of the same type.

Of his shorter poems, the "Ode on a Fair Spring Morning" is perhaps the best and most characteristic. It has been compared to Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," but that is too severe a test. Milton's two poems are of the kind that you memorize almost as you read them; you rise from the perusal with certain lines running in your mind like bars of music:

> To hear the lark begin his flight,
> And singing, startle the dull night,
> From his watch-tower in the skies
> Till the dappled dawn doth rise; . . .
> Russet lawns and fallows gray,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
> Mountains on whose barren breast
> The laboring clouds do often rest;
> Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

But there is no such magic in Morris's verse:

> Oh, see how glorious show,
> On this fair morn in May, the clear-cut hills,
> The dewy lawns, the hawthorns white,
> Argent on plains of gold the growing light,
> Pure as when first on the young earth
> The faint warm sunlight came to birth.
> There is a nameless air
> Of sweet renewal over all, which fills
> The earth and sky with life, and everywhere,
> Before the scarce seen sun begins to glow,
> The birds awake which slumbered all night long,
> And with a gush of song.
> First doubting of their strain, then full and wide
> Raise their fresh hymns thro' all the country side;
> Already, above the dewy clover,
> The soaring lark begins to hover
> Over his mate's low nest.

And one more passage from the close of this poem:

> We too again shall rise,
> The same and not the same,
> As daily rise upon the orient skies
> New dawns with wheels of flame.
> So if it worthy prove,
> Our being, self-perfected, shall upward move
> To higher essence, and still higher grown;
> Not sweeping idle harps before a throne,
> Nor spending praise where is no need of praise;
> But through unnumbered lives and ages come,
> Of pure laborious days,
> To an eternal home,
> Where spring is not, nor birth, nor any dawn,
> But life's full noontide never is withdrawn.

As the first quotation from Morris echoed Milton this echoes Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." These parallels are more illuminating than a column of exposition and argument. They make it clear that Lewis Morris's poetry is simple, sincere, and full of charm, is smooth and competent in workmanship, but is lacking in originality and strength.

He tried his hand at classical subjects, but he produced nothing to match Swinburne's experiments, nothing that approaches, say, the lyrics of "Atlanta in Calydon." In the "Epic of Hades" Morris takes us through Tartarus and Hades, and finally to Olympus, and there lets Tantalus, Sisyphus, Clytæmnestra, Helen, Artemis, Zeus, and many others tell us their stories. The versification is fluent and skilful, but it leaves us unmoved. The account of the contest between Marsyas and Apollo—put into the mouth of Marsyas—has been as much praised as anything in the book. It is, of course, an apologue, and, by a strange pathos, an apologue in which Morris himself is Marsyas—

> He [Apollo] Swiftly struck his golden lyre,
> And played the Song of Life: and, lo, I knew
> My strain, how earthy! . . .
> . . I do not blame
> Phœbus or Nature which has set this bar
> Betwixt success and failure, for I know
> How far high failure overleaps the bound
> Of low successes.

"EXPERTISM" AT OXFORD AND LORD CURZON'S LECTURE ON FRONTIERS.

OXFORD, November 3.

Three things have just happened showing the drift of tendencies in the University and the community of Oxford, towards "expertism"—to use one of Dr. Bradley's *nonce-words*—and reinforcing the tribute paid to that form of efficiency by the election six months ago of a chancellor fresh from six years of service in India. There Lord Curzon was chancellor of the University of Calcutta, and he had, as Viceroy, appointed a Universities Commission, and promulgated (1904) a new Universities act based upon that commission's report (1902). On October 24 Congregation voted by a majority of 132 the establishment of a professorship of engineering, called for along with other endowments in Lord Curzon's recent appeal on behalf of the University for £250,000. On November 1 the burgesses of the city of Oxford made a similar move toward enlightened efficiency in municipal concerns. A daughter of that distinguished historian, the late Dean of Ely, Miss Merivale—an expert in matters of hygiene, housing of the poor and allotments for the working classes—was elected Town Councillor at the head of her poll. Unlike the defeated lady candidates at Newbury, Liverpool, and Bolton, Miss Merivale did not stand as a Liberal, but was supported by all parties alike. And so the city of Oxford shares with Reading, where Miss Sutton was elected, Aldenburgh, where the eminent physician, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, came in, and Bewdley, where Mrs. Woodward was unopposed, the distinction of having secured an expert administrator on the first opportunity afforded by law for the election of a woman-councillor.

The third significant happening is the chancellor's Romanes lecture* given yesterday. The theme was "Frontiers," about which the chancellor could speak as scientific expert, since he had been called upon as Viceroy "to organize, and to conduct the proceedings of as many as five Boundary Commissions." His lecture, from which these words are taken, thus resembled, in its choice of subject, the preceding ones of Weissmann (1894, on "External Influences and Development), Huxley (1902, "Evolution and Ethics"), and Bryce (1902, "Advanced and Backward Races of Mankind), each of whom also spoke as an expert.

Lord Curzon first dealt with frontiers in history, classifying, not in every case quite convincingly, as frontier wars, nearly all wars involving disputed territory, and then pointed his exordium with "the philosophy of frontiers" as concretely embodied in a passage from Lord Macaulay's "Frederick the Great." Next he spoke briefly of the "origin of frontiers." Reaching then the heart of his subject, he proceeded to discuss "natural" and "artificial" frontiers in what must always be admired as a statesmanlike, a scientific, and a remarkably original presentation of the whole subject. The breadth of his survey and the freshness of his generalizations gathered persuasion from his seemingly inexhaustible arsenal of concrete examples. The facts were presented in faultless historical perspective, and the definitions and principles arrived at came with all the interest and conviction attaching to that which every one felt he would have said himself had he had but the wit or the luck to think about the matter at all.

(1) The sea, (2) the great deserts, (3) great mountain ranges, (4) rivers, (5) wilderness of forest, marsh, and swamp, such were his categories of "natural frontiers"; the second, and the fifth, he said, though once important, were becoming more and more negligible. Then he proved that the fourth had commonly proved a delusive type of frontier—the source of contentions, perplexities, and appeals to arbitration.

* *Frontiers.* By the Right Hon. Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

Dealing with "artificial" frontiers, he classified these as (1) the palisade, mound, or rampart-wall, such as the Roman walls in Britain and Central Europe, and the Chinese Wall, for each and all of which he made out a strong case of efficiency in their day and generation. Next came (2) the "intermediary" or "neutral" zone, such as that of fifty years ago between Korea and China, or as the mediæval marches under Charlemagne and Otto and the West Saxon kingdom of Mercia. From this type of frontier were evolved, he said, (3) the modern idea of a "deliberately neutralized" territory, state, or zone, and (4) the conception of a "buffer-state," *i. e.*, "the country possessing a national existence of its own, which is fortified by the territorial and political guarantee, either of the two powers between whose dominion it lies and by whom it would otherwise inevitably be crushed, or of a number of powers interested in the preservation of the *status quo*." Here was interjected a brief and not wholly laudatory characterization of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, just published. The Chancellor emphatically condemned the "neutralizing pledge" about Tibet as a "novelty in international diplomacy," and closed his chapter with three common forms of the artificial frontier: (a) the pure astronomical frontier, which recalls the political war cry, "Fifty-four forty or fight"; (b) "frontiers by reference," such as the notorious Alaskan boundary-line; (c) the straight line from point to point, which he condemned as inelastic and tending to irrational results.

There came a chapter on "modern expedients" running through the whole diapason of latter-day diplomacy, from the pianissimo of "spheres of interest" through the piano of "spheres of influence," the mezzoforte of *Hinterland*, and the forte of protectorates, to the fortissimo of "incorporation" and "the grant of leases." These last were granted he said, defining somewhat in the vein of the "Master" of his undergraduate days at Balliol, "in order to veil an occupation not as a rule intended to be temporary." But then he hastened to forestall any imputation of pessimism by declaring that these modern expedients "make on the whole for peace rather than for war," and insisting, as Jowett in his place might well have done, that there has been "a progressive advance both in the principles and in the practice of frontier policy," which has already exercised a "widespread effect" and is of good omen for the future. Here as elsewhere the cogency of the lecturer's array of evidence drove home the justness of his inference. Next came a graphic sketch of the triple Indian frontier, (1) the administrative border, (2) the frontier of active protection, (3) the outer or advance strategical frontier, *i. e.*, the Afghan border. This is the most highly organized frontier system in the world, comparable to its "ancient counterpart and prototype, the frontier system of Rome."

Finally the chancellor invited his hearers to expatiate with him for a last moment in that fairyland of facts, the realm of frontier romance, by contemplating "types of manhood thrown up by frontier life," as exemplified in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. Not till the American pioneers began to push across the trackless plains did America, he said, "cease to be English and become American." The American nation was born "in the forests on the trails of the frontier, amid the savagery of conflict, the labor of reclamation and the ardors of the chase." Such was the cradle of "that wonderful virile democracy, imbued with the courage and tenacity of its forefathers, but fired with an eager and passionate exaltation." To the trapper and fur-trader, the hackwoodsman succeeded; close on his heels trod "the rancher with his livestock, the miner with his pick," the farmer, and finally the urban dweller, the manufacturer and the artisan. "On the top of the advancing wave," he added, "floats a scum of rascality that is ultimately deposited in the mining camps of California and the gambling dens of the Pacific Coast." From this tempestuous mass of passion and privation, a new character emerged, "earnest, restless, exuberant, self-confident." Here an Andrew Jackson, there a Lincoln, "flamed across the stage." Into this "noble heritage of achievement and suffering, the whole nation has entered," said he, "purified and united in its search for the frontier."

Turning, then, to the other side of the world, the eternal Himalayan snows, Persian and Arabian wastes of red-hot sand, the swamps and wilds of equatorial Africa, there, too, he found a school of character where "the British Empire may be seen shaping the British character, while the British character is still building the British Empire." And he averred solemnly that there was no school of character, "outside the English universities," to compare with the frontier. There "in the furnace of responsibility and on the anvil of self-reliance" character was moulded. There were to be found "our twentieth century Marcher Lords" of "courage and conciliation, patience and tact, initiative and self-restraint." "More often than the civilian," said he, "the soldier furnishes this type; and it is on the frontier that many of the greatest military reputations have been made." There was a detachment and a notable tone of conviction here from which his audience learned to forget that there ever had been rumors of Lord Curzon's differing in opinion with his military adviser in India. His closing words were equally taken to heart, when he spoke of that "larger atmosphere" on the outskirts of empire, where "the machine is relatively impotent, and the individual is strong," in which our youth find an invigorating stimulus, "saving them alike from the corroding ease and the morbid excitements of Western civilization," and ended by proclaiming the ban of empire to the sons of Oxford: "The empire calls," frontiers continue to beckon; "may this venerable and glorious institution, the nursery of character and the home of loyal deeds, never fail in honoring that august summons."

Such was the memorable lesson read from the academic throne for all members of the university, graduates and undergraduates, as well as for their betters, from Lady Margaret and Somerville Colleges, and elsewhere, to read, mark, and inwardly digest. LOUIS DYER.

THE HILPRECHT CASE.

In the October number of the *American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literature*, under the title "The Hilprecht Case," is published a letter addressed to Prof. H. V. Hilprecht by sixteen of the leading Oriental scholars of the country: Profs. Charles R. Lanman, Crawford H. Toy, George F. Moore, and John Williams White, Harvard; Francis Brown, Union Theological Seminary; Maurice Bloomfield and Paul Haupt, Johns Hopkins; Richard Gottheil and A. V. Williams Jackson, Columbia; Charles C. Torrey, Hans Oertel, and E. Washburn Hopkins, Yale; Robert Francis Harper and James Richard Jewett, University of Chicago; Dr. William Hayes Ward, New York City; and ex-President Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins. They demand an explanation of the charges of falsification of scientific records made against Professor Hilprecht in connection with his publications on the Nippur expedition, and the correspondence ensuing. In view of this publication, it is proper to summarize the history of this *cause célèbre* in archæology.

Dr. Hilprecht, a German by birth and education, was appointed professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania in 1886. In 1888 he was attached to the staff of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Babylonia, as one of two Assyriologists. In 1898 he was made scientific director of the expedition, Dr. John Henry Haynes being at that time field director. Early in 1900, Haynes discovered, at Nippur, while Hilprecht was on his way to join the expedition, a large number of inscribed clay tablets, which Hilprecht at once declared to be the Temple Library. In the next few years Hilprecht issued various publications, several of which received the official imprint of the University of Pennsylvania, in which he described the discovery by *himself* of this alleged library, and gave a description of its contents, illustrated by a number of specimen tablets. Some of the curators of the museum noted that among these specimen tablets were certain objects which, from their museum labels, would appear to have been purchased or discovered at an earlier date. This fact becoming known to some of his former colleagues in the winter of 1904, the attention of the museum authorities was quietly called to the apparent discrepancies, with the suggestion that steps be taken to correct the error. The matter was first brought to the attention of the public by a paper on the Library at Nippur, read by Dr. Hilprecht before the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia in March of 1905, which was at once answered and criticised by some of his colleagues. At the same time a considerable part of the managing board of the museum, with some of the curators, resigned their positions, believing that frauds were being perpetrated, which the authorities would not allow them to investigate and correct. The press of Philadelphia now took up the matter with great energy. New facts came to light, and finally definite charges of falsification of scientific records were laid before the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, with a request for a full investigation.

By this time the scandal had assumed such magnitude that the trustees appointed a committee of their own number to inves-

tigate the charges. This committee exonerated Dr. Hilprecht, but its report was generally regarded, both by the press and by scholars conversant with the facts, as without weight, a mere white-washing report. For the information of the scholars of the country, who had heard about the matter only through the daily press, a paper was prepared by the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, one of Professor Hilprecht's former associates at the University of Pennsylvania and in the Babylonian explorations, and laid before the American Oriental Society, consisting of practically all the Oriental scholars in this country and many of those abroad, at its annual meeting in the spring of 1905. This paper set forth, from the evidence then available, that every single object which Professor Hilprecht had published from the library which he asserted he had discovered could be and had been traced, and that all of these objects had either been purchased elsewhere or discovered at other parts of Nippur, at times antedating Hilprecht's alleged discovery from a few months to eleven years; that the detailed accounts which he gave of the discovery of some of these objects were pure fabrications; that at the time of those publications he had not even examined the tablets which he alleged to constitute a library; that said tablets had been found by Haynes and boxed for transport before Hilprecht's arrival, with the exception of some twenty specimens; and that these boxed-up tablets had not been opened and unpacked at the time of publication of the various books and booklets referred to. Other associates and colleagues of Professor Hilprecht in the work of the Babylonian expedition were present to corroborate the facts presented and answer questions; but Hilprecht himself, although a member of the society, was not present and presented no answer. While the statements made with regard to his falsifications seemed to be sustained by the proof presented, yet in view of the sweeping nature of the charges made and the almost incredible stupidity as well as turpitude of such falsifications, not a few of the Orientalists present desired to reserve judgment until such time as Professor Hilprecht should make public answer to the charges.

At the next annual meeting of the society, in the spring of 1906, no answer having appeared, Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., one of Professor Hilprecht's colleagues at the University of Pennsylvania, presented a second paper on the same subject, bringing forward further and still more conclusive evidence of the fraud perpetrated. At this point the matter was taken up by the Oriental scholars of the country as a body; but in preference to formal action by the society, it was decided that sixteen of the leading scholars there present should address to Professor Hilprecht a letter, asking for an answer to the charges made, which involved "the gravest imputations upon the integrity of American scholarship." In part answer to this letter, Hilprecht referred his questioners to a volume by him then in the press. The promised volume was finally published last winter, and was reviewed in the columns of the *Nation*, May 2, 1907 ("The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania." Series A; Cuneiform Texts). It proved to contain no answer whatever to the charges of falsification, and, so far as it bore upon those charges at all, rather increased than diminished their gravamen. The signers of the letter waited with commendable patience until sufficient time should have elapsed to enable them to consider the contents of the volume and ascertain the judgment of other scholars on the facts. Their original letter to Professor Hilprecht and his answer are now given to the Oriental and archæological public, with an introductory note by Professor Lanman of Harvard, stating the occasion of that letter and the cause of its present publication, viz., the failure of Professor Hilprecht to offer any satisfactory explanation of the charges of falsification made against him in the matter of the Nippur Temple Library.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

On November 25, 26, and 27 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston hold an important sale, Americana for the most part belonging to the late Matthew A. Stickney of Salem, Mass. Among the unusual items are early American almanacs. There are 134 lots dated before 1800, the earliest a copy of Samuel Brackenbury's "Almanack for 1667" (lacking title-page). A perfect copy brought $275 in the French-Chubbuck sale in 1904. There are thirteen other almanacs before 1700: Dudley's for 1668, Brown's for 1669, J. R.'s for 1670, D. R.'s for 1671, N. H.'s for 1673, J. S.'s for 1674, Foster's for 1675, Tulley's for 1690, 1691, 1692, 1695, and 1698, and Newman's for 1691. The earlier ones were printed in Cambridge, but from 1690 on they are from Boston presses. Among the eighteenth century almanacs are several interesting ones of Bickerstaff's series, with curious portraits of Hancock, Joseph Warren, Ethan Allen, Washington, and others. An original impression of Paul Revere's engraving, "A Westerly View of the Colledges in Cambridge, New-England," is an important item. No copy has been offered at auction for many years, if ever. The Stickney specimen is fine and clean, mellowed by age, with full margins, and is in a contemporary black frame. The only copy known to Mr. Goss, when he published his life of Revere, was that in the Essex Institute. Revere, who was the engraver of the paper money of Massachusetts, cut this copper-plate in half and engraved some bills on the reverse. This half, the left, is preserved in the State House, Boston. Another Revere item is a perfect copy of Billings's "New England Psalm Singer," 1770, with the curious frontispiece and 108 pages of music, all engraved by Revere. The only other perfect copy offered at auction brought $226 at the Bartlett sale in 1903. The series of election sermons of Connecticut and Massachusetts is uncommonly long. An original water-color by Christian Remick with the title, "A Perspective View of the Blockade of Boston Harbour, Islands and Men of War and the landing of the 29th and 14th Regiments on the first of October, 1768, as taken from ye end of the long wharff," is similar to one which brought $900 in the Whitmore sale. A third drawing of the same scene by the same artist is in the collection of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. Among first editions is the rarest Hawthorne item "The Sister Years," being the "Carrier's Address" for the Salem *Gazette* for January 1, 1839. It is an eight-page octavo pamphlet, sewed and unbound, as issued. Only one copy has been sold at auction, bringing $290 in the French-Chubbuck sale in 1904. Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds, 10 vols.; the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, 60 vols.; The New Hampshire Provincial Papers, 28 vols., and Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary" are among the rare sets.

On November 25 the Anderson Auction Company of this city offers a collection of autographs, miscellaneous in character, but including an L. S. of Washington to Col. Van Schaick and another to Brig.-Gen. Parsons; a legal document in Lincoln's autograph; several war telegrams in Grant's autograph; an L. S. of Lee to Grant in reference to exchange of prisoners; documents signed by Simon Bradstreet, Gen. Burgoyne, John Hancock, and Napoleon I.; and full autograph letters signed by Andrew Jackson, James Buchanan, Grover Cleveland, R. B. Hayes, Henry Clay, James Fenimore Cooper, Longfellow, Bret Harte, E. A. Poe, William Gilmore Simms, Sir Walter Scott, and Charles Dickens.

There are several Browning items of "association" interest in the William H. Buckler collection, to be sold by the Anderson Auction Company on December 3. Chief among them is the collection of proof-sheets of "The Ring and the Book," with copious manuscript corrections by the author. They were sent to the late Moncure D. Conway for use in preparation of reviews for American periodicals. They are accompanied by a four-page letter from Browning, in which he says:

> It is arranged that two volumes shall appear in the U. S. on Dec. 1; and the third and fourth, also together, on March 1. Hence the publication of Vol. 2 will anticipate the appearance of the English edition by a month.

This seems to show that the actual first edition of the second volume of "The Ring and the Book" was the one published in Boston. These proof-sheets were bought by Mr. Buckler at the William Harris Arnold sale in January, 1901, for $680. Two copies of "Dramatis Personæ," 1864, were purchased at the same sale. One, a proof, also given to Conway, has his certificate on the fly-leaf that all the writing in the book (except his note) is in Browning's autograph. It cost Mr. Buckler $455. The second, a presentation copy from the author to his uncle, Reuben Browning, contains an autograph inscription. "The Agamemnon" is also a proof-sheet, with numerous autograph corrections and an interesting letter relating to them, addressed to G. Barnett Smith. "Balaustion's Adventure," 1871, is a presentation copy to D. G. Rossetti. This brought £7 at Sotheby's in 1899. "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," 1873, is a presentation copy to Lord Coleridge. Another presentation copy of this book brought $60 at the Arnold sale. "Pacchiarotto," 1876, likewise a presentation copy, contains a few autograph corrections by the author.

The library of Francesco Crispi is to be dispersed. To those familiar with the life and character of the Italian statesman this cannot be other than unwelcome tidings. Crispi was a true bibliophile, but the large library which he brought together, occu-

pying seven rooms in the Villa Lina and three in the adjoining Villino Linguaglossa at Naples, was more than a great collection, it was created with a view to its owner's needs in public life; and the interior and foreign policy of Italy, which he moulded for many years, was worked out under its guidance. Crispi loved his books, and lived much among them. His favorite section was that of the rare files of newspapers of the early heroic days of the Risorgimento, in the ranks of whose editors he had fought with distinction. In them, and in the political pamphlets and broad-sides that he had collected, lay revealed the soul of modern Italy. His collections on constitutional law, diplomacy, jurisprudence, geography, and history were unusually rich, but one novel only was found on his shelves, Alessandro Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," and it found its way there as the great classic of the Risorgimento. The library was arranged by Crispi himself, who was his own librarian, works upon the same subject being grouped together. And as he left them, they have been registered, as far as possible, in the catalogue of the auction sale which is to take place in Rome in December. Happily, the city of Palermo has purchased privately the whole section on Sicily, and the Italian Government all that relates to the Risorgimento. The latter will form a nucleus of a library of national history—the history of the making of modern Italy—which will be placed in the great chambers of the lower part of the monument to Victor Emmanuel in Rome, which was begun in 1885, and is expected to be dedicated in 1911. At one time it was thought that one of our American libraries might take the whole Crispi library *en bloc*, but the price demanded was beyond the commercial value. It is still possible that important purchases will be made at auction on American account.

Last week we printed in this column a few of the prices paid at the auction of the Earl of Sheffield's books at Sotheby's, London, November 4 and 5. We note in addition that three of the quarto tracts relating to King Philip's War sold as follows: "A farther briefer and True Relation of the late Wars risen in New England," 1676, 6 leaves, £109. There is a copy in the Lenox Library, but no other seems to have been offered for sale in recent years. "News from New England, being a true and last Account of the Present Bloody Wars betwixt the Infidels, Natives and the English Christians, and Converted Indians of New England," 1676, 4 leaves, £118. There are copies in the John Carter Brown, Lenox, and Ayer libraries, and a fourth in a private collection in New York. "The Present State of New England, being a Narrative of the Trouble with the Indians," 1677, £50. Other lots sold as follows: Eliot and Mayhew's "Tears of Repentance," 1653, £17 17s.; Whitfield's "Strength out of Weakness," 1652, £25; Thomas Morton's "New England Canaan, or New Canaan," 1637, £60.

Bibliofilia for September-October is mostly given up to continuations—the interesting Portolano (pilot's book) of Graziosa Benincasa, which, in this instalment has a chart of the Mediterranean with courses; a transcript, with facsimile, of the statutes of Castel Genovese, Sardinia, fourteenth century; and a considerable addition to Cellini bibliography, by Sidney Churchill. There is besides a short essay on ancient musical notation by Arnaldo Bonaventura. The editor, Comm. Olschki, enlarges upon the needless trials involved in exporting books older than 1800 from Italy. Technically a permission (*nil obstat*) should be procured from designated offices. Practically, busy librarians are disinclined to bother with this bibliographical small fry. But the shipper who sends off an uncertified box, runs the chance of having it stopped by a zealous and ignorant customs officer. This befell Comm. Olschki for sending in a general consignment, without the *nil obstat*, a Cæsar printed in London in 1712. Foreigners, who take books into Italy to be bound or for their personal use, should be advised that reëxportation may be attended by vexatious delays and expense, unless a certificate of temporary importation is secured.

Correspondence.

RURAL SCHOOLS FOR CITY CHILDREN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have scanned the correspondence columns of the *Nation* for the past month in expectation of some comment on your editorial of October 3, entitled "The Lock-step Again." As none has yet appeared, I am venturing at this late date to offer a few words on a phase of the subject which may be helpful and suggestive to parents. When a child's health and mental development can keep pace, rapid advance in schools is well enough. But there are many children who are quick to grasp subjects presented to them, and who can easily outstrip the average pupil, whom it is unwise to promote for fear that the sustained strain of attacking new matter may break the health. On the other hand, if left in the same grade till the lock-step advances him, the bright child either gets into mischief or becomes lazy or apathetic. This is the opportunity for taking him out of school and making a change in his work and surroundings. This is where the usefulness of some kind of rural outdoor school would come in. Here and there a parent will take this period for an interval of outdoor life for the child, with, perhaps, one or two studies not usually pursued at school, as German or French, a science, manual training, cooking, sewing, or music. The remainder of the year might be thus employed, with the exception of the last few weeks, when the child could be returned for the formalities of reviews and examinations. This plan has been successfully carried out in many individual cases; it remains for the wise forethought of some exceptional school board to establish a properly equipped and conducted school of the sort indicated, which shall be open to the public of a great city. Local trains returning to the suburbs empty after the morning rush to business, might carry the children out to such a school, and reverse the process in the afternoon. The term of attendance and the subjects pursued should be left open to suit the needs of individual students. Such schools would simplify and often eliminate problems of discipline and hygiene which under present methods are unsolved and unsolvable.

As to the absurdity of the lock-step methods—I have in mind one child who was taken out of school thus each time that the teacher of the grade and the principal declared her able and ready for the next grade. At other times, when well in advance of her class, she was kept out of school for two or three months at a time, and usually was sent back at the close of the term or year for examinations; but she was never advanced to the next grade until the class was promoted. This method took the assistance of the family physician and some diplomacy; but it kept the child from a nervous breakdown, frequently threatened, and brought her to the age of fourteen and the high school with a physical development decidedly in advance of that of the average city girl of her age. A count of the time spent in school showed the work of the eight grades accomplished in forty-three, instead of eighty months, while two prizes, involving scholarship, were awarded at graduation. In another instance, where health was of less consideration, a boy was advanced whenever he showed sufficient familiarity with the grade requirements. This gradually resulted in bringing the child into contact with pupils several years older than himself; and when it came to high school work he was found too immature for the English courses and for history. In the end it became necessary to keep him out of school until he grew up to the place he had won by mere precocity. These children are cited as types easily duplicated anywhere among bright boys and girls. Their experience seems to illustrate the need for the rural ungraded, or only partly graded, school as above indicated; but the demand for such schools will only come with a fuller understanding of the conditions than now exists.

Sarah Willard Hiestand.

Chicago, November 10.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES CASE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me to make a few comments upon the letter of Judge D. W. Prowse in your issue of October 3 in regard to the dispute over the Newfoundland fisheries? The charge of smuggling which first he made against the Yankees, then against the French, he now repeats against American fishermen; but would there be "smugglers" were not Newfoundlanders ever more than ready to lend a hand? Would there be "smugglers" were it not for the system of oppressive protection which burdens the poor fishermen of the island? Judge Prowse waxes eloquent in his denunciations of "the outrageous tax of three-quarters of a cent a pound upon all fresh fish imported into the States," which compels "eighty millions of Americans to eat dear fish"; but would not his free-trade homilies, which I approve with all my heart, be better worth while nearer home, where protection makes bread scarce? Is the protection on fish to enrich "Lodge's smugglers," that is, American fishermen, more to be condemned than the tax imposed upon the necessaries of Newfoundlanders for the enrichment of the merchant clique of the island?

Judge Prowse has written upon French

fisheries in the same strain in which he new writes upon the American. Unfortunately a whole mass of French documents has apparently remained inaccessible to him. Thus he ascribes the settlement of the French Shore question, in the terms of 1783, to the desire to make "the Bourbons more acceptable to the French." Were he to read the Anglo-French diplomatic correspondence from 1776 to 1783, in the archives of the Quai d'Orsay, he would clearly see that the British Government did not look after the interests of the Bourbons, but after its own. Again, French rights upon the French Shore were not "virtually" but really exclusive. This was acknowledged by the British Government, and, in fact, Judge Prowse himself says in his letter, "England at the time had no fishery rights to give away." If that is the case, French rights must have been exclusive. Yet he fought the French—as he now fights the Americans—while in the full enjoyment of their historic rights.

As to the Anglo-American controversy—without being indifferent to the well-being of Newfoundland, we must set aside the constant family quarrel between the colony and the Mother Country. Great Britain has shown unlimited patience. A mere handful of militant Newfoundlanders have been unable to see the sacredness of international pledges. The ideal of the politicians of St. John's would be that they should deal directly with the Powers, and should carry out, as they like, their own petty designs without the least regard for the other parts of the Empire. This, however, is a strictly British question. The great thing for Americans to know is what the United States is entitled to on the French Shore, for Judge Prowse has laid stress upon that part of the fishing-grounds. Indeed, as he says, England had no rights on this part of the coast, but, what is important in this treaty, she assumed that she had. Certainly she had fishery rights, and granted them, on the South shore, from Cape Ray to Rameau Island—not to speak of other points. The prerogatives granted, in 1818, could not be subjected to the laws of a Colonial government which was not then in existence, and was founded only in 1832. Now, where is the "intolerable burden on a British colony"? The Americans did not set out to disturb the provincial government, but the provincial government, coming into existence, disturbed them. This was done notwithstanding the fact that Newfoundlanders had pledged themselves to respect the treaty rights of other Powers. The Americans therefore secured privileges free from all the restrictions which the men of St. John's wish now to impose upon them.

It is well known that the British policy in Newfoundland was adverse to all colonization. The French were to keep their coasts, as the British were theirs, in both cases absolutely for the purpose of fishery. There was to be no settlement, either British or French, on their respective shores. The rights of France, impaired for a while, were restored to her in 1783. The British who had settled upon the French Shore were removed by an act of Parliament (Act 28, Geo. III., c. 35). Henceforth the Treaty Shore seems excluded from British jurisdiction. The British fishermen, entitled to bounties from their government, cannot report on the French Shore (Act. 26, Geo. III., c. 26). The British subjects protest against their expulsion by French officers. Some would fish illegally, but do not "for fear of their boats and ships" being seized by the French (First Report of the Committee to inquire Into the State of Trade in Newfoundland, p. 393). French officers are forced by their instructions to compel British settlers to retire, and, in case of resistance, to transport them to St. John's (Affaires étrangères, France et Angleterre, F. 556, p. 25). Chevalier de Vaugiraud says, in 1789, that French officers claimed "exclusive rights of judiciary coercion" (Id. F. 571, p. 5). Gov. Cochrane will "request the French authorities to seize and to send to St. John's all persons" committing depredations on the French Shore (Proclamation, June 8, 1827). In 1830, he declines to interfere there (Robinson: House of Commons, May 11, 1830) and during the next year French officers send away a Newfoundland vessel (Id., September 13, 1831).

Not only did the French exercise jurisdiction, but the British government was careful to prevent any local institution from interfering with treaty rights. When the circuit courts were instituted everywhere in the island, none were to be on the French Shore (Proclamation of Sir John Cochrane, December 10, 1825). The Supreme Court cannot require its sheriffs for service on the French Shore (Rules and Orders of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland, Art. VIII., 1825). When local government is granted in 1832, electoral franchise is excluded from the French Shore (Royal Proclamation, July 26, 1832). These facts show that at the time of the Anglo-American treaty in 1818, the British exercised no jurisdiction over the foreign Power on the French Shore, and that later on, when legal and political institutions were established, they excluded all on the French Shore, French and Americans, from the scope of their action.

For the other rights of the Americans—they antedate the existence of the Newfoundland government. Now, by what principle have the Newfoundlanders obtained jurisdictional rights over the Americans? When did these rights begin? Judge Prowse does not say. In his letter, as in his former utterances upon the Anglo-French controversy, anything which is not in keeping with the ideas of the men of St. John's is "obsolete," "a burden on a British colony." But is a British colony so sacred, and so above the common principles of international law, that great nations which have been important factors in civilization must bow before all its demands, and international pledges must lose their binding character? A competent international tribunal will not be much affected by such considerations, and will treat such legal juggleries as they deserve.

JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., November 6.

PLUTARCH ON THE VALUE OF HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of Farnell's "The Cults of the Greek States" in the *Nation* for October 24, you comment upon the historical value of the evidence afforded by ritual. It is, perhaps, interesting to note that Plutarch recognized the value of such evidence. In his essay on Isis and Osiris, end of chapter xxxvii. (365 F.), he says:

> I pass by Mnaseas . . . and Anticlides . . . for the similarities that I have mentioned in the feasts and sacrifices offer a clearer proof [of the identity of Dionysus and Osiris] than the authority of writers offers.

This is but one of many instances in which the "unhistorical" Plutarch is conscious of historical values. ANNE HERSMAN.

Chicago, November 11.

Notes.

Chatto & Windus will soon have ready Swinburne's new tragedy, "The Duke of Gandia." The scene of the drama is laid in Rome in 1497, and deals with the murder of the brother of Cæsar Borgia.

Owing to the bulk of materials handled, the third volume of J. G. Frazer's "Golden Bough" will be issued as a series of monographs, viz.: (1) "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings"; (2) "The Perils of the Soul and the Doctrine of Taboo"; (3) "The Dying God"; (4) "Adonis, Attis, Osiris"; (5) "Balder the Beautiful." The first two monographs are promised for next year.

Putnams have issued the following new volumes in their Ariel Booklets: De Quincey's "Conversation"; John Bright's "The Trent Affair," "Slavery and Secession," and "The Struggle in America," in one volume; Plumtre's "Antigone of Sophocles"; Miss Mulock's "Adventures of a Brownie"; Miss Mulock's "Little Lame Prince;" and Ouida's "Nürnberg Stove."

The "Memoirs of Mistral," the French edition of which was reviewed in the *Nation* of January 1, has now been rendered into English by Constance Elizabeth Maud, and published by the Baker & Taylor Company. The lyrical poems have been done into English verse by Alma Strettell (Mrs. Lawrence Harrison).

William Morris's "Life and Death of Jason" has been issued by Longmans in their neatly printed Pocket Library.

Trollope's "Can You Forgive Her," in two volumes, has been added to John Lane Co.'s pocket edition.

Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" is now published by Henry Frowde in a single volume uniform in style with the Fireside edition of the novels.

From the World Book Company, Yonkers, N. Y., comes a revised edition of the "Handbook of English Composition," by Luella Clay Carson of the University of Oregon. The volume is, according to the preface, "intended to include standard rules and usage, and a few fundamental processes—all designed to secure accuracy and something of effectiveness in the use of the essentials of English composition." The book is interleaved through with blank pages.

Whether you liked the novels of John Oliver Hobbes or disliked them, you at least had to acknowledge that they sparkled with clever, quotable sentences. A volume of her Wit and Wisdom, therefore, was inevitable, and such a volume, com-

piled by Zoë Procter, has just been published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., under the title of "Life and To-morrow." The quotations, running from a short sentence to a considerable paragraph, are arranged by subjects, and there is a full index also for the aid of any who may wish to fortify their own wit surreptitiously.

John Addington Symonds's "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," first published in 1890, and since republished, but for some time out of print, has been brought out in a new edition by Scribners. A Preface, contributed by Symonds's friend, Horatio F. Brown, gives a number of interesting quotations from Symonds's letters, written while the book was preparing, and just after it appeared. The work was pretty severely criticised in the press, and at first the author took the censure to heart, but he soon looked at the matter more calmly, and professed himself ready to profit by the scolding. Some of the essays, nevertheless, particularly those on Style and on Walt Whitman, are in his best vein.

Leslie Stephen's "Science of Ethics," first published in 1882, is issued in a second edition by G. P. Putnam's Sons. In binding and general style the volume matches the collective edition of Stephen's works. The object of the book, as the author explains in his preface, is "to lay down an ethical doctrine in harmony with the doctrine of evolution." He differentiates his book from Spencer's "Data of Ethics," which professes the same end:

> Mr. Spencer has worked out an encyclopædic system, of which his ethical system is the crown and completion. I, on the contrary, have started from the old ethical theories [of Hume, Bentham, and the Mills], and am trying to bring them into harmony with the scientific principles which I take for granted.

It is not likely that the centenary of Whittier's birth, December 17, will be the occasion of much noise, and articles about him are conspicuously absent in the magazines. Perhaps centenaries were a little overdone last year. Certainly Whittier would not choose a boisterous celebration, but he would have taken pleasure in the selection of his poems brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in honor of the occasion. The book is printed in the best style of the Riverside Press, depending for its beauty on sheer excellence of paper and type. The poems are chosen so as to show the three periods of his career: the formative years, the political struggle, and "that mood of devout resting and waiting in which his long life closed." Bliss Perry contributes an introductory sketch of the poet's life, written in his pleasant vein.

The publication of H. Bellyse Baildon's edition of the Poems of William Dunbar (Cambridge University Press and G. P. Putnam's Sons) has been attended by more than one unfortunate circumstance. Apart from the tragic death of the editor, which followed the appearance of his book by only a few weeks, one may note the communications to different German philological journals in which Prof. J. Schipper, the greatest living authority on Dunbar, has denounced in terms of much severity the manner in which Prof Baildon has transcended the permission to make use of Schipper's edition of the poems, published by the Vienna Academy of Sciences. The same Academy has, moreover, taken formal action and forbidden the use of Prof. Schipper's edition in future issues of the present work. Prof. Schipper's complaint that the text and glossary are taken bodily from his work appears substantially justified; and one may add that whatever value the notes possess is in the main due to the same authority. Under the circumstances, it would have seemed better if the Cambridge University Press had invited Prof. Schipper himself to prepare a cheaper edition of Dunbar's Poems, still further adapted to a wider circulation by changes in the critical apparatus. As it is, we have, of course, a good text and glossary, and, in the main, adequate notes, but discredited by the circumstances which we have just recited. The Introduction, which, like the rest of the book, is dependent on other authorities, gives sufficient information in regard to Dunbar's life and the manuscripts of his poems. The same is true to a less degree of the sections on Dunbar's language. Various passages, however, in both introduction and notes cast doubt on the editor's philological knowledge, as, for example, the following singular explanation of the lengthening of certain vowels in open syllables in Middle English:

> But, by a process of absorption by which one vowel in a preceding syllable absorbs and is modified by another following vowel, which itself becomes silent, we have in such words as *name, shame,* and so on an original short *a* in *nama, sceamu,* giving us a long modified N. E. *a* (for ä).

"Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys," by Miss Jessie L. Weston (London: David Nutt), is the seventh volume in the dainty series of Arthurian Romances Unrepresented in Malory's "Morte D'Arthur." The merit of this series is too well known to need further commendation. The present volume is a paraphrase of a portion of the continuation of Chrétien's "Perceval," by Wauchier de Denain, viz., that which relates Arthur's expedition to the Castle Orguellous to release Giflet fis Do and the siege of this castle. The story, which gives its name to the volume, is well told; but more famous are the accompanying episodes of Kay and the roast peacock and Gawain's courtesy to the Rich Soudoier, which were used by the author of the Scottish romance of the fifteenth century, "Golagros and Gawane." Miss Weston follows in the main the text of MS. 12576 of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick have made an excellent selection of "Early English Lyrics, Amorous, Divine, Moral, and Trivial," which A. H. Bullen has published in thoroughly suitable form. The plan of transcription has been to leave poems written before 1400 practically in the original spelling, to normalize slightly those of the fifteenth century, while those of the early sixteenth century are completely modernized—a serviceable compromise where no thoroughly consistent system can be carried through without rebuffing the reader of general culture for whom the volume is designed. Mr. Chambers provides a well-constructed essay on "Some Aspects of Mediæval Lyric," in which he dwells first on the relation in France between the *chanson populaire* and the *chanson courtois,* and then passes to the song in England, showing its relation to French models and noting the new spirit of individualism and realism introduced by the island singers. Fortunately the ballad does not fall within his survey, so that he is saved from committing himself on that thorny question. Sources and elucidations are given in the notes. Altogether, the book may be commended for its convenience and taste.

Were the reader informed with what purpose and for what public George E. Woodberry's "Appreciation of Literature" (New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.) was written, he might judge it more indulgently. On its face the book is intended as a popular introduction to the art of reading, with an opening chapter on "First Principles," in which the writer attempts a definition of literature, art, criticism, and such like elementary matters. Then follows a discussion of the various prominent *genres,* Lyric Poetry, Narrative Poetry, Dramatic Poetry, Fiction, and so on. Its popular destination, if the inference from its appearance is correct, may account for the extreme generality of its remarks as well as for their commonplaceness—all of which might be pardonable in a casual or occasional address, but which are hardly sufficient recommendation for print. Critically the book is slight. And yet by readers at a certain stage of culture it might be found suggestive and even stimulating. At the same time it is for just such readers that a good many of Mr. Woodberry's statements seem misleading, if not actually dangerous. To call Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," for instance, "the only great play of the English genius in modern times," is to run great risk of misleading seriously such a reader as has been supposed; for it is hardly a play at all except in a very special and limited sense, nor can it with propriety be called dramatically, even if poetically great. To declare that a thorough reading of Shakespeare "so shapes and informs the mind that no part of imaginative literature will thereafter be dark to it," is to deny altogether that other more regular, contemplative, and philosophic sort of genius represented by Sophocles and Racine—the genius of that moral order which Mr. Woodberry denies to Shakespeare. As a guide Mr. Woodberry is far safer when insisting that "a degree of formalism is indeed inseparable from literature," unfashionable though such a doctrine may happen to be nowadays.

It is perhaps needless to say that a book like Miss Marian Edwardes's "Summary of the Literatures of Modern Europe (England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain), from the Origins to 1400" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is not a work of independent authority. For our own part, we confess that we do not understand to what class of readers it is addressed. Such a book—in the main, bibliographical—is not likely to appeal to any but professional students, and this class of readers will surely prefer to go at once to the sources for the individual literatures which Miss Edwardes herself has used, rather than consult them at second hand in the present work. This would be true, even if Miss Edwardes had executed her task with accuracy, which is far from being the case. To select an error which we note on the second page, the sweeping assertion is there made that "the structure of the verse [Anglo-Saxon] is trochaic." We should like to know in what sense this is true of Sievers's types B and

C, to say nothing of D and E. In the bibliography of "Beowulf" Miss Edwardes curiously omits to mention the only independent and by far the most scholarly edition of this poem which has been published in English, namely, that of her countryman, A. J. Wyatt. While we are on the subject of editions, we may remark that Miss Edwardes habitually confounds the new Albion Series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Poetry, edited by Bright and Kittredge, with the old Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, also published by Ginn & Co.—certainly no compliment to the later series. We have no space to record the innumerable omissions and errors which we have observed in the English Literature division of this work. What, for instance, is the value of a bibliography of Layamon's "Brut" in which not one of the important studies on the sources of this poem is mentioned—neither Wülker nor Brown nor Imelmann? It is no better with the sections on French Literature. For instance, no edition of the complete "Pèlerinage de Charlemagne" is mentioned. Under the heading of an "edition" of the Arthurian romances Miss Edwardes gives Paulin Paris's well-known work, "Les Romans de la Table Ronde," which surely she must have known was not an edition of anything, but merely a paraphrase in modern French of the Walter Map cycle of the prose Arthurian romances. But enough has been said, we believe, to show how defective this work is, notwithstanding its occasionally useful citations of recent literature.

From James MacLehose & Sons, publishers to the University of Glasgow, come the first two of four volumes of Fynes Moryson's "Itinerary." Morison, who was born in 1566, travelled widely in Europe; in 1617 he published an account of his journeys. This, the first complete reprint, is uniform in style and binding with Capt. John Smith's "Generall History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," and William Lithgow's "Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painefull Peregrination of long Nineteene Yeare's Travayles." The Macmillan Co. is the American agent for these beautifully printed books.

A handy little volume, "Things Seen in Egypt," has been prepared by Olive Holland (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It contains fifty half-tone illustrations which are well selected and well made, though some of them are not of most recent date. The only criticism to be made upon them is that they are scattered through the two hundred and fifty pages without much reference to the adjoining text. We have noted only one case in which the descriptive text beneath the picture is misleading, page 120, where "Thebes" is used for the more exact modern "Luxor." The book is chatty, and will serve either to prepare the intending visitor for what awaits him or to recall vividly some of the things that one has already seen. The book is not overburdened with ancient lore, and it is not heavily indebted to "Baedeker." Indeed, a little more study on certain points would have improved the treatment and given it a greater value. For instance, the naïve wonder expressed over the ability of the Egyptians to move and handle such huge blocks of stone as are built into the temple of Karnak and into the pyramids of Gizeh might have been replaced by an explanation which is to be found in the methods now actually employed by those who are restoring the falling columns. An inclined plane of earth was formed, up which the stones were dragged by main force. Just before the completion of an Egyptian temple it must have been full of earth to the very roof, and the last task was the removal of this very solid "scaffolding." Leading to each pyramid was an embankment of dirt, up which the stones were drawn. Pyramid and dike rose simultaneously. The wonder is not here, but in the fact that the stones were put into place without injury to corners and edges. The author fails to note adequately one monument at Karnak which is suited to elicit more wonder than all the rest: the obelisk of Queen Hatasu. The inscription on its base tells that it was quarried, transported, shaped, engraved, and set up in the space of *seven months*. It may be doubted whether any engineering or contracting firm in the world would undertake to duplicate the obelisk in the same time with all the resources of the present day.

The "Bibliographie géographique annuelle, 1906"—the September issue of the *Annales de Géographie*—is a valuable chronicle of the geographical literature of all nations. It is far more than a mere list of publications. To nearly all of the 1,113 titles of books, scientific papers, and government documents, there are appended explanatory notes by experts, sixty in number, including the editor, Louis Raveneau. His American collaborator is Prof. Benj. L. Miller. Some idea of the extent of the bibliography may be gained from the fact that there are over one hundred entries for northern Africa alone. A single title may include several works; under the San Francisco earthquake, for instance, fourteen separate articles or reports are given. The index of authors and travellers contains over two thousand names.

The house of U. Hoepli, in Milan, announces for publication in the near future the report of the journey in Africa, made by Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, the Count of the Abruzzi, with Ruwenzori as the objective point; and "Metà del mondo visto da un' automobile," a description of a recent journey from Peking to Paris, written by one of the participants, L. Barzini.

What forty years can teach a Paris correspondent of a London daily about France and French politics may be found in the 376 pages (with 32 portraits) of W. F. Lonergan's "Forty Years of Paris" (New York: Brentano's). The first chapter starts with glimpses of the Second Empire, as seen by a young Irishman, who comes to study for the priesthood, but branches off into journalism; the last chapter takes us down to the Clémenceau ministry and the separation law, as seen by the now experienced correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Lonergan has witnessed a good deal of French contemporary history. He has attended sittings of the Chamber and the courts, met many politicians and men of letters, unhitched Boulanger's carriage, talked with Clémenceau, interviewed Zola, corresponded with Halévy, had a squabble with Sardou. In the midst of his feverish existence, however, he found the time to read something else than newspapers, namely, some books of Taine, Renan, and Abbé Loisy, especially the latter; and he gives us the benefit of his readings. While this narrative, covering the main events of recent history, does not take the place of Seignobos or Hanotaux, it supplements, thanks to its generous supply of gossip from the editorial rooms and the "brasseries," those more dignified and reserved chronicles. Though fairly reliable on political questions, and evidently well-grounded on religious controversies, the author is not to be trusted as a historian of literature. It is no crime not to know that Anatole France preceded Jules Lemaître by several years in the literary world, nor that the latter made his début in *La Revue Bleue*, and not in *Le Temps*. But the anecdote showing Émile Augier suddenly ceasing to write because he had just seen the once glorious Scribe scorned by a manager, illustrates the way an otherwise true story may be misconstrued when told by a reporter whose knowledge is largely derived from the press. In fact, Scribe died in 1861, and Augier stopped writing in 1878.

The third volume of Dr. Elroy M. Avery's "History of the United States and its People" (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.) fully maintains the reputation of its predecessors as sumptuous pieces of bookmaking. Such a wealth of illustration, and of so high a standard of excellence, has never before been lavished upon a history of America. In saying this, we do not mean to imply that we have here only a finely got up picture book, for the work has far more significance than that; but only that the illustrations are so appropriate and so well executed as to make these volumes, in many respects, a model of what an illustrated history should be. Dr. Avery's narrative grows more praiseworthy as it proceeds, while his style is less stilted and freer from mannerisms and fine writing than was the case in the first volume. The volume before us, dealing in general with the last half of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries, covers ground which historians have too much neglected, yet a sure knowledge of which is essential if ever we are to understand the American Revolution. The planting of Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, King Philip's War, and the career of Andros in New England are the more familiar episodes in this period; and in regard to these Dr. Avery's narrative, while showing acquaintance with the newer as well as the older literature, gives us little that is novel. On the other hand, the course of political development in the older colonies, especially Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Virginia, and Maryland, and the influence of English and Continental events on colonial politics, are traced with intelligence and skill; indeed, the volume is in this respect the most successful attempt yet made to bring out in a popular way the significance of this neglected period. There is a modern treatment of British trade policy and the navigation acts, a welcome chapter on the political administration of the colonies, and informing chapters on Florida, Canada, Louisiana, and French exploration in the West. Dr. Avery's narrative still makes a good deal of use of quotations, and he sometimes contents himself with presenting opposing opinions on a controverted point without expressing his own; on the whole, however, the very large

mass of material is well digested. If we cannot yet think his work great, there can be no question that it is extremely meritorious.

The period covered by the eighth volume of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Government Printing Office), from May 22 to October 2, 1777, though one of incessant activity for Congress, was not a time of striking events. Congress continues to be occupied with the infinite details of administration, such as the settlement of accounts, the adjustment of disputes about privateers, the organization and discipline of the army, the restraint of disloyal persons, and the almost frantic search for military supplies and money; while in the direction of campaigns and the formulation of schemes of defence it assumes, as always, a conspicuous part. A stilted address to the public, May 29, in which the necessity of independence is again argued and ultimate success confidently predicted, reads like an attempt to keep up a much tried courage. The only large piece of constructive work was the organization, June 10, of a commissary department. At the same time a policy of retaliation in the treatment of prisoners of war was adopted, and ordered communicated to Lord Howe. Elsewhere one reads most often the painful story of demoralization. In June the drawing of bills of exchange on the American commissioners in France was authorized, the money with which to meet them to be derived from the sale of American products, which Congress undertook to export. The Silas Deane controversy enters the field with the formal repudiation by Congress, July 12, of Deane's contracts with French officers. Lafayette arrived, however, and was made a major-general. At the end of June the people of the New Hampshire grants were refused political recognition. Congress was still jealous of its dignity; it scored one Bedford for challenging a member, and forced him to apologize, and later censured Greene, Knox, and Sullivan for certain letters addressed by them to Congress. An order, July 29, for an inquiry into the evacuation of Ticonderoga was followed by the recall of Schuyler, and the choice of Gates as commander of the Northern army. On September 18 the approach of the British forced a hurried withdrawal of Congress to Lancaster, whence, on the 27th, it removed to Yorktown.

The latest issue of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain contains the eighth report on the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland, that is, the sixth on the Harleian manuscripts, which form the major part of the duke's collection. The papers concern the years 1700 to 1708, when Harley was successively Speaker of the House of Commons and Secretary of State for the Southern Department, which included the colonies. The presence in a private collection of so large a body of official papers supplemental to similar papers now in official keeping is characteristic of British public records at the present time; and the lamentable fact remains that these important papers in private hands are far less accessible than are those in the national archives. The truth is that the personal papers, originally unarranged or at most only tied up in bundles, were easily carried away by the official in question on his retirement from office, under the misapprehension that such papers were his private property. In this instance, the papers, consisting largely of letters, petitions, memorials, abstracts, articles, lists, and the like, were afterward scattered, finding their way into the Portland collection, the British Museum, and elsewhere. The bulkier bound volumes, minute books, entry books, ledgers, etc., remained with the "office," and are to be found to-day among the departmental collections at the Record Office. The particular group calendared in this volume contains a number of documents of value to students of our colonial history, as follows: report of a Committee of Trade, hitherto unknown, even to Dr. Cunningham, appointed under the Great Seal in 1638, and again in 1639; a valuable petition regarding William Courten's claim to the island of Barbadoes, presented by his descendants; eight important letters from Bellomont regarding affairs in New York and New England, none of which are contained in the New York Colonial Documents; many letters from Edward Dummer, the originator of the packet postal system to America, in one of which announcement is made of the extension of the system from the island colonies to the Continental, together with a computation evidently made by Dummer that at that time (1704) at least 100,000 letters were annually sent to the colonies, and as many returned; many papers throwing light on Kidd and his operations; a few papers regarding the attempts of Dudley and Byfield to obtain charters of incorporation for the importation of naval stores that add a little information to what Miss Lord has written on the subject; and, finally, two papers, one relating to the well-known case of William Atwood, whom the editor here calls the "Governor" of New York when he was only the Chief Justice, and the other to his son, *Louis* Atwood, of whom so little has been known hitherto that even his Christian name has been uncertain.

The fifteen essays and summaries which make up the Proceedings of the British Academy for 1905-6 (Henry Frowde) are, needless to say, of special interest and value. Under the head of history and literature must be ranked "The Romanisation of Roman Britain," by Prof. F. J. Haverfield; Sir John Rhŷs's "Celtæ and Galli," and "Celtic Inscriptions of France and Italy"; Prof. W. Ridgeway's "Date of the Shaping of the Cuchulainn Saga," J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "Cervantes in England," and Dr. Alexander Souter's "Commentary of Pelagius on St. Paul." Philosophy is represented by Prof. G. F. Stout's "Things and Sensations" and Prof. Bernard Bosanquet's paper on the "Meaning of Teleology"; law by Prof. T. E. Holland's "Neutral Duties in a Maritime War" and Sir Edward Fry's "Rights of Neutrals," both of these illustrated by recent events. The only paper on language proper is Prof. W. W. Skeat's much-discussed "Problem of Spelling Reform." The items still requiring mention are Dr. Hodgkin's monograph on Ernst Curtius, Shadworth H. Hodgson's "Inter-relation of the Academical Sciences," Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson's "Petrus Peregrinus de Maricourt," Sir H. C. Lyall's summary on "The Moghul Empire in Relation to the History of Modern Asia," and that of D. G. Hogarth on "Artemis Ephesia." The volume also contains obituary notices of three of the fellows: Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb, Dr. David Binning Monro, and Prof. Frederic William Maitland.

Wilhelm von Schnehen has recently published "Der Moderne Jesuskultus" (Frankfort a. M.). The author, himself not a defender of the traditional conception of Christ as the Son of God, nevertheless maintains that the substitute offered by modern liberal theology, in its cult of Jesus as the greatest among men, a model in principles and practices, is unsatisfactory. His objection is that the new view lacks the inner substance which the old faith in Christ as the Son of God gave to Christianity; and that it does not do justice to the intentions of the Gospel writers in their portraiture of Jesus of Nazareth. The author maintains that this modern, weakened conception of Jesus can never satisfy the religious needs of man or of men; but he does not supplement his negative thesis by suggesting a positive substitute.

Roman Catholic scholarship can point with a pardonable pride to the first volume of a work on travel and investigation, recently published under the auspices of the Vienna Academy of Sciences by Prof. Alois Musil, who holds the Old Testament chair in the University of Olmütz. The book is entitled "Arabia Petræa: I. Moab, Topographischer Reisebericht" (Vienna: Alfred Hölder). This volume is accompanied by map of Arabia Petræa, on the scale of 1:300,000, 3 sheets. The author went to Jerusalem in 1895 to engage in Biblical studies in the École pratique d'études bibliques of the French Dominicans. He spent three years in the Holy Land, paying special attention to the classical Arabia Petræa, essentially the Old Testament Moab and Edom. Then, beginning in 1898, he devoted several years to cartographical investigations in Vienna, London, Cambridge, Berlin, and Constantinople. Three further expeditions filled out the years 1900-1902; and since that time the author has been engaged in arranging his vast material for publication. His present work has been preceded by two quarto volumes, entitled "Kusejr 'Amra," describing a small palace dating from the first half of the eighth century. This structure, discovered by Musil, is ornamented with rich Greek paintings, here reproduced in the original colors. The present first volume of the new series contains about one-half of the author's topographical report of his journey; that is, substantially the text and the illustrations for the northern half of the accompanying chart. The details of his research are set down with great exactness, and this material is supplemented by a wealth of data on the traditions, customs, and civilization of these regions. These chapters are the more valuable because the author is a master of the native tongue, and enjoyed the friendship of the mightiest of the Bedawin tribes, the Beni Sahr. This first volume is to be followed by others on ethnography and epigraphy dealing with the life and character of no fewer than forty-eight tribes.

Among the literary first fruits of the work of the German Archæological Institute in Jerusalem, which is under the direction of Prof. Gustav Dalman of the Uni-

versity of Leipzig, are two small volumes: "Volksleben im Lande der Bibel," by M. Löhr, published as Vol. VII. of Wissenschaft und Bildung by Quelle & Meyer, Leipzig; and "Palästinische Kulturbilder," the joint product of R. Eckhardt, F. Zickermann, and F. Fenner, published by Georg Wiegand, also of Leipzig. All four of these writers, the first alone, and the other three as tent companions, have investigated Palestine independently of the dragoman and guide. Löhr has as his chief purpose briefly and clearly to describe the life and doings of the modern inhabitants of Palestine, male and female, at home, at work, in city, in country, in private and public life. The other three take the reader through the country from Dan to Beersheba, through the streets of Jerusalem, and to the quiet watchfires of the Bedouin, as also into the rush and noise of the great church festivities. The authors do not overlook the historic sites and the field for archæological research. The price of the first work is 1.25 marks; of the latter, which is amply illustrated, 5.50.

The fifty-fifth annual report of the Boston Public Library, just issued, has this to say of the open-shelf system:

Unquestionably the open-shelf system toward which public libraries have moved during the last ten years, is of great public benefit and convenience. That it promotes the use of books no one can doubt. It must be admitted, however, that there are serious evils attending it unless it is carefully guarded. If the missing books involved merely pecuniary loss the matter would not be of much importance. The expense might be charged to profit and loss, and considered justifiable in view of the advantages derived. But if books may be taken without observance of rules, made for the benefit of the library patrons no less than for the convenience of administration, and returned or not, as those who take them may decide, a tendency toward demoralization is at once established, affecting particularly the young. This is far more serious than the money loss involved.

Recently the library has tried in certain branches a plan which "contemplates the continuance of reasonable open-shelf privileges, guarded, however, so as to supervise and control more closely the young persons who use them." The essential points of the plan are as follows:

A library card or other ticket of identification must be presented at the custodian's desk before access to the children's shelves is granted; persons under eighteen years of age must conform to the same requirement before being admitted to the shelves containing non-fiction for adults; no one under eighteen years of age is permitted to have free access to shelves containing fiction for adults.

The librarian adds:

The restraint is of a kind that involves no great hardship, while at least permitting the custodians to scan more closely those who are admitted to the shelves. It is expected that the slight formality required in the presentation of a card at the desk will operate as a deterrent to the irresponsible visitor. The plan remains an experiment at present, but, so far as tried, it promises improvement.

Moncure Daniel Conway died suddenly in Paris on November 15. He was born near Fredericksburg, Va., in 1832, and went to Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1849. At college he joined the Methodist Church and came under the anti-slavery influence of the Rev. Dr. John McClintock. After graduation, he studied law for a year at Warrenton, Va., and at the same time wrote for the Richmond *Examiner*. At this period he brought out a pamphlet, "Free Schools for Virginia," in which he urged the adoption of the New England common school system by his native State. At the age of eighteen he decided to enter the Methodist ministry, and was appointed to a circuit in Montgomery County, Md. Soon his faith in orthodoxy weakened, he withdrew from the Methodist Church, and entered the Harvard Divinity School, from which he was graduated in 1854. Returning to the South, he antagonized public sentiment by denouncing the mob murder, at Culpeper Court House, of a free negro named Grayson, whose innocence was, indeed, later established; and by defending the fugitive, Anthony Burns, who was brought back to slavery from Boston by the aid of United States marines. He then became pastor of a Unitarian Church in Washington, but his radical anti-slavery views displeased the congregation, and in 1856 he resigned and went to a church in Cincinnati. In the Presidential canvass of 1856 Mr. Conway worked zealously for John C. Fremont. In 1858 his first book, "Tracts for To-day," appeared. Two years later he founded the Cincinnati *Dial*, to which Emerson was an occasional contributor. On the breaking out of the Civil War, he went through Ohio, delivering addresses in favor of emancipation, and he spoke for the same cause in New England. Finally he became editor of the Boston *Commonwealth*, founded in the interests of emancipation. In 1863 he went to England to advocate the cause of the Northern States, both on the platform and in the press. Toward the close of the year he became the minister of South Place Chapel, Finsbury, and he remained in this charge until his return to America in 1884. Through all these years he kept up his literary activities, contributing largely to the periodicals, writing many books, maintaining associations with the staffs of the London *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and sending correspondence to the New York *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Commercial*. During his residence in London he made many friends among persons who were prominent in literature, art, and politics; and his "Autobiography" is filled with entertaining reminiscences of these intimacies. Starting as a Methodist, and then becoming a Unitarian, he eventually developed into a radical free-thinker. Among his books are: "The Earthward Pilgrimage," "Republican Superstitions," "The Sacred Anthology," "Idols and Ideals," "Demonology and Devil Lore," "A Necklace of Stories," "Thomas Carlyle," "The Wandering Jew," "Travels in South Kensington," "Emerson at Home and Abroad," "Pine and Palm, a Novel," "Life of Edmund Randolph," "George Washington and Mount Vernon," "George Washington's Rules of Civility," "Life of Hawthorne," "Prisons of Air, a Novel," "Life of Thomas Paine," "Barons of the Potomac and Rappahannock," "Solomon and Solomonic Literature," and "A Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East."

The death of Francis Thompson was announced from London, November 18. He was born in Lancashire, and was educated at Ushaw College, near Durham, and at Owens College, Manchester. He first came into general notice, when, under the influence of the Meynells, he entered a Catholic monastery and began to publish mystical poems, not always easy to understand, but sometimes shot through with gleams of rare beauty. He published several volumes: Poems," 1893; "Sister Songs," 1895, and "New Poems," 1897.

THE WORLD OF HOMER.

Life in the Homeric Age. By Thomas Day Seymour. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4 net.

The Homeric poems are not only, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "the most important poetical monument existing," but they are, to borrow the terminology of a very different type of literary critic, among the most complete of human documents. Homer's reticences and idealisms may differentiate him from our conventional modern conception of the realist, but no *Comédie humaine* or natural history of a Rougon-Macquart family could photograph the complicated society of the nineteenth century as faithfully as the Iliad and Odyssey depict the simple life of the early Achæans. Homer, however, does not convey this information in set descriptions, except in the case of the garden of Alcinous, but by narration of action and incidental allusion. And so in the vast library of Homeric literature, critical, grammatical, controversial, archæological, Mycenæan, belletristic, a shelf or a compartment will always be reserved for books whose aim is to collect and present the enormous array of facts disseminated through the poems concerning the political, religious, and moral ideas, the family life, the geographical range, the acquaintance with plants and animals, the dress, the habitation, the arts and crafts, the methods of warfare, and the arms of the Homeric man. Scholars call such books "treatises on Homeric antiquities." Sociologists style them the "study of Homeric society," or the "evolution of Greek civilization." Not to go back to the eighteenth century manual of Feith, the voluminous prototype of all such books for our generation is Buchholz's exhaustive "Homerischen Realien," naïvely dedicated to "his Lordship the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, First Lord of the Treasury." This book ought to be, if it is not, the object of the well-worn anecdote of the German professor who recommended such a treatise as sparing the student the *ennui* of reading the poems themselves.

Professor Seymour's "Life in the Homeric Age," though a work of independent verification and research, may not unfairly be described as an English "Buchholz," more attractively and lucidly written, reduced to the compass of one portly volume, brought down to date, furnished with maps and excellent photographs of Greek scenery, beautifully printed on thick paper, and decorated on its binding with golden Mycenæan ornament. An introductory chapter of forty-four pages disposes of the Homeric question and of all critical, prehistoric, and Mycenæan problems. Professor Seymour is rightly distrustful of vigorous and rigorous theories. The Homeric question, even if some one of our hopelessly conflicting hypotheses be finally verified, is of no more significance for his present purpose than Matthew Arnold thought it for the translator of Homer. For the study of Homeric life we do not need to know whether the

Trojans were of Phrygian or of Greek stock, whether the Achæans were fair-haired northern invaders of the Balkan Peninsula or descendants of tribes that had occupied Greece for a thousand years. And, similarly, the Thessalian origin of Agamemnon, the identification of Greek gods with natural phenomena, and the allegorical interpretation of their intervention in human affairs, are not only not proved but not relevant. Of the Mycenæan and Minoan problems we need only know that, despite minor discrepancies at first exaggerated, scholars are coming to agree that the Mycenæan finds are the best illustrations of the life and art which Homer had in mind. The unity of each of the Homeric poems is such that we may fairly infer the impress of the genius of one great poet, who probably lived two or three centuries after 1200, the plausible date of the fall of Ilium. But it is not likely that we shall ever be able to discern with certainty the sutures between his work and the earlier material which he used, or the later interpolations of the rhapsodists. The poems may have been "sung to pieces" quite as much as "stitched together." Language and other signs indicate that we are in the presence of strata of different ages, but the scholastic prospector cannot trace the true Homeric gold-vein either by the presence or absence of iron, of dowries, or of temples, nor yet by the round shield and the cuirass, or by any other of the archæological tests that have been proposed of late. For the study of antiquity the poems are a unit. The promised third edition of Helbig's "Homerisches Epos aus den Denkmälern erläutert," which was to take account of chronological differences, has not yet appeared.

The larger part of this chapter, however, is devoted to an argument less vivacious, but more searching than that of Andrew Lang, in support of the contention that Homer did not archaize, and therefore depicts one consistent type of civilization which he knew. This view is supported by all analogies. Local color and the fear of anachronism are modern scrupulosities, of which naïve epic, renaissance painting, and even the Attic dramatists, know nothing. The artificial epics of Virgil and Apollonius of Rhodes sometimes coquette with them, but fail in that complete, though incidental, presentation of real life which is characteristic of Homer. The Homeric similes would be pointless unless taken from familiar experiences, and the fact that some things are mentioned only in the similes proves nothing unless it can be shown that they would naturally occur in the action of the poem. If Homer mentions writing but once we must remember that Greek literature was never bookish, and that Demosthenes and Æschines refer their illustrations from Greek history to oral tradition, and not to the historians. The fact that the Homeric warriors do not use coined money proves neither that it was unknown nor that it was consciously ignored. Skins were for decades the chief currency in the American backwoods. Professor Seymour will not even admit that the "divine silences" of Homer are intentional—his ignoring of purification for sin, the worship of the dead, and the darker aspects of life and religion, prominent in Hesiod. "In every case the silence is to be explained otherwise than as intended by the poet to avoid the mention of a recent custom."

These preliminaries settled, the remainder of the book is a systematic treatise on Homeric *Realien*, beginning with a chapter on cosmography and geography, and ending with warfare and arms. To sum up this mass of detail would be to write a primer of Homeric antiquities. There are few striking facts that call for explicit mention, and, owing to the sobriety and caution of Professor Seymour's method, there is still less to invite hostile criticism. He maintains a courteous reserve with regard to lively Gallic hypotheses about the localization of Polyphemus's eye in the Solfatara craters. Homer, he thinks, does not confirm recent speculations about the predominance of Phœnician influence in early Greece. The traditional praise of Homer's geographical exactness applies in strictness only to three or four epithets in the Catalogue of Ships. The conclusion of an excellent summary of the Leucas controversy is that scholars who conceive an Asiatic Homer, who may have known little of western Greece, will continue to believe in the traditional Ithaca, while those whom recent discoveries have led to look everywhere for a firm basis of fact underlying Homer's tales, will be inclined to accept Dörpfeld's theory. A special chapter on the Troad describes the plain of Troy in connection with Dörpfeld's revision of the British admiralty map, follows the fortunes of ancient Ilium down to the visit of the Emperor Julian, and outlines the history of the controversy between the partisans of Bunárbashi and Hissarlik, till its final settlement by the spade of Schliemann. In the account of the recent excavations issuing in the discovery that the sixth city from the bottom is Homer's Troy, and the more detailed topography of the seat of war, Professor Seymour merely follows Dörpfeld, whose more adventurous identifications, including the view that Troy had two gates, the Scæan and the Dardanian, he reports without affirming or denying.

The study of the Homeric state points out how little formal government was needed. Nothing is said of crime or lawlessness in Ithaca, left for twenty years without a king or an assembly. In the trial scene on the shield he conceives the question to be simply whether the ransom has been paid. The consent to accept a ransom was voluntary. Πολυκοιρανίη (Iliad, ii., 204) does not mean democracy, but anarchy. The readable chapter on woman and the family describes eight types of Homeric woman from Helen to Nausicaa. The suitor's gifts were not a purchase: "No one can suppose that Nausicaa was to be given to the highest bidder." Homeric dress and decoration are described in detail; but our knowledge of the precise nature of Andromache's complicated headgear, the terror of undergraduates, is not much advanced. While careful use is made of both literary and archæological evidence, there is no attempt to fit all Homeric houses to one rigid theoretical type. Telemachus's chamber περισκέπτῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ was in a "sheltered," not a "conspicuous," spot of the beautiful courtyard. In many palaces the lord and lady probably slept in the room that served by day as the great hall. No new conclusions are reached in the problems of the structure of Odysseus's palace, involved in the slaying of the suitors. The frequent meat meals of Achæan chieftains, which provoke a smile in the modern class-room, were often merely conventional rites of hospitality. There was private property in land strictly entailed in the family, and also much public land from which *demesnes* were carved out for kings or for sacred precincts. Slaves were little more than clients or liege-men, or, at the worst, serfs, who could not be sold away from the land.

In the discussion of Homeric warfare chief emphasis is laid on the predominance of the individual, and the many indications that the numbers originally contemplated were much smaller than those given in the Catalogue of Ships, the Trojan Bivouac, or the Marshalling of the Myrmidons. We can hardly, however, be expected to take seriously the argument that the contingent of Rhesus numbered twenty-five men because he was sleeping "in the middle" and was the thirteenth man killed. In the final chapter on Homeric arms the ideas of Reichel and Robert are accepted in the main. But Robert's attempted use of them as re-agents in the chemico-philological analysis of the Iliad by "double decomposition" is ignored without polemic. We are simply told the facts about the big Mycenæan shield, the small round (Ionian?) shield, and the strange absence of the later cuirass from the later Odssey.

To thousands, tens of thousands, such details as these Professor Seymour lends all the interest that attaches to lucid order and simple systematic presentation. But the book is obviously suited for consultation or reading a chapter at a time rather than for continuous perusal. Illustrations by Old Testament parallels are frequent and apt, and occupy two columns of the index. But otherwise there is a paucity of literary illustration and of illuminating philosophical generalization. It would in the case of a professed manual of antiquities perhaps be unfair to dwell on a certain aridity of tone resulting from this suppression of the literary and poetic interest. But surely Professor Seymour conceives his task too narrowly when he omits all explicit treatment of Homeric psychology and ethics, to which the ponderous Buchholz devotes 384 pages. Psychology is touched on only incidentally in connection with the ideas about death and burial, and ethics receives a scant page or two in the chapter on the state. The word αἰδώς is lacking in the index, and, if we mistake not, in the text. Yet both to the Hellenist and to the general student of European culture the rudimentary but pregnant ethical conceptions and terminology of the Homeric man are quite as real and significant facts as the shape of his shield, or the locks of his door. Misprints and positive errors are rare. *Orsythyré* (p. 193) should be *orsothyré*. It is in the *Laws* rather than in the *Republic* that Plato explicitly restricts the sale of land (p. 238).

In conclusion, we would express the hope that Professor Seymour will find time to prepare an *editio minor* for the use of students. The present volume will be an indispensable work of reference in public and college libraries and a handsome ornament to private collections. But we fear that it is too bulky and too expensive for the students who need it in their reading of Homer. It is to be hoped that in such an edition illustrations like those used in Har-

der's "Wegweiser" (overlooked in Professor Seymour's bibliography) will be multiplied, and that Harder's practice of designating the books of the Iliad and Odyssey by large and small numerals instead of by the letters of the Greek alphabet, will be followed. Few scholars can verify references by the letters without hesitation, and no general readers. In a book which quotes but little Greek, and is obviously intended for English readers, they are a vexatious survival of obsolete pedantry.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Shuttle. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Whatever it may not be "The Shuttle" is the kind of book which is heard of for a season above the din of subway travel and between the pious silences of bridge. "Have you read ——?" is, to be sure, a question which demands nothing of the speaker or the hearer; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. "The Shuttle" affords sufficient material for the conversational capsule. It is a story which would have a mild interest for most people, and about which nobody could conceivably have much to say. It is good in the sense that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was good: it is all for the victory of virtue over vice, white over black, tit over tat.

Bettina Vanderpoel is a Fauntleroy in petticoats. It is hers in an unusual degree to guide, to comfort, and command, especially to guide and command; she is born into a world which awaits her conquering advent. She is provided with unlimited wealth, surpassing beauty, a remarkable mind, exceptional executive ability, unshakable courage, perfect manners, and a strong (if somewhat patronizing) affection for her kind. She is further provided with an idiot sister and a villanous brother-in-law; no wonder she enjoys herself. Exception might be taken to the villain as a shade more diabolical than even the code of melodrama permits. He is an extravagant caricature of the sufficiently absurd wicked baronet of legend; a silly ogre, a patent bogey. And it is against this man of straw that the fair Bettina's heroism is directed. Bettina is by no means equally ridiculous; if she were only suffered to make a mistake now and again, to lose her temper or her self-possession, to drop a stitch, she would be a really charming person. But nothing of the kind is tolerated; Mrs. Burnett holds her ruthlessly to her rôle. She is all that a heroine should be, a Lady Bountiful down to the familiar coals and blankets; a Britomart, not to be daunted by perils of land or sea. We know from the outset that Sir Nigel Anstruthers has not the ghost of a chance at her hands. Bettina's pauper lord is a "good fellow," and deserves a millionairess. For the rest, satisfaction is to be taken in the person of one G. Selden, agent of a New York typewriter company—a very good bit of "character" impersonation.

The Good Comrade. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A good story of an amiable English type. The Polkingtons are a down-at-the-heels upper middle-class family, the father a retired army officer—a feeble ne'er-do-well; the mother and two of the daughters are devoted to the task of keeping up appearances. Capt. Polkington is relieved of a gambling debt through the generosity of a stranger—an obligation which one member of the family determines to discharge. This is Julia, the Cinderella of the household. The means she proposes to herself are sufficiently quaint: to steal and sell a valuable tulip bulb belonging to a Dutch friend. She gets her opportunity, but finds herself unable to take advantage of it. The fact that the Dutch owner of the bulb is by this time in love with her has something to do with her scruples. So she contents herself with stealing a valuable chemical formula from another Dutchman (who is not in love with her), and sends it to her father's creditor, who has been trying to get hold of it. Naturally, he is also in love with her by this time. He is a middle-aged gentleman of the elegant British type, monocle and all, and of course he wins the good comrade. But in spite of the fancifulness of the plot and the conventionality of the hero, the book is not a silly one. Rawson-Clew may be forgiven for the sake of Julia, and Johnny Gillat, the dear little shabby old man whom she loves, does not need forgiveness on any grounds; an absurdity as lovable and as credible as Bella Wilfer's "Pa."

Mortmain. By Arthur Train. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Train's books always appear to come under the heading of detective fiction; that is their quality, though as a matter of fact, the present volume is made up of adventure in China, New York, London, and Harvard in '64. Within their obvious limits, these stories are good. They are quick, lively, ingenious, better written than the majority of their class, more competently worked out, less childish. Mr. Train proves fully equal to holding the attention of any adult reader, and the justifiable trick with which "Mortmain" ends comes with a sharp surprise, even to the wary. "A Man Hunt" seems the modern New York equivalent for the complicated expeditions with which du Boisgobey thrilled Paris in the seventies; but "A Study of Sociology," with its sinister termination, gives a welcome glimpse of Mr. Train's special knowledge, and approaches more nearly to the realistic interest of "A Prisoner at the Bar."

The Radical. By I. K. Friedman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Were it not that an unmistakable earnestness of conviction pervades this novel, one's inclination would be to let it pass unmentioned, for a more ineffective attempt at bending language to the uses of art rarely falls under the reviewer's eye. Thus we read of true love's meeting:

> His long arms spread out, sweeping toward her, and he said, the words long contained suddenly bursting from him, "I love you, Inez, dearest," and she sank into them, sobbing. So falls dawn into the arms of day, easily, as nature, the mother of us all, orders it.

The submissive dawn in the present instance was a daughter of American plutocracy, reared among all the prejudices and self-complacencies of her class, but step by step, and not without passionate resistance, led out into a larger view. In this regeneration the eloquence and courage of the hero were largely instrumental. "His people were those who did the work of the world and stood by with hungry eyes while the mighty reaped the profits therefrom." Of humble parentage and mean education, Bruce McAllister had made his way, by sheer force of personality—rugged, assertive, uncompromising—out of the ward of his native city into the national House of Representatives and onward to the Senate. He was the champion of the downtrodden; and no one would guess the pitfall and gin that everywhere, especially in Washington, that great city, beset his path: the stolen letter, the broken promise, the villain behind the arras, the capitalists' conspiracy, the sirens that held out glasses of crême de menthe. "He was—oh, fortunately for him!—no more susceptible to the siren's plea than the glass her jewelled fingers clasped enticingly."

The Princess Pourquoi. By Margaret Sherwood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The five tales which make up this little volume are wonder-stories with a moral. The "Princess Pourquoi" represents, let us say, the modern spirit of feminine inquiry in its dignified aspect; "The Princess and the Microbe" and "The Seven Studious Sisters" represent the same spirit in an amusing light; and "The Clever Necromancer," its pathetic side. "The Gentle Robber" is a more pungent satire upon the theoretical and the actual attitude of the world towards greed and dishonesty on a large scale. If our leading scoundrels of the type could conceivably feel the sting of any reproach, they might be expected to wince at such a scathing parable as this: the fie-fie of public opinion cannot, however, be expected to gall them greatly, so long as they still feel themselves safely at large. But altogether the most searching of these satirical fables is "The Clever Necromancer." The necromancer captures a whole city, or rather the whole feminine portion of it, by means of a series of bags of parti-colored wind, which he inhales and exhales to the wonder and delight of his fair audience. Disguised by the glorious tissue of this magic vocabulary, the homeliest platitudes arouse his hearers to ecstasy. Finally the trick is discovered by an honest burgher, whose sweetheart has been estranged from him by the charm of the necromancer. He steals the bags, makes sufficient public use of them to win back his lady, and thereafter keeps them for such occasional private use as her romantic appetite demands: "Far in illimitable recesses of time and of place," he began shamefacedly, "before phenomena existed, thy bodiless soul and mine met and mingled as one. . . . "

The Settlers. By Herman Whitaker. New York; Harper & Brothers.

This is a sufficiently animated account of agricultural life in the Canadian Northwest, with its mixed population of Canadians, Yankees, Irish, and English "remittance-men." Mr. Whitaker has a broad sweep over lumber camps, wheat fields, railroad and labor troubles. A suggestion of "The Virginian"—a lady succumbing to

the attractions of a rough diamond—is fully justified in an early chapter, where the author alludes to "a beautiful story. . . . that proved how easily a cultured Eastern girl might fall in love and marry a Western cowboy." That story, he decides, "ended just where in real life, stories begin." "The Settler," however, is a rapid, active tale of adventure; consequently the adjusting of Helen's marital relations with her primitive man has to be followed along rather superficial lines. Therefore, as the pair are reunited at the end of the book, as the result of a series of events which affect them externally rather than fundamentally, the question of permanent adaptation does not seem more definitely settled than after the first occasion when Carter suspects that Helen feels ashamed of him.

John Harvard and His Times. By Henry C. Shelley. With illustrations from photographs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

Mr. Shelley's biography of the founder of Harvard College is an interesting and excellent volume. It is indeed remarkable that it has been possible to produce such a book about a man of whom twenty-five years ago almost nothing was known, this "New England Melchisedec, a priest of the most high God and a giver of gifts, without father or mother or descent, without beginning of days or end of life, his very grave being unknown." We wish at the outset to express regret that our author recognizes so inadequately the merit of Henry Fitz Gilbert Waters in the uncovering of John Harvard. Gratitude is expressed to "William Rendle and Mr. H. F. Waters"; their labors "have made this book possible." This is a meagre acknowledgment. It is unfair to name Rendle before Waters, or, indeed, to name him or any other man at all in connection with this investigator. Waters has been throughout the pathbreaker, as is evident to all readers of his straightforward résumé of his researches in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June last, and of his previous more elaborate contributions to the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register.* Of the new facts brought to light every one of interest we owe directly or indirectly to Mr. Waters. The baptismal record as to "John Harvye," in the Southwark register, had no value until his discoveries made it certain that "Harvye" was a misspelling for "Harvard"; John Harvard's mother remained entirely concealed until the revelation that she was Katherine Yearwood, widow of the Southwark member of Parliament; to Mr. Waters entirely do we owe our knowledge of the founder's interesting association with the Queen's Head Inn, the marvellous tracing out of John Harvard's connection with Stratford; the identification of the "Old House in High Street," as the home of his grandparents, Thomas and Alice Rogers, neighbors and intimates through many years of the family of Shakespeare. In establishing these points Mr. Waters did all the Napoleonic work. To fill out the framework was comparatively easy; Dr. Rendle made the picture more full by researches in the Southwark registers. As to the Stratford antecedents, when the clew was once obtained, much could be gained from Shakespeare scholars like Halliwell-Phillips. John Harvard's dates at Cambridge being once ascertained, Masson's "Life of Milton" becomes a royal road for learning about John Harvard's surroundings in college.

Having filed this exception, we cordially admit Mr. Shelley's scholarship, judgment, and good taste. In general he draws no inferences which cannot be allowed, showing much restraint in the midst of temptations to extravagant deduction. An exception to his usual caution is his conclusion from circumstantial evidence that William Shakespeare introduced to each other Robert Harvard and Katherine Rogers. This Mr. Shelley regards as almost certain, whereas we believe it to be only barely possible. Though at Southwark, near the Globe Theatre, Robert Harvard may easily have come face to face with Shakespeare, his calling as a mere tradesman, and his prejudices as a Puritan, must have stood in the way of a close acquaintance with a play-actor. In the sober-minded Rogers family, who must have remembered the dubious reputation with which Shakespeare left his native town, and who must have looked askance upon his profession even though he had won some success in it, his recommendation of a husband for a beloved daughter can hardly have borne much weight. We much prefer Mr. Waters's suggestion, that Thomas Rogers, a grazier and provision dealer in rather a large way, must have gone sometimes to the London markets, and that it was he who, seeing in his fellow-marketman, Robert Harvard, good timber for a son-in-law, managed that he should come to Warwickshire as a suitor. But this, of course, is mere conjecture.

In general, however, we think Mr. Shelley's inferences from the data at hand entirely reasonable; and when the picture is unfortunately obscure he shows skill in throwing upon it side-lights. For instance, as to John Harvard's boyhood at Southwark, concluding, we may say, with the plague-year, 1625, when his father, two sisters, and two brothers died within the space of five weeks, the details are meagre. Mr. Shelley, however, has found the diary of Nehemiah Wallington, a contemporary, living within half a mile, in the household of a Puritan tradesman precisely similar in fortune and position. The life in two such families must have corresponded narrowly, the daily record for one would to a large extent answer for the other, and Mr. Shelley's citations here are very appropriate.

John Harvard seems to have been in himself a correct and colorless personality, with mental and physical vitality sapped perhaps by an insidious disease. He never said a word, wrote a line, or performed a deed, except his ever memorable deed of gift, which his contemporaries thought it worth while to take note of and transmit. "He was a godly gentleman and a lover of learning," says the "New England's First Fruits." "This man was a scholar and pious in his life, and enlarged toward the country and the good of it in life and in death," writes Thos. Shepard, who was a young man like him, and who, as having been also at Emmanuel, must have known him well. It is good negative evidence of a proper course, as Mr. Shelley believes, that John Harvard's name does not appear in the list of admonitions. Our author, however, errs in saying that he received his degrees of A.B. and A.M. in the minimum time: for some unexplained reason he took an additional year. Possibly a hint or two as to his character may be gained from a study of the titles of his books, which he accumulated at much risk and expense in 1636. There is possibly a suggestion of candor in the appearance among the Calvinistic theologians of some of their Catholic opponents, like Bellarmin. Bacon's essays and Chapman's Homer presuppose literary taste, while a number of the best Greek and Latin classics bespeak liberal culture. With every aid that can be brought to bear the personality is, however, only feebly outlined, but in a marvellous way we have come to know John Harvard's antecedents and surroundings.

If it be urged that the foundation of undoubted facts is small for such a biographical superstructure as Mr. Shelley has raised, we may find a good illustration of the case in some stately Elizabethan building standing in the street of an old English town, the old house, let us say, in the High Street at Stratford. From the base, very narrow, the house rises high until you feel that it needs the support of the substantial masses of masonry to the right and left; while in front, the elaborately carved stories, each projecting well over the story beneath, and culminating in a beetling gable that fairly threatens the roadway, seem to need props for their support. Yet the house has entered upon its fourth century, and as the "Harvard House" we may hope will stand four centuries more. Not less enduring, we believe, will be these outlines of John Harvard's career, in our time revealed and set down. For a worthy of the Puritan age only a scriptural parallel seems fitting. Let us say then that he was an Apollos, no significant character, but living in a great age, and in illustrious companionship. Apollos watered; and what he watered was the perishing seed which the great apostles of the New England Church had too feebly planted—and God gave the increase.

Science.

Darwinism To-day. By Vernon L. Kellogg. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

The rather formidable sub-title tells us that this volume is "a discussion of present-day scientific criticism of the Darwinian selection theories, together with a brief account of species forming." The keynote to the book is given in a single sentence:

> Both destructive criticism of old, and synthesis of new hypotheses and theories, are being so energetically carried forward that the scientific layman and educated reader, if he stands but ever so little outside of the actual working ranks of biology, is likely to lose his orientation as to the trend of evolutionary advance.

It is to supply such a means of orientation that the author has been led to make this exhaustive summary of facts and theories. After a chapter devoted to the definition of Darwinism and evolution, follow three others concerning the attacks which have been made upon the theory by theologians

and by biologists. The author then takes up theories supporting or alternative to selection and the formation of species.

Finally he discusses the present standing of Darwinism; and a few words concerning this important summary will indicate the real status of the subject. First, as to the actual definition of Darwinism: with the majority of people, the word is synonymous with organic evolution or the theory of descent as a whole. More correctly the term should be limited to several theories, the most important of which is that of evolution by natural selection; others are the more or less discredited theories of sexual selection and the pangenesis of gemmules. Professor Kellogg thinks that the theory of the descent of man from the lower animals may also fairly be included in Darwinism; for of all naturalists, Darwin was the first boldly to state the logical and obvious consequences of the widest application of the theory of descent, thus including the man in the chain of organisms linked by descent or ascent. But this general theory of the descent of man is not recognized by biologists as a special phase of Darwinism, but is commonly included as a part of the whole theory of descent, or evolution.

While the selection theories do not satisfy modern workers as sufficient in themselves to account for evolution as a whole, yet no satisfactory theory or hypothesis has been offered to replace it. Mutations seem too few and far between; for orthogenesis we can discover no satisfactory mechanism; and the same is true for the Lamarckian theories of modification by the cumulation through inheritance of acquired or ontogenetic characters. In short, the matter is still unsettled. And yet so important and so all-pervading is natural selection, that one additional theory may suffice. This crucial factor is needed to explain the beginnings of organs and structures—of variations. We need more than anything else a "satisfactory explanation of the pre-useful and pre-hurtful stages in the modifications of organisms: an explanation to relieve Darwinism of its necessity of asking natural selection to find in the fluctuating individual variations a handle for its action; an explanation of how there ever comes to be a handle of advantage or disadvantage of life-and-death-determining degree." Professor Kellogg adds:

> With such an explanation in our possession . . . we may depend with confidence on natural selection to do the rest of the work called for by the great theory of descent. Along all the divergent lines of development and change, instituted by this agent of beginnings, natural selection will choose those to persist by saying No to those that may not. And the result is organic evolution.

The candid attitude of the author is frequently shown and is an object lesson to many scientists who seem afraid of admitting ignorance in any department of their work. Professor Kellogg has no doubts as to there being "unknown factors" in evolution; he says:

> Let us begin our motto with *Ignoramus*, but never follow it with *Ignorabimus*. We are ignorant; terribly, immensely ignorant. And our work is, to learn, to question life by new methods, from new angles, on closer terms, under more precise conditions of control; this is the requirement and the opportunity of the biologist of to-day.

Occasionally, however, personal bias detracts from a fair weighing of pros and cons, and prejudice, we grant, is difficult to avoid in a work of such wide scope. Perhaps the most noticeable example is the tendency (reflected in most writers on evolution) to limit sharply the causes of variation and hence of evolution. Selection of one kind or another is set off as sharply as if it were a distinct concrete fact, unrelated to other factors. Far more rational is the point of view taken by Prof. H. F. Osborn in a recent address, in which he laid strong emphasis on the fact that there are four *inseparable* factors, interacting on each other and influencing the organism continuously from the very beginning of its life. These are heredity, ontogeny, environment, and selection, and a change in one of these affects the others.

While the book as a whole is intended for the general reader, the needs of the advanced student and the biological worker are met by an elaborate appendix at the end of each chapter, giving exact references to books and papers, and in some instances detailed accounts of pertinent observations and experiments. Although the volume contains comparatively little new work, it is none the less valuable as a summary to date of investigations. It complements, or supplements, "Evolution and Animal Life," recently brought out by the author in collaboration with President David Starr Jordan.

"Microscopy: the Construction, Theory, and use of the Microscope," by E. J. Spitta (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a rather luxurious book intended for the instruction of beginners and the help of more advanced workers who are still unfamiliar with the principles involved. There are many illustrations of instruments and accessories, and extended discussions of structural details and of the theories of lenses, apertures, and illumination, with an instructive chapter on the use of condensers. While some of the questions considered may be better studied with the aid of a good text-book of physics, many readers will be glad to have so abundant material brought together in a convenient form and clarified by pictures showing the instruments and devices of a considerable number of makers. The problems of the micro-photograph are barely touched upon, the subject having been treated by the author in another book; those of ultra-microscopy are not mentioned.

A new edition, the second, of Howell's "Text-book of Physiology" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Company), shows that this admirable book has in its first year found numerous as well as appreciative readers. The revision seems to be judiciously made, with reasonably full attention to recent investigations, and a conservative estimate of conclusions. Especially commendable is the adoption of a new nomenclature of the albuminous bodies, which, although necessarily tentative, will be found decidedly helpful.

The International Congress on Tuberculosis, to be held in Washington September 21 to October 12, 1908, will be the fifth of its kind, and the first to take place in the United States. It will carry on, for three weeks, public discussions, led by eminent authorities in this and other countries. There will be a course of thirty special lectures, to which all members of the congress and the general public are invited. There will be an exposition; and clinics and demonstrations will be held. A cash prize of $1,000 is to be given for the best evidence of effective work in the prevention or relief of tuberculosis done by any voluntary association since the last International Congress, in 1905. Another prize of $1,000 is offered for the best exhibit of a sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis among the working classes. A third prize, similar in amount, will be awarded to the best exhibit of a furnished home for the poor in the interest of the crusade against tuberculosis. Several prizes of a smaller value will be awarded for educational leaflets.

An expedition, sent out by the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, under the leadership of Prof. P. Koslow, will investigate the national characteristics and languages of Central Asia.

The Vienna Akademie der Wissenshaften has granted 25 000 kronen to Dr. Rudolf Poech for an expedition to the Kalahari desert in South Africa, to study the Busamen, who are dying out, and to make phonographic records of their language, and especially of their songs, similar to those made by him in New Guinea.

North Polar problems are treated lucidly by one who is probably the leading authority on the subject, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, in an address before the Royal Geographical Society published in the *Geographical Journal* for November. The one great problem is, of course, whether land of any great size exists in the unexplored regions. The first thing to be done is by soundings north of the American coast to determine the extent of the deep basin discovered by the Fram expedition, extending northwards through the Norwegian sea. Until such soundings are taken it is almost hopeless to draw any conclusions. Next in importance to this is the tracing of the edge of the great continental shelf which "has only been found in two different places, viz., northwest of the New Siberian Islands and north of Spitzbergen." In dwelling upon the need of a careful study of the sea-currents and the drift of the ice he pays particular attention to the theories of R. A. Harris of our Coast Survey as presented in his paper read at the Washington International Congress on "Evidences of Land Near the North Pole." In some cases Nansen dissents from Mr. Harris's views.

Admiral Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, retired, died in England November 17. He was born in 1819. He was a member of several Arctic expeditions; and in 1859 he found the record of Sir John Franklin's death, and of the discoveries made by Franklin. McClintock later published a report of these events entitled "The Fate of Sir John Franklin, the Voyage of the 'Fox,' 1859."

Prof. Lucien Marcus Underwood of Columbia University, who died by his own hand on November 16, was born at New Woodstock, N. Y., in 1853. After graduation from Syracuse University he taught in various Illinois colleges from 1879 to 1883; and from 1883 to 1891 he was professor of biology at Syracuse. He then went to De Pauw University, Ind., as professor of bot-

any, and in 1895 he resigned to take charge of the department of biology in the Alabama Polytechnic School. One year later he came to the chair of botany at Columbia. He was an authority on the ferns of North America. His observations were incorporated in a series of illustrated quarto volumes entitled "Our Native Ferns and Their Allies," 1904. In addition to this work, he was the author of a "Descriptive Catalogue of North American Hepaticæ" (1884); "Moulds, Mildews, and Mushrooms" (1899); "Our Native Ferns and How to Study Them" (1901). He was a delegate to the International Botanical Congress in Geneva in 1892 and Vienna in 1905; he had been president of the American Botanical Society; and he was a fellow of the American Academy of Science. For some time he edited the *Bulletin*, the oldest botanical publication in America, and the organ of the Torrey Botanical Club.

Drama.

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Volume V.: Emperor and Galilean. With introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

The appearance of a new volume containing the two five act dramas that make up "Emperor and Galilean" leaves only two more volumes, the first and the last, for the completion of the new Scribner edition of Ibsen's collected works. Of the shortcomings of these translations we have already spoken in commenting on the earlier volumes.

In his effort to indicate just when and where Ibsen conceived the germ-idea out of which the play grew, Mr. Archer has searched the letters of the playwright painstakingly, but only to miss the truth. He makes Ibsen begin to think of a play on the lines of "Emperor and Galilean" the moment when the first glories of the south's beauty broke upon his vision as he reached the Adriatic. And the choice of Julian as the central figure Mr. Archer traces to the conflict between Pagan and Christian civilization still evident in the ruins of Rome. Ibsen did feel that something new had sprung to life within him when the blue surface of the Adriatic suddenly was spread out before him, as the train left the tunnel at Miramare. But that something was not the idea of a play; rather it was the spirit that gradually came to transform his whole view not only of life, but—what to him was almost of greater importance—of art. And arrived in Rome, it did not happen to him, as Mr. Archer says, that "antiquity sprang to life before his mental vision." On the contrary, the antique and particularly its most typical expression, the sculpture, puzzled and estranged him to begin with. And it did not conquer him until at last he caught its spirit through that marble faun of Praxiteles, which so impressed our own Hawthorne. Then, but only then, did he comprehend sympathetically; and, characteristically enough, it was Greek tragedy that first of all Hellenic modes of expression revealed its full beauty and truth in the clear light of this new understanding. "This indescribably exalted, great, and peaceful joy in the expression of the faces," he writes in a letter from that time; " . . these eyes which at once send their look inward, into themselves, and also right through and far beyond the thing at which they are gazing—such was the Greek tragedy."

Still the thought of Julian the Apostate as the central figure of a monumental drama had not entered his mind. But one day later in the summer of 1864, after he had already left Rome and sought a refuge from the heat in the little mountain village of Genzano, his friend Lorenz Dietrichson, the professor of æsthetics, came to visit him with a book under his arm. The never-resting intellectual curiosity of Ibsen was at once aroused by the bulky volume, which proved to contain the Roman history of Ammianus Marcellinus; and Dietrichson began to tell of what he had just been reading, namely the part relating to Emperor Julian. Then and there Ibsen caught the first glimpse of the play that was to occupy his mind off and on for nine years to come. And throughout all his subsequent reading and dreaming and planning, the determining light on the last champion of dying Paganism continued to come to Ibsen from the pages of Ammianus and from that historian's conception of Julian. (See Lorentz Dietrichson's "Svundue Tider," vol. I., and Ibsen's letter to Roman Woerner of July 7, 1899.) If Mr. Archer had borne these facts in mind, he would not have spent pages of his introduction upon the futile task or picking the historical data of Ibsen's play to pieces. The Norwegian dramatist did not avail himself of the splendid study of the Apostate made by Gaetano Negri, for the sufficient reason that the work in question was not given to the public until some twenty years after the completion of "Emperor and Galilean."

In analyzing the two parts of the play regardless of their historical relations, Mr. Archer properly concludes that between the writing of the first and the second part the playwright had undergone "a decisive change of mental attitude." This change Mr. Archer ascribes chiefly to the impression made on Ibsen by the new Germanic unity that emerged out of the Franco-German war. It explains everything to the English critic except, perhaps, the introduction of the idea of "the third kingdom." Here Mr. Archer is partly right; but he overlooks two factors of as great importance as the one he mentions. The appearance and failure of the Paris Commune made on Ibsen an impression that was fully equal in intensity to the one he received from the flowering of the Pan-Germanic spirit into a tangible form, with a Kaiser and a *Reich*. His exact feelings in this respect are not easily analyzed or described. But the third factor, which Mr. Archer does not even allude to, is the one that seems to shed most light on the unmistakable shifting of the point of view. It was the renewal of interest in Hegelian philosophy which followed Ibsen's removal to Dresden. While living at Christiania from 1857 to 1864, he had had for intimate friends a number of men who were known as ardent Hegelians; but until he made his own home in Germany Ibsen had apparently been satisfied to get his philosophy at second hand. At Dresden, however, while busy with Julian, he was reading Hegel and Schopenhauer more than anything else. Having tried and failed to appreciate the younger Mill, he expressed in a letter to Brandes his contempt for any one who dared to pose as a philosopher without having studied Hegel. And if we accept Professor Höffding's summary of the essence of the Hegelian system as a belief "that the highest must represent a unification of opposites, and that perfection grows out of the conflict between those opposites," then we have the key to Ibsen's idea of the "third kingdom" as well as to the part that idea plays in the later portion of his drama. Although seemingly unaware of the dramatist's familiarity with the triadic theory of Hegel, nevertheless Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard has recognized and appreciated the true inwardness of the motive running through "Emperor and Galilean," and he has made corresponding allusion to the play in his "Spirit of Modern Philosophy."

In this connection it is interesting to recall that another arch-individualist, Proudhon, the originator of the word Anarchy in its present sense, was also a fervent admirer of Hegel, from whom, avowedly, he took the suggestion for *his* "third kingdom"—that "governmentless federalism" which he regarded as the ideal into which the conflicting interests of the individual and the state should be resolved, but which he finally had to admit was a pure ideal, incapable of materialization in this world.

In preparing an adaptation of his novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," for the stage, William J. Locke has been successful in preserving some of the best literary flavors in the book and a condensed study of the hero's character, but little else. Impelled probably by the mistaken idea that there can be no effective drama without "strong situations," he has deliberately changed the course of the original story, complicating it with new motives and incidents until a fresh and attractive, if not very credible, bit of romantic fancy has been changed into unmistakable and rather awkward melodrama, with the usual array of inconceivable coincidences. Naturally these violent scenes are out of place in a setting of literary comedy and help to give the whole representation the appearance of an inartistic patchwork. The flight of the fascinating little heathen, Carlotta, is now no longer the result merely of her own whims and preferences, but of a treacherous plot, conceived by Judith Mainwaring and Pasquale, by which she is convinced that in no other way can the life of Sir Marcus, whom she worships, be saved from her old tyrant, Hamdi Effendi. Thus is the character of Carlotta spared at the expense of that of Judith—one of the brightest ornaments in the original story. For iconoclasm of this sort the cheap applause gained by a few commonplace theatrical surprises does not atone. On the whole, it must be confessed that the play is a disappointment, chiefly because the promise of the opening scenes, written in the spirit of genuine comedy, is so belied in the closing acts. The only character that preserves its original individuality is that of Sir Marcus, played here, in the Criterion Theatre, by the same actor who created it in London, Aubrey Smith. This is an embodiment of artistic verity. The cynical, humorous, kindly gentleman is reproduced to the life, with all the denotements of a frank, simple, tender yet essentially virile temper.

Miss Marie Doro, a young actress, who is still in her novitiate, gives an entertaining but wholly artificial and superficial impersonation of Carlotta.

"Lady Frederick," the new comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, which has just been produced in London, is apparently an almost perfect opposite of his earlier piece, "A Man of Honor." The latter was almost crudely realistic, whereas "Lady Frederick" is utterly artificial, improbable, and even conventional, both in plot and incident. It is also, according to common report, brilliantly written, with wit crackling all through it.

Music.

AN OFFENBACH REVIVAL.

It would be impossible to name two composers more antipodal in their ideals and actions than Offenbach and Wagner, the one a caterer to the lowest taste of the masses, the other an educator to higher things; yet there was a time when these two men were equally hated and abused by the self-appointed guardians of high-class music. This paradox can only be explained by means of another: Wagner and Offenbach were allies! The admirers of old-style opera decried Wagner because he had the audacity to put forward his music drama as a great improvement over that style of opera, which was thus threatened with extermination; and Offenbach they denounced because he parodied and caricatured everything that used to be treated seriously by opera composers and their public. In his "Orphée aux Enfers" and "La Belle Hélène," the gods and heroes of the Greeks, who used to be the stock-in-trade of the librettists, were exposed to ridicule, and in his other operettas nearly everything that people had been in the habit of regarding seriously was subjected to the most cynical caricature, to the great delight of the Parisians in and out of Paris. In the words of Zola.

> This carnival of the gods—Olympus dragged through the mire, a whole religion, a whole age of poetry scoffed at—seemed an exquisite treat. . . . Royalty became a farce, and the army a laughing stock. . . . For a long time the public had not wallowed in more disreputable folly at a theatre. It rested them.

The opera bouffe founded by this buffoon and his allies became so extraordinarily popular that it threatened to swamp the serious grand opera, including the works of that public idol, Meyerbeer, Wagner's pet aversion.

Thus did Offenbach become Wagner's ally as a destroyer of the old order of things. Nor was he a destroyer only. He, too, was a builder, but his structures were flimsy card houses, blown over by a change in the direction of the wind, whereas Wagner built himself temples of art that are now more frequented than ever. Offenbach died in 1880, only two years before Wagner, yet it is rarely that one of his works is now presented on any stage. A few years ago his last work, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," was revived in Paris, with some alterations, and proved an unexpected success—so great a success, indeed, that several German opera houses repeated the experiment with equally favorable results; and thus it came about that Oscar Hammerstein, last week, presented this same opera at the Manhattan, where it was received as practically a novelty, although it had had, in a somewhat different arrangement, four performances in October, 1882, by a company managed by Maurice Grau. It will probably have more than four hearings this time, for its reception was most cordial.

This does not imply that we are likely to witness a revival of Offenbachism, in the cynical sense of the word. "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" is not one of Offenbach's opera bouffes. Those seem hopelessly abandoned (although some of them, like "Vert-Vert" and the extremely and harmlessly amusing "Princesse de Trébizonde," deserve to be kept alive). They had fallen into neglect even before Offenbach died, and that, probably, was the reason why he wrote the "Contes d'Hoffmann." This he intended as a grand opera which would help him to immortality; and if a quarter of a century means immortality he succeeded. He got Jules Barbier to write him a libretto of which the hero is the German poet Hoffmann, who, in the prologue, relates to a group of students his love affairs with three women, which stories, however, instead of being told, are enacted. To the composition of this score Offenbach devoted the last years of his life, working with the utmost conscientiousness. He succeeded in constructing a work which for the most part resembles real grand opera. The dearth of melodic invention which had begun to manifest itself in his operettas of the seventies, is even more patent here, yet most operagoers are not greatly concerned over a lack of originality in melodies, provided they are smooth and animated and well sung. Mr. Hammerstein's artists, including Dalmores, Renaud, Gilibert, and Zeppilli, did full justice to the music and enacted their rôles with realistic charm.

Young composers in Italy cannot complain, like those of other countries, that there are no opportunities for them. The two leading music publishers of their country have their ears pricked up constantly for new men of promise, and creative effort is encouraged by prizes and in other ways. Sonzogno discovered Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Giordano, and helped to give their operas European vogue. A later protégé of his is Francesco Cilèa, whose fourth opera, "Adriana Lecouvreur," has won considerable success in Italy. At the Metropolitan Opera House, where it opened the season on Monday, it was a flat failure, notwithstanding the presence in the cast of the beautiful Lina Cavalieri and of Enrico Caruso. At the outset the composer made the mistake of selecting for his libretto a play which contains too much dialogue and offers few opportunities for musical intensification. Puccini has made the same mistake in more than one of his operas, but he saved himself by the gift of writing eloquently for the singers, even when he has little or nothing to say. Cilèa lacks this gift, and his melodic gift also is weaker than Puccini's. He gave Caruso no opportunity to arouse enthusiasm. It will be a blessing if this fiasco should help to check the tendency at the Metropolitan of selecting inferior Italian operas in the hope of their being floated by that tenor's popularity, instead of urging him to master a higher class of operatic rôles, such as Jean de Reszke, a much greater artist than Caruso, used to impersonate.

A year ago most musicians, if asked who was the greatest living violinist, would probably have answered "Joachim." But Joachim was a very old man when he died, and if he ever deserved that epithet it was only from the intellectual point of view. Sensuous beauty of tone and emotional warmth were never his conspicuously. Of the violinists now before the public the one who most successfully embodies the intellectual, sensuous, and emotional qualities is Fritz Kreisler. He can also display a Paganinian virtuosity quite equal to Kubelik's, but fortunately he does not make a point of setting off such fireworks. His specialty is the exhuming of eighteenth-century musical gems and giving them a modern musical setting. At his Carnegie Hall recital last week, he thus delighted a large audience with forgotten pieces by Martini, Francœur, Couperin, and Porpora; he also played, with nearly flawless art, sonatas by Handel and Bach, and some modern pieces by Dvorák, Wieniawski, and Paganini in a way to convince many that he is the greatest living violinist.

Eugen D'Albert recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first public appearance as pianist. He was born in Glasgow, studied with Liszt, and has become an out-and-out German. After writing a number of unsuccessful operas, he has at last won success with his "Tiefland." In Berlin, Cologne, and Frankfort this opera has been so much applauded that a number of other theatres have put it into rehearsal.

Horatio Richmond Palmer, a veteran teacher of music, composer, and editor, died on November 15 at Yonkers, N. Y. He was born in 1834. Not long after the Civil War he settled in Chicago, where he edited a monthly journal, the *Concordia*, prepared text-books, and conducted singing festivals. His work spread over the Northern States, and even into some of the Canadian provinces. In 1881 he assumed charge of the Church Choral Union of New York city, where he was very successful. Similar organizations under his leadership sprang up in Brooklyn, Buffalo, Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities. He also had charge of the Chautauqua musical work. His text-books and song collections have been widely used in this country. His first books, "The Song Queen" and "The Song King," were published in 1871. He was also the author of several theoretical works, among them, "Theory of Music," "Class Method," "Dictionary of Musical Terms," and "Manual for Teachers."

Art.

AUSTRALIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

SYDNEY, October 1.

So recently as twenty-five years ago a New Zealand merchant, intending a compliment, sent some colonial paintings to business correspondents in London, and the verdict of English connoisseurs was that they had almost every technical fault a picture could have. It was not to be wondered at. Art in Australia is pursued under difficulties. Even were there artists in

numbers, taste to appreciate, and money to buy their pictures, artists lack both exemplars and models. Many costly purchases have been made, but only a few of the greater painters and none of the older masters are yet represented in Australian galleries. The Australian artist, like the American artist till lately, must go to school in Europe, and too often, like the American artist, he remains there.

Australia has a worse fault than the lack of great paintings; it is not a picturesque country. Set aside Sydney, sitting like a queen overlooking her twin harbors, her two romantic rivers, and her rugged coast line; set aside Adelaide, the Victorian snow-clad ranges, the maimed grandeur of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, and the windings of the Hawkesbury River, and beauty-spots are rare in Australia. Even little Tasmania is richer in them; and New Zealand abounds in the picturesque and the magnificent. Nature in Australia is unfriendly to painters. Human nature is hardly more friendly. One of the finest landscapes yet produced in Australia was lately presented to the national collection of New South Wales. The accomplished artist asked only 150 guineas for a large canvas that must have cost him months of toil, but was fain to content himself provisionally with one-half of that modest sum, which was all that could be raised at the time. After four weeks' exhibition of the paintings for the year, the members of the Royal Art Society were pleased at having sold pictures to the value of $2,000. Yet Sydney is enjoying unparalleled prosperity.

Some of the more headlong members of the Royal Society lately broke away from it and founded a new academy. They have weakened the old academy, and they have scarcely strength enough to stand by themselves. Much that was best in the older institutions has still been left; its landscapes remain. These are the glory of the new Australian school, as its members fondly dub it—perhaps more prophetically than historically. What are its æsthetic characteristics?

One is preëminent. The embryo school is differentiated from other schools by its "vivid rendering of light," says a well-known Sydney artist, A. J. Daplyn, in a practical manual of Australian landscape painting published in 1902. No picture better illustrates the dictum than the striking landscape already alluded to, exhibited last year by W. Lister Lister, president of the Royal Art Society. The Golden Splendor of the Bush, best known by the omission of the pleonastic epithet, is perhaps the most distinctive and distinguished of Australian landscape paintings. Compared with English landscapes, it is simplicity itself. Every climatic region has its typical forest. The difference between flora geographically so closely related as the forests of New Zealand and Australia is very striking. Sixty years ago Missionary Ellis truthfully described the tangled undergrowth and the thickly interwoven foliage of the New Zealand bush, and both features remain. So dense is the forest in consequence that, as in the fragment still left in Sir George Grey's romantic island of Kawau, the wanderer is seized, like the old Roman, with a religious awe. Quite different is the Australian forest as seen in Mr. Lister's brilliant paintings. Giant gum-trees shoot up straight to the sky, dropping their foliage as they ascend, so that the mid-space is clear, nor is there the tangled undergrowth of the New Zealand bush. Thus, the bright sunshine strikes irresistibly into all parts of it, and lights it up almost pitilessly. In the Splendor of the Bush the sunshine is so vivid that the spectator involuntarily looks up to see if a gleam has not fallen on the picture through the plate-glass of the roof. The effect is similar, though less startling, in the companion picture, the Wealth of the Bush, hung in this year's exhibition. In this effulgent air the artist can paint all day in the open. He need not, like painters in other countries, make hasty sketches out of doors and paint them in his studio; he can finish his painting "under the splendid sky." His pictures gain by it. The coloring is light and fine, and the tones fresh. Where, as in certain pictures that have received a permanent place in the Art Gallery of Sydney, the coloring is rich and dark, and the general effect heavy, we may assume that European traditions have distorted the artist's perceptions and perverted his style. They are not truly Australian pictures.

We must also allow that, from the artistic point of view, the climate has its drawbacks. J. A. Symonds tells how, when the sun has poured a full flood of light into a Swiss valley, "every atom of craggy outline, every Alpine slope of grass, and all the interminable depths of pine forests . . . are brought into intense relief." "Clear, uniform sunlight fatigues me," he continues; "it makes nature dead." So is the Australian sunshine too pitiless. It lights up everything, leaving nothing in shadow, and baring the nakedness of the trees and the poverty of the bush.

The mountains of Australia are as unique as its forests. Without peaks and (save in their interior, where they break into myriad glens and gullies) without declivities—steep, hardly accessible, with precipitous sides and plateaued summits—they appear to offer few prospects to the artist, and teachers warn tyros away from them. Outward beauty the Blue Mountains have none, but away deep-hidden in their dells the traveller finds ravishing scenes. Some of these have been found by Mr. Salvana, who adorned the late exhibition with charming pictures, somewhat faintly colored. But there is grandeur as well as grace, and Mr. Piquenit has gone to where it was to be found. He has truly seen and strongly felt the massive rocky sides of Mount Kosciusko, with the clouds hanging like misty veils over the rugged shoulders. He has seen them as the mighty vertebræ of Australia; immovable strength and everlasting endurance are his reading of those awe-inspiring rocky masses.

Mr. Lister and Mr. Piquenit have both painted the sea. When Mr. Piquenit paints "A Southern Headland" in Tasmania, he shows the resisting strength of the rocks beaten by a furious sea. Mr. Lister's water is tame in comparison, but it is various, and it is luminous. The lemon yellows predominate in many recent pictures, such as Mr. Bennett's When the Heart is Young. It is partly that the bright sunlight floods everything and turns it all to gold; partly that in such pictures as Mr. Daplyn's, A Corner of Our Selection, there are hedgerows of yellow shrubs and wildflowers with bright yellow blossoms; partly that the prodigally scented wattle, acclaimed by a succession of poets as the national flower of the "Britain of the South"—

> Our Danaë-tree, that blossoms in rains of gold—

fills the foreground and gives the landscape its distinctive hue. And in the distant background there are often purples that recall the heathery hillsides of Arran in August.

But it is premature to classify a style that is at the antipodes of some of the Dutch schools and is perhaps most closely allied, in spirit and manner, with modern Impressionism. In Mr. Daplyn's little volume (issued by Penfold of Sydney) are skilfully reproduced two of his own best pictures, while six others illustrate the various styles of the president of the Royal Art Society. J. C.

Under the cautious title "Un Raphael Méconnu au Musée Poldi-Pezzoli de Milan?" the usually conservative *Rassegna d'Arte* presents something of a sensation. The writer, M. E. Durand-Gréville, has discovered nothing less than a formula by which Raphael's painting in the studio of Perugino may be distinguished from that of the master. When we find a Perugino in which the lights of the flesh are loaded, crosshatched, and subsequently fused, we may infer that, though the design may be Perugino's, the actual painting is Raphael's. So far M. Durand-Gréville has added to the list of the Urbinate only the beautiful Madonna with Six Donors in the Perugian Pinacoteca, and the inferior variant in the Poldi-Pezzoli. But many other Raphaels have been rediscovered and will be revealed unless meanwhile the critic be dissuaded. The matter is evidently too large to be dispatched in a note, but we may at least hint at the wide gap between such evidence and demonstration. What about Raphael's studio mates, who presumably copied his innovations about as fast as he invented? We know that this was the attitude of Spagna and Manni. As for the Milanese Madonna, unless the photograph be wholly deceiving, it is a school piece of no especial quality, possibly a Spagna. It might well be left as an anonymous derivative of the Perugian masterpiece. In the same number Francesco Malaguzzi-Valeri continues his valuable studies of Minor Lombard Painters. In particular he claims with plausibility for Giovanni Donato da Montorfano, whose crucifixion faces the Last Supper of Leonardo, a large part in Romanizing the art of Milan. In this he must be regarded as an influence parallel with that of Bramante.

Signor Canizzaro offers in the *Bollettino d'Arte* for October an elaborate reconstruction of the Arae Pacis Augustae. His theory, based largely on the exact location of the finds, differs somewhat from that of Petersen. The article is fully illustrated. Dr. Frizzoni reports the successful cleaning and restoration of the great Cima of Casiglio, in the Brera. This fine picture was rejected by that museum as late as 1851, and recalled in a deplorable condition only a few years ago. The Galleria Nazionale at Rome has arranged an exhibition of old landscapes, including examples by Bril, Tassi, Swanevelt, Berchem, Pan-

nini, Hackert, Charles Vernet, with two recently acquired sketches by Salvator Rosa. In general the sentimental landscape of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is represented, with the great lacuna of Claude. Among the damages caused by the earthquake in Calabria, must be counted as chief the destruction of the cathedral of Gerace Marina. It was the last survivor of the numerous churches in the territory of Aspromonte, which were founded by Robert Guiscard.

The Amtliche Berichte from the different collections in the Berlin Museums, which so far have been published only quarterly as a supplement to the Jahrbuch der königlichen-preussischen Kunstsammlungen (Berlin: G. Grote), are now to appear monthly in an altogether new form. The former reports were not illustrated, and consisted almost exclusively of a catalogue of additions to the collections. The new reports are to be fully illustrated with pictures of recent acquisitions; and these illustrations are to be accompanied by brief descriptions from reputable authorities.

At the annual meeting of the subscribers to the British School of Archæology at Athens, held in London October 29, the director, R. M. Dawkins, gave an account of the season's excavations. The chief task had been the exploration of the Sanctuary of Artemis Orthia at Sparta. The Roman theatre (the "Circus" seen by Leake in 1830) has been completely excavated, and the general plan, with the various entrances and steps leading to the seats, reconstructed from the remains. This theatre, dating from the third century A. D., was built to accommodate the spectators who came in great numbers to view the contests held in honor of Artemis Orthia. The interior of the temple was cleared down to solid earth, with the result that three different strata could be distinguished. At the top was the Roman stratum, in which stood a Roman altar. Immediately below this was discovered a Hellenistic stratum containing various remains and ashes, and also a Hellenistic altar. The lowest stratum was a metre thick, and contained a large altar made of roughly-dressed stones, in a good state of preservation. Near the altar were found charred remains, and a fragment of cobble pavement The rest of this stratum consisted of a mass of objects, all of an early period. Thus, the altar and the cobble pavement must be dated between the seventh and ninth century B. C. Traces of the temple belonging to this period have not yet been discovered. The temple of which remains have been found should probably be assigned to the middle of the sixth century B. C.; to it, perhaps, belongs a fragment of a lion's head, brightly painted, and other scanty remains of archaic sculpture. Another interesting discovery was the Sanctuary of Athena Chalkioikos, or Athena of the Brazen House. We know from literary evidence that "the brazen house of Athena" on the Acropolis of Sparta was a temple coated with bronze plates, in which Gitiades had fashioned the deeds of the gods and heroes; also, that the *temenos* where the brazen house stood was surrounded by a colonnade and included other sanctuaries (Paus., iii. 17). It was within this *temenos* that Pausanias of Sparta took refuge as a suppliant, and was there starved to death. This famous sanctuary has been identified beyond doubt by the discovery of several roof-tiles with the stamp Ἀθηνᾶς χαλκιοίκου (of Athena Chalkioikos). In addition to the work done at Sparta, an important find was made in Thessaly, on the supposed site of a Greek temple. Here four "geometric" tombs were discovered, containing skeletons, brooches, rings, iron pins with bronze heads, and eighteen vases. The floor mosaic of a church of the fourth or fifth century and two Byzantine columns were also found.

The French School of Athens announces the discovery at Delos of a hypostyle hall, the largest and highest of the buildings yet found. It has a ground surface of more than 1,840 square metres, and its long façade presented a Doric portico to the Sacred Port. The inside agora was a forest of columns, nine rows by five. Around the hall was a row in the Doric order; then another, also Doric, but higher; finally, the entire central part was raised. This was a direct forerunner of the Roman basilica and shows an architectural type unknown to classic Greece, with its origin still to be sought in the East. The building has been dated from the year 111 before Christ; it is not yet entirely excavated.

F. A. Bridgman has held an October exhibition of his collective art work in Paris. It is just thirty years since he won his first honors at the Paris Salon, and it is nearly forty years since he came to study under Gérôme. All this time he has been typically a "Paris American" artist, but his range has been wide. In America he is probably best known as an Orientalist, by which is really meant a painter of Egypt and Algiers. As such he gained his first reputation, which he has never surpassed. Still, the 250 paintings and 50 pastels of this exhibition must have been a revelation to his fellow-countrymen. The Oriental (North African) subjects have a sentimental and decorative look which, in the hurrying march of late years, is old-fashioned enough to be almost new; they are certainly refreshing after recent violences. Whatever their relative excellence, these paintings are art works and not natural history illustrations. But there are also Swiss landscapes, carnival scenes, and bullfights of the Midi, and a deal of purely decorative figure work. This is not surprising from an artist who, with such an unusually full product, has found time to publish poems, travels, and art controversy, not to speak of a musical symphony executed in part this year by the Vichy orchestra. Mr. Bridgman was born at Tuskegee, Alabama. At seventeen he was working at designing and engraving with the American Bank Note Company, but soon after went to Paris, where he was almost at once received at the Salon (1868). Since that remote time he has scarcely missed an annual Salon, presenting Breton scenes until 1873, when he began his Orientalism. This he continued until 1880 since which time he has made intermittent excursions into Classic and western European fields and portraiture. He has been greatly honored in France, and is an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Frederick Stymetz Lamb has designed eight windows for Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Henry Ward Beecher's old church, which have almost been completed. They will be placed in memory of prominent deceased members of the congregation and will be dedicated on Founders' Day in December. The subjects are: Hampden and Pym speaking before Charles I. for the Bill of Rights; Milton writing the "Plea for the Liberty of the Press"; Oliver Cromwell announcing to George Fox freedom of worship; the departure of the Pilgrims from Delfthaven on the Speedwell; the signing of the Compact on board the Mayflower; the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; the founding of Harvard College; and John Eliot preaching to the Indians.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' shops in this city may be seen a collection of paintings by Dutch masters at Scott & Fowles's, open till November 23; pastels by Sutton Palmer, Arthur Tooth & Sons, November 30; eighteenth century prints of women and children, K. J. Collins's, November 30; mezzotints by Fred Miller, J. H. Straus's, November 30; paintings by Hugh H. Breckenridge of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's, November 30; engraved portraits of painters and engravers from the fifteenth century to the present day, W. K. O'Brien & Co.

On December 10, 11, and 12, Frederick Müller & Co. of Amsterdam sell a large collection of prints, 1,032 lots, comprising portraits, early woodcuts, etchings by Rembrandt, some being fine proofs. Among them may be noted the second state of Christ Healing the Sick, known as the "Hundred Guilder Piece," and the Good Samaritan, proof in the first state.

Charles Petre, keeper of the museum at Bourges, has just died in his seventy-ninth year. As a sculptor, he is known for his statue of Marshal Ney at Metz.

Finance.

HOW MUCH MONEY HAS BEEN HOARDED?

A member of the Cabinet was quoted a week ago as saying that $1,500,000,000 currency is being hoarded by American bank depositors. Probably he never made such an estimate, for the figures are absurd. The entire cash holdings of this country's 6,500 national banks, at the time of their last reports, was $704,000,000; and the latest estimate, by the comptroller of the currency, gives $334,900,000 as the total cash holdings of the country's State banks, savings banks, private banks, and trust companies. Therefore any such figure as is named above for the actual hoarding, due to panic, cannot be seriously considered. The actual amount is not easy to estimate. The net cash loss of the New York Associated Banks, shown in their statements of the three weeks ending November 9, was $47,800,000, and this notwithstanding deposit of $41,000,000 by the Treasury and delivery of some $10,000,000 foreign gold which probably affected last Saturday's bank statement. This would mean, apparently, a gross loss of nearly $99,000,000 cash at New York alone.

But, for all of this sum the money-hoarders can by no means be held responsible. In the same three weeks a year ago, when no one was hoarding, cash in the New York Associated Banks decreased $14,000,000—

this notwithstanding addition of $10,000,000 through gold imports. That outgo was due to the normal autumn needs of the harvest States. With this year's belated harvest, a much greater sum would naturally have gone out from New York, in those three weeks; but besides this, New York banks had to provide cash for out-of-town banks facing a credit crisis of their own. The weekly unofficial statements of total cash, shipped from our banks to the interior in that three-week period, foot up to $35,000,000. Deduction of this from the $99,000,000 given above would leave $64,000,000, of which perhaps the greater part, in one way or another, has been hoarded.

Hoarding in other cities is more difficult to calculate. Taking the national bank reports as a criterion, New York holds 30 per cent. of the actual cash reserve and the rest of the country 70 per cent. If the rush of hoarders had been in the same proportions elsewhere as here, one might reckon that outside of New York, $187,000,000 had been thus removed from the usual channels. But it must not be forgotten that it was here that the prolonged bank run converged, and here that the Treasury during four days poured its surplus cash through the banks into the trust companies, by whom it was paid out to possible hoarding depositors. No comparable disbursement of cash was made at any other point. Boston banks, for instance, showed in their public reports a decrease in cash holdings of only $2,500,000 in the same three weeks, and the loss at Philadelphia was $9,700,000.

These are large cities; if their small losses, compared with the $47,800,000 reported by New York, is fairly representative of conditions throughout the country, then the maximum amount hoarded in the United States was probably not more than $100,000,000. Following the same process of estimate for 1893, we should infer that something like $35,000,000 was then hoarded at New York, and possibly $50,000,000 in the country as a whole.

Necessarily, these estimates, or any estimates in so obscure and complicated a movement, must be taken with much reserve. Large allowance must be made for banks, throughout the country, which are carrying larger cash reserves than usual for the very reason that they fear a run and cannot rely on getting cash in sufficient quantity from their city depositories. The natural tendency—on the part of people who are not, strictly speaking, hoarding at all—to carry more than usual in their pockets, must also be taken into account.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Joseph H. Harper's Electricity Book for Boys. Harper's. $1.50.
Atherton, Gertrude and others. The Spinners' Book of Fiction. Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.
Atkey, Bertram. Folk of the Wild. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Bacon, Edgar Mayhew. Henry Hudson. Putnams.
Baldwin, James. The Second Fairy Reader. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Barksdale, Emily Woodson. Stella Hope. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Becke, Louis. The Settlers of Karossa Creek. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Benson, E. F. Sheaves. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.
Bentley, William, The Diary of. Vol. 2 Salem, Mass.: The Essex Institute.
Book of Nahum. A new metrical translation by Paul Haupt. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 50 cents.
Carpenter, Margaret Boyd. The Child in Art. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2 net.
Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.
Carus, Paul. The Dharma, or the Religion of Enlightenment. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Carus, Paul. The Philosopher's Martyrdom: A Satire. Chicago : Open Court Publishing Co.
Claude, Monsieur, Memoirs of. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4 net.
Clergue, Helen. The Salon. Putnams.
Coleman, Helen. Little Travellers around the World. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Connecticut Historical Society, Collections of. Vol. XI. Hartford.
Crane, Walter. India Impressions. Macmillan. $2.50.
D'Annunzio, Gabricle. The daughter of Jorio. Translated by Charlotte Porter and Others. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Davidson, Thomas, Memorials of. Collected and edited by William Knight. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25 net.
Days and Deeds: Prose. Compiled by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stevenson. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Dickens's Holly Tree Inn and A Christmas Tree. Baker & Taylor Co.
Dickens's Oliver Twist. Chicago: McClurg. $1.
Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. Chicago: McClurg. $1.
Downes, Alfred M. Fire-Fighters and Their Pets. Harper's. $1.50.
Dumas, Alexandre. My Memoirs. Translated by E. M. Waller. Vol. II. Macmillan. $1.75.
Dumas, Alexandre. The Crimes of Urbain Grandier and Others. Macmillan. $1.75.
Early Western Travels. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vols. XXXI. and XXXII. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co.
Eaton, Seymour. More about the Roosevelt Bears. Edward Stern & Co.
Edwards, Ralph. The Roosevelt Panic of 1907. Anitrock Publishing Co.
Elton, Oliver. Modern Studies. Longmans. $2.10 net.
Eucken, Rudolf. Hauptprobleme der Religionsphilosophie der Gegenwart. Lemcke & Buechner.
Ewell, Alice Maude. A Long Time Ago—The Heart of Old Virginia. Neale Publishing Co.
Fessenden, Francis. Life and Public Services of William Pitt Fessenden. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.
First Nantucket Tea Party. Illustrated and Illuminated by Walter Tittle. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Freeman, W. G. and S. E. Chandler. The World's Products. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Garrett, Edwin Clarkson. My Bunkie and other Ballads. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Gilbert, William. The Magic Mirror. London: Maclaren & Co.
Gordon, Armistead C. The Ivory Gate. Neale Publishing Company. $1.25.
Grant, Elihu. The Peasantry of Palestine. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Grant, Ethel Watts-Mumford and others. The Quite New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom. 1908. Paul Elder.
Grayson, William J. Selected Poems. Neale Publishing Company.
Gryzanovski, Ernst G. F. On Collective Phenomena and the Scientific Value of Statistical Data. Macmillan.
Hale, Albert. The South Americans. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Harper, Walter B. The Utilization of Wood Waste by Distillation. St. Louis, Mo.: Journal of Commerce Co.
Herford, Oliver. The Astonishing Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet. Scribners.
Hobbs, William Herbert. Earthquakes. Appleton's. $2 net.
Holliday, Carl. The Cotton Picker, and Other Poems. Neale Publishing Company. $1.25.
Housman, A. E. A Shropshire Lad. Mitchell Kennerley. 40 cents net.
Ibsen, Works of. Vol. XI. Scribners.
Johnston, Emma L., and Madalene D. Barnum. A Book of Plays for Little Actors. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Lanier, Sidney. Hymns of the Marshes. Scribners. $2 net.
Lee, Vernon. Sister Benvenuta. Mitchell Kennerley. 40 cents net.
Lee, Vernon. The Sentimental Traveller. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.
Léger, J. N. Haiti: Her History and Her Detractors. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Lenz, Max. Napoleon. Putnams.
Lidgett, J. Scott. The Christian Religion. Eaton & Mains. $2.50 net.
Longfellow's Sonnets. Arranged by Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Long, William J. "Whose Home is the Wilderness." Boston: Ginn. $1.25 net.
Ludlow, James M. Jesse ben David. Revell. $1 net.
Macdonald, George. The Princess and the Goblin. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
McDavid, Mittie Owen. Princess Pocahontas. Neale Publishing Company. $1.25.
McIntyre, John T. With Fighting Jack Barry. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Marden, Philip Sanford. Greece and the Ægean Islands. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Mason, A. E. W. The Broken Road. Scribners. $1.50.
Meade, L. T. Three Girls from School. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1907.

The Week.

"I don't think any man who has the welfare of the country at heart should criticise their [the President and the Secretary of the Treasury] action adversely." Thus spake Representative Mann of Illinois in Washington on Monday. A similar sentiment was expressed by Mr. Hull of Iowa: "I believe in holding up the hands of the Administration in times like these." The point of reference of both these gentlemen was the statement of Congressman Fowler, urging both legal and economic objections to the issue of $150,000,000 interest-bearing obligations, at a time when the Treasury has a large surplus. No one has questioned the soundness of his argument. To denounce it as "inopportune" has been thought sufficient. His logic is not impugned, but his patriotism is doubted. But should an instructed and public-spirited man hold his peace when he sees the government making a serious mistake? It is said that in a time of depression like this, every effort made to relieve it, even if blundering, should be generally backed up, or at least that those who cannot approve it should keep silent. But is it or is it not patriotic to do one's best to make the Treasury operations both sound and helpful? This question answers itself. The result of the discussion has been distinctly wholesome. Secretary Cortelyou has discovered, though a little late, that the troubles with the currency are rapidly mending without his 3 per cent. certificates, and so he proposes to cut down their issue to the smallest possible limits. This again would be a complete justification of the fault-finding. Far from being "inopportune," it was especially timely. There cannot be two minds about the duty of the press to be calm and cautious in such a crisis. But this does not at all mean that it should abdicate its judgment. It is the part of a self-respecting newspaper, as truly as it is that of a conscientious public man, to utter freely what it believes to be the truth, even if it take the form of criticism of official measures. There are various kinds of hysteria to be opposed—the hysteria of unreasoning panic, and also the hysteria of demanding that every plan to stop the panic be hailed as divinely inspired. The latter may be as harmful as the former. The more confused and perilous the situation, the greater the need for those who have a firm grasp of both facts and principles, and who can see their way, to put their knowledge at the service of their fellows. The time when banks are suspending cash payments is the poorest of all times for newspapers and economists and informed men in office to suspend the exercise of their reason.

Mr. Bryan has now come out with *his* plan to restore confidence and stop hoarding. It is simple, in both senses of the word. He would merely have the government guarantee the deposits in national banks. Then if everybody knew the funds were safe, nobody would want to draw them out. This leaves out, of course, private banks, State banks, and trust companies, but Mr. Bryan is confident that he could devise some way to guarantee their deposits, too. His proposals are undoubtedly excellent, as far as they go, but they do not reach the root of the trouble. The government guarantee really needed is one against business failure of any kind. Let an act of Congress be passed guaranteeing that every mining and manufacturing enterprise, every railroad company, every business venture, shall make at least 6 per cent. on the capital invested, and it is evident that doubt and depression would at once end. It is not often that we have to criticise Mr. Bryan for being over-conservative, but his plan for use of the government as guarantor is evidently too timid. While about it, let us make a clean sweep of it, guarantee everybody everything, and then confidence and well-being will be in widest commonalty spread.

That was a happy phrase which the three hundred Alabama Democrats employed at Birmingham in their address to voters, urging that the next Democratic nomination should not "go by default to William J. Bryan." What proportion of enthusiasm and what proportion of mere resignation are mixed, we wonder, to produce that Bryan sentiment which Congressman Sulzer on his recent trip found so pervasive? At some times and in some parties a nomination by default may be thought a normal and healthy settlement. For the Democracy of 1908, such a result ought not to be even considered. To begin with, every week enhances the value of next year's Opposition nomination. Men who six months ago would have scouted the notion that the end of the Republican national control was in sight, talk calmly now of the possibility of a Democratic successor to Mr. Roosevelt. That very fact makes it doubly important that if Mr. Bryan is to be nominated for a third time, it be only on the most convincing demonstration that he is the first choice of Democrats. This is a time for inviting the most critical and searching comparison between Bryan and the other "possibilities." Not in a long time have the conditions been so propitious for winning votes from the other side; but this does not mean that such votes will come over automatically. The most fanatical devotion of the thick-and-thin Democrats cannot prevent defeat unless their candidate can also make inroads into the enemy's country. The South, as the Nashville *American* puts it, is "the custodian of the Democratic party." We are glad, therefore, to see that Southerners are beginning to take the lead in the serious consideration of other candidates than Mr. Bryan.

The speeches at Faneuil Hall Monday night demonstrated once more how many different lines of reasoning lead naturally to the conclusion that we should withdraw from the Philippines. "If we didn't have in our keeping the sovereignty of the Philippines," said Congressman Slayden of Texas, "there would be no more danger of trouble between the United States and Japan than there is of an armed conflict between this country and the Swiss Republic." "My own conviction," said Judge Blount, after six years in the islands, "is that, if we are going to colonize at all, we should do so with the brutal honesty of the British; that at present we are throwing away all the previous experience of mankind." "Independence," said Congressman McCall of Massachusetts, "is beyond question the almost unanimous desire of the people of the Philippine Islands. It has been expressed in a national poetry which this country would find it difficult to match. . . . Neutralization will be a step toward the solution of the question, in accordance with our own interests and those of the Philippines, and in the interests, too, of the peace of the world." In the neutralization plan, for which all these men spoke, the anti-Imperialists offer not mere opposition to accomplished work, but a constructive policy based on successful historical precedent. This is the ninth year of American occupation. Since our flag went up there has hardly been an important event affecting the Philippine question, either here or there, that has not strengthened the case for independence. The Imperialist at home has changed from a Jingo to an apologist; while in the Islands many of the successes of administration go to prove the capacity of the natives for working out their own destiny. Originally a very unpopular cause, anti-Imperialism has, within a remarkably short period, been strikingly vindicated.

It is a remarkable circumstance that

the only militant civil-service reformer who ever sat in the Presidential chair has disposed of offices in more variegated ways and for more variegated reasons than any of his predecessors. On Monday he made the two South Dakota Senators draw cuts for seventeen Federal appointments—land agents, Indian agents, marshal, and bank examiner. His last previous plan for settling such an obstinate squabble about patronage, we may recall, was to set the Iowa delegation in the House of Representatives balloting on the question of a Federal judgeship, and while they were thus engaged, appoint the man he personally preferred. The great principle that the President should not be compelled to decide questions of fitness is making excellent headway. A similar doctrine has likewise been applied with much success in the matter of removals Thus we had the chief and his assistant removed from the Ellis Island immigrant station on the ground that they could not get along together. Similarly, the colored battalion had to be discharged dishonorably because the task of finding out which members were innocent and which, if any, were guilty was quite beyond the government's powers.

Ex-Senator Spooner's speech at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in this city last Thursday night was a protest against unsettling theories of Constitutional interpretation, against rash action by Legislatures, not looking before they leap, and against ill-considered attempts to put the business of the country in a strait jacket, to be loosened or tightened at the whim of somebody temporarily in power at Washington. It is, however, not so much the substance of Mr. Spooner's deliverance, as the fact that he made it at all, which seems to us noteworthy. He appears to be enjoying a new liberty—a liberty which he purchased at the great price of resigning from the Senate. As a Senator, he too often bore himself as a man that was fettered; bound by party obligations. We do not forget that Senator Spooner sometimes displayed independence. He voted against Hawaiian annexation. He opposed the ship-subsidy bill. Even when he felt compelled to support the President, he expressed dissent in details. Thus he clearly intimated his opinion that Mr. Roosevelt's celebrated "fifty-mile" order at Panama was wholly illegal. And in defending the President's action in the matter of the dismissal of the colored troops, he stated that a part of the Roosevelt ruling was absolutely unwarranted by law, and must be rescinded—as it was. But these were the exceptions. In general, Mr. Spooner bad almost the official position of defender of his party and of the President. If active members were free to give their unbiassed opinions, it would do much to heighten public respect for the upper house. The shackles of party have long had a cramping influence upon the Senate. Whenever it is temporarily freed from them, its latent powers, and its inherent usefulness to the country, at once appear. There was such a period during the first years of Mr. Cleveland's first Presidency. The majority of the Senate was then Republican. The result was that the measures of the Administration were subjected to a searching criticism which was valuable, even when it was partisan in motive. With men like Edmunds and Spooner and Hoar to seek out the joints in the President's harness, and with a Senate that could not be whipped into line by party, nor coerced by Presidential patronage, public measures got a wholesome discussion. We will just add that the prospect of a recurrence of such conditions would reconcile many to the election of a Democratic President next year. The Senate would be politically hostile to him, probably for his entire term. This would make it impossible for foolish laws to be rashly passed, and it would also restore the Senate to the function of independent criticism.

Conscription as a possible remedy for the steady depletion of our army ranks is suggested in the annual report of Adjt.-Gen. Ainsworth to the Secretary of War. We are not greatly alarmed by this sudden spectre of compulsory service. We take it only as an indication of the habit that is growing in Washington of announcing heroic remedies for temporary ills. It is as if the head of a household whose cook threatens to leave were advised either to divorce his wife and go live at a hotel, or else raise Bridget's wages three dollars a month. Why not increase the soldier's pay, if the competition in the labor market is such as to make enlistment at the present rate of remuneration impossible? That the recruiting officer must compete against the employer of labor, is generally recognized; the fact receives confirmation at the present moment, when temporary business depression is reported to have led to an increase of 100 per cent. in the number of applicants at the Philadelphia naval recruiting station. If the stand-patter has made wages high for the American workman, why should he refuse the same blessing to the man in the army? A prosperous country can afford to be generous to its defenders. Protection, so its defenders assert, hath given in the form of increased wages. Why may it not take in the form of increased taxation?

That the outward bound steerage traffic, in spite of an increase in rates, is 60 per cent. larger this year than is normal for this season, is one symptom of present industrial conditions in this country. But it has an equally important bearing on the larger problem of our immigration. That these foreign-born workmen are so little assimilated that they quit the country the moment it ceases to pay them to remain, may be the restrictionist's interpretation of the present exodus. Yet it is an answer at the same time to the charge that the foreigners keep on coming to our shores whether there is work for them or not. Their readiness to recross the ocean is one more illustration of the immigrant's understanding of the labor market. It is something to the credit of his intelligence and foresight that he will seek work in his native country rather than run the risk of dependence here. The point is that, if we concede him those qualities when he leaves our shores, we cannot deny them to him when he comes. The advocates of the further restriction of immigration will doubtless renew their efforts at the coming session of Congress; but in the present demonstration of the workings of natural and automatic checks on the supply of alien labor, we have an argument for legislators to consider seriously.

There are many analogies, practical rather than legal, between the relationship of the State to the nation and that of the city or village to the State. As the issue of centralization in national affairs has suddenly assumed new importance, it is an opportune time to examine the growth of centralization in the States themselves. Gov. Hughes, urging before the Civic Forum the great importance of full responsibility and accountability for local officials, touched on some of the same lines as Secretary Root, who in his much-discussed speech of last December pointed out that the full and competent exercise of their powers by the States is their surest defence against Federal encroachment. One obvious distinction, however, is the comparative helplessness of the cities and lesser divisions in their claims to distinct powers and duties. Jealous enough of their own rights as against the Federal authority, the States have been very arbitrary in giving and taking away the rights of the separate communities within their borders. A general impression that our larger political units are more efficient than our smaller has probably strengthened the centralizing tendencies. "Our city governments are less competent than our State governments," the "practical" citizen often says, "while our State governments in their turn are less competent than the national government. What harm, then, if, when a particular job needs to be done well, we turn it over to the officials who have the best records." But while the transfer of a particular function from the State to the Federal

government encounters many legal and sentimental difficulties, a similar transfer from the city to the State has often been perfectly easy, often accomplished by a boss's nod. So we have had State laws without number in reference to purely local affairs, State officials with purely local functions, and a generally paternalistic attitude on the part of our State governments. Before the local communities can rise to that new efficiency which those who think with Gov. Hughes desire for them, the States must do their part by striking off the fetters of needless and hampering legislation. An encouraging tendency in this direction has already set in. State constabulary bills do not appear with their old-time regularity in the Legislatures. Better still, the cities, in the West especially, are gradually gaining the right to make and amend their own charters, as the States do their Constitutions. The adoption of that policy generally means a long step towards that real local autonomy which is on so many accounts to be desired.

A new electoral law for Cuba is announced as ready for promulgation. The present intention is to hold municipal elections next spring, and the Presidential election in the following December. Yet a tone of hesitancy, suggestive of discouragement, characterizes the attitude of the Administration towards Cuba. This proceeds, it seems to us, from the failure to recognize the limitations under which this country's problem in Cuba must be worked out. That the government of the island, when surrendered to the natives, will not be up to the standard of efficiency set up by the present American administrators, is probable. That party spirit will once more grow ebullient, that parliamentarism in the sense in which English-speaking communities understand the term, will not develop in a day, is equally probable. But is it not just as well to recognize at the beginning that a Latin-American republic cannot be remade in conformity with our conception of an ideal republican government, and that to the Latin-American mind the political virtues and vices are not ranked exactly as with us. It is the duty of the American officials in Cuba—a duty which they have been faithfully fulfilling—to set the machinery of the republic in motion again, with all possible precautions against misuse by the less capable hands to which it is entrusted.

Count Okuma, leader of the Japanese Progressives, is the *enfant terrible* of the Mikado's household. No Japanese bosom can cherish in secret an ambition or a vague resentment without Okuma's blabbing at the international dinner table. Only a few months ago the Count was furiously berating Uncle Sam, Japan's first Western friend. The other day he made England furious by remarking that Japan would be failing in her duty to herself if she did not come to the aid of India's oppressed millions who were calling for help against European oppression. It follows, on the other hand, that, if Count Okuma, as the unofficial barometer of domestic conditions, has pleasant things to say about anybody, Japan as a whole must be feeling in amiable mood. When the Japanese government declares that Japan, as a peace-loving nation, is ready to restrict emigration among its subjects rather than endanger its pacific relations with the United States and Canada, the skeptic and the jingo may continue to cherish doubts. But when even Count Okuma states that, in his opinion, the Japanese government "should assist America at a time when prejudice as well as political and economic conditions rendered the emigration of Japanese to that country inexpedient," the chances of our picking a war over the immigration question become very slim indeed.

In connection with the entire subject of Asiatic emigration, something crops up in the news, now and then, of the field for Japanese settlement that is to be found in Mexico and South America. A correspondent of the Paris *Journal des Débats*, writing from Rio de Janeiro, speaks of "the decision of the State government of Rio, arrived at a few days ago, to distribute lands among Japanese immigrants." He then proceeds to point out that such action is in conformity with the new colonization policy that is being carried on by the States with the aid of the Federal government. Immigration has always been encouraged, but until recently the main object was to secure an adequate supply of labor for the great plantations. Of settlement, in a real sense, there was little; there were, rather, huge encampments of foreign agriculturists who migrated from hacienda to hacienda, according to the fluctuations of the labor market, which, in turn, was subjected to great variations of over- and under-supply. The immigration law of 1907 provides for a continuance of government aid to immigrants, but only to those who are ready to take up government land in some settlement. The colony system is intended to supplement the plantation. The purpose is nothing less than to create a rural middle class between the field laborers and the owners of haciendas.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's illness makes the reconstruction of the British Cabinet a near possibility. Should the veteran Liberal leader decide to lay down the burden, the party would not be without able chiefs, but it is doubtful whether any other member of the Cabinet could equal the present Prime Minister in ability to hold the unwieldy Liberal majority together. The name that first suggests itself is that of John Morley, whose personal prestige is undoubtedly greater than that of any other member of the Cabinet. As Secretary of State for India Mr. Morley has pursued a course which has commended itself to the large mass of the British people. Mr. Morley, however, is sixty-nine, only a year younger than Campbell-Bannerman himself, and he might not care to assume leadership of the House at the beginning of what promises to be an exciting campaign against the Lords. That as Prime Minister he would be able also to retain his present post is improbable. That very fact, however, might be an inducement towards accepting the higher honor; for, although Mr. Morley, as we have said, has taken a conservative view of his responsibilities as head of the India Office, the old radical and home-ruler would possibly like to be relieved of the task of dealing with conditions in India, which call for the strong hand. Augustine Birrell, though prominent, has the record of unsuccess—the Lords threw out his Education Bill in 1906 and the Irish Nationalists rejected his Irish Council Bill only a few months ago.

This year's Nobel prize for idealism in literature is, according to a preliminary report from Stockholm, to go to Rudyard Kipling. As this is the first time, since the beginning of the Nobel fund distribution in 1901, that the prize has been conferred on an Englishman, we take it that, in the opinion of contemporary Europe, Mr. Kipling holds the first place among English writers of the day. At first thought it seems somewhat anomalous that a reward for distinction in literary idealism should go to the man who more than any other in the Anglo-Saxon world has preached the gospel of force and of the material, whose muse has sung the mowing down of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's howling squadrons by British artillery and hymned the action of the steam engine. In point of fact, however, absolute idealism has not been consistently demanded by the Swedish body in whom the right to confer the Nobel literary prize is vested; for, while such previous recipients as Sully-Prudhomme or Mistral would obviously come under the founder's provision, it is only by a stretching of the term that "idealistic" correctly summarizes the work of a Mommsen or a Sienkiewicz. There is, of course, this further argument open to the devotees of Kipling, that beneath the surface brutality of his style and his theme is to be found an almost unequalled glorification of directed labor, and of the spirit of service for the common weal. This is idealism in a strict sense.

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS AND TREASURY ACTION.

All experienced financiers admit that the change for the better in the general position of our banks has now made such progress that resumption of full cash payments by depository institutions is in sight. Conferences between the bankers of New York and Chicago have been in progress, with a view to concerted lifting of the embargo on the movement of currency, and the clearing houses of other cities are asked to cooperate. This presumably indicates that the means of returning to normal conditions are assured. The chief cause of delay at present is the necessity of simultaneous action in all the larger cities where there has been partial suspension of payments. It is always possible, at such a juncture that some one untoward event may impede the process of recuperation; but in general affairs are improving.

For this happy change there are two obvious causes. One is the receipt of enormous quantities of foreign gold; $60,000,000 has arrived since November 5, and $25,000,000 more is on the way. All of this great sum is being rapidly distributed into depleted bank reserves throughout the country. The other cause is return of hoarded money to the banks —partly in response to the currency premium, and partly because of the subsiding of panic. These two processes of relief were actively at work ten days ago, before the Treasury's announcement; and, in our judgment, their influence has in no respect been helped by the government measures.

On this point we may cite the testimony of Charles N. Fowler, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House, a member of the Administration party, and a competent and impartial critic. He said in his widely published statement of last Sunday;

> On Friday, November 15 [two days before the Treasury circular was issued], the crisis of the present currency panic had been reached and successfully passed, through the splendid achievements of the American bankers.

With this utterance we are in entire accord. Through precisely the same means, in precisely the same lapse of time, and without any intervention by the government, the similar crisis of 1893 was successfully surmounted—a fact to which both the Administration and the bewildered London financiers seem to have been extraordinarily blind. The halt in the rapid depletion of New York bank reserves, first noticed in the bank statement of November 16, and the sharp fall in the currency premium at the end of last week, were evidence of recovery.

We are now more than a week away from the official announcement of the Administration's intervention. During this period certain things have been made absolutely clear. The first is that the Treasury plan was ill-digested. Nobody seemed to know just what was intended. Contradictory interpretations were put upon Secretary Cortelyou's circular. Great as was the resulting confusion in banking circles of this country, it was even greater abroad. Foreign financial authorities were all at sea. Some of them thought the issue of certificates of indebtedness was simply that of incontrovertible currency. Others failed to see that the new certificates could not possibly be used as bank reserves. Both London and Paris were in doubt about the crucial features of the project. This uncertainty alone would be a strong condemnation of the scheme. If the Treasury were to do anything at all, its action should have been so clear and precise that everybody could understand it. It is no defence of Secretary Cortelyou to say that there was a general demand that the Treasury "do something." If the head of the Treasury does not know what to do, or how to make his course even intelligible to those most directly affected, the wisest way is to do nothing.

There are, moreover, political as well as financial relations of the whole matter to be considered. It is plain that the Administration did not consult financial authorities in Congress. Chairman Fowler's severe condemnation of the Treasury measures carries great weight. Another Republican member of the same Committee on Banking and Currency, Mr. Prince of Illinois, had already indicated his disapproval. Washington dispatches tell of the sensation caused by Mr. Fowler's statement, and represent Democratic Congressmen as eager to attack the Administration for its blundering. The whole affair is certain to be a great blow to Republican prestige in financial management. "Fit to Rule" was the title of Secretary Root's panegyric of the Republican party, in his speech of 1904. The present display of fumbling and ignorance comes as a bitter comment upon that laudation. Suppose a Democratic President had put forth a scheme for currency relief which the best banking opinion condemned, and which the expert chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee declared to be of doubtful legality and of unmistakable folly—would not the Republican orators and newspapers have rung the changes on Democratic incapacity?

It is no time, however, for partisan recrimination. The thing for all of us to do, on the political side, is to prepare for the campaign for currency reform. It has long been said that not until some financial disaster befell could Congress be got to do anything to give the country a currency fit for general use and also for emergencies. Well, that disturbance has now come; the surgical operation needed to get ideas into certain heads has been performed. What should now be done is to press forward rational and practicable plans for making the currency of the country sounder and more flexible. This is a political side of the question, for it will take a great deal of campaigning and debating to get anything effective done. We need public men who will go before the people as Garfield did in the greenback craze of 1873-75, and be able to say, as he did: "I believe I have thought this thing through." With competent leadership of that kind, the present troubles may be the occasion of our coming out into a stronger and safer financial position than ever before.

AUSTRALIAN PROTECTION AND OURS.

Australia, the great political experiment station of the modern world, now purposes to show what can be done with the principle of protection carried to its logical extreme. That commonwealth, as we noted in our issue of October 24, has seized upon Chamberlain's idea of preferential tariffs, but the preference for English goods is a mere sham. The tariff is so high that when a reduction is made for products of the mother country, Australian manufacturers are still well fortified against competition. This is all very well for the manufacturer, but the Australian government, unlike our own, has now set itself to protect also the laborer and the consumer.

First, of course, comes the laborer. Sir William Lyne, Treasurer and acting Prime Minister, has laid before the Australian House of Representatives the following plan: An excise duty at the rate of half the tariff-duty on imported goods is to be imposed on all Australian manufactures; but this excise duty will be remitted in the case of all goods which are produced under "fair and reasonable" conditions of labor. The difficulty, of course, is to determine what conditions are fair and reasonable; but the Commonwealth has already taken a step in that direction by setting up a standard, conformity to which entitles a manufacturer to place upon his goods the government trade-mark. But since the old machinery is inadequate to the new requirements, Sir William would have a Board of Excise appointed by the Governor-General. This body would consist of three members, presided over by a barrister or solicitor. On its decision would rest the commercial life or death of every manufacturer—the question whether he is to carry on his enterprise or be taxed out of existence. Our advocates of a high tariff advance the argument that it raises the wages of labor; but the Australian workman is apparently not to be deceived by that sophistry. He insists that he is to have his share of the plunder, and have it at once and without hocus-pocus. Through the Board of Excise he can take the manufacturer by the throat and extort

wages, hours, and workshop rules to suit himself. Like it or not, the employer will have no practical power to resist. But the arrangement is, we think, more equitable than our own; for here the protected manufacturer has everybody else by the throat. In Australia he has a taste of the same treatment.

What particularly pleases us, however, is the provision for the consumer, whom our tariff makes not even a pretence of considering. The American laborer is told that the tariff fills his dinner-pail, but the wretched American consumer knows that for him the tariff empties pockets and fills nothing. Let him move to Australia, where he may secure redress through appeal to the Board of Excise. That bench of judges and dividers is not only to keep its eye on wages, hours, and the like: it is to report to Parliament on the state of trade, and particularly on combinations formed for the purpose of raising prices. The board may recommend to Parliament that a duty be lowered or abolished whenever the price of an article seems too high. That the recommendations may be made intelligently and with full knowledge of the facts, the inspectors of the board are to have access at all times to the books of all companies. All this recalls the sentence in Howell's "Familiar Letters" in which he describes Lucca: "She hath a Council called the Discoli, which pries into the Profession and Life of every one." If the Australian board does its duty without fear or favor, the consumer can have his turn at the throats of employer and employee, and thus complete a system of industrial throttling.

The beautiful symmetry of this plan must appeal powerfully to any man of logical mind. He is bound to argue that if the government may suspend the operation of an economic law in order to enrich the manufacturer, it should do the same thing for the laborer and the consumer. But a logical application of his theory is the last thing which the protectionist wants. If the Australian Board of Excise is created, and if it does what is expected of it, the Commonwealth will be practically where it was at the beginning. Everybody will have profited at the expense of everybody else, and nobody will be any better off. That, obviously, is not the aim of protectionists. The essence of their scheme is that they shall profit at the expense of everybody else, while everybody else has no chance to retaliate. Our own protected manufacturers would not be insane enough to foot the campaign bills of the Republican party and to pay good money for the Dingley schedules if the Republicans were to allow the workman and the consumer to take a hand in the game. That would be too much of a good thing. Your political highwayman is well aware that taking purses will cease to be lucrative as soon as the whole world adopts that calling and sallies forth upon the Great North Road. For this reason, we are haunted by the fear that Sir William Lyne's proposal may fail of final adoption—we say "fear," because we should like to lay before our American workmen and consumers an object-lesson, to show them just what they are entitled to under protection, if they had enough intelligence and courage to stand up for their own rights.

THE ARTIST AS CRITIC.

Kenyon Cox, in the preface of "Painters and Sculptors," the second series of his collected essays, raises the familiar topic of the artist as critic. His contribution comes very much to this—that the artist perforce must have opinions better worth while, from the mere fact of being a practitioner of the art he discusses, but that he will almost inevitably suffer from lack of literary skill, hence of carrying power. We are to suppose an innumerable host of artists who are admirable critics *in petto*, but inarticulate, lacking the time and opportunity to master an alien art.

When Mr. Cox speaks of lay criticism, he means presumably that of competent persons, and not the casual outgivings of half-trained writers in the daily press. He measures, that is, to take recent examples, the writings of W. C. Brownell or Gustave Geffroy against those, say, of R. A. M. Stevenson and Fromentin. Carrying such a comparison through the whole range of serious writing on art, the advantage unquestionably lies with the artists. No one can deny that the memoirs of painters, for example, are our most valuable documents for the judgment of painting. From Leonardo, through Vasari, Reynolds, Constable, Delacroix, Millet, Carrière, Segantini, and our own John La Farge, we have from artists an enormous and precious mass of opinions about their art. Professional criticism can make no such showing.

Yet a summary verdict against the defendant would be premature, for the reason that lay criticism is in its adolescence. Indeed, only in very recent times has criticism had its necessary basis in an accurate history of the art of the past. And this brings us to the significant fact that in the new connoisseurship artists have had a very small part. The ungrateful but certainly indispensable drudgery of determining what a given artist under consideration actually painted or modelled has been conducted almost exclusively by laymen. We hasten to say that this is not criticism at all, but merely the ascertainment of its materials. Yet it is at least remarkable that artist-critics have not only been averse to this humble pursuit, but also suspicious of its more certain results, and in general prone to express opinions as if it didn't really matter whether a picture under discussion were by one artist or another. Such an attitude is an almost inevitable result of the artist's confidence in his own instincts and of his lack of minute scholarship.

We concede readily that criticism lies in a region of appreciation where minute scholarship is not of the first importance. On the other hand, one must distrust any criticism that is not sure of its data, and we may suppose that the criticism of the future will be more systematic than the *disjecta membra* which constitute the interpretation of art by its past practitioners. In other words, there seems to be more hope that connoisseurship may rise to criticism, as its lesser task is accomplished, than that we shall always depend upon the casual excursions of artists in an art which is not theirs.

The real weakness of the artist as critic lies in the fact that the arduous practice of his craft must restrict his opportunities for wide observation. A real critic who would devote a third of the time to galleries that is given by the average connoisseur would gain an equipment with which no active artist could possibly hope to vie. The artist, in short, may speak from perfect insight, but, unless he be an *artiste manqué* (and these the malicious say make the best critics), from imperfect knowledge, whereas the professional critic has every opportunity, not only for immediate observation, but also for the study of the writings of artists and for present and valuable association with the best practitioners of his time.

We do not believe that the artist-critic will ever be superseded. There will always be painters who indulge a curiosity about the theory of their art and have something worth saying on the subject. But we feel that the alleged rivalry between the two sorts of critics rests at bottom upon a pure misconception. Mr. La Farge has somewhere marvelled that critics so seldom write anything worth an artist's reading. What an unfair demand to make of a critic! As regards the artist, the critic necessarily deals either in banalities or in startling inferences, which may, however, be just the kind of interpretation which his real public needs. In short, the professional critic addresses the general public, the artist usually his own craft. Thus they are allies, not rivals. And if the opinions of artists on art have become more or less the common property of the cultivated, the merit accrues largely to professional criticism.

The sum of the whole matter seems to be that the critic should stand upon the sure ground that he, too, is an artist—an artist in letters; congratulating himself that his material is not unassorted nature, but its beautiful interpretation in another art, and accepting

gladly as a potent source of suggestion all expressions of artists about their own art. Such a critic will be free from the crude notion that he is a preceptor to artists. Towards the public his responsibility will lie, and his judges will be found, not among artists, but among the cultured, that is to say the competent minority of that public.

M'CLINTOCK AND THE FRANKLIN SEARCH.

The death last week of Sir Francis Leopold McClintock at the age of eighty-eight removes the last but one of the famous Arctic explorers of the first half of the nineteenth century. From 1840 on there raged in England a veritable fever for Arctic discovery. It was not only the North Pole which lured, but also the centuries-old quest of the north-west passage. When Sir John Franklin returned to England in 1844, after seven years as lieutenant-governor of Van Diemen's Land, he found the Admiralty bent on a naval expedition through the polar seas to the north of the American continent. At once Sir John applied for the command as the senior officer of Arctic experience. But his age made the Admiralty hesitate. The First Lord remarked to Franklin that he was sixty years of age. "No, no, my lord," was the reply, "only fifty-nine." The First Lord yielded, and Franklin's fate was settled. With the Erebus and Terror he sailed for the ice-pack on May 18, 1845.

By 1847 the absence of any news led to the first relief expedition. So general was the belief in a disaster that the next year no less than five other vessels sailed for the Arctic. Three more expeditions followed in 1849, ten in 1850, two in 1851, nine in 1852, five in 1853, two in 1854, one in 1855, and, finally, that of the Fox in 1857. Never before or since has there been such a rush to the Arctic; even in America the tragedy so stirred the public that Dr. Kane made his venture in the hope of disclosing its details. Not until 1850 were any traces of Franklin and his large crews discovered, and then only vast stocks of preserved-meat canisters whose putrid contents Franklin had had to destroy, thus fatally diminishing the three years' supply of food which the Erebus and Terror were supposed to have on board. Four years later, in 1854, Dr. Rae, a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, heard from the Eskimos of the deaths of many white men near Back's Great Fish River, and purchased from them numerous small articles, silver spoons, etc., and a silver plate engraved with Sir John Franklin's name. But it was not until 1859, fourteen years after the departure of Franklin's two ships, that Sir Leopold McClintock uncovered the whole story of the fate of the Erebus and Terror and their crews.

McClintock served in 1848 as second lieutenant of Sir James Clarke Ross's unsuccessful relief expedition in the Enterprise, and then in 1850 joined that of Capt. Austin. From 1852 to 1854 he was again in the Arctic regions on one of a fleet of five relief ships, gaining thereby the experience in sledge work which led Lady Franklin to select him for the command of the Fox, the yacht fitted out in 1857 and destined to bring back not only many relics of the expedition, but a fairly connected narrative of its fate. The Fox was, for its time, a powerful screw steamer. No sooner was it in winter quarters than McClintock, Lieut. Hobson, and a volunteer merchant sailor, who, as Sir Allen Young, is alive to-day to mourn the death of his companion of fifty years ago, set out in their search. McClintock purchased a dog-team, the full value of which he was perhaps the first explorer to appreciate, just as he was the first to make long journeys by this means of locomotion. Soon he met Eskimos who could give him information of the Franklin party. After a long and vain search along the southern coast of King William's Land, he finally found, on returning towards his vessel, the place where one of Franklin's ships had sunk and where the other had gone to pieces on the beach. Not until early in 1859, however, did McClintock light upon distinct traces of the dead explorers—the skeleton of one of the sailors. Five days later he stumbled upon a boat mounted on a sledge, and containing, besides two bodies, a miscellaneous assortment of articles, but no food.

From that time on discoveries were frequent, until Lieut. Hobson came upon the cairn enclosing the only written record of the Franklin expedition. From this it appeared that Sir John Franklin had died on June 11, 1847, and that eight other officers and fifteen men had died before the date of the report, April 25, 1848. On the next day the remaining 105 officers and men set out on foot for Back's Fish River with almost no food and without hope of obtaining any. All perished miserably, some on King William's Land, some on the mainland by Great Fish River, and others, as an Eskimo woman told McClintock, "falling down and dying as they walked." The record was enough to entitle Sir John Franklin to the title of discoverer of the Northwest Passage, and this designation is on his statue in London. The details of his journey McClintock published, as we noted last week, under the title of "The Fate of Sir John Franklin." He was received with great enthusiasm on his return to England, and honored by three universities and many learned societies, not only because of his success in finding the Franklin records, but because of his own ability, intrepidity, and endurance.

In his long life McClintock lived to see many changes in methods of Arctic exploration, and a wonderful increase in the world's knowledge about that frozen portion of the globe in which he spent so many years. His feelings on receipt of the news that Capt. Amundsen, in the Gjoa, a mere cockle-shell in comparison with the Erebus, Terror, or even the Fox, actually navigated the North-west Passage in 1905-06, may easily be imagined. The Franklin expedition was almost the last in which large crews participated. Since then the numbers of an expedition have steadily decreased, until now a mere handful of whites is sufficient crew for a Roosevelt or a Fram. Just as McClintock learned to use the dog-sledge for long journeys of hundreds of miles, so the explorer of to-day stakes everything on the dogs; and the fashion he set of relying on the natives has likewise come to stay. McClintock witnessed, moreover, the experiments with an entirely new conveyance—the airship. No new McClintock has as yet discovered the fate of Andree, and no explorer of the old captain's experience is yet on record as believing in Wellman's plan of a dirigible balloon.

TURGENIEFF AND THE MODERNS.*

To turn from the hectic literature of present-day Russia to the sober pages of Turgenieff is not merely a relief, but a valuable exercise in the just appreciation of values. Between the death of Turgenieff and the appearance of Gorky less than ten years elapsed; but we cannot bring the two men into juxtaposition without being seized immediately with a sense of the vast distance Russian literature has travelled in the interval. It is easy enough to draw up an array of reasons why striking differences should be found. Turgenieff, though he continued to write well into the third quarter of the nineteenth century, was essentially an adherent of the school of liberal thought which we associate with the year 1848 on the Continent; Gorky is in advance even of his own age. Turgenieff was a nobleman, and he studied the Russian peasant and petty burgher from a detached though sympathetic point of view; Gorky professes to be of the submerged classes from among whom he has drawn his most popular literary material. Turgenieff wrote in times of comparative social and political peace; Gorky is the preacher and leader of active social and political revolution. In Turgenieff the Slav nature was strongly impregnated with the culture and tastes of the West; Gorky speaks no language but his own and is decidedly not in touch with Occidental standards, or prejudices, as we may choose to call them. Turgenieff, in consequence, employs the calm accents of the man of good breeding, while Gorky exemplifies proletarian lack of self-restraint. And so we might continue to multiply distinctions. It is safer on the whole to dispense with all attempts at causal analysis and simply to state the puzzling nature of the problem. Here are two men who bring to bear on the same subject. Russia, presum-

**The Novels and Stories of Ivan Turgenieff.* Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. 14 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 each.

ably the same artistic method—a thorough realism capable of reproducing both the truth of the photograph and the truth of high intuition; yet the ultimate impression is far from being the same in both and we are confronted with the question, Which of the two has erred less in the application of his method, which, in other words, is the better "realist" of the two?

The temptation to decide at once in favor of the younger man is natural. We have called both men thorough; but if thoroughness is to mean ruthlessness of vision and statement, Gorky and the newer writers who follow his footsteps can easily establish their claims to the mastery. These moderns have investigated everything—race, the individual, country, home, sex, belief, superstition, disease—with self-immolating cruelty. They have taken nothing for granted, because nothing is too sacred, or too certain, or too unimportant to be tested and recorded. They have had on their side the wider freedom of utterance of which we are growing increasingly tolerant, and they have not been bound by literary canons of any kind. If they have felt the desire to preach they have done so in violation of the current belief that realism must not be didactic, as Gorky has preached in "The Abyss," "The Vacationists," and his latest work, "Mother," recently published in this country. If they have wanted to indite psychopathic analyses scores of pages long, they have not hesitated before certain requirements of formal rhetoric dealing with rapidity of movement, as Andreef has done in his tremendous study of inherited evil, "The Life of Vassili Fivyeiski." They have put forth dramas in which nothing essentially dramatic occurs, like Gorky in "The Children of the Sun"; and created characters in the image of the authors that made them, like Chirikhoff in "The Jews." Why, then, should not the artist who has emancipated himself from the restrictions imposed by tradition upon the practice of his craft succeed in getting by so much the nearer to the essence of reality? Contemporary Russian taste is precisely of this opinion. It will have nothing but the extremest literary diet, on the supposition that this is also the most natural. War with its reek of mangled limbs, eviscerations, and blood madness; the pogrom with its inevitable slaughter of infants and free play of lust; the hospital, the morgue, and the insane asylum are the favorite topics of the day. Indeed, Gorky himself has been out of favor for some time because of his comparative moderation. Leonid Andreef, who surpasses him in his predilection for the horrible, was the favorite author two years ago, after the appearance of "Red Laughter," a picture of Russo-Japanese battle trenches. Andreef's supremacy is now said to be threatened by a certain Erastoff whose gift for the soul-racking in the same field is still more pronounced. Next year it is pretty sure to be a new man who will have blazoned his name across the Russian page in scarlet and fiercest black.

Compared with these men of the Extreme Left in Russian literature, Turgenieff cannot appear at first sight as other than a mild and apologetic *bourgeois* of the Constitutional Centre, if not indeed of the Moderate Right. Turgenieff prefers to remain within the proper limits of the particular literary form he selects. He is genteelly decent in speech and obsequious to old conventions on such subjects as romantic love, sacrifice, the validity of the religious instinct, the merit of humility, the gradual advance of human history; he has his doubts as to the efficacy of revolution. On the other hand, with regard to these very traditions which he accepted as of account in the exercise of his profession, he was, personally, a skeptic; and if literature and life are to be made identical, must not literature be the creation of some one who believes strongly, whatever be the object of his belief? Not reactionary enough to possess the mystic vision, not radical enough to make use of the modern methods of unrestrained artistic investigation, how shall Turgenieff claim to have seen life as closely as Gorky has seen it in his "Abyss" or Andreef in his "Once Upon a Time" and "Red Laughter?"

This is *a priori* reasoning. The plain fact is, however, that in practice Turgenieff's work seldom fails to ring completely true, while that of our contemporary Russian writers seldom succeeds. And if the difference may be accounted for in a single sentence, we may explain it as arising from the circumstance that throughout the elder man's work runs the sense of life striving towards law and health, whereas in Gorky and his companions the dominant note is one of chaos and disease. That the one formula is nearer the truth than the other is ultimately, of course, a matter of faith; but it is a faith so widely held as to include among its votaries even our revolutionary authors. That law and health should be the order of life, but are not, is what Gorky and his kind assert; and all the violence of their pitiless realism is directed towards the reconstruction of life on these ideal principles. In Andreef's "Savva," for example, we are introduced to the young Russian who has become convinced that the world must be swept completely clean of institutions and men in order that evolution may take a new start. Yet it is singular how utterly the new men fail to convince us of the possibility of their perfect world. Gorky, for instance, with all his vociferous optimism for the future, a future in which there shall be neither want nor oppression, nor choked up inner life, nor grovelling thoughts, leaves us nevertheless with the mere feeling that life is too miserable a thing ever to be transformed into anything better. The blind beggar Luka, alone among the degraded inhabitants of his subterranean phalanstery of "The Abyss," testifies in mystical fashion to the existence of some form of spiritual life; but Luka's philosophy is not the one that dominates the final impression. Turgenieff, on the other hand, without indulging in ecstatic visions of the future, and with only a skeptic's tolerance for the facts of the present succeeds in conveying with unmistakable force the belief that existence has purpose and value, incapable, though these may be, of clear determination, refuted though they may constantly seem to be by the death of a Bazaroff in "Fathers and Children," or an Insaroff in "On the Eve," or the fate of a Liza in "A Nobleman's Nest."

To be more specific—from a Western point of view, for instance, the Russian people are, to put it in homely phrase, a queer lot. Their naïveté, their emotional exuberance, their inability to recognize the practical or to cling firmly to the ideal for which in moments of stress they may be ready enough to lay down their lives, their over-developed power of self-analysis—these qualities find expression in every page of their imaginative literature. Russian men will fight each other one moment and embrace each other the next in Gogol, Turgenieff, and Tolstoy, as in Gorky. And according to all of our authorities, Russians will alternate between Oriental cruelty and a feminine softness of repentance, or will tear their hearts open for their friends to look into and will fib outrageously immediately thereafter, or will get drunk and beat their servants and then grovel before them in contrition, or will break the moral law repeatedly and take their own lives on an empty scruple. In Turgenieff as in Gorky the good may perish, the evil triumph, the ridiculous lord it over the æsthetically fit. But in the end the fundamental difference of the two men overcomes all similarity of theme or major treatment. Turgenieff's heroes, cowards, tyrants, victims, drunkards, and clowns, for all their eccentricities, appear as essentially conditioned by the main facts of life in which they are rooted. With Gorky they seldom lose the impression of primal eccentricity, of the abnormal, the monstrous. Turgenieff's characters are men and women experiencing pain and bliss. In Gorky we have only personified aches and satisfactions. To grasp the difference we need only compare a few of Turgenieff's short stories, "Petyushkoff," "A Reckless Character," "The Watch," with Gorky's "Twenty-six and One," "Konovaloff," or "Malva."

From the point of view of mere technical proficiency, therefore, it should seem as if the young Russians in casting aside literary restraint have not only failed to gain any advantage over the conservative methods of a Turgenieff, but have actually placed themselves in a position of distinct inferiority by mingling artistic observation with a personal philosophy. For, to refuse to be bound by existing canons is decidedly to advance a philosophy of one's own. If truth is to be the object, the uncompromising naturalism of Gorky and Andreef is vitiated to a far greater extent by their doctrinal nihilism than Turgenieff's realism could ever be by his subservience to tradition. Upon the ordinary reader, with little doubt, the intransigeant methods of the younger men produce the weaker impression. When Turgenieff accepts certain things and denies certain other things, the presumption is at least that he is endeavoring to discriminate between the true and the false. But when Gorky finds in the upper classes of Russian society only high-fed oppression, in the middle classes brutal indifference, in the lower classes stupid helplessness; when the ignorant are only beasts, and the intelligent, birds of prey or weaklings; when love is only animalism, and reason is madness, and virtue is timidity, and courage is dulness, the mind at once suspects the operation of a rigid formula and denies verisimilitude to the entire result.

Actually, it is a question whether the present generation of Russian writers is not too "modern" to be realistic in the sense that Turgenieff was a realist. We

find in Gorky, for instance, the entire conglomeration of vague and incongruous ideals, which is the peculiar character and pride of "modernistic" thought all over Europe. It is a continuous swing between the brutalities of an unchecked naturalism and surrender to mystic aberration. It blends the supposedly latest truths of biologic science with the chivalry of the Middle Ages and the spirit that animated the sexual nature-worship of the pre-Christian Orient. It is a mixture of democracy and the doctrines of Nietzsche, of pastoral simplicity of emotion and decadent æstheticism. The "modern" soul is assumed to be sick with the sins of many millenniums, and worn out with self-contemplation, yet strong enough to defy the resultant wisdom of such sin and introspection. Old with the vanity of all pleasures, it is young enough to cry aloud for all pleasures. Tax the "modern" mind with being illogical, and it brings forward its theory of the greater worth of the passions over the intellect. Argue that passion is eminently simple, and the reply comes that it is the business of the intellect to develop the play of the passions to more complex potentialities. "Modern" thought is fond of the grand style of discourse. It speaks of the cosmic opposition between the male and the female principle, and of the love between man and woman which is hate, and the hatred of the sexes which is love; and is rather fond of petty lubricities. It has gone far to recreate the view of woman as a creature of pleasure and evil that was held by the monks of the Thebaid; but it insists on bestowing on her the suffrage and state support for her offspring. In the ideal world of the modernist, the primal animal passions are made the bases of society and the conditions of civilization's progress. In that world men walk about in the midst of antique beauty without being tainted with the mould of old age; Quixotes in their capacity for action, Hamlets by their insight into the hidden things of life; sinning with the body, but never with the soul; commanding no one and obeying no one—members, in short, of a reconstructed world-scheme where planets and star clusters, bound by no compelling law, swirl about in orbitless spontaneity, yet unite, strangely enough, to form an harmonious universe.

Into such perversity of ideals our modernist writer will fall, because, at bottom, what he studies and depicts is not objective life—and this in spite of an apparent relentless realism—but the fluctuations and shades of his own perverse artist's soul. The earlier Gorky ranks higher as an artist than the man who wrote "The Abyss," "Children of the Sun," or "The Petty Traders." For, even if that earlier work was already marred by a pervading pessimism which must have been the personal contribution of the citizen-born and bred Gorky to the life of the under world, the subjective element was comparatively inconspicuous. But even in his earlier sketches we miss the touch of absolute reality that marks Turgenieff's peasant studies in the "Annals of a Sportsman." Gorky's vagabonds and proletarians are too voluble, too introspective, too coarse and too cynically fine by turns; and the problems they are represented as consciously dealing with are only Gorky's elaboration of what may have run as dim sensations in the minds of his originals. In his rare idyllicism, as in his representation of ugliness, brutality, and the violences of sex, he is over-elaborate, over-emphatic; he shocks, stuns, shatters, but by the very vigor of his onset creates a speedy reaction towards disbelief.

We turn at random to one of Turgenieff's longer short stories—"Spring Freshets" it is called in Miss Hapgood's translation—to find a satisfying example of what we mean by the realism that stoops to convention when it pleases, abstains from the terrifically tragic or the horribly grotesque, makes no excursion into the fields of technical neurology, or economics, yet leaves us with a poignant bit of literature that compels acknowledgment of its veracity. The first love of a young man is described without his being made either a poet or a faun; his encounter with temptation and his fall are told without the least squeamishness, with a terrible directness, in fact, which our modernists would greatly value were it not for its freedom from sordid detail; and the entire tragic little story remains a piece out of the very core of life, in its implication of law, of health, and the supremacy of the spirit, which, whether we will or no, the mind demands as the essentials of life.

S. Strunsky.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Besides the Browning items noted last week, there are a number of exceptionally interesting books to be offered in the Buckler sale by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city on December 3. The most notable item is Milton's Bible, a fine copy of the quarto Genevan, or "Breeches," version, printed by Christopher Barker, 1588. On a slip pasted inside the cover is the autograph signature and date "John Milton, February 24, 1654." On the title of the New Testament is the autograph—"Elizabeth Milton"—Milton's third wife—and on the fly-leaf her maiden name, "Elizabeth Minshull," as well as signatures of several other members of her family. There are other association books of great importance, including a copy of the earliest issue of Halle's "Chronicles," with writing on blank leaves by Sir Henry and Mary Sidney, the parents of Sir Philip Sidney and his sister Mary, the Countess of Pembroke; a copy of the first edition of the first part of Butler's "Hudibras," given by the author to his "honor'd frien Captain John Grant"; the copy of "Prometheus Unbound" which Shelley gave to Trelawney a few days before his death; Lamb's "Elia," given to John Howard Payne; William Wycherley's Works, given by the author to Sir George Browne; "Marmion," in a tartan binding, given by Scott to Wordsworth; Thackeray's copy of the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels"; presentation copies of several of Longfellow's books and of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." The "Commemoration Ode" is the French copy, and cost Mr. Buckler $410 in 1901. The Pyser copy, presented by Lowell to Sophia J. Townsend, brought $531 last year. Maria Lowell's "Poems," 1855, is the Arnold copy, which brought $90 in 1901. The record is $210 for the Bartlett copy, which had the original manuscript of one poem, "The Necklace," inserted. This is the most important sale of the season thus far; and, while, in the opinion of some, the present is not an opportune time to sell rare books, on the other hand, if prices rule low, now is precisely the time to buy.

Hodgson & Co. of London sell on December 10 and 11 a notable collection of books on Napoleon and a collection of first editions of modern English authors. Among the latter is a remarkable collection of the first editions of the books of Robert Louis Stevenson, including some of the rarities, such as "The Charity Bazaar," "Deacon Brodie," "Admiral Guinea," "Macaire," "The Story of a Lie," and "An Object of Pity."

On December 3, 4, and 5 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of Eugene W. Hildreth of Melrose, Mass. It contains a series of Eleazer Wheelock's Reports on the Indian Charity School, which afterwards became Dartmouth College. The same firm will offer the autograph collection of Matthew A. Stickney of Salem on December 18 and 19. It comprises signers of the Declaration, Presidents, members of the Continental Congress, Revolutionary generals, and American authors. An early survey by Washington, dated April 4, 1750, also a page A.L.S., written from the camp at Cambridge, October 28, 1775, are two notable specimens.

Correspondence.

THE REAL E. A. HOFFMANN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The production of Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" at the Manhattan Opera House, and the remarks of the metropolitan critics regarding the opera and its author-hero, Ernst Amadeus Hoffmann, give the pessimist another opportunity to moralize on the injustice of posterity. Literary and musical tradition, even before his death, made over the versatile little lawyer and story-teller into a sort of reincarnated François Villon, a gay Bohemian, who spent his days in love-making and his nights with boon companions in the wine-cellars of Bamberg and Berlin. Like the hapless Poe, Hoffmann fell into the hands of a Philistine biographer, the Berlin publisher Hitzig, who exaggerated his faults, and altogether failed to understand his character. Since that time the professional literary historians have used him mainly to point a moral. His nervous and eccentric manners and uncanny appearance, his versatility as artist, musician, composer, and author, and above all, his fancy for the theatre and for a genial glass afterwards, set in motion a flood of legends which still eddy about the nooks and crannies of old Berlin, notably the old wine-room of Lutter and Wegner on the Gendarme Market, one of the most interesting and suggestive landmarks of literary Berlin in the early decades of the nineteenth century. The legend-weaving German mind, which identifies Byron with Don Juan, just as naturally finds Hoffmann again in his own half-insane musician Johannes Kreisler, the hero of those strange fancies which Robert Schumann set into music. How could the author of these and the

"Nachtstücke" be other than a ghost-seer in real life? Doesn't it shock us all just a little to find that Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. H. G. Wells are ordinary, well-behaved gentlemen?

In Germany of late the unpicturesque philologists have been having a sort of Hoffmann revival and smashing the Hoffmann legends. It turns out that he was a successful lawyer, a conscientious and painstaking government official in the East Prussian provinces, a successful conductor of operas in Dresden and Leipzig, and finally after the fall of Napoleon a trusted judge in the Prussian Court of Appeals until his death. In this last position, according to records in the archives cited by Dr. Ellinger in a recent article in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, he won the plaudits of his superiors by his ability and conscientiousness, it being expressly stated that his serious and dignified demeanor showed no trace of the fantastic and comical story-teller.

The object of this letter, however, is not to assist in the thankless destruction of the picturesque Hoffmann saga, but merely to call attention to the unfading attractions of those weird, realistic tales of his. Every one of his contemporaries, except the eccentric Heinrich von Kleist, has ceased to be more than a name to the German reading public, but each year brings a new edition of one of Hoffmann's fantastic tales—the "Devil's Elixir," with its dread *revenants*, the "Entail," a prototype of Poe's House of Usher in its icy realism, or the delightful irony of "Murr the Cat," the ancestor of a race of literary tom-cats, who philosophize through the German fiction of the nineteenth century. "Il a toujours un pied dans le monde réel," says Théophile Gautier, explaining with a word the trait which separated Hoffmann from the dreamy Romanticism of his time. This same realism has made him a French classic, more popular than either Goethe or Heine. It made him also one of the creators of the short story, which grew up in England and France under German Romantic influences.

As a composer Hoffmann was scarcely less famous during his lifetime than as a story-teller, but an evil genius has pursued his musical works. His "Undine," the greatest Romantic opera before Weber's "Freischütz," was exceedingly popular in Berlin until scenery and decorations were destroyed by the burning of the Royal Opera House in 1817. His numerous sonatas, fugues, and *Singspiele* are still in MS. in the Berlin Royal Library. Perhaps this period of Romantic revivals may yet see some of his work resurrected. In the history of music Hoffmann holds an honored place as having been the first critic to appreciate Beethoven rightly. His tales have furnished themes to many other composers besides Offenbach, from Wagner to Carl Reinicke. The "Meistersinger von Nürnberg" and "Tannhäuser" both owe much to Hoffmann's stories, and a recently printed sketch from another opera outlined by Wagner while in Paris, "Die Bergwerke von Falun," is based on one of Hoffmann's best stories.

ROBERT H. FIFE, JR.

Middletown, Conn., November 19.

SIMMS ON AN EARLY COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following from William Gilmore Simms's "Views and Reviews" (1845) shows that in the commercial world history repeats itself. Simms is writing of the conditions preceding and following the commercial crisis of 1837:

> The chief cities were diseased to an enormous extent. Their evil influences were spreading to the country. The rankness of trade and speculation had overrun the land; its vices were fast usurping the place of virtues; fraud was a bold politician, prescribing laws for the people, and matters for government, as if the propriety for his existence were no longer matter of dispute. . . . Long impunity and constantly increasing numbers had made the criminals bold and reckless. They laughed at ordinary reproof, they mocked at wisdom, and despised censure. . . . A terrible punishment was preparing for the excesses of our people—unhappily a fate which has made the innocent pay the debts of the guilty—which has swept all with a common besom. The laws of industry, common sense, and common honesty, are not to be long outraged with impunity; and the recoil came and the retribution; and we are what we are now, and—so far as mere social prosperity is concerned—what, it is feared, we must very long remain. In morals, we trust there is improvement. God works out his purposes to this end, and he does not often work in vain. We are pleased to think, and somewhat proud to say, that, touched by adversity, scourged by the just judgments of heaven, we are an improving people. Vice is less audacious, pride less boastful, labor more honorable, truth better esteemed, if not yet wholly triumphant.

If Simms describes the conditions of the present day, does he also foretell a coming retribution? F. C. PRESCOTT.

Itbaca, N. Y., November 4.

THE GIFT TO SWARTHMORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The bequest recently referred to in your columns, of $3,000,000 (estimated) to Swarthmore College, upon condition that it give up intercollegiate contests in athletics, presents a question which concerns not only the beneficiary college but also all who are interested in the cause of education.

From the point of view of education the question would seem easy of solution. Inasmuch as there can be no rational and consistent educational ideal which requires intercollegiate athletics for its attainment, there seems to be no doubt that $3,000,000 wisely spent would accomplish vastly more for the cause of education than intercollegiate athletics could possibly accomplish.

And inasmuch as the sole *raison d'être* of the college is to further the cause of education, the question would seem, at first blush, to be equally simple from the point of view of Swarthmore College. And so it probably would be if college authorities were free to pursue their proper aims; but under present conditions our colleges must conform more or less to popular sentiment. A college must have students, and to that end it must accede to the popular taste. Young America to-day knows far better than pedagogic wiseacres what is good for him. If he prefers football to scholarship (and he usually does) he is going to the college where he can get much football and little scholarship, with the result that the football college will flourish while the scholarship college may decline. Hence the question before Swarthmore is whether it can risk the unpopularity involved in deciding in favor of scholarship as against intercollegiate athletics.

This, in truth, is the problem which really confronts all colleges, and which can be settled only by a practical test. Some college of standing and financial strength should try the experiment. It might thereby lose popularity for a time, but it would gain in reputation for scholarship—a gain which might in the end far exceed the loss. The opportunity is now presented to Swarthmore to become a pioneer in this movement. For such championship this college seems to be peculiarly fitted. The proposed bequest would give it a large measure of financial independence; and its already excellent standing in educational work, coupled with the courageous devotion to scholarship involved in the proposed change, would naturally attract the class of students which is really the most desirable for any college.

To those who are deeply interested in education and who are unable to see any particular educational value in intercollegiate athletics, the rejection of this munificent gift and this magnificent opportunity would seem little short of a calamity.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, November 22.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week "Over-Sea Britain," by E. F. Knight, and "Studies in the History of Venice," by Horatio F. Brown.

At her death, the late Mrs. Slack, of Croyden, left the original letters between Shelley and Miss Hitchener (1811-12) to the Rev. C. Hargrove, with directions that they should ultimately go to the British Museum. Mr. Hargrove has, however, turned them over to the Museum immediately, and they are to be published by Bertram Dobell. The series consists of forty-four letters from Shelley, five from Mrs. Shelley (the first), and twelve from Miss Hitchener. Dowden made use of the correspondence when writing his "Life of Shelley," but it has never before been printed in full, except in a private edition of thirty copies, by T. J. Wise, in 1900.

Taking the four volumes before us as specimens, we heartily commend the Prairie Classics of A. C. McClurg & Co. as one of the neatest and most readable editions of the novelists ever put on the market. The books are small but not "pocket size," the paper opaque and stiff enough to turn conveniently, and the type is clear and of fair size. The price is low, one dollar a volume. Each volume contains a frontispiece in colors by George Alfred Williams. It is the intention to give in time the complete works of each author. So far "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Oliver Twist" have been issued.

Dr. William Morton Payne's "Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century" is a series of lectures on Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, William Morris, and Swinburne. His purpose,

as stated in the preface, is "to examine their poetry in respect to its intellectual content, to set forth their ideas on religious and philosophical subjects, and to discuss the political and social conditions of their time." Such a tempting programme raises expectations which the essays themselves by no means satisfy. It implies an amount of time and study that might task the energies of a Taine, and more than ordinary critical acumen. But only the more obvious significance of each author's work is treated. Dr. Payne attempts so much that his treatment is bound to be sketchy. He feels it necessary to justify his omission of Scott in favor of Landor, but his reasons are not convincing. To ignore utterly the estimates of such competent judges as Shairp, Saintsbury, Palgrave, and Ruskin is one more indication of the present curious depreciation of Scott by our American pundits. Can they know his work at first hand? Landor lives, if at all, by his prose and a few exquisite lyrics, not by his frigid Gebirs,. which have few charms and no influence. It must have been Landor's republicanism which secured his inclusion in this choric band; but Landor was a republican of classic Rome, a fierce aristocrat, who could not endure "the people." Dr. Payne praises the right men generously for the right things; he quotes copiously from the poets themselves and he leans hard on their critics. His best chapters are on Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold; the treatment of Coleridge and Morris cannot be regarded as adequate. (Published by Henry Holt & Co.)

A book on Meredith raises the previous question: Is he a great novelist? On the sturdy Philistine, who prefers Pickwick to Shagpat, such a treatise as Elmer James Bailey's "The Novels of George Meredith: A Study" (Charles Scribner's Sons) will hardly work a change of heart. His praise is often so faint, his concessions to adverse criticism are so frequent, that, at the end of the argument, he and the Philistine might almost shake hands. The book consists of five chapters, dealing with the development of Meredith's genius, and a list of the characters in his novels. Neither the style nor the matter is of a kind to inspire confidence. The style is rather pompous; "diatribes" are "hurled" against "citadels," and that sort of thing. Incidental statements of fact are often surprising. For instance:

> In 1828, of the poets favorably known during the early part of the century, Byron, Shelley, and Keats were dead; . . . Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett were but just known, and Browning had not printed "Pauline" (p. 17).

The new and interesting part of the book is a sketch of Meredith's influence upon other novelists.

In the Introduction to her "Vers de Société Anthology" (Scribners) Carolyn Wells discusses the various English phrases that have been used for this kind of verse and finds them all, as indeed they are, in one respect or another wanting. Her own suggestion Gentle Verse strikes us as capital, and we could wish she had boldly made it the title of her book; it fits well her definition of the kind as depending for its spirit "on an instant perception and a fine appreciation of values, seen through the medium of a whimsical kindliness." Gentle Verse would thus imply the life of gentle socity viewed through the mind of such a poet as Thackeray's "Gentle Saint Charles" —not a bad interpretation of *vers de société*. We remark in this connection that, with all her catholicity, Miss Wells has not included in her list a single poem of Lamb's; surely, some of his album verses deserve a place with the best she has collected. Nor is her taste in other matters always sure. Only two of T. B. Aldrich's poems are given—one of these by no means of his best —against seven by H. C. Bunner and four by Gelett Burgess. This simply shows lack of fine artistic sense in the collector. But it is almost always easy to pick such flaws in an anthology; the important fact is that here we have a large body of *vers de société*, brought together from the most widely separated sources—an excellent book to read.

"Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen: Select Narratives from the 'Principal Navigations' of Hakluyt," edited by Edward John Payne, has been issued in a new edition by Henry Frowde. This work, first published in 1880 and again in 1893 and 1900, has now been condensed from two volumes to one by the omission of the last letter and last voyage of Thomas Cavendish and of Raleigh's "Discovery of Guiana," together with the introductory matter relating to these texts. The volume now contains an excellent Introduction, including an account of the life and works of Hakluyt; the Directions for Taking a Prize, from Capt. John Smith's "Seaman's Grammar"; and accounts of various voyages of Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake, Gilbert, Amadas and Barlow, and Cavendish. C. Raymond Beazley, whose third volume of "Dawn of Modern Geography" was reviewed in the *Nation* of October 10, has furnished some additional notes and maps.

"Round About the North Pole," by W. J. Gordon, with woodcuts and other illustrations by Edward Whymper, is just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. A more inspiring record of bravery, endurance, sacrifice of self for the sake of one's comrades, unflinching devotion to duty in the face of deathly peril, it would be difficult to find than is contained in this account of the heroes of Arctic research. In telling the story of the different expeditions from that of Sir Hugh Willoughby in 1553, to Robert Peary's in 1906, the author has divided the region into sections, beginning with Spitzbergen and following the circle to Greenland, describing the exploration of each section by itself. The main incidents and achievements of the various expeditions are grouped together with numerous extracts from journals and anecdotes. Among these is the story told by Joseph Moxon, hydrographer to Charles II., of a conversation in Amsterdam in 1652, with a sailor of a Greenland ship. This veracious tar said that he "sailed to the North Pole and back again, and even two degrees beyond it; no land seen, no ice, and the weather as it was in summer-time at Amsterdam." Naturally the greatest space is allotted to the older and less known voyagers, but this plan is at times carried too far. More than ten pages, for instance, are devoted to Barents, but the account of Amundsen's accomplishment of the Northwest Passage occupies less than a page. There is no mention whatever of Walter Wellman's expeditions to the northeast of Spitzbergen, and to Franz Josef Land, nor of the Ziegler expedition of 1903-5 led by Anthony Fiala. Six sectional maps and sixty-seven illustrations, including thirteen portraits of the most famous explorers, and reproductions of pictures in old works add much to the interest and attractiveness of the volume. There is an excellent index, but the value of the work would have been much increased if it had contained a bibliographical list of authorities.

Insight into one phase of Japanese character, which receives such contradictory interpretation, is opened by "Human Bullets" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a personal record of experience before Port Arthur by Lieut. Tadayoshi Sakurai of the Japanese army, a young officer who was actively engaged on the Liaotung peninsula until he fell desperately wounded in the general assault of the 23d of August. The military student will acquire little technical information, although there are instructive allusions to equipment, marches, and modes of attack; and the non-military reader may only see how horrible war may be and how destructive to life it actually was in that great campaign. But the essential interest and the real value of the little book is its record of the writer's inner man, not merely of what his bone and flesh and blood and nerves did and suffered, but of his essential personality, perfectly exemplifying that "as a man thinketh so he is." If this were simply the record of an exceptional incarnation of the spirit of patriotic war, one might file it away with that label. But it is neither that nor the Quixotic dream of a solitary enthusiast. It is clearly typical of the spirit which on land and sea animated thousands upon thousands and culminated in the military overthrow of Russia. One need not suppose that the rank and file attained this precise level, but certainly they appreciated and responded with a similar if not identical exaltation of spirit to appeals based upon the same subordination of self. The Emperor called and they esteemed their lives as the dust of the balance. The Western mind appreciates this only in an intellectual way. We do not easily conceive that through pure loyalty, whether to ruler or country, inevitable death or distressing mutilation, without immediate accomplishment in view, can be welcomed in the spirit of sacrifice, or that where the opportunity for such sacrifice may have been accidentally lost then suicide may be a normal testimony to the spirit. It is because of their complete and unresisting surrender of themselves to the controlling moral forces that our author well names his comrades Human Bullets. The story is told for the information and encouragement of his fellow-subjects. It will be read by the Occidental world as a wonderful psychological revelation, in which the vivid inspiration that he draws from the spirits of the departed, conceived to be in immediate touch with the patriotic operations, adds a spiritual factor impressive in itself and new to most of us of the Western world.

It is not a pleasant chapter in the history of European morals which Henry C. Lea has treated in his "History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church" (The Macmillan Co.), but it is an important

chapter, which cannot be ignored by students of ecclesiastical and social institutions, whether in the past or in the present. The marriage of priests has been forbidden by the Western Church since the fourth century, so that the historian has a long period in which to observe the conflict of ecclesiastical authority with one of the fundamental impulses of human nature and note the abuses to which celibacy gave rise. Mr. Lea's study is based upon wide reading in original authorities, including not only decrees of popes and canons of councils, but a large amount of out-of-the-way material in the form of records of tribunals and treatises on ecclesiastical law and practice. Even those who dissent most completely from his conclusions must admit the importance of the evidence which he has collected. Although the greater bulk of the third edition, which has just been published in two volumes, is due in part to the use of different type, the work has grown considerably since its first appearance forty years ago, especially by taking fuller account of the more recent phases of the institution. The revision for the new edition has not been so thorough as the subject deserves, particularly in the matter of utilizing modern monographs on many of the varied topics touched upon in the course of the work, but it is all that Mr. Lea has found time for in the midst of his exacting studies of the Spanish Inquisition, and we must be thankful for what he has given us. The examination of Spanish sources has, moreover, yielded a considerable amount of fresh material, mostly unpublished, notably for the new chapter on solicitation, a carefully guarded field into which insight can be gained only through such a body of material as the records of the Holy Office afford. The proof-reading is not quite up to Mr. Lea's high standard, as when the printer makes him speak of *solicitatio ad turpiæ*. It is a pity that references are still given to antiquated collections, such as those of Baluze and Migne, in cases where the texts cited are to be found in more correct and more accessible modern editions.

Two new volumes have been added to the series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Charles Scribner's Sons). The first, constituting the first volume of the series and edited by W. L. Grant, Beit lecturer on colonial history in the University of Oxford, contains the voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618. The second, constituting the fifth volume and edited by President L. G. Tyler of the College of William and Mary, contains thirteen narratives of early Virginia. Mr Grant's work as editor of the Champlain voyages has been well done. The text is that of Slafter, and many of the notes of that admirable investigator have been taken over in part or in whole. The editor has, however, made many annotations of his own. He has called especial attention to the value of Champlain's description of New England as furnishing what Winsor has called the first "intelligible cartography of the shore line of Nova Scotia and New England"; and, notwithstanding Winsor's inclination to regard Champlain's comments as "far less satisfactory" than those of Hariot and White for Virginia, Mr. Grant insists that Champlain did more than any other of the early seamen to bring order out of confusion:

While the trials of the settlements at Plymouth and Massachusetts are known to every schoolboy, the connection of Champlain with the history of the United States has often been disregarded, and he has been considered solely as the founder of Quebec. The exclusive attention paid to the English colonists has glorified Massachusetts at the expense of Maine, and one of the noblest names in the history of exploration has been passed over.

President Tyler's volume offers little opportunity for comment. The narratives are all familiar to students of early Virginia history—Percy's "Observations," Smith's "True Relation," "Description of Virginia," and "General History" (Fourth book), De-La-Ware's "Relation," the letters of De Molina, Father Biard, John Rolfe, and John Pory, the Proceedings of the Virginia Assembly (1619), the Virginia Planters' Plea in answer to Butler's Unmasking, and, lastly, the Relation of the Assembly in 1624 and the Discourse of the Old Company. It is noteworthy that nothing, except a facsimile, is given from the Records of the Virginia Company and nothing at all from Strachey. The prefaces of the editor are sufficient, but the annotations seem slight. The most conspicuous feature of the reprint is the careful and accurate collation of the various texts with the printed originals in the Library of Congress, and the reproduction of a particularly fine copy of Smith's map of Virginia—the seventh "state" in Wilberforce Eames's classification, which "contains more data than any of the other six and differs in no significant way from the eighth." President Tyler believes that the report of the assembly of 1619 was written by the speaker, John Pory, and not by the clerk, John Twine. It would be interesting to know whether this statement is based on a comparison of handwritings or on the endorsement on the original manuscript, which reads, "Mr. Pory out of Virginia," a phrase which may merely refer to the fact that Pory sent over the report. Unless the original report is much misplaced among the Domestic Papers, President Tyler is certainly wrong in assigning it to "James I., Vol. I.," which concerns the first part of the year 1603. The reference probably should be to Vol. 109, which contains letters and papers covering the months of May, June, and July, 1619. The Assembly met on June 30 of that year.

The second series of Renan's "Cahiers de jeunesse" has been issued by Calmann-Lévy.

Romain Rolland, the art professor at the École Normale, who writes the interminable romance of the musical development of Jean-Christophe, reappears as an historian with compact lives of Michael Angelo and Beethoven. These little volumes are based on recent researches, which, in the case of Michael Angelo at least, have completely renewed the face of biography. M. Rolland adds his own striking conception of the unity of the lives which he treats, not as a populariser, but as a scholar and thinker.

Pierre de Bouchaud, who has written poetry in his time and has since devoted himself sedulously to Italian sculpture, now publishes a small volume aiming at a certain literary completeness on "Goethe et le Tasse." It comprises a life of Tasso, with glimpses of his sentimental existence in connection with the "Jerusalem Delivered"; Ferrara in Tasso's day; and Goethe's tragedy, plus a bibliography.

Those who care for the personal side of their philosophers and seek to know how they reached their precise angle of vision will be interested in the little book of Gaston Rageot "Les Savants et la philosophie." It deals with Herbert Spencer, Henri Poincaré, and H. Bergson, the professor of the École Normale, who has acquired so much influence over the younger and somewhat weary philosophic thought of France.

A work of serious erûdition, in an historical field not yet competently covered, has been begun by Camille Jullian, professor at the Collège de France. The first two volumes of his "Histoire de la Gaule" are only the beginning. They deal with the Gallic invasion and Greek colonization, and with independent Gaul. Four other volumes are to follow: the Roman conquest and first Germanic invasions; government by Rome; Gallo-Roman civilization; and the Lower Empire. In the first volume there is a full treatment of two interesting questions—the Greek foundation of Marseilles and Hannibal's crossing of the Alps.

"Les Maîtres du roman espagnol," by F. Vézinet, is a convenient book on a subject of timely literary interest. "Le Pérou contemporain," by Fr. Garcia-Calderon, with a preface of Prof. Gabriel Séailles, a Paris sympathizer with all young nationalities, is a history of the "Peruvian Renaissance."

"Zehn lyrische Selbst-Porträts" is the title of an engaging little volume among the new German books brought over by G. E. Stechert & Co. of this city. It contains portraits of the authors, Ferdinand von Saar, Felix Dahn, J. Trojan, Martin Grife, Detler von Liliencron, Gustav Falke, Arno Holz, R. Dehmel, Otto Julius Bierbaum, and that veteran dramatist, Ernst von Wildenbruch, all drawn on stone direct from life. In addition there is a facsimile of an autobiographical sketch from each writer—a collection of nervous German orthography. There are also selections from each author's works.

Fortunate if not always happy is he who can see himself as others see him. So evidently thought Karl Eugen Schmidt, when he prepared his "Deutschland und die Deutschen in der französischen Karikatur seit 1848" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). Ninety reproductions from French illustrated journals are given to show something of the mood of the French toward the Germans from the time of the Revolution of '48 to the year 1906, but the exhibitor posts a notice in his gallery warning the observer not to take things too seriously. Bismarck and the Prussians are, of course, "hung on the line," and very clever are some of the sketches of Daumier, Cham, and others. No one escapes—not even the Emperors themselves, and *Dienstmädchen* and *Student* are also not beneath the notice of the artist. Particularly amusing is a cartoon of 1864, in strange contrast to the situation today, showing some German soldiers blowing on toy ships in a washbowl, and entitled "Prussia Striving to Become a Sea Power." Notable also is a black-and-white picture, "In Berlinstrassen," where everybody—soldier, officer, and policeman, the old and the young, Germans and monocled Englishmen—skips along to Prussian military step.

How great a service Helene Simon has sought to perform for poor and ailing children can only be estimated by a careful perusal of her book, "Schule und Brot," imported by Stechert & Co., New York. Inspired by Hauptmann's pointed question, "Hast du Speise zu essen, wenn's dich hungert?" the author has tried to learn to just what extent children in the leading countries of the world, who are compelled to attend school, are also forced by poverty to wend their way through heat and cold, and sit long hours endeavoring to grasp the hard facts offered by the teacher while they are hungering and thirsting for bodily nourishment. The book contains a discussion in general of *Schulspeisung*, a specific investigation of the question in Germany, a report on the operation of the school-canteen in France, and a review of the wretched conditions in England, and the means taken by the English government to meet the situation. The showing is, at best, disheartening, and one can sympathize with the author in her imperative demand: "Zuerst Brot, dann die Schule!" Again and again in the reports from various cities of Great Britain, France, and Germany it is proved that children come to school without breakfast, and often go without either breakfast or dinner. Nor does the writer spare her own country; rather, she makes out the conditions there worse than elsewhere, although, as a matter of fact, much has been done in the Fatherland toward supplying poor school-children with coffee and other nourishment.

Prof. Albert Erhardt, leader in the newly established Catholic theological faculty at the University of Strassburg, has, since the publication six years ago of "Der Katholizismus und das 20 Jahrhundert," been regarded as perhaps the ablest and most scholarly of Catholic university men in Germany. The central proposition of Erhardt's work, namely, that Catholicism correctly understood is perfectly consistent with fair and honest independent research, is made again, in a somewhat modified form, the fundamental idea in his recent work "Katholisches Christentum und moderne Kultur," which he publishes as a *Programmskizze* in the Kirchheim collection under the general title Kultur und Katholizismus. The discussion is characterized by a frank criticism not only of what the author holds to be the weaknesses of modern civilization, but also of the objectionable features in the life of the Catholic church. He contends especially that between faith and real science (*Wissen*) there can be no conflict; but his criticisms of the church do not go so far as those of other writers in that church, *e. g.*, Dr. Karl Gebert of Munich, in his work published some months ago, "Katholischer Glaube und die Entwicklung des Geisteslebens." The independence of this school of Catholic scholars was publicly recognized not long since by Professor Harnack in his university address pleading for a better understanding between the Protestants and the Catholics of Germany.

In the work of Pastor L. Couard, entitled "Die religiösen und sittlichen Anschauungen der alttestamentlichen Apokryphen und Pseudepigraphen," a reasonably successful attempt has been made to analyze the theological contents of that remarkable body of Jewish literature which fills the gap between the Old and the New Testaments. The ideas embodied in this literature go far toward making clear the historical background of the New Testament and explaining the religious atmosphere in which the New Testament writers lived and moved. The special topics considered are Theology, in the narrower sense; Angelology; God in His Relation to the World; Man and Sin; Ethics; the Messianic Expectations; and Eschatology. The Introduction is devoted to a discussion of the sources. The investigations are marked by a positive yet fairly critical spirit. The publisher is C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh.

Under the common title Fortids Sagn og Sange (Myths and Songs of the Past), Prof. Kr. Nyrop of Copenhagen has started the publication by the Gyldendalske Boghandel of a series of popular monographs on legendary, fabular, and mythical traditions. The first number of the series, entitled "Tove's Magic Ring," deals with the highly poetic love episode between King Valdemar and his beloved Tove, which several of Denmark's greatest poets and composers of modern times—notably Holger Drachmann and J. P. Jacobsen—have celebrated in verse and music. Professor Nyrop shows how the tale of the ring and of the unnatural love aroused by it has been applied to various historical personages, Charlemagne, Harold the Fairhaired, etc. He comes to the conclusion that the tale of Harold's all-absorbing love for the Finn girl Snaefrid was taken up by tradition and applied first to Charlemagne and then to the Danish Valdemar, as well as to several other kings and heroes. Even this prototype of the legend he does not regard as historical, but, following the lead of the Norwegian folk-lorist Moltke Moe, he thinks that the old popular tale which is represented by Grimm's "Schneewittchen," has been applied to the uxorious old Norwegian king Professor Nyrop is an entertaining writer, who combines learning with poetic appreciation. His book, while popular, is a valuable contribution to the literature of Danish folk-lore.

The publishing house of Albert Bonnier in Stockholm has begun an undertaking that deserves special attention in this country, where so many patrons of public libraries are of Swedish nationality or descent, namely, a collection, in not less than twenty-five volumes, of the best and most significant of Swedish literary productions from the last four centuries. Sveriges Nationallitteratur, as its name is, was planned by the late Oscar Levertin, and will now, after his untimely death, be edited by Henrik Schück and Ruben Gibson Berg, with the assistance of a number of other critics for the individual volumes. The two volumes with which the publication has begun are devoted to the prose writers of the eighteenth century: Dalin, Linné, Kellgren, Thorild, Ehrensvärd, and others; and to two living authors: Per Hallström, whose exquisite short stories in a decidedly minor key have won him many admirers, and E. A. Karlfelt, whose three or four volumes of characteristic verses have gained for him, though young in years and modern in point of view, an election to the Swedish Academy. The price, only two kroner a volume, is very moderate. Swedish publishers at present seem to vie with each other in issuing cheap editions of both standard and modern works, cheap, it should be said at once, in price only. Bonnier includes in his collection, De Bästa Böckerna, works by Strindberg, Bellman, Selma Lagerlöf, Per Hallström, C. J. L. Almquist, and others. Wahlström & Widstrand, the latest arrival in the field, opened the list of their Kronböcker with K. A. Forslund's "Storgården," a recent exponent of the "back to nature" movement, which here reaches its fourth edition. Aktieboleget Ljus, to which firm belongs the honor of having introduced this class of inexpensive volumes, has already a respectable list, among which are many books issued by arrangement with the original publishers; their latest issues include a new edition of Strindberg's classic "Svenska öden och äfventyr," which here contains that strange gipsy story, "Tschandala."

Kristian Settervall's "Svensk Historisk Bibliografi, 1875-1900" (Stockholm: Norstedt), is a valuable contribution to bibliographical literature. Not less than 4,636 books and articles are here enumerated, dealing with Swedish history in its broadest aspects, including such contributory sciences as numismatics, heraldry, church history, history of education, law and literature, topography and biography; territories that at one time or another belonged to the Swedish realm are also included as far as those periods are concerned. The book has a full author index, but unfortunately there is no index of topics.

A new part of J. A. Almquist's "Sveriges Bibliografiska Litteratur" has appeared, issued in the *Handlinger* of the Royal Library of Stockholm, and also separately (Norstedt); it covers the history of public libraries in Sweden proper.

L. Bygdén's "Svenskt Anonym- och Pseudonym-Lexikon," published at the expense of Svenska Litteratursällskapet in Upsala, has reached the letter O. It is a mine of information, not merely for Swedish literature, but for other literatures as well, as far as translated into Swedish. *Samlaren*, the organ of the above-mentioned society, though chiefly devoted to literary history, contains not a few ramifications into the domain of bibliography, *e. g.*, I. Collijn's series of articles on Swedish libraries and their owners, during the middle ages.

The eightieth anniversary of Pasquale Villari was celebrated at the Laurentian Library, Florence, on November 3, the chief address being made by Guido Biagi. As a permanent and valuable souvenir of the celebration we have Francesco Baldasseroni's illustrated pamphlet, "Pasquale Villari, Profilo Biografico e Bibliografia degli Scritti." The memoir is of the discreet order, bearing chiefly upon Villari's public career as historian, teacher, and publicist. The bibliography, which comprises 407 items, gives a remarkable picture of an intense and varied production. Beside the famous biographies of Savonarola and Machiavelli and the researches in older Florentine history, with all their preliminary stages and accompanying polemics, we have an unbroken chain of journalism for more than fifty years, centring about the notable letters on conditions in Southern Italy, "Lettere Meridionali." Here are as well the indications of Villari's debates

as deputy and senator, and the laws introduced by him as minister of public instruction. The list abounds in items that attest the wide range of his interests. We may select a review of the memoirs of Margaret Fuller-Ossoli (1857), critiques of Taine's writings on art, and even occasional notices of exhibitions at Paris, Florence, and elsewhere. In all it is an extraordinary record of what the Italians, in a word we lack, call fruitful operosity.

The twentieth annual meeting of the American Economic Association will be held at Madison, Wis., December 28 to 31. The programme includes the following papers and discussions: "Are Savings Income?" Irving Fisher, Yale, followed by Winthrop M. Daniels, Princeton; Frank A. Fetter, Cornell; Fred M. Taylor, University of Michigan, and Herbert J. Davenport, University of Chicago; "Agricultural Economics," Thomas N. Carver, Harvard; "The Railway Question," Balthaser H. Meyer, University of Wisconsin; "Money and Banking," Davis R. Dewey, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; "Agreements in Political Economy," C. B. Fillebrown, Boston; "Social Classes in the Light of Modern Sociological Theory," Lester F. Ward, Brown; "The Principles of Governmental Control of Business," Jeremiah W. Jenks, Cornell; "Economic Theory and Labor Legislation," Richard T. Ely, University of Wisconsin; "The Normal Work Day in Coal Mines," Thomas K. Urdahl, Colorado College, followed by Charles P. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor; "The Working Conditions of Stokers on Transatlantic Steamers," Mrs. Florence Kelley, New York, followed by Miss Emily G. Balch, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; "A Programme for Social Legislation with Especial Reference to the Wage-Earner," Henry R. Seager, Columbia University; "Workingmen's Insurance in Illinois," Charles R. Henderson, Chicago; "The Relation of the Federal Treasury to the Money Market," Frank G. Vanderlip, vice-president National City Bank, New York city, followed by David Kinley, University of Illinois; Joseph French Johnson, University of New York, and Charles A. Conant, New York city; "Public Service Commissions," Senator William H. Hatton, New London, Wis., followed by Hon. Thomas M. Osborne, Auburn, member New York State Public Service Commission; Senator George B. Hudnall, Superior, Wis., and John H. Gray, University of Minnesota. Some of the sessions, as the titles of the papers would indicate, are held in connection with the American Sociological Society, the American Association for Labor Legislation, and the American Political Science Association. The American Historical Association holds its meeting at the same time and place.

The Rev. Theodore Francis Wright, dean of the New Church Theological School of Cambridge, Mass., died November 13, on his way to Egypt, to make archæological investigations. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1845, was graduated from Harvard in 1866, and then entered the New Church Theological School, at Waltham. His course of study at Harvard had been interrupted by service in the Union army in 1864-5 as first lieutenant. He was ordained to the Swedenborgian ministry in 1869, and after twenty years became dean of the school at Cambridge. He was also editor of the *New Church Review*, Boston. He wrote several books, among them, "The Realities of Heaven," 1888; "Life Eternal"; and "The Human and Its Relation to the Divine," 1892. Dr. Wright was prominent in archæological studies; was authorized lecturer of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and its honorary general secretary for the United States; a member of the Archæological Institute of America, of the American Oriental Society, and of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis.

The Rev. Alexander Stevenson Twombly died November 19 in Newton, Mass. He was born in Boston in 1832, and after study at Heidelberg, Germany, he was graduated from Yale in 1857, and a year later from Andover Theological Seminary. He held pastorates in Congregational churches in Cherry Valley, N. Y.; Albany, Stamford, Conn., and Boston. Dr. Twombly was author of a number of books, including "Merry Maple Leaves," 1872; "The Choir Boy of York Cathedral," 1890; "Masterpieces of Michael Angelo and Milton," 1896; "Life of Dr. John Low," 1896; "Hawaii and Its People," 1900; "Kelea, the Surf Rider," 1900. He was also for two years literary editor for Silver, Burdett & Co., and editor of the Silver Series of English Classics.

Gen. Sir Henry Edward Colvile died November 24 as the result of an automobile accident. Gen. Colvile was born in 1852. From 1880 to 1883 he served as aide-de-camp at the Cape, and later in different grades in the Sudan, Egypt, and Burma. In the South African war he commanded the Guards Brigade and the Ninth Division, but, with other officers, was recalled. He was the author of the following books: "A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers," "The Accursed Land," "History of the Sudan Campaign," "The Land of the Nile Springs," and "The Work of the Ninth Division."

The death is announced from his château of Écotay, near Montbrison, of Marie Camille, Vicomte de Meaux. He was born in 1830, and married a daughter of Montalembert. Under Marshal MacMahon he was prominent in French politics, and he was a member of the Duc de Broglie's Ministry of 1877. His royalist opinions, however, withdrew him from public life in later years, and he had devoted himself to historical writing. Among his books are "La Révolution et l'Empire," 1877; "Les Luttes religieuses en XVI siècle," 1879; "La Réforme et la politique française jusqu'au Traité de Westphalie," 1889, a work crowned by the French Academy; "Église catholique et la liberté aux États Unis," 1892; and "Montalembert," 1892.

The death is announced of Dr. Konrad Zacher, professor of classical philology at the University of Breslau. He was born in 1851 at Halle. He is the author of a number of works on his specialty, including "De Nominibus Græcis in -αιος," 1877; "Aussprache des Griechischen," 1888; "Die Handschriften und Klassen der Aristophanes-Scholien," 1888; "Aristophanes Studien," 1898; "Parerga zu Aristophanes," 1899.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

The reviewer of children's books may judge of the present output by his knowledge of the past. He finds, for one thing, that what was started as a story last year, is being continued as a series this. A. F. Johnston's "The Little Colonel" (L. C. Page & Co.) sounds familiar to his ears; Anna Chapin Ray's young heroines have appeared in other places besides New York; the inmates of Marion Ames Taggart's "Little Grey House" (The McClure Co.) are old friends. This same reviewer, accustomed to the formula which authors seem by instinct to adopt when they tell a college story, finds little difficulty in unravelling the plots of such tales as Ralph Henry Barbour writes. But among the hundreds of "juveniles" issued this season a number are above the average and are worth a passing note.

As a companion to their "Posy Ring" and "Golden Numbers," Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, have gathered a book of rhymes for the nursery, which they have named "Pinafore Palace" (McClure). The title is a pleasant one, and suggests the definition E. V. Lucas gives for a child's book: to afford the playroom a good time. This volume of jingles is judiciously divided, somewhat like Charles Welsh's edition of "Mother Goose," to accord with the physical activities and dawning mental appreciation of small folk. There is a diversity of selection, ranging from "Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?" to Tennyson's least childlike and most stilted poem, "Minnie and Winnie." Taken in a set, these three volumes of verse represent an agreeable progress from classic jingle to rarest poetry. Equally attractive in title is "The Golden Staircase" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), another collection of poems for children, made by Louey Chisholm, consisting of two hundred and fifty steps in the mount. Unfortunately, these steps are not of the same excellent seasoning, nor are they of the same height. There is a random choice and a random arrangement; some inclusions of historic interest, other inclusions of undoubted beauty; but between them there is a depression of the mediocre: "How doth the busy little bee" in the same volume with "Oh, Captain, my Captain"; Jane Taylor's "Thank you, pretty cow" keeping company with "Sir Patrick Spens." The volume is large and sumptuous. Had E. V. Lucas considered twice, he might have struck from his "Verses for Children" (The Macmillan Co.) a great deal of material which is of interest to the general student, but of little appeal to present-day juvenile readers. He has adopted Mrs. Wiggin's method of dividing his poems into sections with fanciful titles, such as "Friends in the Village," "Little Fowls of the Air," and "Ballads of Dumb Creatures." In the midst of poems which pleased our grandparents are to be found that lighter verse written by our contemporaries. But a child will have to hunt out what is of interest. In form, the volume is fresh and dainty, reminding one very much of the compiler's former collections of "Forgotten Tales of Long Ago" and "Old-Fashioned Tales." Of more scholarly pretensions than Mrs. Wiggin's collection is S. Baring-Gould's "A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes" (A. C. McClurg & Co.). There is a short dis-

criminating introduction, and ten pages of historical notes. The decorative borders on every page are so deep and black that one regrets more the absence of white margins.

Many readers look back upon their well-thumbed "Arabian Nights" with a distinct pleasure; they would rather read of Aladdin from a volume of fine print, with crude woodcuts of heroes in baggy trousers and heroines wearing filmy veils, than from the most gorgeous edition. No one, however, can deny attractiveness and richness to E. Dixon's "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights" (Putnam), which he has edited and arranged from the version based on Galland. He has been fortunate in securing as an illustrator such a man as John D. Batten. It is a relief to read again a text that has literary charm and construction; and the volume deserves warm recognition. E. P. Dutton & Co. have another volume of the "Arabian Nights," containing five or six of the best-known stories edited by W. H. Rouse and illustrated in color by Walter Paget, altogether one of the most attractive books of the season. It makes one feel not a little proud, when one's own ideas regarding favorite fairy tales are backed by the intellectually élite of the country—not that Charles Perrault or Hans Christian Andersen or Grimm need any support in their claim to immortality. Harper & Brothers have issued a tempting looking book in white covers, with illustrations by Peter Newell, which they have entitled "Favorite Fairy Tales"—being the childhood choice of representative men and women. There is a certain humor in learning that Henry James has clung to "Hop o' My Thumb"; and that William Jennings Bryan, backed by Miss Jane Addams, has given the palm of excellence to "The Ugly Duckling." This feature of the book is the least valuable, even though the method of selection might form the basis of an amusing article. The fairy tales are all undoubtedly classic, and the judges are to be congratulated on their taste. Andrew Lang, of course, adds another to his long list of colored Fairy Books. This time the tint is Olive (Longmans, Green & Co.). In a pleasantly written preface Mr. Lang tells how the reading and writing of fairy tales came into fashion in modern Europe. The stories in this volume come from various sources, including Turkey, Armenia, India, Denmark, and France. The admirable illustrations, including eight plates in color, are, as usual, by Henry J. Ford. J. B. Lippincott Co. issues an edition of an old favorite, George Macdonald's "The Princess and the Goblin," with illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk, together with the original wood-engravings after Arthur Hughes. This, perhaps the most popular of Macdonald's stories for children, was first published in 1871, and it has since been frequently reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic. The type of the present volume is large and clear.

Three books of ample and uniform size have been issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., under the general title of the Dandelion Classics. One of these has come to the reviewer's table before—"Robin Hood," whose adventures are told in the original ballad form, the selections and illustrations being made by Lucy Fitch Perkins. The book shows good taste, and the illustrations—most of them done in color—are simple in outline and excellent in spirit. Miss Perkins has likewise illustrated "The Twenty Best Fairy Tales"—taken from Andersen, Grimm, and Miss Mulock. The stories are some of our best known, and the pictures simple in execution. The final volume is "A Midsummer Night's Dream," adapted for young people from the Cambridge text. It is introduced by a story called "In the Days of Shakespeare," in which Will's brother Edmund—come to London Town—tells of the actors, and of their playing before the Queen. Miss Perkins again illustrates the scenes, and her color work is highly successful in humor and imagination. Especially happy in execution are the end papers, which in outline represent the characters of the play. A familiar-looking volume is "The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions," by Howard Pyle (Charles Scribner's Sons), told in text and pictures. This is a companion to the former volumes dealing with the Round Table, and it follows the original closely in spirit. In the re-telling of Malory, there is always a loss of spirit and of ruggedness, however sincere the effort may be; and it takes a genius equal to Malory's own to rewrite him. Not that we question Mr. Pyle's work, for it is far superior to the average attempt; but we look askance at the general method of adaptation, such as that pursued by J. Walker McSpadden, in his "Stories from Chaucer" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). We have commented before upon the excellent series in which this small volume appears. The publishers have done themselves credit by the variety and excellence of titles they have included; but, when one re-tells the Canterbury Stories, adding to them material which is not part of them, the result is of doubtful value. Mr. McSpadden's introduction is in many ways worthy, and he shows a sincere effort to retain the spirit of the master genius.

CURRENT FICTION.

Arethusa. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

We note that this story has been hailed, or announced, in certain quarters, as the best thing Mr. Crawford has done since the Saracinesca series. Some enterprising person must have read all the intervening books. This we cannot say we have done; but we seem to recall several out of the number which are far and away better than this rather perfunctory romance. It is of the popular historical type, great names and times used for purposes of color and costume in presenting the usual sentimental and swashbuckling adventures. Of course Mr. Crawford does the trick far better than the ordinary performer; but he never (so far as we recall) quite achieves that last miracle of transmutation by which the dross becomes gold. He is merely, as the author of some thirty-five novels should be, extraordinarily adept, a master of his craft, as a craft.

"Arethusa" is written in a tone of good-humored nonchalance. "The story-teller in the bazaar," as he calls himself, knows what his auditors want, and is content to let them have it. His place is Constantinople, and his time 1376. The two principal characters are Venetians by birth. One is an "ex-clerk, ex-gambler, ex-soldier of fortune, ex-lay prebendary of Patras, ex-duellist, and ex-Greek general"; now a merchant of Constantinople. He is commissioned by an old rascal of a Venetian friend to buy and forward a beautiful young female slave. He applies to a slave merchant, who, as it chances, has just come into possession of an extraordinary piece of merchandise. This is a girl of beauty that is remarkable (except in fiction), a supposed Greek, driven by the last extreme of destitution to sell herself into slavery for the sake of her mother and little brothers. Zeno, the Venetian, buys her in his own name, purposing to transfer the ownership at once to the friend who has given him the commission. This, for reasons which need not be specified, he finds himself unable to do. A bond of political interest presently unites Zeno and the girl, as well as the yet unacknowledged bond of personal sentiment. There follow certain adventures which would be thrilling if the pair did not obviously carry the usual hero-and-heroine insurance against actual calamity. In due time their plans succeed, the lady turns out to be a Venetian of gentle blood, and there is nothing further to detain us. Mr. Crawford is one of the most skilful of entertainers, and it would doubtless be ungracious for criticism to deplore his increasing tendency to lighten the quality of his entertainment.

The Heart of the West. By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Company.

After the intrinsic delicacy and fancy of "The Four Million," Mr. Porter's new volume of short stories is a distinct disappointment. Clever it is; Mr. Porter can hardly fail to be that, but cheaply clever, mistaking grotesqueness for humor, exaggeration for animal spirits, and too often ending in a trick, a cheap surprise. His vocabulary, so agreeable in "The Four Million" and in "Cabbages and Kings," here seems overstocked. His Texan cow punchers talk like intoxicated dictionaries, old-fashioned negro minstrels, and the advance agents of a wild west show. Where his little vignettes of New York teemed with the nicest observation (however comically expressed), the present stories are full of the kind of situation known only to fiction—tramps turned into industrious if playful ranchmen, reclaimed jockeys, long lost fathers. Perhaps the Southwest may really produce these miracles, but if this be true to life, it is to Mr. Porter's over-ornate treatment that his Petes, Curlies, and Bildad Roses owe their theatrical air of improbability.

The whole collection might be taken as an example of how conventional and tiresome the raciest slang may grow, when used in excess, as a means of enlivening flimsy and carelessly conceived commonplaces. If a new young man from nowhere had produced "Telemachus' Friend," or "The Seats of the Haughty," the stories might have passed as faintly amusing and as possessing a certain vitality. But judged by the standard of his own work, by that delicate prelude to "The Green Door" with its happy and charming imagery, Mr. Porter has fallen upon a moment of reaction when instead of growing into a more genial Maupassant (as we all hoped), he has lapsed into a mixture of fables in slang

and stock melodrama. It is not credible that so individual and delightful a talent should be so soon spent. At a time when such quality as he has shown is rare, Mr. Porter must take that talent a trifle more seriously.

In High Places. By Dolores Bacon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

After her taking skit, "The Diary of a Musician," Mrs. Bacon has reached that point so fateful to American novelists, the parting of the ways, where her next novel must definitely decide whether she is to develop further, or rest content with an active invention and a fairly fresh way of putting things.

"In High Places" deals with the typical American husband of the kind who makes millions untold for his wife to squander, receiving little or nothing in return. Contrasted with this unfair division of labor, the family of his partner, the Jewish banker, stands in happy relief. Indeed, the best touches throughout—even if verging upon caricature—lie in the domestic scenes between Wolfschön and his "Peeckie." The two sentimental German musicians, with all the qualities of Col. Newcome (of brain and heart) plus sausage and perpetual beer, are overdone, and too loosely knit into the story. The melodrama, with which their episode ends, strikes too violent a note, not, perhaps, for real life, but for a book of this kind. Nevertheless, the story shows more ability than the average novel, and an unexpected turn of phrase often whets the interest in perfectly commonplace matters.

The greatest surprise in the book, however, is brought about rather by deliberately misleading the reader than by deft manipulation of events, and this method of mystification is hardly legitimate. On the other hand, the scene where Rosalie refuses to divorce Drayton shows both power and imagination. The financial dealings, the Copper Trust, the failure of Hulot, are all kept well within bounds; while enough is told to set the machinery in motion, the reader is mercifully spared the tiresome minutiæ of business. This book can therefore be classed as a description of the way in which certain people lived their lives, not as the history of a copper deal incidentally involving the evolutions of a few standard puppets. "In High Places," in fact, inspires a hope that Mrs. Bacon may go on rather than back, that she may succeed in ridding herself of the shopworn, obvious side of her talent, and by clearing her mind of a residue of stock phrases and characters, leave it free to receive her own unhackneyed and genuine impressions.

Lord Cammarleigh's Secret. By Roy Horniman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

By providing his novel with the sub-title, "A Fairy Story of To-day," the author has protected himself against any charges of improbability. Anthony Brooke, a vagabond actor, penniless, but possessed of clever wits, self-confidence, and unbounded ambition, wanders dejectedly through the rainy streets of London, until the never-failing golden moment comes to him. He passes close to the Marquis of Cammarleigh, catches the hunted look in his eyes, knows him for a coward, and, under a supreme impulse of audacity, taps him on the shoulder and observes, "I know your secret." Through the hold that this pretended knowledge gives him over the rebellious but easily terrorized marquis, Anthony establishes himself as private secretary and superintendent in his victim's ill-managed household; brings about economy and system where all had been anarchy; smooths out Lord Cammarleigh's social relations; wins his respect, if not his friendship; and, by sheer impudence, gains an introduction for himself into the most aristocratic circles of London. Eventually he is chosen member of Parliament from Cammarleighburgh, and wins the hand of the beautiful niece of the marquis. One may question the ethics of these transactions, even in a fairy story; but Anthony is a blackmailer of too droll and amiable a type to allow one to be greatly offended by his unwarrantable successes.

The Mediator. By Edward A. Steiner. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

In spite of faults of literary style, this novel is of unusual interest because of the scenes in which the action takes place. The story begins in Russian Poland and describes in a graphic way an anti-Semitic persecution. In consequence of the danger and suffering to which they were exposed, the principal characters emigrate to New York, and the author gives a realistic account of their life in the Jewish quarter. The book is evidently intended as an eirenicon to compose the differences of Jew and Gentile. Unfortunately the attitude taken with respect to both Christianity and Judaism is not of a kind to enlist the sympathy of the adherents of either creed. Where prejudices exist on the part of Jew or Christian, the cause is racial rather than religious; and Mr. Steiner, who is apparently a convert from the older faith, seems to underestimate the real difficulty which divides the Christian from the people who have given him the source and principle of his religious life.

The realistic parts of the narrative contain many offences against good taste; and these are the more to be regretted because the conception of the author is original, and he writes at times with dramatic power.

The High and Puissant Princess Marguerite of Austria. By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

If only for Matthew Arnold's sake we should welcome this volume, since its heroine is the heart-broken widow who built the Church of Brou. It would be pedantic to point out the lapses from strict accuracy which occur in the course of the poem. The chief thing is that the Church of Brou furnishes as fine a subject for elegiacs as can be found—the hope of a life cut short, art brought to the service of true love, and the uplift which springs from an undying loyalty.

So rest, for ever rest, oh princely Pair!
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain-air,
Where horn, and hound, and vassals never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb,
From the rich painted windows of the nave,
On aisle and transept, and your marble grave.

The twain of whom Arnold sings thus were, of course, Philibert II., Duke of Savoy, and his faithful spouse, Marguerite of Austria. This princess was born to the Hapsburg line at a moment when its fortunes were about to reach their highest point. The motto of her grandfather, Frederick III., had been A. E. I. O. U.—"Austriæ est imperare omni universo." At the moment of its first utterance, this boast must have seemed to be fantastic nonsense, even on the lips of a holy Roman Emperor. But presently Maximilian married Mary of Burgundy, an alliance from which the European greatness of Frederick's descendants proceeded to spring. Philip, the first child, was born in 1478, and Marguerite, two years later. It only remained for Philip to wed Joanna, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. Then, with the Empire, the Low Countries, and Spain brought into one confederacy, Frederick III.'s vaunt came as near realization as ever swelling words do come.

Mr. Hare, then, is well within the mark when he styles Marguerite of Austria a "high and puissant princess." The daughter of Maximilian, the aunt of Charles V., regent of the Netherlands and Princess Dowager of Spain, she takes rank among the foremost women of the sixteenth century—an age when many women left their mark on politics. Perhaps the clearest light to be shed upon her character comes from her motto, "Fortune, infortune, forte une." In these words, so much nobler than the jingo aspiration of her grandfather, may be seen the guiding star of her life, which was crowded with sorrow, responsibility, and pain of body. Dante's "Ben tetragono ai colpi di ventura" voices the same mood, but it may be doubted whether the Florentine exile had a heavier burden than the Hapsburg princess.

As a biographer, Mr. Hare has not quite learned the art of making political annals subservient to the interpretation of character. One important trait, however, he has raised in high relief. Marguerite was, above all things, loyal. True to her husband's memory, after a fashion almost unparalleled among the grand dames of that age, she was no less true to her father, Maximilian, and her nephew, Charles V. In the "Courtier" Castiglione praises her government of the Low Countries, but it was from no mere love of rule that she filled the regency of that troubled land. Devotion to the family interest ever came before the promptings which more naturally would have made her crave leisure and the life of the soul. Best of all, one can give in her own words the motive which dominated her acts from girlhood to death.

Tousjours loyal, quoy que advienne
En tout et partout l'homs doit estre,
Tant soit il seculier ou prestre;
Droit dit que loyalté l'ou tienne.

Dieu veut certes qu'on s'entretienne
En fortune bonne ou senestre
Tousjours loyal.

Pouser le cas qui mes avienne
Et que le tout ne vient à dextre,
Je ne scay mieux du monde en l'estre
Pour l'homme for qui se mentienne
Tousjours loyal.

Marguerite of Austria is so fine a figure among princesses, showing how "even in a palace life may be well lived," that we have said more for her than of her biographer. Mr. Hare employs good mate-

rials, and keeps well in touch with Marguerite's correspondence, but much of his narrative is trite. This criticism must not he taken as wholesale depreciation, for it is a hard task to make princesses of the sixteenth century live again. Even Mary Stuart is a wooden personage in the hands of the generality, however gorgeous may he the adjectives employed. Mr. Harc has written a hook which at the lowest appreciation is creditable. If at times his drawing is somewhat commonplace, it is hecause he has attempted a difficult form of portraiture. To he more categorical, our worst censure is directed against a style of composition which the following sentence will illustrate:

Poor lady! She can scarcely have expected a happy life as the wife of a prince on whom she was thus forced; an unwilling bridegroom, who had frittered away his affections on many ohjects, and was now entircly devoted to Mademoiselle d'Heilly, soon to become Duchesse d'Etampes, and his queen in all hut name.

The Idylls and the Ages. By John F. Genung. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.

Inquiries and Opinions. By Brander Matthews. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Great Writers. By G. E. Woodberry. New York: The McClure Co. $1.20 net.

Those readers who care for the academic exegesis of poetry will douhtless find much that is stimulating in Prof. John F. Genung's "The Idylls and the Ages," a hooklet upon Tennyson's Arthurian cycle. Despite an ornamental, hardly legible page of type, and a correspondingly precious literary manner that deals with such choicely phrased matters as "Spiritual Dynamic in the Ages Poetry," "Complementary Arcs in the Life Orhit," and "Assessment of Residual Values," the essay will convey the sentiment and ethical implication of the "Idylls" with full fidelity to the earnest seeker. If it docs not succeed in elucidating very clearly or freshly "the central thrust" of the cycle, it does at any rate give us a carefully meditated and elaborately phrased study of its qualities and composition. Our quarrel with it is chiefly for its literary cant and esoteric eloquence, its lack of the prose point of view; a lack that is too frequent in the writings of those preoccupied with the sympathetic "appreciation" of Victorian poetry.

Prof. Brander Matthews's latest volume of essays, "Inquiries and Opinions," is rather refreshing in its candid externality to "spiritual dynamics." The inquiries, which range from "Invention and Imagination" to "The Art of the Stage Manager," and the opinions, which are expressed upon such various suhjects as Mark Twain and Maupassant, are the inquiries and opinions of a writer who is shrewd, clear-headed, well-informed, *au courant,* a craftsman. They are comparatively devoid of temperament, of the discursive touch, of charm; they afford us no unexpected lights or sudden vistas, hut they furnish us many interesting facts and just observations set forth with singular lucidity and coherence.

In his volume of essays on "Great Writers," the peculiar critical genius of G. E. Woodherry is seen to exceptional advantage. The papers have been trained down to an athletic sparcness. There is no quotation, no reference to authority, no rhetorical expatiation. Three great prose writers are treated, and three world poets, Cervantes, Scott, Montaigne; Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare. The short declarative sentence, the keen poetic phrase, these are the materials in which Mr. Woodberry has worked in painting his pictures of the minds of great writers. He approaches high matters with a suhtle simplicity that lends a dignity to the texture of his prose, and reinforces his humane imagination with a singularly concrete and vivid sense of the individuality of historical periods. The essays upon the prose writers are perhaps a little more interesting and satisfactory than those upon the poets. In the latter case Mr. Woodherry is apt to catch a certain fervor from his suhject that tends to make him rather the rhapsodist than the critic. Perhaps best of all is the essay on Cervantes, which is even lighted hy some appropriate gleams of humor, a quality that has not always attended Mr. Woodherry's work. How compact and telling is this summary of the *dramatis personæ* of "Don Quixote":

It is a hook written in Spain as from the centre of the world, and this Spain was filled with its own folk; the race-mark of "the old Christian blood," of dark-skinned Moor and gypsy was stamped on them; they came forth in all their variety of life, hidalgo, bourgeoise, picaresque, ducal, provincial, intellectual, young and old, good and had, soldier, student, and priest, innkeepers, criminals, players, peasants, lovers, highways, barhers, carriers, judges, officials, doctors, menagerie-men damsels, duennas—an endless list. Scarce any book has so many people in it. This mass is put in constant movement, which gives an unwearied liveliness to the scene. It is a hook of life on the road. All the world is *en voyage.* The galley-slaves are there; even the dead are going a journey.

When Mr. Woodberry comes to subtler points of interpretation he is equally pregnant and provocative:

This strange madness of Don Quixote is comic in its accidents, in its circumstantial defeat, in its earthly environment; hut in itself it is tragic. Its seat is in the very excellency of the soul; its illusions take body in the noblest human aims, the most heroic nature, and virtue of the purest strain. A madman has no character; hut it is the character of Don Quixote that at last draws the knight out of all his degradations and makes him triumph in the heart of the reader. Modern dismay hegins in the thought that here is not the abnormality of an individual, hut the madness of the soul in its own nature.

There is a question whether Mr. Woodherry is not preoccupied a shade too much with the tragical aspects of the book, which, after all, must remain for nine readers out of ten, what it was for Hogarth and Fielding and Smollett, the world's great comic masterpiece; yet it is well for the tenth to have so convincing an analysis of the book as "the paradox of idealism."

The France of To-day. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Prof. Barrett Wendell hrought hack from his recent trip to France the material for a volume of impressions. He has not, and does not pretend to have, an acquaintance with the French hased upon years of residence, as in the case of Philip Gilhert Hamerton and Miss Betham-Edwards, or upon years of travel like the magisterial Mr. Bodley. On the other hand, his hook is fresher and more vivid than the painstaking and sometimes painful enucleation of French traits hy W. C. Brownell. Professor Wendell made good use of his exceptionally favorable opportunities for observation. The French are slow to admit strangers to their family life, not necessarily, as sometimes suggested, from selfishness, but rather hecause of thrifty habits which have never made entertaining natural or convenient and have limited it to important functions, the Gargantuan marriage feasts of the peasants or the hig dinner at a restaurant of the *bourgeoisie.* When, however, one occupies, as did the author of this hook, a semi-official position, the chances for intercourse, however ceremonious, hecome correspondingly greater; and the opening chapter upon the universities introduces one to a side of French life unfamiliar to globe trotters on their way through France or to the manufacturers of literary guidehooks to the various provinces. From the universities the writer passes to those hroader generalizations of which he is fond upon society, the French temperament, literature, religion, the Revolution, and the Repuhlic.

The universities, as autonomous bodies, are indeed recent creations, though the provincial faculties have vegetated harmlessly for generations. The first glimpse into the world of scholarship opens the eyes of the tourist, who takes the Frenchman for a loiterer, and who judges him hy an occasional Latin Quarter students' effervescence. Industry is unremitting, in school through discipline, and in the higher studies through competition. Thus the danger which the French scholar must avoid is quite as much that of hecoming a *rat de bibliothèque* as a *fâncur.*

The American academic missionary apparently received a cordial welcome everywhere, and the rose-colored impressions which he experienced seem to have permeated his vision of French life and character. Every nation has some hlot upon its scutcheon, and that of France is so conspicuous and so openly flaunted hy the French themselves to the world, that it is well to hear a defender speak for them. Explanation is, however, only partial excuse. It may give some satisfaction to know that the hitter hostilities which justify the saying, *Gallus Gallo lupus,* and have made French political life unspeakahle, are due to excessive indulgence in *a priori* reasoning; it is an intellectual soothing syrup, rather than a moral gratification, to hear that the French novel and drama do not represent life and that France is full of happy homes. This explanation does not make French political life more endurahle or French fiction more palatahle. The Frenchman's judgment of a hook is entirely intellectual, and concerns its value as a work of art without moral prepossessions. But a whole literature cannot be unrelated to a national life, in the portrayal of which even the sedate and Protestant *Temps* would often be ahle to make the British matron stare and gasp.

The chief explanation of so-called French immorality lies in the fact that the influence of woman hegins only with marriage. Nohody charges French women with heing

immoral, and M. Brieux, in his recent play, "La Française," set up a man of straw in his American who could not believe in their virtue. Our own society may be over-feminized, as critics maintain: the Frenchman never fears social ostracism from the time he is released from school and family discipline until marriage, however contrary to moral convention his conduct. French women have themselves to blame for not exacting from men a stricter reckoning.

An important merit of Professor Wendell's study lies in his realization of the fact that the French temperament is essentially a logical one, and has been so ever since scholastic philosophy made its home in the rue de Fouarre. The Frenchman determines a course of action by *a priori* reason, and carries it to its conclusions regardless of other facts or theories. It was in the name of ideals of humanity that the murders of the French Revolution were perpetrated by a "sea green incorruptible"; it was in the belief that the legal *chose jugée* should be maintained that Dreyfus, guilty or not, was to be left to die in exile. Literature, therefore, becomes a vehicle chiefly for the enunciation of theories. M. Brieux, in one of his most notorious plays, does not even give individual names to his characters; poetry tends to be the embodiment of some symbol, the epic perished in the classical age under the weight of allegorical moralizing; and criticism often builds magnificent *palais d'idées*, though their foundations totter on the shifting sands of controversy.

Professor Wendell's book is both entertaining and profitable, and can be recommended as an introduction to the study of the French character.

The Spirit of Old West Point. By Morris Schaff. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

Since the fateful days of the civil war, in whose fiery furnace the graduates of West Point won anew their right to the nation's confidence, there has been no volume which so happily and truthfully pictures the life of the little military colony on the Hudson as that of Morris Schaff. With depth of feeling, a kindly charity, and generous pride, he recites the story of the average boy of his day and generation in his progress through the model of military schools the world over. Scattered through the pages are glimpses of the careers of many of the graduates whose blood has tinged our fields of battle over the wide expanse of a Continent. The author was a cadet when the civil war broke out, and his description of scenes and incidents of those trying days, when some of the lads at the academy were following older heads back to the South to join the Confederacy, throws new light upon an historic era. There are several pathetic descriptions of meetings of opposing classmates and friends on the battlefields and in hospitals. No words of bitterness; each fought for the right as he saw it, fought as became him who had worn the gray coatee under the spreading elms on the bank of the Hudson.

Describing the receipt of his own appointment in an Ohio country district, his journey to and arrival at West Point, the author says:

> The sensations of the new cadet when he reaches the Plain linger a long while. There are two West Points—the actual West Point, and the overarching spiritual one, of which the cadet only becomes conscious about the time when he graduates. The determinate West Point that is to be his master for four years, and the shaper of his destiny, meets him at the top of the slope with ominous silence. He hears no voice, he sees no portentous figure, but there is communicated in some way, through some medium, the presence of an invisible authority, cold, inexorable, and relentless. Time never wears away this first feeling; it comes back to every graduate on returning to West Point, let his years and his honors be what they may. And perhaps it is just as well that it is so; that there is one place left in our country where the vanity of asserted ancestry, and the too frequent arrogance of speculative, purse-proud, and fortuitous commercial leadership find a chill.

To hazing the author refers in much the same spirit that pervades most old graduates who are not on duty at the academy:

> When I reported, it was running full tide, and while it made life sufficiently miserable for me, yet, as I look back over it all, smiles rather than frowns gather. At the risk of being charged as a covert advocate, I must say that it was a mighty leveler in my day; and that the fellow who got it worst and most frequently, if he did not deserve it, at least courted it by some lofty manner of resented witticism. To be sure, sometimes a profoundly rural simplicity, some queer wild look, tone of voice, or manner, would get faithful, if not undue, attention.

The course at West Point has come in for more or less criticism at various periods because of the paucity of literature and history and the excess of mathematics and philosophy. Concerning this argument the author says that the graduates have "worthily met the mighty problems of war." And he holds that West Point "is a great character-builder, perhaps the greatest among our institutions of learning." And it may be that the very bareness and rigor of the course, the neglect of those studies which are supposed to cultivate intellectual grace and amenity, have a direct and potent effect in the development of straightforwardness in character.

Upon this effect of West Point the author dwells at length. He notes among the immediate personal influences which are, so to speak, the initial processes of the spirit of West Point for transforming new cadets into officers, "the stimulating effects which come with wearing the uniform, with the mastery of one's motions in walking, marching, or entering the presence of a superior, with the constant regard to neatness and the habit of scrupulous truth-telling," and he adds:

> Moreover, there is something uplifting in finding one's self among high-minded equals, and in realizing that in your superiors is lodged one of the most important functions of government—the right and power of command. Then, too, the cadet begins to be conscious of the exclusive and national distinction of the Military Academy. Very soon, the monuments, the captured guns, and dreaming colors—which at the outset are mere interesting, historic relics—beckon to him; he feels that they have something to say. Before he leaves West Point they have given him their message, revealing from time to time to his vision that field from which lifts the radiant mist called glory.

It would be easy to quote many more passages in the same tone; a tone which is at times more sentimental than one would expect from the stern man of war. But this very characteristic is a fresh illustration of that warm affection which every one of generous temper feels for the teachers and even the material buildings and grounds of the institution where he experienced his great awakening as his youth flowered into manhood. Without further quotation or comment it is enough to say that this book presents an interesting and vivid description of this discipline, physical, mental, and moral, by which a boy acquires "the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman."

Science.

EXPERIMENTS IN EVOLUTION.

The Zoölogical Society of London has to its credit a long array of scientific Proceedings and Transactions well known the world over, but the Zoölogical Society of our own city, owing to its work of preparing the Zoölogical Park for the public, has thus far published only its *Bulletin*, popular in nature, and the quasi-scientific articles in the Annual Report. Vol. 1, No. 1 of *Zoölogica*, the scientific publication of the society, hast just appeared, containing a forty-page article on "Geographic Variation in Birds, with Special Reference to the Effects of Humidity," by C. William Beebe, curator of birds. The article is based on experiments carried on with living birds, at the Zoölogical Park during the past six years. The results are of considerable interest, especially from the point of view of evolution and the external factors which influence the formation of species. This field of experiment is almost untouched, and if future research yields as unlooked-for results as are detailed in this article, it will prove well worth cultivation.

It has been known for years that many mammals, birds, and reptiles inhabiting a humid region show a much darker coat, or increased pigmentation of the hair, feathers, or scales, than do individuals from dryer localities. In fact, subspecies and full species are often based on such characters as these. In a wild state the wood thrush varies but slightly, being a highly migratory bird. In humid Guatemala, however, the spots on the breast of these birds are said to be of unusual size and color. In one of Mr. Beebe's experiments three normally colored young wood thrushes were taken from a nest in the spring of 1902, and reared by hand. One was confined in a humid atmosphere, where it lived until August 20, 1904. This bird had become radically different in color from its fellows, especially on the breast and sides. The dark spots had increased greatly in size, in some places becoming almost confluent. The wing and tail feathers, on the contrary, showed marked albinism.

The white-throated sparrow is like the thrush, in showing little or no geographical variation in a wild state. Two of these sparrows were trapped from the same flock in October, 1901, both young males. One was kept outdoors under normal conditions, and the other confined in a super-humid atmosphere. In October, 1904, after the winter moult was completed, both birds were chloroformed. The former is in perfectly normal plumage; the latter is almost mahogany colored. There is an increase of black and rufous, and a reduction or ob-

literation of yellow, buff, gray, and white. The gray of the breast is unchanged except for a number of broad streaks of dark brown, which are confluent in a large black pectoral spot. Although any theory based upon such meagre data must be tentative, yet it is interesting to note that a similar pattern of streaks and spot is characteristic of the first winter plumage. The experiment of Mr. Beebe hints at atavism, or a latent tendency to reacquire pigment in the juvenile pattern. If the melanistic thrush and sparrow were found wild, no systematist would hesitate an instant in designating them as new and well-defined species.

Part V., by far the most important division of the paper, deals with the inca, or scaly doves (Scardafella). After demonstrating the geographical gradation of certain color characteristics in the wing and tail feathers of wild birds, those under experiment are discussed. The summary of the effects of humidity on these birds is given under ten brief paragraphs:

(1.) When typical specimens of Scardafella inca (the pale northern desert form) are confined in a superhumid atmosphere, a radical change in the pigmentation of the plumage takes place with each succeeding annual moult.

(2.) A change, apparently similar in extent and direction, results from an artificially induced monthly renewal of the feathers.

(3.) The change at the first annual moult brings the bird close to the S. inca dialeucos type.

(4.) At the second annual moult, the plumage approximates either the Brazilian type or the typical S. ridgwayi, the succeeding changes being unrepresented by wild species of the genus.

(5.) Intrinsically, the change is at first a segregation and intensification of the melanin, resulting in a clearing up and extension of the white or whitish areas.

(6.) A period of equilibrium later ensues, until the increase of melanin is such that it begins to encroach on the white area; this continuing until all trace of white has disappeared.

(7.) Coincident with this intense blackening of the plumage part of the epidermis, occurs an increase of pigment of the choroid coat of the eye.

(8.) When the concentration of the melanin has reached a certain stage, a change in color occurs, from dull dark brown or black to a brilliant iridescent bronze or green.

(9.) This iridescence reaches its highest development on the wing-coverts, and inner secondaries, where in many genera of tropical and subtropical doves, iridescence most often occurs.

(10.) All these changes take place by continuous variations, and there is no change of color without moult.

The significance of these changes in regard to the direction of evolution, and their correlation with natural selection, taxonomy, and organic selection, are then discussed. These interesting discoveries certainly furnish a significant clue for the bridging of a great gap in our scientific knowledge. The fact that such radical changes in appearance can be brought about—not only by the well-known method of careful selection through many generations, and with definite exclusion of the very improbable theory of change of color in the plumage without moult—but by comparatively rapid, cumulative, apparently orthogenetic, acquired variations, may force a revision of our ideas as to the length of time necessary for the formation of new races and species, when these are based on color characters alone; and this without the aid of De Vries's theory of mutation by one profound saltation.

Dr. Ephraim Cutter, widely known as a voluminous writer on medical subjects, and his son Dr. J. A. Cutter in "Food: Its Relation to Health and Disease" (New York: Gazette Publishing Co.), present some pertinent facts about foods and a large amount of opinion, much of it rather too subjective for general use. To the insistent publisher is attributed the curtailment of the book (384 pages) as well as the banishment of numerous illustrations to the obscurity of a safety vault until they are wanted. What remains embodies rather peculiar views on many matters, among others as to nitrogen (which cannot be "a forceless, negative thing, as conventionally taught, so long as dynamite and over five hundred other explosives, as listed in the 'Standard Dictionary,' depend on nitrogen in themselves or in the air for their explosive properties"), and the "animalization" of fungi in relation to disease. Under foods are included mental or spiritual foods with the explanation that "mental kingdom foods are music, speech, ideas, knowledge, arithmetic, grammar, literature," a comprehensive group. Under each food will be found a few statements concerning its composition and preparation and a discussion of its goodness or badness, its sustaining power, its relation to the "æsthetic" test, the influence of fashion, and yet other relations. Thus we learn, concerning salt, for example:

Salt is an æsthetic in that it gives pleasure and satisfaction to eaters; the shell heaps of the whole Atlantic Coast of the United States evidence the gusto with which the aborigines ate soft shell clams; one cannot conceive of a clambake being unbeautiful (unæsthetic). Why is the clam called festive? Why did the 1900 national convention of undertakers have a clambake in the cemetery at Sharon, Mass., if not pleasurable, for of all men undertakers are most careful of their ethics, and what would clams be without the salt?

Sheep and lamb have spiritual value making for "meekness, submission, innocence, mildness, and patience," but the bean, the ordinary baked bean—low be it spoken—is bad, being "a homely domestic unæsthetic dish to set before one's guestless family" and otherwise dangerous, for "had New Englanders ate the right kind of properly cooked baked beans, perhaps there would not have been so many theological antagonisms in that favored land."

Some four years ago A. Forel wrote a book on the hygiene of the nervous system. Two years later a second edition appeared, and this has now been translated for the Science Series by H. A. Aikins, with the titles "Nervous and Mental Hygiene: Hygiene of Nerves and Mind in Health and Disease" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The work is a clear and sensible treatment of the questions involved, and deserves to be widely read. In the first part there is an entertaining outline of the author's view of mental phenomena, and of the relation of mind to brain, a singularly brief but neat and clean cut account of the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system, and an illuminating consideration of development and of the significance of the Darwinian doctrines and the mnemetic engraphy of Semon. Forel takes the monistic point of view with a frankness which seems to cause the translator some anxiety. The second part treats of the pathology of the nervous life, the essentials being presented in a masterly manner. In discussing the etiology Forel lays, of course, much stress on the influence of alcohol. This was to be expected from his well-known attitude and his courageous insistence on his convictions. The question might be raised, however, whether he has not here and there put the horse behind the cart. Nervous hygiene in the most general sense is treated in the last third of the book, and a vastly instructive treatment it is, too. Exercise and rational living, work rather than drugs, are the important agencies in warding off disturbances of the nervous action, and here "public, or rather social, hygiene should everywhere be superior to individual hygiene when there is a conflict between them," as there often is. There is also much suggestive discussion of many problems: school, family, the Sunday question, worry, the meaning of "natural," and yet others. The translation is exceptionally smooth and fluent; in fact many paragraphs have a rather remarkable quality of fresh and crisp rendering. *Hemo supersapiens* is almost the only slip in the proofreading that attracts attention.

Prof. Asaph Hall, the astronomer, connected for many years with the naval service, died on November 23. He was born in 1829, and after an interrupted and irregular course of study he went to Cambridge in 1857 to work in the Harvard Observatory. In 1862 he entered the Washington Naval Observatory, where he remained till his retirement in 1891. During these years he headed many government astronomical expeditions and made numerous discoveries, notably in 1877, when he observed the two moons of Mars, which he named Deimos and Phobos. In 1895 he returned to Harvard as a professor of astronomy. Professor Hall was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, a foreign member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, and held membership and offices in other learned societies.

Drama.

The Ibsen Secret. By Jeannette Lee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

This little book is chiefly remarkable for its ingenuity in the exposition of a futile theory and its radical misconception of what constitutes dramatic merit. It might be dismissed with brief mention—for it has nothing new or significant to say in the way of either criticism or interpretation—if it were not so entirely representative of the attitude of a large class of professed Ibsen worshippers, who have more enthusiasm than discrimination. Saner Ibsenites, of course, are content to base their admiration of "the master" upon his extraordinary skill as a playwright, his vigor and insight as a social satirist, his sturdy courage as a champion of the rights of free will, his hatred of all compromise, and his gifts of poetic imagination. More flat nonsense, perhaps, has been uttered on the subject of his symbolism than on any other of his attributes, real or imaginary, and it is by this that Miss Lee has been chiefly inspired, or misled.

Many essayists before her have probed, to their own satisfaction, and proclaimed the meaning of many of his alleged mysteries, and her contention is that each of the social plays is constructed around one central symbol, a knowledge of which is essential to a proper understanding of the work. Thus the Tarantelle is the key to "A Doll's House," the pistol to "Hedda Gabler," Eyolf and his crutch to "Little Eyolf," the climbing of the tower to "The Master Builder," the hospital to "Ghosts," and so forth. Her solutions may be right in every instance—and it is only fair to say that her arguments are ingenious and show familiarity with the subject—but they are of the smallest possible consequence. She is mistaken in supposing that the employment of symbolism is in itself a proof of genius, that it is a fresh device in fiction of any kind, or that the value of drama is necessarily increased by it. A symbolism which is far-fetched, or obscure, or is capable of half a dozen different interpretations, is useless, especially in drama. Ibsen himself always denied that his plays were symbolical, probably because he knew that anybody with the least power of imagination could find symbolism in everything, and was unwilling that his deeper meaning, when he had one, should be weakened or distorted by every amateur commentator. None of them, it may be noted, have thrown much light upon what he left dark. As for Miss Lee's dictum that symbolism is clearer to the spectator in a theatre than to the reader in a library, few persons will accept it. Imagination has no free flight on the stage.

The suggestion that in "When We Dead Awaken," Ibsen made confession of his own mistake and failure in deserting poetry and idealism for prose and realism is more ingenious than convincing. His egoism would have prevented him from suspecting himself of being actuated by that spirit of compromise which he so unsparingly denounced. Moreover, he could scarcely have associated his prose plays, to which he owed nearly all he had of fame or fortune, with the thought of failure. But that his last play is full of retrospective allusion to his own work has been generally admitted.

Our attention has been called to errors in our review, October 17, of Dr. H. H. Furness's Variorum Edition of "Antonie and Cleopatra," viz.: that in his Preface he makes an "outburst against the study of Shakespeare's source," and that his prefaces "are not always to be taken as representing the editor's sober and fixed opinion; for they occasionally contradict that opinion as expressed in the body of the volumes." On a reëxamination of the book we are bound to say that Dr. Furness in this Preface does not exclaim against the study of sources, but does protest against the misleading prepossession sometimes carried from such study into the interpretation of Shakespeare's characters. There is therefore no discrepancy between such a protest and Dr. Furness's own study of sources in the body of the volume. It is hardly necessary to say that we deeply regret having done injustice to Dr. Furness's monumental work.

Whoever wishes a daily reminder of Goethe will find the "Goethe Kalender" for 1908 (an importation of G. E. Stechert & Co.) just the thing. There are eight pictures of Mephistopheles by Theodor Weicher, and twenty or more studies of the Mephistophelian Devil by Hermann, Possadt, Weiser, Lewinsky, Fr. Alexander, and other star-actors. The book is ornamented by E. R. Weisz, Karl Bauer, and Hans N. Busse, and is tastefully printed. The number of German calendars this year exceeds all that of previous seasons.

If symbolism be, as some writers seem to hold, a great virtue, "The Toy-maker of Nuremberg," which was produced in the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, might lay claim to a place of high distinction as drama. Ostensibly it is as simple a little story as has ever found its way to the footlights; but for those who search for hidden meanings, it is full of suggestion. Briefly, it shows how an old toy-maker is ruined by the substitution of Teddy bears for dolls, as the pets of childhood, and how he is restored to happiness and prosperity by his son, who knew how to take advantage of the popular craze and profit by a fashion which his father despised. The bears, of course, may plausibly be accepted as types of the rapacity and greed which work evil in a community which has outgrown the innocence of toys. But, apart from its moral, or satirical references, this little piece by Austin Strong is notable for its simple pathos and humor, as well as its blend of romance and realism. Although conventional and perfectly transparent in construction, it is strong in human interest, and proves that dramatic situations are not dependent upon abnormal motives. It was well received, on the whole, by a first-night audience, but was less successful than it deserves to be because some of the principal actors, especially W. J. Ferguson, were incapable of giving full and unaffected expression to the simple humor and pathos of vital scenes. They spoiled the effect by an elaboration of artifice which was entirely out of place in a piece depending for its illusions upon complete sincerity. The representation is likely to improve with rehearsals; but, in any case, is well worthy the attention of those desiring thoroughly wholesome and attractive entertainment.

Music.

THE WEEK AT THE OPERA.

The number of popular operas is so limited that one must welcome every effort to relieve the monotony, even when the experiment turns out as disastrously as did the recent production at the Metropolitan Opera House of Cilèa's "Adriana Lecouvreur." Much more successful was the first production here, on Monday, of Massenet's "Thais," at the Manhattan. It cannot be denied that Massenet writes too much, and that his music not infrequently is theatrical rather than dramatic; yet his operas are vastly more interesting than most of Puccini's or those of the other contemporary Italians; and Mr. Hammerstein must be commended for giving prominence to the modern French repertory as a counterweight to the Metropolitan's Italianism. "Thais" is not a new opera; it was first sung in 1894 in Paris, where the title rôle was created by Sibyl Sanderson. Another American, Mary Garden, renewed its life, and for her sake, primarily, it has been produced in this city. It is based on one of the novels of Anatole France, and is concerned with the adventures of Athanael, an early Christian monk, who goes to Alexandria to rescue the soul of Thais, the beautiful and profligate actress. He succeeds, and she dies a saint, but not until her charms have wiped all traces of saintliness from his soul. It is an effective story for operatic purposes, and Massenet has made good use of it. If he fails to rise to a great dramatic climax his music, on the other hand, is never dull; there is always something in the melody, harmony, or orchestral coloring to keep the attention. None of the music is deliberately Egyptian, like some of the melodies in "Aïda"; but there is quaint Oriental coloring in some of the scenes. The influence of "Parsifal" on the musical portraiture of Athanael is frequently apparent. M. Renaud's impersonation of this rôle was fascinatingly realistic. Miss Garden relies largely on her personal charms—as, indeed, in this opera, she must to make the monk's apostasy plausible. Her voice is serviceable, without being remarkable for beauty or cultivation. As an actress she revealed talent of a high order.

It is not often that a bass singer becomes as popular as a tenor. Even Edouard de Reszke, consummate artist though he was, never quite achieved the same eminence—or the same emoluments—as his brother Jean. Lablache is a conspicuous exception; and may be Theodore Chaliapine, who made his American début at the Metropolitan Opera House last week as Mefistofele in Boito's opera of the same name, will prove another. He is a Russian endowed with one of those huge voices which are a characteristic of that country, and he has made a sensation in every city where he has so far appeared. Yet he is said to have learned only four rôles, his specialty being operatic devils—the hero of Rubinstein's "The Demon," and the Mephistopheles in several of the Faust operas. Judging by the attitude of the Metropolitan audience, all of these operas will get a new lease of life through his diabolical impersonation. That impersonation, in Boito's opera, lacks the subtlety, the sarcasm, the humor to which other artists have accustomed us, but theatrically it is extremely picturesque and effective. Chaliapine won a genuine success despite the annoying claque which applauded him at the wrong places, and the weakness of Boito's opera, the prologue of which has more inspiration in it than all the rest of the score. Miss Geraldine Farrar lent the charm of her art to the rôle of Margherita, and the occasion was further made notable by the début of Ricardo Martin, a Kentuckian, who proved to be a genuine high-class operatic tenor. In the early scenes he seemed to be merely an unusually good lyric singer, but in the prison scene he thrilled the audience with splendid outbursts of dramatic passion.

One often hears the expression "Bayreuth in New York" when a Wagner opera is particularly well done here, but as a matter of fact, neither Bayreuth nor Munich is likely to offer so strong a cast as that which sang "Die Meistersinger" on Saturday night

at the Metropolitan Opera House. The list included Knote, Van Rooy, Goritz, and Reiss, beside Gadsky as Eva; nor have those German cities a conductor who can bring out better the poetry and the eloquence of Wagner's scores than we have in Hertz, whose only fault is that he sometimes overlooks Wagner's injunction to conductors not to forget that there are only a few singers pitted against a whole band of players. It is reported that Weingartner, on assuming his new functions as intendant of the Imperial Opera in Vienna the other day, intimated that he intended, among other things, to emphasize the comedy side of Wagner's opera. In view of that, it would not be safe at this moment to expatiate on the extremely funny Beckmesser of Goritz (who kept the audience laughing loudly) for fear that Weingartner might bribe him to leave us. He is the best Beckmesser we have ever had.

No pianist but Paderewski would have dared to do what he did at his second Carnegie Hall concert, when he devoted half of his programme to two sonatas, one of them his own Opus 21, new to the public, the other the great B minor sonata of Liszt, seldom played, and difficult of comprehension. But the Polish pianist is fortunately so popular that he can afford to suit himself, knowing that the public will fill the hall, no matter how he fills the bill. His sonata proved to be a work of a depth which few can have fathomed at a first hearing, even with the advantage of the composer's own lucid and passionate interpretation. In this sonata there is much musical thought and much musical beauty, especially in the placid andante which separates the surging opening allegro from the rapid and dazing final movement. After the two sonatas Paderewski played a group of Chopin pieces in which he revealed a masculinity of that composer which contrasted strikingly with the feminine Chopin of Vladimir de Pachmann's recent recital in the same hall.

The twelfth volume of the superb edition of the musical works of Rameau is given over entirely to the opera ballet "Platée." This had a single representation at the Versailles court for the Dauphin's marriage in 1745 and a short run at the Paris Opéra in 1749. It has been reconstituted for orchestra and piano, and, by a just revenge of time, is ready for present-day lyric theatres. The place of Rameau in the history of music is now recognized. This piece has another interest. Coypel's famous painting in the Louvre of the male singer dressed up as a nymph is a portrait of Jélyotte, who took the comic part between Jupiter and jealous Juno. A reproduction of this picture, with contemporary frontispiece of the ballet and caricature of Rameau, are included in the present volume, which the editor has made an historical document.

The original manuscript of one of Beethoven's most important compositions (Opus 120) is offered by the great Leipzig bookseller, Karl W. Hiersemann, for 42,000 marks. It is described as consisting of 42 leaves, each having eight staves on each side, except leaf No. 1, which has sixteen staves on each page. The last three pages are blank.

Art.

On Art and Artists. By Max Nordau; translated by W. F. Harvey. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

Dr. Nordau has apparently changed some of his opinions since he ran amuck through modern art in "Degeneration," but he is the same man as ever. His present work shows all his old self-confidence, his old facility of blundering and his supreme contempt for every one else, expressed in his old wealth of vituperative epithet. "The brazen foreheads of the babblers who have the chief say in the art criticism of the time"; "the consequential, high-stepping, deep-thinking drivel of professional and other chatterers, who, to hide their dearth of thought, turn out new words"; "the babbling empty heads, with their pretentious threshing of phrases": these are a few of his gems of language. And as he mentions no writer in any other terms, we are forced to conclude that these descriptions are intended to cover all writers on art except himself.

His change of opinion is most clearly marked in the case of Puvis de Chavannes. A reader of "Degeneration" rubs his eyes when he finds Max Nordau saying of the last picture of the Saint Géneviève cycle that it is "a masterpiece" and that in seizing "once more on the . . . theme which had occupied him from the days of his youth [he was fifty-two years old when he began it!], he found again some of the power and unction which secures to its predecessors their glorious place in the century's art." It is true that, to save his face, Nordau still denounces Puvis's pale coloring as "morbid" and his allegories as "childish" and "pretentious"; but as Nordau finds Whistler's tendency to black and gray a proof of extreme sensitiveness to color and has nothing but praise for Carrière, who banished color entirely, one cannot take the first of these criticisms very seriously. The second amounts to the expression of a dislike for ideal subjects. The former "degenerate" has become an "academic" painter and a "descendant of Cornelius"! Nordau's explanation of his change of front is that "Puvis de Chavannes is dead, and his influence is dying . . . So it is no longer necessary to attack him. . . . Now his appreciation no longer requires polemical pricks, and we can say"—a part of the truth. One could hardly wish for a frânker confession that "Degeneration" was a piece of polemics, and that its elaborate apparatus was perfected merely to supply missiles to throw at whatever the author happened to dislike.

That apparatus having served its turn, is now abandoned. What would once have been evidences of one knows not what aberration are now, in the essay on Bright and Dark Painting, set down, much more plausibly, to the necessity for an artist "exhibiting where his work will be one of two thousand . . . to be as different as possible from these . . . to make a striking impression among them." Mental disease in the artist has thus been succeeded by commercial shrewdness as a cause of changing tendencies in art.

But Dr. Nordau is capable of even more startling changes of opinion than those already mentioned, for they take place inside the covers of this one volume. On pp. 119 and 120 Renoir's pictures in the Caillebotte collection are treated very cavalierly. With him "Monet's joy in light becomes . . . an affectation . . . His two Young Girls at a piano of the color of cranberry syrup; his nude figure of a woman, on whose skin lights and shadows play so unfortunately that she looks as if beaten black and blue, in places even . . ." [we spare the reader the rest] "seek rather to disconcert than to convince us by their unwonted tones." His Girl Reading "is a simple aberration." And lest we should think that Renoir and the other painters represented in this collection may have better pictures elsewhere, we are expressly told that "every verdict on impressionism based on this room is an adequately grounded verdict, against which the attempted higher appeal to I know not what unknown work must be rejected." Yet on p. 259 is a short essay devoted to Renoir in which we hear of "refreshing, individualized beauty," of "mother-of-pearl flesh," of pictures that are "simply charming"; and the conclusion of it is that "he who has the same feeling as Renoir for roses and children is not only a great painter, but also a good and noble man."

We had marked a number of similar inconsequences, but it is hardly necessary to quote them. It is more interesting to take up another side of Nordau's versatility. He gives, with absolute confidence, an account of the origin of Whistler's butterfly, sneering at those who have not understood it. "They just had no eyes; they could not see." This is his explanation:

> The butterfly is nothing but the first letter of Whistler's name—a big W. A Gothic, ornamental W with the two side lines bellied out and a bar in the middle reminds one strikingly of a soaring butterfly with its cylindrical body between its outstretched wings. The definite association of ideas from similarity of form made Whistler, as he painted the W of his signature, think of a butterfly, and he henceforth formed this picture, that was fuller in expression, disregarding the original letter, which seemed to him balder and more meaningless. The butterfly came to the front more and more as the W went further and further back, and it is possible that at last Whistler himself forgot the point from which he started.

We have, for once, given the passage in full, because it is extremely characteristic. It is founded on precisely nothing. Speaking under correction, and from some knowledge of Whistler's works, we state that Whistler never signed with a simple W; that he never used in his signature a Gothic W or a W in any way resembling a butterfly; that the butterfly first appears on canvases which also bear the name Whistler in full; and that in its first form, the butterfly bears no resemblance whatever to a Gothic W, such resemblance being only to be imagined in its final form. The artist himself drew "the evolution of the butterfly" on a sheet which was in the Memorial Exhibition held by the Copley Club of Boston, and that sheet is the most perfect possible refutation of Nordau's theory.

But this is not the only instance of the doctor's knowing things about Whistler which he himself had "forgotten." "From the severe, painfully upright school of Gleyre," says Nordau, "he went forth a master of drawing, *as of the outline of corporeality of three dimensions seen stereoscopically.*" The definition is convin-

cing. but how soon the master "forgot" his mastery is shown by his celebrated letter to Fantin in which he laments his "fearful want of education," and regrets that he was not a pupil of Ingres that he might have learned to draw. We may note also that Dr. Nordau has a keen nose for indecency, and finds it both where it is and where no one else perceives it—in the decorative fantasies of J. W. Alexander, for instance.

If the book were all like the passages commented upon, one might be pardoned for wishing for the doctor's own vocabulary in characterizing it; but it is not. On the contrary, there are many bits of shrewd criticism and many remarks the soundness of which leads one, temporarily, to think of the author as of a person really equipped with some judgment and knowledge of his subject, until the next incredible caprice upsets the notion and leaves one wondering what Nordau would be at and what is the real basis of his confidently pronounced opinions. He becomes an interesting study and tempts one to the formation of what he himself would call a "psychology of Nordau." What one finds in him is a sort of enraged bourgeois. Behind the rash and impulsive journalist, convinced that his own tastes are infallible measures of artistic worth, is the man of hard common sense, with a perfectly respectable liking for the definite, the bright, the finished, and the recognizable; loathing abstraction only less than vagueness; caring naturally only for that in art which represents what he sees very much as he sees it; but convinced that art has a "social mission," and that it ought to fulfil it. As bourgeois common sense is right nine times out of ten, Nordau would be right much oftener than he is, however incapable of understanding some of the finest things in art, were it not for the disturbing influence of this conviction about a social mission, which has nothing to do with the case. It is because he thinks Millet socialistic that Nordau admires him—a painter whose art he so completely misunderstands that he can say, "In technique, Millet follows the Dutch," and whose grand abstraction of style is the antipodes of what he naturally cares for. It is because he scents a socialistic purpose that he can praise Constantin Meunier for a figure which he calls "a reminiscence of the famous Les Foins of Bastien-Lepage," though in Bastien himself he can see nothing but a "debased realism" "which does not spare us a single finger-nail in mourning." It is because of the social tendency of their works that he can forgive, and even praise, the colorlessness and vagueness of Carrière and the sootiness of Cottet, and can even tolerate the pointillism of Henri Martin now and then, antipathetic though these things are to his natural tastes. When he has work to deal with which has no other purpose than that of appropriate and noble decoration, his natural antipathies are allowed free play; paleness of color, abstraction of form, and elevation of style are equally anathema to him.

But the essay on Gustave Moreau and one or two others, still remain to be accounted for, and it is difficult to account for them on any other ground than that their author wanted to show that he, too, could be "up-to-date" and esoteric. Perhaps it is a waste of time to try to find any principle of consistency in his "wild and whirling words," and best to dismiss the book as a piece of sensationalism, or the expression of personal whim.

The translator is to be congratulated on his success in avoiding foreign idiom and in making his translation read like a piece of original and only too vigorous English.

The Société du Mercure de France issues with a portrait "Écrits et lettres choisies d'Eugène Carrière." His fragmentary writings on art occupy a little more than a third of the three hundred and fifty odd pages. To those who possess Charles Morice's excellent memoir, this volume brings rather little that is new. In particular, the letters are mostly too slight and occasional to justify the space they occupy. Yet those who concern themselves intimately with this remarkable painter and thinker will want this collection of his *pensées*. Here for example is the full text of his fine protest against restoration; the curious transcendental address on Art and Democracy, with its appendix, a scheme for a popular academy of the fine arts, and among the novelties a circumstantial account (p. 322) of Carrière's method of painting. Of pathetic and wider interest are the pencil conversations—his only means of communication in the last months. With one of these more memorable sayings (to Rodin) we must close:

I used to say, What! Always do the same thing? How get away from it? And then I had the revelation that one must remain the same, but grow greater, which is the true manner of attaining variety.

In the French handy series Les Villes d'art célèbres, special mention should be made of the "Versailles" by Pératé, with 149 illustrations. The average traveller's aimless, bewildered wandering to and fro in palaces and grounds discloses little of this richest collection of national splendors existing perhaps since the world began. In general, the thirty volumes of the series so far published are valuable as eye-openers. Some volumes are by authorities in their special field, like the "Florence," by Émile Gebhart of the French Academy, and the "Ravenna" and "Palermo and Syracuse" of Ch. Diehl.

Etchings by Jacquemart and wood engravings by Prunaire are being shown at the Lenox Library; and "auto-chrome" colored photographs, at the rooms of the Photo-Secessionists, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, till December 30. Paintings by C. Austin Needham are on exhibition at the New Gallery, No. 15 West Thirtieth Street, till December 7; early Italian and Spanish paintings at Ehrich's, December 15; paintings of the Dutch and French schools, Julius Oehme's; and paintings of the French school, Durand-Ruel's.

Finance.

THE DURATION OF SUSPENDED CREDIT.

The country has now been fully four weeks in a state of suspended credit—an extraordinarily long period for the virtual stopping of the wheels of finance, throughout the United States. The question is now being asked, with naturally increasing anxiety, How long can such a state of things continue?

It certainly cannot last much longer; and the reason is. not that some breakdown will occur, but that the machinery of relief is actively at work, and in the light of all precedent must soon bring the situation of the banks back to normal. A condition such as now exists has never, even in panics much worse than this, lasted more than a few weeks. The present crisis can scarcely compare for violence with that of 1857. In that year, the New York banks suspended specie payments on October 14; they resumed full payments on December 12, and they did this because they had received sufficient gold from England. In 1873, the New York banks issued loan certificates on September 19; on the same day the Stock Exchange closed, restriction of cash payments at the banks began, and there was a premium on currency. This premium disappeared about October 20, and on November 1, in accordance with a Clearing House resolution of a week before, banks returned to their ordinary way of business. That is to say, in the panic of 1857 suspension of full cash payments at our banks continued for eight weeks; in 1873 between five and six.

Financial.

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Still more instructive, perhaps, are the events of 1893, of which we have a more complete record. In that year, as to-day and in 1873, the currency premium was the key to the condition of the banks. In the nature of things, there can be no premium on currency, that is, no depreciation of checks, when banks are freely paying cash. Therefore, the beginning and the ending of that premium show exactly the period during which partial suspension of cash payments has existed. The premium on currency first appeared, in 1893, a day or two after the Stock Exchange panic of July 26. The first large consignment of foreign gold arrived on August 7; yet after that arrival, the currency premium rose to 4½ per cent., as against a maximum of 2 per cent. the week before. It continued alternately to rise and fall during several successive weeks. This meant that not enough gold had yet come to relieve the banks, or else that what had come had not yet been fully distributed. On September 2, there were practically no orders for currency at brokers' offices, and the few transactions made were at a nominal premium of ¼ and ⅜ per cent. That was the last quotation of a currency premium in 1893. As against the eight weeks' duration of suspension of payments in 1857, and something under six weeks in 1873, a little more than five weeks were required in 1893.

Were this last analogy to be exactly repeated, the currency premium of the panic of 1907, which was first bid and paid on November 2, would vanish at the end of the first week of next month, in response to complete resumption of payments by the banks. As a matter of fact, the predictions of experienced bankers, during the past few days, have fixed December 7 as the probable outside limit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Affaires de Norvège. Paris: Archives Diplomatiques.
Aikens, Charlotte A. Hospital Training-School Methods and the Head Nurse. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.50 net.
Berman, Henry. Gift Bearers. Grafton Press. $1.50.
Booth, Edna Perry. The Shadow-Man and Other Poems. Grafton Press. $1. net.
Brown, J. Wood. The Builders of Florence. Dutton. $6 net.
Buckman, David Lear. Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River. Grafton Press. $1.25 net.
Burns, James. The Christ Face in Art. Dutton. $2 net.
Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Publications of. Vol. IX. Boston: Published by the Society.
Davies, Randall. English Socicty of the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art. Dutton. $2.
Dickens's Haunted Man.—Battle of Life. Dutton. $1 each.
Dunn, Arthur William. The Community and the Citizen. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cents.
Eaton, John. Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen. Longmans. $2 net.
Forsyth, P. T. Positive Preaching and Modern Mind. Armstrong. $1.75 net.
Gates, Eleanor. Cupid: The Cow-Punch. McClure Co.
Gerhard, William Paul. Sanitation of Public Buildings. John Wiley & Son. $1.50.
Goldin, H. E. First Year in Hebrew, with Exercises and Vocabularies. S. Druckerman.
Greene's "Pandosto" or "Dorastus and Fawnia." Shakespeare Classics. Duffield.
Haile, Martin. James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. Dutton. $4 net.
Hawley, Frederick Barnard. Enterprise and the Productive Progress. Putnams.
Heather to Golden Rod. Boston: Badger. $1.
Holland, Clive. Old and New Japan. Dutton. $5 net.
How, Frederick Douglas. The Book of the Child. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists. Putnams.
Hutten, Bettina von. The Halo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Jones, Daniel. Phonetic Transcriptions of English Prose. Henry Frowde.
Jones, jr., Thomas S. From Quiet Valley. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.
Kempis, Thomas à. Of the Imitation of Christ. Dutton. $2 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Brushwood Boy.—Many Inventions.—Collected Verses. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Knowles. Robert E. The Dawn of Shanty Bay. Revell.
Kullnick, Max. Ein Lebensbild Theodore Roosevelts. Berlin.
Laneham, Robert, Letter of. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. Duffield & Co.
Lewis, Arthur M. The Art of Lecturing. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 25 cents.
Lodge's "Rosalynde." Shakespeare Classics. Duffield.
Madoc, Willem. Renard the Fox. Boston: Badger. 50 cents.
Marble, Annie Russell. Heralds of American Literature. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Martin, George Madden. Leetitia: Nursery Corps, U. S. A. McClure Co.
Martin, Percy F. Mexico of the Twentieth Century. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $8 net.
Massey, Gerald. Ancient Egypt, the Light of the World. Dutton. $12 net.
Milton, Francis. Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre. Boston: Page.
Mitchell, Evelyn Groesbeck. Mosquito Life. Putnams.
Molmenti, Pompeo and Gustav Ludwig. The Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio. Translated by Robert H. Hobart Cust. Dutton. $15 net.
Moore, Eleanor Agnes. Poems of Endowment on Realities of Life. Boston: Badger. $1.50.
Okey, Thomas. The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk. Dutton. $6 net.
Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Dutton. $3 net.
Photograms of the Year, 1907. Tenant & Ward. $1.
Ransome, Arthur. Bohemia in London. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.
Rossi, L. Melano. The Santuario of the Madonna di Vico. Macmillan.
Rugh, Charles Edward, and others. Moral Training in the Public Schools. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Saleeby, C. W. The Conquest of Cancer. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Sargent, A. J. Anglo-Chinese Commerce and Diplomacy. Henry Frowde. $4.15.
Schumann, Robert, The Letters of. Edited by Karl Storck. Translated by Hannah Bryant. Dutton. $3 net.
Shakespeare's Holinshead. Compared by W. G. Boswell-Stone. Duffield & Co.
Shakespeare's Youth: Rogues and Vagabonds of. Edited by Edward Viles and E. J. Furnivall. Duffield & Co.
Singleton, Esther. The Story of the White House. 2 vols. McClure Co. $5 net.
Smith-DeRan, Edna. Verses by the Wayside. Boston: Badger. $1.50.
Smith, Logan Pearsall. The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
Spyri, Johanna. Heidi. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50 net.
Sterling, Sara Hawks. A Lady of King Arthur's Court. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Todd, Charles Burr. In Olde New York. Grafton Press. $1.50 net.
Under the Holly Bough. Compiled by Ina Russelle Warren. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Warren, Carro Frances. Little Betty Marigold and Her Friends. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Watson, John. The Scot of the Eighteenth Century. Armstrong. $2 net.
Whiting. Anna Katharine. Glenwood. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co .
Wister, Owen. The Seven Ages of Washington. Macmillan. $2 net.
Wright, Mabel Osgood. Gray Lady and the Birds. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907.

The Week.

The most interesting parts of President Roosevelt's annual message relate to the financial crisis and business depression. On this subject his words are few but satisfactory. He again rebukes the foolish hoarders of money; declares that the banks of the country are solvent and its business methods as a rule honest; and pronounces in favor of measures to secure a more elastic currency. The President also has a judicious reference to the extravagance and the spirit of speculation which had so much to do with causing our present troubles. In these respects, his attitude is all that could be desired. Why, however, has he not a word about governmental extravagance? Every prudent man is now cutting down expenses: is no duty of retrenchment laid upon the government? President Roosevelt, however, appeals frequently for "liberal appropriations"; he nowhere urges economy. Indeed, the government estimates sent to Congress, in this time of general embarrassment and falling public revenues, call for $77,000,000 more than for the current fiscal year. Where is that great increase to come from? From taxation, of course, and that means that people who are struggling to meet their obligations are to have an extra financial burden laid upon them by the government. A good example of the way in which President Roosevelt persuades himself that what he wants must be had, no matter what the cost, appears in his recommendation of a great increase in the navy. Last year, he had arrived at what was set forth in his message as a carefully reasoned and settled naval policy. It was simply to make good the annual wastage, through deterioration, by building only one battleship a year. But now we are suddenly informed:

> To build one battleship a year . . . is not enough. In my judgment, we should this year provide for four.

This surprising recantation of the Presidential wisdom of last year unhappily goes with the suspicion that the battleships were to be sent to the Pacific partly in order to extort from Congress the building of more for the Atlantic. Ominous, in this connection, is the complaint made by Congressmen about the proposed laying off of 6,000 men in the various navy yards, and the reply of Secretary Metcalf that, if the official building programme is adopted, there will be work enough for all. For our part, we hope that the increase will be resisted in Congress, both on the ground, which President Roosevelt has before taken, that our present navy is large enough, and on the ground that, just now, the nation, like its citizens, must be economical.

Speaker Cannon's address to the Republican caucus on Saturday night, after his renomination without opposition, should be read by everybody who would have a clue to the probable course of legislation this winter. It was not only a stand-pat and do-nothing speech, but one full of scarcely veiled antagonism to the President. The Speaker declared himself against "experiment in legislation." He is also for "leaving to the people of the States the jurisdiction not granted to the Federal government." Even more outspoken was Mr. Cannon in opposition to the President's pet plan of a Federal inheritance tax. It could have been only that which the Speaker had in mind when he said:

> It is not wise to add to the revenue, and it is not necessary or desirable to transfer burdens from the local and State Treasuries to the Federal Treasury—to foster a centralizing power.

Whether it be true or false, as most of the Washington corrrespondents state, that Congress is already bristling with dislike of the President's large programme of law-making, it is clear that the Speaker of the House is for sitting tight and doing the least possible. His policy could not be called that of "Rest and be thankful"; it is more like "Rest and grumble," but, anyhow, it is "Rest."

One who expects the House of Representatives to be uniformly wise, statesmanlike, and far-sighted is frequently disappointed; but there may be still some comfort in the reflection that with all its faults the House *is* representative. And the House, which has just convened, viewed simply in its representative capacity, is perhaps a little more than ordinarily faithful as a reflection of the multifarious American people. It is thoroughly characteristic of our national habit of changing occupations and attacking brand-new tasks with confidence, that practically one-fourth of the members of this House have never served in Congress before. Only one-tenth of the new men are college graduates, a proportion not very far from that which would obtain among the leading citizens of a typical American town. The body as a whole represents the honest ignorance, the "want-to-know" spirit, of the country considerably better than it does its expertness and its learning. Yet the Representative who is reported as going straight to the Treasury Department to ask frankly what a bank reserve really is, is far from being the most dangerous sort of man to make our laws. As for purely political issues, the House comes much nearer than its predecessor to representing fairly the balance of parties at the time of its election. With 54 per cent. of the votes cast for Congress in 1904, the Republicans carried 64 per cent. of the seats in the "Roosevelt Congress." Last year, with less than 51 per cent. of the votes, they still hold 57 per cent. of the places. That, however, is as near to the facts as the figures are likely to come without some regular system of minority representation.

The plight of the Representative from the Thirty-fourth New York District, who could not go into the Republican Congressional caucus, and would not go into the Democratic, is a reminder of the price which under our system must be paid for any large share of political independence. We do not know who is to find fault with the logic of Col. Hepburn, the implacable chairman of the caucus. Peter A. Porter made a successful campaign against James W. Wadsworth, the regularly nominated Republican candidate for Congress. In the face of that fact, Mr. Porter's protestations of life-long Republicanism and a Presidential endorsement are unavailing. Those who do not support Republican candidates are Democrats, or no better than Democrats. If Mr. Porter had spent, not one life, but six reincarnations, in the Republican fold, and had been endorsed by twenty Presidents, his case would be no better. Just the same logic was applied last year by a Democratic Senator. "A member's right to act according to the dictates of his conscience is absolute," said Mr. Bailey, in effect, "but the caucus exists for party members in good standing." There have been free-lances in Congress before, and doubtless will be again, but the free-lance in the vast majority of cases ends by either withdrawing from public life or gravitating to the opposition party, unless, as sometimes happens, he comes home as a prodigal. A public man is indulged to-day in exhibitions of independence that would have been fatal to him when the school of political thought for which Col. Hepburn speaks was everywhere in control. But the whole theory of party government is inconsistent with the idea that a man may compass the defeat of his party ticket one year, and the next be welcomed with open arms to its inner councils.

The speeches before the Philadelphia Academy of Political and Social Science on Monday night were noteworthy be-

cause several eminent financiers advocated the plan of a central bank. In October of last year the New York Chamber of Commerce adopted the report of a special committee suggesting such a bank of issue, on the lines of the state banks of Germany and France, as an alternative to such a revision of the present banking law as would provide asset currency. But the committee's report conceded the political obstacles in the way of the expedient, and John Claflin virtually dismissed the project as impracticable. Nevertheless, at the discussion in Philadelphia, the plan of a central bank was revived by William A. Nash of the New York Corn Exchange Bank and the Clearing House Committee, by Jacob H. Schiff and Isaac N. Seligman. Mr. Schiff was still inclined to the opinion that the country is not yet prepared to sanction a central institution with its wide powers. Mr. Nash, on the other hand, referred to this assumed public dislike as "a venerable and senseless prejudice which obstructs the national well-being," and declared that "we must kill this bugaboo and exorcise this ghost." Mr. Seligman, basing his argument on the great relief which such a bank would have been able to offer in the recent panic, was wholly in favor of it. No doubt, among the diverse schemes for banking and currency reform, this plan will get a more favorable hearing than it received a year ago—partly because the argument as to the service it would have done is sound, and partly because the distrust of a central bank can hardly be what it was in 1906. To talk of a huge new banking institution, backed by the public credit, was mere waste of words when people had before their eyes one of the most reckless exploits in abuse of credit by bankers and banking institutions already in the field. But the "boomers," "promoters," "syndicates," and "multi-millionaires," who built up that ill-fated Wall Street speculation of 1906, are not likely, for some years to come, to repeat the experiment. Whether this chastened spirit on the part of speculating capitalists is enough to remove all suspicion for the future, is another question. From a practical point of view, we suspect that the most formidable opposition to the scheme would come from the banks already doing business in this country—especially from the small institutions, whose influence on opinion, through personal intercourse with customers, is very great. They would certainly be up in arms against a central bank with branches, and they might not look kindly on the surrender of a few of their own present privileges into the hands of one great institution, even if the central bank were not to invade their territory.

The Charleston *News and Courier* has made the interesting discovery that, for the first time in many months, there is a surplus of freight cars for the handling of the business of the Southern Railway in its city:

> It appears, after all, therefore, that the Roosevelt panic has not been confined to the gamblers of Wall Street, so intimate are the relations between the actual business operations of the country and the speculation of Wall Street. It is not a healthy condition.

Things move slowly in the South, but the truth will penetrate. By and by a further understanding of what has happened and is happening may be looked for. The West, too, has awakened to the hard fact. At first all Westerners declared that the panic would affect them not at all. Now they are realizing that New York is still the financial heart of the country, and that anything that disturbs its functions is certain to be felt in the extremities. That Wall Street speculation and dishonest or "wild-cat" banking have had considerable to do with the panic, we have steadily pointed out. But rural editors may shortly be expected to recollect that the gamblers are comparatively few, and that honest bankers are with us in large numbers and honor the whole country, whose banking they so largely do. When all of these are affected, it is ridiculous to prate only of the gamblers. As for the slackening of trade in Charleston and elsewhere, the reasons for that are numerous. We would gladly dispense with all our Stock Exchange plungers, but there were economic and financial laws before they appeared, and will be even after the gamblers have been taken in hand.

Senator Foraker's announcement that he is a Presidential candidate will be everywhere accepted in just one way. It is not that he can expect to win, but that he hopes to make some one else fail. His declaration is really one of war upon the President, and upon the President's candidate Viewed in any light, it must be taken as one blow more to the candidacy of Secretary Taft. It means a hard fight, from now on, in every district of Ohio, for the control of delegates to the National Convention. But unless political traditions are to be made over, the forcing of such a contest upon the "favorite son" of Ohio renders it certain that the wheels of his chariot will drive heavily in all other States. If even his own State is not heartily and unitedly behind him, how can Secretary Taft hope to arouse enthusiasm elsewhere? He has the President's endorsement, to be sure, but a good deal of political paper, even so endorsed, we see going to protest in these times. Senator Foraker rings the changes upon Mr. Roosevelt's alleged determination to "eliminate" him from public life. It is clear, however, that it is the Senator's main object at present to eliminate the Taft Presidential boom. It looks very much as if he would succeed.

President Joseph Swain of Swarthmore has submitted to twenty-six other college presidents the problem raised by the Jeanes bequest—money offered on condition of abolishing intercollegiate athletics. His statement of the problem was ingenious. Have the trustees of a college the right to bind their successors to such a restriction in perpetuity, he asks, and then, concretely, have they the right to do so if the inducement is (1) a million dollars or (2) fifty thousand dollars? The question would therefore seem to involve a delicate point of "cashuistry." In defence of Swarthmore's practical rejection of the gift we must grant that too many American colleges suffer to-day from charter restrictions, because of which they have received large gifts. Brown, for instance, until the Rhode Island Legislature abrogates a provision of its charter, must always choose a Baptist for president; Trinity is, we believe, tied to the Episcopal Church, and Wesleyan to the Methodist. These limitations were in accord with the spirit of times sixty or seventy years ago, but are now outgrown. Yet, if the Jeanes bequest had carried with it the condition of perpetual participation in intercollegiate athletics, we wonder how many college presidents would have seen so clearly a dangerous precedent, or a wrong to future faculties and trustees.

In the Canadian Parliament, which reassembled at Ottawa last week, the Japanese immigrant question should furnish one of the most interesting topics of discussion. We say discussion rather than debate, because it is not very probable that the Conservative opposition will espouse the cause of Asiatic immigration with exceptional zeal. The Ministerial statement declares that "the unexpected influx of immigrants from Oriental countries into British Columbia aroused a strong feeling of opposition." With the growing influence of the Canadian West, the sentiment of that section of the Dominion must naturally be more strongly reflected in the policy of both political parties; and it is apparent that the feeling of the Canadian West, whether due to real pressure exercised by Asiatic competition, or to the influence of labor agitators, is hostile to Oriental immigration. If the Conservatives, therefore, expect to recruit their strength from the West, in the not far distant general election, they are not likely to show themselves strongly pro-Japanese.

The recent automobile show in Lon-

don has been hailed by all sections of the British press as proof that the English motor-car industry has overtaken its Continental competitors. The *Mail* insists that the English product "compares most favorably with the best product of the French and German workshops," and it adds that the prices are lower. Naturally, the *Spectator* pounces upon this statement with glee, because the *Mail*, in advocating Mr. Chamberlain's plans for protection, had been citing the motor-car industry as proof that England needed tariff barriers. "In reality," says the *Spectator*, "the rise of the motor industry gives the strongest proof of how entirely unnecessary it is to foster an industry by protection, or, rather, we should say, how free trade is by far the best foster-mother." If there ever appeared to be reasons for protection, it was in this industry, and Sir Gilbert Parker and other leaders quickly seized upon it. The nearness of the French and German manufacturers, the lower wages they paid, their earlier start, their indisputable aptitude for mechanics—all these things made it plain, according to the Chamberlainites, that there was no future for the English automobile makers. But in actual fact, the severity of the foreign competition compelled the English manufacturers to produce as good an article more cheaply than their rivals. The protectionists must now look for another argument.

The automobile, unlike Ibsen's Master Builder, refuses to be intimidated by the knocking of youth, in the form of the airship, at its door. Plans are being made for a motor car race from New York to Paris by way of Bering Strait, a project which has its inception in the recently concluded race from Peking to Paris. At the present moment, one adventurous traveller is engaged in crossing Central Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic in an automobile, and an Antarctic expedition has equipped itself with power machines for crossing the vast ice-fields of the south polar regions. What effect such arduous experiments will exercise on the evolution of the automobile, is difficult to forecast. Radical departures in construction are, of course, necessitated by the special use for which the machine is designed. Steel-spiked tires for Siberia and the polar regions, and enormously flat tires for work in the African jungle and marshland, are important departures from the original type. How far may such variations continue without destroying the identity of the type? And to what extent may an automobile be hauled by Mongolian camels or carried across African rivers piecemeal on the heads of negro bearers, and still enable its owner to boast of having made a spectacular "automobile" trip?

At the age of eighty-seven, Florence Nightingale has been made a member of the Order of Merit, instituted in 1902 by Edward VII., as a reward for conspicuous public service. Miss Nightingale should be at home in the distinguished company to which she has been admitted. Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Marquis Oyama, Admiral Togo, and Lord Lister are in a position to discourse with interest and authority on the subject of the infliction and cure of gunshot wounds, though possibly the Angel of the Crimea may find herself a little behind the times on either phase of the art of war. She cannot expect to enjoy her new dignity for many years to come, if "enjoy" is the proper word at all to use of a woman who at the age of thirty-six refused to receive the public honors offered her by the British people, and, her work done, fled surreptitiously to her quiet country home. To the world at large the appearance of her name in the newspapers must have been a surprise; most people had forgotten that she who is already enrolled among the immortals is still with us.

Any one accustomed to the arrogant tone heretofore assumed by German military officials in discussing army affairs with mere civilians can only marvel at the speech of the Minister of War, Van Einem, last Friday. He was not merely defending the entire military caste, but was actually replying to the attacks of Bebel, the one Socialist above all others whom the army likes to stigmatize as an enemy to his country. Instead of the usual defiance and abuse, Von Einem was on the defensive throughout. The worst of the immorality brought out in the Von Moltke-Harden suit he denied, but, if the cable dispatches are to be trusted, he admitted that most of Bebel's allegations were correct, and that the army is in many places gravely tainted. No one could have believed such a confession possible a few months ago, and it can be explained only on the ground that the public indignation and unrest over the recent revelations necessitated a clean breast of it. As it is, the army is humiliated as never before, and those who have been whispering that the Prussian troops are not what they used to be will have fresh grounds for their belief. It is a great opportunity for the Kaiser to do vigorous house-cleaning, to put a stop to the gambling, hard drinking, and profligacy which lead inevitably to worse practices. So far, however, he has never availed himself of a similar opportunity. Moreover, he would be the last to admit that the fearless opposition and criticism of Bebel make him a person of great value to the whole nation.

The latest news from Portugal is that the danger of revolution has been greatly exaggerated. The opponents of the absolutist régime inaugurated by Premier Franco last May comprise all the political parties, Conservative, Liberal, and Republican. But it is only the latter that really possesses sufficient influence with the popular elements to make an uprising possible. The two other parties are shown to have pursued a policy of such consistent selfishness and disregard of popular needs that their ability to stir up the masses against the throne must be seriously questioned. King Carlos's cause possesses a powerful support also in the country's international relations. Great Britain, as the historical friend of Portugal, is probably unwilling to countenance a revolution which might let loose Spanish ambitions in the Iberian peninsula, and lead to the disruption of the Mediterranean *entente* which British diplomacy has labored so sedulously to establish in the course of the last few years. More disturbing still would be the effect which an upheaval in Portugal would produce on the colonial ventures in Africa. Portuguese West and East Africa would then become prizes to set German and British Imperialist hearts a-beating. Even as it is, British eyes in South Africa have been turning longingly to Delagoa Bay and its harbor, so conveniently near to Johannesburg.

In the Russian Parliament the unexpected came again with last week's great debate on the reply to the address from the throne, when the Duma, by a vote of 246 against 112, declared that the title of Autocrat "is no longer tenable within the Russian state, and is incompatible with the régime inaugurated by the manifesto issued by Emperor Nicholas on October 30, 1905." We need not exaggerate the importance of such action on the part of the majority in the Duma in order to hold that the declaration is, nevertheless, largely significant of what parliamentary influence in Russia in the near future must be, if it is to be at all. It must be moderate, opportunistic, ready to bear injuries and insults in the hope of what the time to come may bring. That the Duma could become a mere reactionary tail to the autocratic kite, we have never believed, in spite of the swelling arrogance of the monarchist and ecclesiastical members, and of the difficulty of forming a working *bloc* of the Centre. A Duma that will go back is impossible, because experience has shown that it is impossible for a number of intelligent men, no matter of what ultimate political creed, to come together without recognizing the absolute, pressing necessity of change. The so-called Landlords' Duma may yet develop unsuspected reserves of Liberal thought.

"INJUNCTION-PROOF" LAWS.

Last week the Governor of Alabama signed twenty-one bills for fixing railway rates in that State, bills which had been hastily passed by the Legislature in extraordinary session. They were enacted indiscriminately, and almost without discussion. Indeed, in his message to the Legislature, Gov. Comer declared that the only issue was whether the State or the railways should be supreme. Accordingly, all these laws were made what was boastfully called "injunction-proof." That is, it was provided that the penalties for violation should be enforced from the day that the railroads took any of them into court to test their legality. Thus it was exultingly said that the companies would bankrupt themselves by the very fact of attempting to secure their rights in court. In the case, for example, of the passenger fares prescribed by statute, penalties amounting to $2,000,000,000 might be enforceable against a railroad assessed for taxation in Alabama at about $30,000,000. But almost before the ink of the Governor's signature of these bills was dry, the State officials were enjoined by Judge Jones of the Federal Circuit Court from enforcing any of them. It was the injunction-proof laws that did not "go."

They could not, so long as the Constitution of the United States exists, and the decisions of the Supreme Court are executed. The very situation contemplated by these Alabama laws has been passed upon by the Supreme Court. In the Kansas City Stock Yards case, Mr. Justice Brewer reading the opinion asked:

> Do the laws secure to an individual an equal protection when he is allowed to come into court and make his claim or defence, subject to the conditions that upon a failure to make good that claim or defence, the penalty for such a failure either appropriates all his property, or subjects him to extravagant and unreasonable loss?

After citing various illustrations, the court held:

> It is doubtless true that the State may impose penalties such as will tend to compel obedience to its mandates by all, individuals or corporations, and if extreme and cumulative penalties are imposed only after there has been a final determination of the validity of the statute, the question would be very different from that here presented. But, when the Legislature in an effort to prevent any inquiry of the validity of a particular statute, so burdens any challenge thereof in the courts, that the party affected is necessarily constrained to submit rather than take the chances of the penalties imposed, then it becomes a serious question whether the party is not deprived of the equal protection of the laws.

Plainer notice could scarcely have been served that such an attempt as this one by Alabama to shut off access to the courts, would itself be enjoined by the Federal courts. It is not a question of State rights. The States themselves, by adopting the Fourteenth Amendment, waived all pretence to such alleged rights. The whole matter comes down to the fundamental right of citizens of this country to be protected in their property, and to be afforded "the equal protection of the laws." As it was put by an Alabama State Senator, in a speech at Montgomery on November 12, the theory upon which Gov. Comer was proceeding, in denying effective judicial inquiry, was that in case of conflict between an act of the Legislature and the Constitution of the United States, it was the former that was to be held sacred, while the latter was to fail. This preposterous doctrine was happily knocked in the head by another Alabamian—former Confederate, ultra State-rights man, and himself once Governor of the State—Judge Jones of the Fifth Circuit Court. He promptly clapped an injunction upon the injunction-proof laws.

In all the outcry against "government by injunction," no man who knows anything about the law, or whose opinion is otherwise worth considering, has ever denied that the use of the injunction to prevent what may be irreparable injury, is sometimes absolutely necessary. This is a principle embodied in the jurisprudence of the States, as well as in our national laws. The Alabama Supreme Court, it has been pertinently pointed out, has repeatedly enjoined the enforcement of statutes or municipal ordinances pending the determination of their constitutionality. In one leading case, Brown vs. Mayor of Birmingham, it held that "prosecutions under an ordinance which would destroy or impair property rights to the irreparable injury of the owner, may be enjoined, pending the determination of its legality." The usual rule is to maintain the *status quo* while awaiting final adjudication. But these Alabama railroad laws undertook to collect penalties from the very moment of appeal to the courts. To prevent such an act of tyranny, it was inevitable that a Federal court would intervene. The laws are not set aside; their operation is merely enjoined until it can be decided whether they were beyond the competence of the Legislature.

The ordinary presumption is, of course, that the Legislature proceeds with full knowledge of the facts. Hence, as the Supreme Court itself said in a case against the Railroad Commissioners of South Dakota, an inquiry by a court "whether the rates prescribed by a State Legislature for the carriage of passengers and freight are reasonable" is both "difficult" and "perplexing." Yet this fact, it added, "affords no excuse for a failure to examine and solve the questions involved.' The Legislature itself should first have made the due examination. That the Legislature of New York did not, before passing the two-cent fare bill, was Gov. Hughes's main reason for vetoing that measure. But Gov. Comer of Alabama urged *his* Legislature to act, as it did, without investigation. The bills were passed in bundles. That fact alone would lay them open to suspicion, and make them a fair subject of judicial inquiry; but to prevent the latter by an odious and crushing levy of penalties was the whole plan of this legislation. That it will be broken and disallowed by the Federal courts is as certain as anything in law can be. This part of the Alabama bills must be held to be unconstitutional, even if it be finally decided that the rates and regulations governing the Alabama railroads are reasonable and should be upheld. No court can hold that an appeal to the courts can be lawfully penalized.

It was not only, be it remembered, the protection of the Federal courts that this Alabama legislation set out to nullify; even that of the State courts was denied to the railroads. As State Senator Bowie clearly stated at the Montgomery mass-meeting:

> The purpose to deny these people the equal protection of the laws is written in every bill when it says that the penalties can be collected and enforced, notwithstanding their orderly suspension by a court of justice having jurisdiction, even though that court be a State court. That is in there—it is in them all.

There could be no clearer case for invoking Federal jurisdiction. The Alabama legislators must have known that they were rushing upon an injunction. They had but to read the Fourteenth Amendment and the laws passed by Congress in pursuance thereof, with the decisions of the Supreme Court interpreting the same, to be certain that what has happened was bound to happen. Yet, we admit, they might have alleged one hope. Having successfully set aside that part of the Fourteenth Amendment which forbids any State to "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," they might argue that they could be equally fortunate with the part forbidding any State to "deprive any person of property." But they have found that property is more sacred than the suffrage.

THE TREASURY NOTES.

The abrupt cutting short of the issue of one-year government notes, at a moment when probably not $15,000,000 out of the announced $100,000,000 had been allotted, we take to be the Treasury's admission of the fact, to which the *Nation* called attention when the plan was published, that the troubles of the banks were being rapidly removed through natural processes of relief before the government intervened. Hence the expedient of 3 per cent. notes, quite apart from the objections to the plan itself, was never needed. Each successive day since the unfortunate Treasury bulletin

of November 18 has added evidence of what was well known in experienced banking circles before that date—that the panic had reached its climax and was on the wane, and that distribution into bank reserves of the gold engaged for America before the middle of the month would of itself in a couple of weeks bring the banks to a normal status.

In maintaining this belief we relied on the lesson of similar crises in the past. By this test, and by this alone, can the nature and probable outcome of a period such as that through which we have just passed be judged. The severest criticism which must be passed on Secretary Cortelyou is that he acted in this grave matter without obtaining the counsel of bankers most closely in touch with real conditions, and apparently without knowledge of the history that foreshadowed the course which events have subsequently taken.

The government has thus abruptly suspended the sale of its 3 per cent. notes, not at all, as we understand it, because of a failure of subscriptions. Deeply as the conservative financial community distrusted this engine of indirect inflation, the inducement for banks to invest was inviting. We deem it fortunate that the grave risk incurred by throwing $150,000,000 new securities on a panic-stricken market, should have been escaped. How largely the financial distrust which culminated in the October crisis, was a result of the failure of New York city's two bond offers, it would be difficult to say, but those incidents contributed to the general uneasiness. What the narrow escape from failure by the two national loans in 1894 involved, most of us remember; and it is not the smallest item in the blame which the Treasury must incur, that it exposed the public credit to at least the chance of a shock which refusal to take the loan must have invited.

But if offers for the new notes were not lacking as a whole, the kind of bids on which the Treasury had apparently reckoned with most confidence were entirely absent. One great purpose of the issue of government securities was professedly to "draw out" the cash of money-hoarders, who were presumed to be so distrustful of credit that they would put back the money neither into bank deposits nor into ordinary investments. But in this conception of the money-hoarder, Mr. Cortelyou seems to us to have missed the truth entirely. The speculative hoarder keeps his cash in hand with a view to the premium on currency; other hoarders merely wait to see if the banks are to maintain solvency or not. That neither class was looking for something new and safe in which to invest is proved by the result of the note-issue; but that result adds little or nothing to the knowledge, derived from previous occurrences of the sort, of the fundamental tendencies in a hoarding mania.

Mr. Cortelyou deserves credit for facing the facts and undoing as far as he could the unlucky note experiment. He also deserves praise for his firm stand against one extremely vicious project which he was besought to incorporate in the plan; that is, to authorize tacitly the clearly illegal use of these 3 per cent. notes as bank reserves. To this he gave absolute refusal. But the best that can be said of the whole affair is that the Treasury has learned a lesson by experience.

The news of this result will be read with considerable humiliation in certain quarters across the ocean. No financial episode in our time has been so amazing as the sudden clamor, in foreign financial circles esteemed as centres of conservatism, for radical and revolutionary action by our government. This extraordinary state of mind—which has led astray some of the highest banking dignitaries of the Old World—can be explained only on the ground that financial London itself was in a mental panic, and spoke, if it did not act, as panic-stricken people do. The London *Economist*, organ of financial conservatism, opened its discussion of our money crisis by remarking:

> Before a complete failure of the public confidence, no credit system and no currency in the world could hope to stand. But for the moment it is clear that the currency is the crux of the situation, and that some means must be devised to remove the existing premium, to enable banks once again to cash checks freely, and to induce business men throughout the States to bring their money back into the ordinary channels of banking.

Nothing could be more sound. And how is this wholesome rule applied? By examining thoroughly the nearest precedent of a money-hoarding American panic, that of 1893, in which, without exception, every incident of the present affair was accurately foreshadowed, and in which the crisis was surmounted by the automatic processes of the markets? Not at all. The *Economist* declared with emphasis that there was no way out of our dilemma save through issue of government fiat money. One can imagine Walter Bagehot turning in his grave.

OUR POLITICAL DISPUTANTS.

Mr. Bryan never showed more clearly the clerical bent of his mind than in his speech—sermon, we had almost said—at Washington last week. His "heads of discourse" would have delighted a professor of homiletics. There were the four things that Roosevelt had stolen from the Democrats; the four things that he dared not steal; the four things that were all his own and that were fearfully un-Democratic. The whole was a beautifully balanced sermonic plan. It all recalls what Leslie Stephen said about Blair—that his sermons were merely "essays composed by a professor of rhetoric to illustrate the principles of his art." And Bryan's use of Democracy, in the purely abstract sense, is wonderfully like Blair's employment of Devotion, as given by Stephen:

> To thee, oh Devotion, we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and the merit of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue and the rest of our souls in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts, thou calmest the passions; and, in short, givest me an excellent opportunity for finishing a paragraph with an admirable prosopopœia, according to approved rules of art.

Of all this attempt to trace current political doctrines to their party origin, and to decide who stole whose clothes, we think the country is heartily sick. People have left off caring about the whence, and are giving their attention to the what. It makes little difference what was the origin of a policy if its effects are pestiferous. And there is really no end to this kind of recrimination when once you embark upon it. While Bryan and Roosevelt are disputing as to who was the only begetter of plans which they alike favor, Tom Watson rudely bursts in to accuse them both of having got their ideas from the Populists. And we must say that he has an unpleasant amount of circumstantial and documentary evidence to prove his case. If one turns back to the platform of the "People's Party" of 1892, he will find embedded in it several Roosevelt doctrines, including the graduated income tax, and the distinctive Bryan doctrine of government ownership of the railways. But the whole inquiry is barren and wearisome. The country is to-day less interested in origins than tendencies. And it emphatically does not hanker after a party or a candidate that can only echo the political wisdom of Bre'r Mud Turkle (we think it was he), who said: "I know where I come from, but I don't know where I'm gwine."

Let it be admitted that no party has a monopoly of ideas, any more than of virtue. It is doubtless true that political managers take their own wherever they find it; and that in the vast ferment of opinion in a democracy like ours, notions find their way into all parties at once, no man can say exactly how. But all this, in a situation such as we have upon us to-day, is of no practical benefit. It leaves you, as the Scotchman said of claret, very much as you were before. Some way of getting on is what we ask political leaders to suggest; and if all they have to offer is personal and party recrimination, the general verdict will be very apt to be, A plague o' both your houses.

Some things are clear in the flux of political convictions and the break-up of parties. One of them stands out of the

very conditions under observation. Party labels signify less than ever. There is no rallying power or inspiration in the name Republican or Democrat, merely as such. The parties have exchanged rapiers too often, like Hamlet and Laertes, to leave the people wholly certain of the identity of each, or with what weapons it will fight. It is not the title, but the programme, of parties that will really count next year. And, of course, a vital part of their programme is the men they put forward to carry it into execution.

Now, at this point, both parties have to face a fact which is implied in a statement made in Washington last week by Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey, secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee. He said, speaking of the effort necessary to keep the Republicans in control of the House, that the election of Representatives next year could not be achieved by a simple "Hurrah for Roosevelt!" The magic of that name would be lacking. It is certain, too, that if Bryan is the candidate of the Democrats, there will be no magic on that side, either. A stale and twice-defeated nominee can put no *elixir vitæ* to the lips of his party; a sleeping potion is the most that could be expected from him. The outlook is that the voters will be singularly free, next year, from all kinds of political incantations. No orator will be able to arouse hysterical applause by simply announcing, "I am a Democrat." Nor will a confession of Republican faith move any audience to tears. People will coldly insist upon knowing what kind of Republican, as what kind of Democrat. And if either party thinks to lay a spell upon the citizens of the country, whether by some kind of hocus-pocus of issues, or the fancied glamour of a personality, it will be doomed to a sorry disappointment.

Sober-minded and independent Americans cannot regret the prospect of a campaign in which reason bids fair to have much more play than usual. In our recent financial disturbances, the demagogues and quacks fell suddenly silent. Nobody wanted to hear from them. It was the men who knew, and who had steadiness and power, to whom the people looked. And it may well be that in the disturbed political conditions which we are fronting there will be a similar demand for grave and well-poised men. They may not be able to feed excitement, but they can gain confidence. And they may prove that the most effective political magic is, after all, that which is exercised by sound judgment and stern integrity.

THE HIGHER ATHLETICS.

Contemporary interest in the relation of football to faith calls attention to the fact that bodily exercise has from the beginning of history been closely associated with some spiritual idea, whether religious or political. We need not go to the Australian corroboree or the Indian ghost dance for illustrations, or even to the games which the Greeks instituted with specific religious intent. "Muscular Christianity" has a more modern ring, though the idea of it may possibly go back to the time when the sturdy monks from the Egyptian *laurœ* used to invade Alexandria and with their cudgels chastise the Hypatias and Thaises of that sinful town. Rulers and statesmen have always contended that a people's safety rests largely on the physical prowess of its members. Under ordinary circumstances, a nation of athletes will easily overcome a nation of mollycoddles. This was understood by Agesilaus of old Sparta, who pointed out to his soldiers the fair, tender bodies of his Persian prisoners and their costly garments, and said scornfully, "See whom you are fighting, and then for what you are fighting." There are people in England who, alarmed by the alleged decline in the nation's physical stamina, are expecting that some day a second Moltke will address the same words to a German army corps encamped in Hyde Park.

It is not, however, in its development of the bodily capacities of the individual that the chief value of the higher athletics lies. It will be remembered that the Olympian games were to the Greeks a notable symbol and bond of national unity, and it is precisely in cementing racial and national feeling that modern athletics achieves its most useful function. It is hard to say whether any system of Chamberlain preferential tariffs could hold the British Empire so firmly together as the regularly recurrent contests between the cricketers and football players of Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand and the men of Yorkshire, Surrey, or All-England. There has even been a tendency to ground Anglo-Saxon friendship across the Atlantic on international athletic contests; though there, it must be confessed, an excessive preponderance of victories for one side or the other seems to bring about a drop in the intensity of Anglo-Saxon consciousness of kinship. But athletics, to exercise its full unifying force, must be the recreation of more than the small number of persons who can possibly participate in an eight-oared race or a tennis match. In other words, the political value of physical exercise is best displayed, not in teams, but in such organizations as bowling clubs and gymnastic societies. Of this use of the higher athletics we find a striking example in the political situation in Austria-Hungary, as described by Archibald R. Colquhoun in a recent number of the *North American Review*. Speaking of the active propaganda that is being carried on for creating among the various Slav peoples of the Hapsburg realm, and of Europe in general, a sentiment of racial unity, he says:

> The principal organization for keeping these people in touch is a system of gymnastic societies, known as *Sokols*. Branches, numbering over a thousand, are established in all Slav countries, and in communities of Slavs in foreign countries like Germany, France, and the United States. In 1907 they held a meeting at Prague, at which 23,000 of all nationalities attended (five hundred from America), and manœuvred in a manner which surprised the Austrian and Russian staff officers who were present. In 1885, when Bulgaria threw off the Russian tutelage, there was no native organization save the *Sokols*, which, however, numbered 40,000 men, all trained and disciplined, and largely helped to save the situation. . . . They exhibit an amount of organizing and concentrating power at variance with the accepted character of the Slavs.

A few such organizations exist even in Russia where, of course, they do not enjoy the favor of the officials. Yet it was the belief of one enthusiastic Russian at the Prague celebration that if the *Sokols* were well developed in his country, she would have a constitutional government to-day!

Nor are the Slavs the only ones to make use of gymnastics as a political lever. The European nations are quick in borrowing from each other the newest ideas in popular propaganda, and, along with the general strike, the "pacific" strike, the school strike, and the hunger strike, the idea of political athletics has spread widely. Thus the Italians in southwestern Austria have their own gymnastic societies, whose object is as much the acquisition for Italy of the Tyrol and Trieste as actual proficiency in manipulating the dumb-bell and the Indian-club. Some time ago there was published in this country, and repeatedly reproduced, a picture showing some hundreds of young Italian gymnasts going through their exercises in the Vatican gardens in the presence of the Pope. This is evidence that the Catholic organizations are determined not to be left behind by their Socialistic and Masonic opponents. Rumor has it, even, that young King Alfonso has been enthusiastic in popularizing tennis in his country, out of the conviction that the sporting spirit helps to keep a nation in good health. Conceivably it is because the Spaniards prefer to be spectators at games rather than participants, while the English have always been fond of nine-pins, single-stick exercise, and wrestling, that the Armada was defeated.

Athletics is sublimated when it becomes the embodiment of such ideals as Mr. Colquhoun ascribes to the Slav *Sokols:*

> The object of these *Sokols* is primarily anti-German—their basis is the homogeneity of the Slav race, the preservation of Slav languages and culture. . . . No word of German was heard [at the Prague

festival], and at the national theatre a significant tableau was displayed which represented the *Sokols* releasing the spirit of the Slav from the fetters imposed by German influence.

Yet, curiously enough, political athletics is really a German invention. It was Friedrich Wilhelm Jahn, the *Turnvater*, as he is known to all Germans, who in the hour of Prussia's deepest degradation, following the disaster of Jena, hit upon gymnastic training as a means of bringing about his country's physical and spiritual rehabilitation. The enormous success of the *Turner* idea, with the part which it played in the overthrow of the Napoleonic domination, and in the later democratic movement within Germany, is well known. Our own country can show no parallel to the historical *Turnvereine*; but the advent of the college athlete into politics, most often as the guardian of the purity of the ballot in one of the Tammany districts, together with such phènomena as the election of a Milwaukee county judge on his star record as a halfback, is not a bad sign.

A COLLEGE UTOPIA: A FANTASY.

In commenting on the gift of several millions of dollars to Swarthmore on condition of abandoning intercollegiate contests in athletics, a correspondent has urged acceptance of the money, on the ground that some college should deliberately try the experiment of favoring scholarship as against athletics. The institution, he admits, "might lose popularity for a time," but he thinks that in the long run it might "attract the class of students which is most desirable." This revolutionary suggestion is worth more detailed consideration. We are aware that the great majority of our colleges must, as our correspondent says, "conform more or less to popular sentiment"; that the president, the faculty, and the trustees do not dare run counter to the feelings of the undergraduates and those noisy and half-baked young graduates who yell for the athletic teams and who are supposed to voice "alumni opinion." Yet we can conceive of a college—of course as an abstract ideal, impossible of realization—in which the authorities estimate the tumult and the shouting at their exact value, and steadily pursue the true aims of education. This academic Utopia, a mere dream, we shall describe more fully, fortified by President Woodrow Wilson's recent declaration that the world needs more dreamers. This conception of ours, we may add, is by no means original. It has been seriously presented in private conversation by an eminent educator, whose name we withhold in order to save him from ridicule.

For a site we should choose some city or town in New England, because traditions of culture there are so old and well-established that an institution singly devoted to it may be less likely to excite hostility than elsewhere. Boston and its suburbs are out of the question; for Harvard already has a long start and overshadows everything. New Haven is also impossible: people there would not tolerate a college that was indifferent to the activities to which the Yale of to-day owes its chief distinction. The college which we have in mind might be built on the ruins, say, of Bowdoin, or of Dartmouth, Brown, Amherst, Williams, Trinity, or Wesleyan. Each of these colleges has a considerable "plant" which might, under certain conditions, be utilized for higher education.

The first of these conditions is a strong faculty. At present our smaller colleges are constantly raided by the larger, which offer higher salaries, better equipped libraries and laboratories, and in general wider opportunities for fame and usefulness. Every small college has a few able men who, because of inertia, loyalty, or social ties, are not to be tempted away; but in general the more promising members are steadily drained off. In order to hold them, the small college should pay salaries of $5,000 or $6,000, so that its teachers might buy books, might attend the annual meetings of scientific and literary associations, and might go to Europe in summer, to visit the Bodleian, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the principal art galleries. Moreover, the professors should not be overburdened with teaching, but should have a fair chance for scholarly research and production. To maintain a large faculty on these terms would be impracticable; and accordingly the college would be forced to the plan which has had such admirable results in the Canadian colleges—the plan of giving comparatively few courses, and giving those well. This would mean cutting off most of the feebly conducted graduate work—leaving that to a real university—and concentrating energy and ability on the important courses in classics, modern languages, philosophy, history, economics, mathematics, and the sciences. The college would not be so big on paper, but its product might be far more completely finished. If a faculty made up of men of intellectual distinction could be held together for a generation we should have an institution unique in its kind—a Johns Hopkins for undergraduates.

That would, of course, imply a body of ambitious students, and a code of discipline based on that ambition. We would by no means bar athletics, college journalism, glee clubs, and social gatherings. All these have their place in a scheme of education; but they are, after all, subsidiary to the main issue. Such a college as we have sketched might lift from the shoulders of its teachers a great burden by sweeping away all committees on football, glee-club concerts, and junior promenades, and by telling the students to play and sing and dance as they pleased within the limits of good behavior. And with this further proviso: that no athlete or singer or any other student should receive the slightest favor in the way of extra absences or postponement of recitations or examinations. If any college faculty should maintain a fairly strict standard of scholarship, inevitably the social, athletic, and other activities would be subordinated to their proper place. As matters are now, the amount of study done by the average undergraduate is, as a Harvard committee reported in 1905, "discreditably small." Almost any man fit to go without a keeper can, with fair application, get through almost any college. But the place we have in mind is intended for youth of intelligence and aspiration. The rest, who constitute the bulk, can betake themselves to other colleges, where, to borrow a phrase from President Wilson, the authoritics "put down the standard of entrance requirements to get men in, and then put down the standard of instruction to keep them in."

Our ideal college we have spoken of as a mere dream—and yet with the backing of a few millions from some one who can distinguish between genuine and imaginary discipline of the mind, one at least of the smaller New England colleges might translate the vision into reality. The college would definitely cease to compete with the others in athletics or in mere numbers. It would content itself with small but picked classes. It would educate them instead of allowing them to idle through four years. Such an enterprise would attract to its faculty scholars of the first rank, who are sick and tired of adapting their instruction to the requirements of football players and other incompetents, and of resisting appeals from the athletic committee to give the shortstop "one more chance." Such an enterprise would also appeal to youth who are worth teaching. If there were money to carry the undertaking through the period of depression, the panic occasioned by a sudden change of policy, it might accomplish great results.

*THE ROMANS IN ISTRIA AND DALMATIA.—I.

AUGUSTUS AND THE DISCOVERIES AT SALONA.

We generally associate this capital of Roman Dalmatia with the name of that distinguished Dalmatian, the Emperor Diocletian, greatest politician since Augustus. He was born at Salona, and when he abdicated in 305 A. D. returned here to live as a private citizen and grow cabbages in the magnificent castle villa which he built near by, in which the mediæval town of Spalato now nestles. Salona

*Other articles in this series appeared in the issues of the *Nation* for May 30, August 8, and September 5.

steadily grew until in the fourth and fifth centuries it was one of the largest cities of the Roman world, half as large as Constantinople; but if the scholars who have haughtily curled the lip at any references to the Roman Salona because they think it a city of the decadence, were to study its ruins without preconception, especially as they are now being laid bare, they would find reason to revise their opinion and recognize a large nucleus of the Augustan age and some remains even of the earlier Greek city, so well described in Dio's history of the civil war. I shall confine myself to the early Salona of Cæsar and Augustus and its share in the Augustan scheme.

Salona's history is Greek in its beginnings. The Greek colonists had crept up the coast line, settling on the islands. From the mother-colony on the island of Issa, the cities of Tragurion (modern Trau) and Epetion had been founded, and from them Salona, only a few miles southeast of Tragurion. The road connecting Salona with Tragurion, called the Via Munita, with its Cyclopean retaining wall, is the oldest known Dalmatian road. The acropolis of the Greek Salone can still be traced; its walls, built perhaps at the time of the wars of the close of the third century B. C., between the Illyrians and the Romans, were then unprovided with towers, and Dio's text shows that temporary wooden towers were added for defensive purposes in the civil war. Already in 119 B. C. the consul Cecilius Metellus, in conducting his campaign against the Dalmatians, had made his winter quarters at Salona, showing its importance as a military centre. Still, in the vicissitudes of war, Salona fell into the power of the native Dalmatian forces and had to be captured several times by the Romans: in 78 B. C. by Cassonius, in 39 by Asinius Pollio, and in 33 by Augustus himself.

After the battle of Philippi in 42, Augustus had received Illyria as part of his share of the West, and it was in the course of the campaigns of his lieutenant, Pollio, to subject it that Salona was delivered from the hostile Dalmatian occupants in 39 B. C. It was either then or toward 33 that Augustus raised it to the rank of a colony under the name of Iulia Martia Salona, and added a Roman city by the side of the Greek, with a wall surrounding the whole and connected with that of the Greek acropolis. Even thus enlarged, the city was relatively small. How it afterwards grew is marked by two successive additional systems of fortifications, one under Marcus Aurelius, in 176, when the army threw up walls to defend the city against the threatened irruption of the Marcomannian hordes, and another in the fourth and fifth centuries, when new bulwarks of exceptional strength and extent were built against the Goths by the Christian emperors.

Of the Augustan city there are almost certainly three relics, and probably others will appear during further excavations. They are: (1) the Porta Cæsarea and part of the walls; (2) the Amphitheatre; (3) the Aqueduct. In the present muddle of the city's topography, when nobody seems to have a tenable hypothesis as to what was the early and what the later portion of the ancient city, I think these landmarks may give the clue. The excavations are now in full swing and of unusual interest, though so modestly done that they receive scant attention. The excavator is the indefatigable Monsignor Francesco Bulic, who is the guardian of Dalmatia's archæological interests and has done so much to save Diocletian's palace at Spalato from disintegration and is still busy freeing it from modern accretions. Salona was practically unique in the completeness of the preservation of the ancient city not only throughout the Middle Ages, but even, except for the destruction of the wars of the thirteenth century, through the Renaissance. The great Christian basilicas subsisted by the side of the hardly injured theatre, amphitheatre, and walls of Roman times. In the seventeenth century, however, the Venetians decreed the final demolition of the old city to prevent its use by the Turks! The Venetians, as usual, laid sacrilegious hands on all its splendid buildings, for use in modern structures, even in Venice itself.

Modern excavations were carried on under Lanza (1821-1827) and Carrara (1842-1850), who uncovered parts of the theatre, the Porta Cæsarea, the Porta Andetria, the wall circuit, the amphitheatre, and a small part of the Christian antiquities. In 1874 excavations were resumed and had been continued intermittently and with small means before Bulic's energy found a better way. Until recently the chief results have been the uncovering of an imposing group of Early Christian monuments of all sorts belonging to the age when Salona had grown to be a metropolis. The greatest known open-air Christian cemetery with its multitude of stone sarcophagi and inscriptions was found, with a large basilica as its centre. This, of course, was outside the city walls; then there was uncovered the episcopal basilica within the city, with all its annexes—baptistry, confirmation hall, episcopal palace, and hospice. There is no group of Christian antiquities outside of Rome and Ravenna that carries one back so thoroughly to the high tide of the Christian life of the fourth and fifth centuries. We see here the very cemetery from which the bodies of the Dalmatian bishops and martyrs were taken in 640 to Rome to be buried in the Lateran Chapel of S. Venanzio on account of the barbarian invasion that threatened the existence of the Dalmatian cities.

But now the earlier ruins are claiming renewed attention, and this summer, as well as last autumn, the main centre of work has been the city gate called Porta Cæsarea, a structure already partly cleared in Carrara's excavations of 1849, but soon reinterred without thorough investigation. During the past season the east face and part of the passage were freed, and several fragments of an Augustan inscription were found, as well as so many parts of the memberment that I hope to be able to reconstruct the design of this important structure. Far from being a work of the decadence of Roman art, this gate can now be proved to be in the style of the other large Augustan gates at Nîmes, Turin, Aosta, and Verona, most of which I have described in other articles. It is a small fortress with a central court. The gateways themselves are triple on each face, and the outside, or east face is flanked by two large projecting circular towers, which have caused great confusion in the minds of archæologists because they were separate from the walls in construction, were used as aqueduct reservoirs, and projected into the *interior* of the city. But what became the interior in the time of Marcus Aurelius, when the new and larger wall circuit was erected to enclose the east suburb, had been the exterior in the time of Augustus, when the city was less than half its later size. The city had expanded eastward in these two centuries of *pax romana*, when the old Augustan practice of fortifying the colonies had been totally abandoned. It was only when the great onslaught of the Marcomanni and Quadi came in 169 that it was necessary to refortify this northern bulwark of the empire, enclosing the suburbs. The army itself has left inscribed records of how and when it did this work. In the new circuit the place of the old Porta Cæsarea was taken, much farther eastward, by the gate, of which a part still remains, called Porta Andetria, through which the principal highway, the Via Gabiniana, entered the city. The new wall followed the line of the Augustan (or Cæsarian?) aqueduct, which had ended by hiding itself in the bowels of that part of the primitive Augustan wall stretching on both sides of the Porta Cæsarea, whose great defensive towers henceforth served merely as reservoirs, and the gate itself merely as a spectacular access to the acropolis from the interior of the city.

As for the aqueduct, which was connected both with the Porta Cæsarea and the amphitheatre, its lead pipes bear the significant names of the makers, Julius Eucarpius and Caius Julius Xantus, proof enough, in the mere use of the name Julius, of the Augustan age for its original construction, which is of superb masonry of early type. Not enough can be seen of the theatre or the public Thermæ for me to offer any conjecture as to their age, but the excavations may soon provide more data.

Fragments of the dedicatory inscriptions of the Porta Cæsarea have come to light, some in the excavations of Carrara (1849) and many more during the past years. It had long been known that the gate was restored under the Emperor Constantius, between 337 and 350, by his governor of Dalmatia, Flavius Rufinus Sarmentius, but I should judge that the restoration was a slight one, affecting perhaps only the upper section. What is far more important than this late inscription in small letters is the finding of numerous fragments, mostly minute, of charaeteristic, large Augustan characters from the original dedication. I shall not attempt to reconstruct it now, because new fragments are appearing, and in any case it would not be fair to Monsignor Bulie, but I can safely reproduce enough of the letters to prove their Augustan' character: IMP [*Cæsar, divi. f. A*] VG [*usto po*] NTI [*fici maxi*] MO [*t*] RIB [*p*] O [*t*] I. I am expecting shortly to return to Salona, when the gate is entirely eleared, and in the passageway and in the west side more of the Augustan inscription recovered. The entire structure is in good-sized, carefully cut, blocks of stone; the mouldings are simple, the Corinthian capitals of excellent *facture*, the proportions quite imposing.

It is with considerable diffidence that I

venture to claim the amphitheatre for the reign of Augustus. It was in 1850 that the excavation was begun, and the digging went in some parts to a depth of over twenty feet. Its major axis is 65 m., its minor 47 m., which makes it slightly larger than that of Pompeii. The probability is that the seats were entirely of wood; their ashes were found by the excavators. Monsignor Bulic asked me to consider carefully the style of the amphitheatre. No inscription has been found that would give any clue to its age. It stands at the west end of the primitive part of the city, and is so small that it was evidently planned for a city of quite limited area, certainly far smaller than Salona had become in the age of the Antonines, as we are constrained to judge from the area enclosed in the walls of Marcus Aurelius. This indication of an early date would be inconclusive if it were not for the primitive style of the arcades, their heavy proportions, and the absence of the tooling or boss-work familiar to us after the time of Claudius. On the other hand, the amphitheatre at Pola is a good example of early Antonine work in this region, perhaps of Trajan's time, and a comparison with its developed forms makes the Augustan age seem exceedingly probable for the amphitheatre of Salona. The majority of critics will be exceedingly skeptical, I know, of so early a date, and loth to recognize here a unique link between the solid pre-Cæsarian type of amphitheatre, as represented by those at Pompeii and perhaps at Sutri, and the open-arched Imperial type of the Claudian and Flavian era, as shown at Capua and the Colosseum. But I think that the work tells its own story to an expert in architectural history.

In another letter I expect to outline the way in which Augustus set about establishing and fortifying Roman colonies at the principal seaports from Aquileia to Thrace, and connecting them by a seaboard highway that reached to Italy; how he founded a few colonies along the main inland natural routes toward the Danube and protected them with military camps. He began his work here in about 40-39 B. C., and gave to it some fifteen years of his attention before he began to concentrate for another fifteen years on the other half of the general scheme of imperial offence and defence in the west—the north Italian scheme which I sketched in my previous articles. But the work was concentrated at first on the northern section, to connect Aquileia with the Danube, and the Illyrian *hinterland* was left largely untouched until the great Dalmatian insurrection under Bato in 6-9 A. D. had shown how dangerous it was to allow the native levies time to come together and prepare while the Roman armies were hampered in their powers of observation and rapid movement. In order to make this impossible in the future, Tiberius, who had himself crushed the rising, which had threatened Italy itself, then carried the early Augustus road scheme practically to completion. In this system there were four main arteries, military or commercial, centring at Salona. The west branch first utilized the old Via Munita to Tragurion and then touched at all the seaports till it reached Aquileia and joined the Italian network and the northwest route to Vindobonum. The second road was that directly northward by way of Clissa and Andetrium over the mountains. It was called Via Gabiniana. The eastern artery passed Via Æquum and the Save to join the future Pannonian road system. At Pons Tiluri it sent out an offshoot into the Balkan fastnesses, while another branch turned southward to old Narona. The least important was the southeast coast road by way of Epetion. The Dalmatian milestone inscriptions indicate that, as we should judge by historic records, very little was done to the Dalmatian roads between Tiberius and Trajan. Vespasian decided to transfer some of the Dalmatian legions northward to Pannonia, and so diminished the military importance of these highways. But under Trajan they became a paramount preoccupation in preparation for his Dacian wars; this is a fact not generally understood, and so interesting a glimpse of Roman politics that I shall leave it for another letter.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, N. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The thirteenth annual volume of "American Book-Prices Current," containing the records for the season of 1906 and 1907, has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. A change in type, by which titles are in lower case black-face, and names of authors in capitals, is an improvement. Records are given of 12,700 lots of books and autographs selling at $3 or over—nearly 2,000 less than in the 1906 volume, but more than in any previous issue. Though rare and high-priced books appeared in many sales, there were few extensive libraries of first editions. One such, indeed, that of Louis M. Dillman of Chicago, is notable. Of collections of Americana, that of ex-Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, one of the richest in the country, is preëminent. The small number of books from private or semi-private presses is noticeable. Only 23 items from the Kelmscott Press are included, while the 1901 volume records over two hundred; there are only 14 from the Essex House Press, while the 1902 volume includes 52. Though the very rarest books in the finest condition are increasing in price, inferior copies of commoner books are becoming cheaper. This is notably the case with first editions of American authors. The books of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, and others which were published after these men became famous, were printed in large numbers and can never become rare. To bring the prices paid five or six years ago, copies would now have to be in pristine condition, exactly as new.

On December 10 the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a collection, mainly Americana, containing the library of a Western collector. Among the lots are a copy of the Aitken Bible, Philadelphia, R. Aitken, 1782 (the first Bible in the English language printed in America), some leaves mended and repaired; Hubley's "American Revolution," 1805; Filson's Kentucky, London, 1793, with the London map; "History of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition," Philadelphia, 1814, the first edition, edited by Nicholas Biddle, in boards, uncut; Martin's "History of Louisiana," 1827-29, boards, uncut; Moultrie's "Memoirs of the American Revolution," 1802; Neal's "History of New England," 1720, a presentation copy; Smith's "History of New Jersey," 1765; and Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee," 1823. On December 12, the same firm offers some selections from the library of the late Dr. William Egle, State Librarian of Pennsylvania. There are books on New Sweden, by Acrelius, 1759, and Biorck, 1731; McCall's "History of Georgia," 1811-16, a presentation copy; Livingston's "Review of the Military Operations in North America," 1757; Penn's "Further Account of Pennsylvania," 1685; and Loudon's "Narratives of Outrages committed by the Indians," 1808-11.

Macmillan & Co. announce as forthcoming "Suppressed Plates," by George Somes Layard. He discusses in detail the history of some famous suppressed plates; such as the portrait of the Marquis of Steyne, which appeared in a few early copies of "Vanity Fair," some of the cancelled designs of Hogarth, Cruikshank, Keene, and other artists. The volume is to be illustrated with reproductions of a number of plates.

Correspondence.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Francis Thompson on November 18 will start strange thoughts in the minds of lovers of English poetry. How easily we forget! In the year of the publication of his "Poems," 1893, his was the name most discussed in the gatherings of the literary. Perhaps no poet's first book, not even Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," had provoked more discussion or been more generally acclaimed. Coventry Patmore, writing in the *Fortnightly*, boldly declared that the level of his achievement was higher than Crashaw's. H. D. Traill likewise aligned him with the classics, and most wonderful of all, the *Edinburgh*, forsaking its tradition, heralded the arrival of a great singer hitherto unknown. Then came stories of the struggle Thompson had made, of the many defeats, how he had taken to the anodyne of Coleridge and De Quincey, how he had been found holding horses in London, and what not. Then there was the fascination of his religion and the rumor of his withdrawal from a hopeless world into a monastery in Wales.

How true all this was we do not know. Yet it is certain that he who had written "The Hound of Heaven" had passed through deep waters. He was no longer young for one publishing a first volume, and the book itself was not large. Its quality, however, was unmistakable. The manner, too, was new, though in a sense it was as old as Donne or Cowley or Crashaw. No nineteenth-century poet's soul had been so uneasy in its body; none had felt such spiritual torture, not even Verlaine in the prison at Mons. Here was a new accent:

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again:

This surely was authentic. The nineteenth century had not heard many such bursts of song, none ever on such a theme. In the temperament of its maker there was

a strange interpenetrating of the ascetic and the æsthetic, hungry yearnings that seemed directed at once at heaven and the flesh; now a passionate spirituality and a shrinking horror of the earthly that sounded like an echo of St. Bernard's "Preparation for the Last Judgment"; then again rhapsodies like the "Corymbus for Autumn," clogged with impossible adjectives that troubled till they cloyed the sense; or clear startling renditions as in his "Poppy":

Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came.

He could be tender, too, and his poems on childhood are among his best. If we dared pick, for instance, only the following four stanzas from his "Daisy," it would be a well-nigh perfect lyric:

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end:
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

The lines quoted are enough to show that the future will have some reckoning to make with their author. Yet he had many and grave defects. His execution is often inexcusably wretched; he cannot strike his note and hold it; when hard pressed he stuffs the gap with monstrous words and his ear fails him. The technical accomplishment which is always there to save Verlaine's worst is not evident even in Thompson's best, and it is perhaps for this reason that he has fallen so hopelessly far behind even his own deserts.

His first success he followed up with "Sister Songs" in 1895, and with the "New Poems" in 1897. There was no progression; he was no longer a "new poet," and the faults seemed more glaring now that the public's first ardor had cooled. Perhaps he was disappointed, perhaps—and we strongly suspect it—that complex of contradictory qualities which constituted his temperament was unstable, and when the resolution came, as it must have come with years, the *furor poeticus* was gone. In any case, the poet lapsed into silence, and doubtless it will mean little to the latest generation of readers to learn that Francis Thompson is dead. CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Princeton, N. J., November 25.

"THE FRUIT OF THE TREE" AND IBSEN'S "ROSMERSHOLM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading Mrs. Wharton's new novel, "The Fruit of the Tree" (reviewed in the *Nation* of October 17), I have been struck with its similarity in central situation to Ibsen's play, "Rosmersholm," a similarity, so far as I know, not yet pointed out by the reviewers.

In "Rosmersholm" the hero, Rosmer, is an idealist and would-be reformer, whose wife is incapable of sympathizing with his high purposes. The wife, Beata, has a friend, Rebecca West, who has become a member of the family, has developed an intimacy with the husband, and is fully in sympathy with him. In fact, Rebecca is largely responsible for Rosmer's new philanthropic theories and plans. She is a young woman of strong personal charm. "Whom could you not bewitch, if you tried?" one of her enemies says to her. She is also in love with Rosmer, and sees that he will never accomplish anything while his wife lives. Beata is a nervous invalid. By skilful suggestion Rebecca makes her believe that her death is necessary to make Rosmer happy, and to preserve him and Rebecca from shame. The unhappy Beata throws herself into the river. Rosmer soon discovers that he is in love with Rebecca, and asks her to marry him; but under the conventional influences of Rosmersholm Rebecca has experienced a change of heart. She now believes that she has no right to marry Rosmer, and steadfastly refuses him, but without giving him any reason for doing so. Finally, after some pressure from without, she confesses her responsibility for Beata's death, at the same time declaring her love for Rosmer. Rosmer is in theory an emancipated man; but, as his friend Kroll says, "All this has only been a matter of the intellect; it has not passed into the blood." He is horrified and repelled by Rebecca's confession: at once he loses all faith in her. One thing only can restore his faith: that she should "go the same way that Beata went." She expresses her willingness to do so; he is incredulous, but at the last moment is convinced of her sincerity, and leaps into the river with her.

From this bald account of the play the extent of its similarity in situation to the novel will be evident. The three central characters of "The Fruit of the Tree" stand in the same relations to one another as Rosmer, Beata, and Rebecca. Amherst, like Rosmer, is a man of "advanced" thought, an idealist and would-be reformer. Bessie, like Beata, is incapable of sympathy with her husband's theories. Justine Brent, like Rebecca, is a friend of the wife who comes into the family, becomes intimate with the husband, and sympathizes with his aspirations. Like Rebecca, she is a girl of singular personal charm and persuasiveness. "There's nothing you can't make people believe, you little Jesuit!" Amherst says to her. To save Bessie from needless anguish, Justine gives her an overdose of morphine. Afterwards she marries Amherst. Her motive, unlike Rebecca's, is unselfish, but the outcome is the same that Rebecca planned. Like Rebecca, Justine conceals her share in the wife's death as long as she can. Amherst distrusts the woman he loves, as Rosmer does, when she makes her confession. "Like many men of emancipated thought, he had remained subject to the old conventions of feeling." There are obvious and important differences, illustrating in an interesting way the difference between Norwegian and American taste; but the parallel is sufficiently noticeable.

Of course, there is no question of plagiarism. The resemblance may be entirely accidental; and in any case Mrs. Wharton, by her masterly treatment, has made the situation her own. But I think it would not be difficult to trace Ibsen's influence elsewhere in her work. Lily Bart, for instance, is a sort of American Hedda Gabler. At all events, the similarity I have been speaking of seems worth pointing out.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, November 17.

JOHN HARVARD AND HIS TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your critic's kindly reference to me in his review of Henry C. Shelley's "John Harvard and His Times," November 21, prompts me to say that if I was not the discoverer of our John Harvard's English home and parentage then certainly Dr. Rendle was not, and the credit must be awarded to an earlier explorer, viz., the late Col. Joseph L. Chester, who first called attention to the fact that there was a butcher in Southwark named Robert Harvard, who, dying in 1625, left, among other children, a son John. It was in the winter of 1881-2 that Chester made known this fact and suggested that this John Harvard might have been the one who came to New England and gave name to our ancient college. If the mere fact that there was a John Harvard in Southwark of apparently the right generation is enough to warrant the declaration that he was our man, then, I repeat, Col. Chester is to be credited with its discovery. But that gentleman was a trained genealogist, and knew very well that proof was needed to establish the connection, and that the one who should find that proof would rightfully be acclaimed as the real solver of the problem.

From Col. Chester not only I, but many others, knew that John, son of Robert Harvard, was living in 1625, and we took it for granted that his baptism would have been entered upon the parish register. I could have gone for it any day from the moment I first settled down to my work in London, with the confident expectation of finding it, as I did two years afterwards; but I should have been no nearer to the solution of my problem. The parish register could not tell me anything about that. There were other Harvard families, other John Harvards. Who was *our* John Harvard? That was the question to which I was trying to find the answer, and I found it, as I had expected, in the probate records. When the wills of Thomas Harvard and Mrs. Katherine Yearwood were found, the English home and parentage of our John Harvard ceased to be a problem. It only remained for me and others, including Messrs. Rendle, Smith, Dunkin, etc., to glean additional facts in our various fields, and thus increase our knowledge of the man and his surroundings. One of these additional facts, of course, was this very record of baptism, which then, and then only, became important (in the sense of interesting), since it enables us to form some idea of his age, and furnishes us with a date to celebrate a Founder's Day.

What caused me regret was Mr. Shelley's reference to what he was pleased to term an "ungenealogical wrangle" between Dr. Rendle and me. He is mistaken. I never engaged in a wrangle, or whatever else it may be called. He has evidently confounded me with the late Mr. John F. Hassam, who had my "Gleanings" published and furnished the Introduction, to which undoubtedly Mr. Shelley refers. The

first I knew of that Introduction was when the finished pamphlet reached me. My connection with the work had ceased when I sent my notes across the ocean to the society. I was sorry to see Mr. Hassam's first comments, just as I have been sorry since to see a portrait of me inserted in one of the bound volumes of my "Gleanings." In both instances my consent was not asked, nor was I informed beforehand.

Before closing let me call attention to a fact not noticed, so far as I know, by anybody thus far. The Rev. Nicholas Morton, minister at St. Saviour's and close friend of the Harvards, dying in 1640 left a will of which I made an abstract which appears in my "Gleanings." That will shows that he had recently married the widow of John Harvard's brother Thomas. This is especially interesting in view of the fact that Charles Morton, his eldest son by a previous match, later (in 1686) following in the footsteps of his father's friend and brother-in-law, came over to New England, settled in Charlestown, became a minister of the church there, and also vice-president of the college named after that friend.

HENRY F. WATERS.

Salem, Mass., November 22.

THE "STATE PAPER OFFICE" AND THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a remarkable fact that reputable historical writers of the present day should continue to refer to documents in the "State Paper Office," London, when that repository has had no legal existence for more than fifty years and no material existence for forty-five years. In Larned's "Literature of American History" (Paul Leicester Ford's contributions), 1902, Greene's "Provincial America," 1905, Munro's "The Seigniorial System in Canada, "1907, and Avery's "History of the United States," Vol. III., 1907, not to mention less important publications, the term is still used, and the impression is left that there is in London to-day a "State Paper Office" containing valuable documents and maps relating to American history.

Were it not that this error has been repeated so often by scholars of rank, it would not seem necessary to call attention to it here. The facts are these: In the middle of the nineteenth century, except for a few scattering groups of papers, the great bulk of the State Papers, Domestic and Foreign, the Home Office and Colonial Office papers, and the papers of the Board of Trade, were in the State Paper Office, a building erected for the special purpose in 1830, fronting St. James Park, where the India office now stands. In 1848 the decision was reached that on the retirement of Sir Henry Hobhouse, the Keeper of the State Papers, the records should be transferred to the custody of the Master of the Rolls; and on March 5, 1852, an order in council was issued requiring "that all records belonging to Her Majesty, deposited in any office, court, place, or custody," other than those mentioned in the Public Record Office Act of 1838, should "from henceforth be under the charge and superintendence of the Master of the Rolls," subject to the provisions of that act. When, therefore, in 1854, Sir Henry Hobhouse died, the State Paper Office and its establishment were consolidated with the Public Record Office, founded in 1838. The former maintained a separate existence as a branch Record Office until 1862, when the site being required for the new Foreign and India offices, the building erected thirty-two years before was pulled down and all its contents, not already removed, were transferred to the building between Chancery and Fetter Lanes.

The term "State Paper Office" as indicating a separate record repository is, therefore, wholly incorrect, while its use as a synonym for the Public Record Office is misleading and without official warrant.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Johns Hopkins University, November 21.

REDUCING THE DUTY ON ENGLISH ART

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice this morning that a "provisional agreement" has been "arrived at" between Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Sir Edward Grey, to swap British art for American drummers' samples, by a reduction of the duty on English art. No American artist in Europe is—if he is worth anything—afraid of competition in Europe, where there is at present no tariff, though there is a certain amount of justifiable jealousy towards Americans. But, if this agreement is carried out, and if the duty on British art is alone to be reduced, and not that on Continental art, the result will simply be that British shop-keepers—I mean experts—and British painters who can't dispose of their work here or on the Continent, will have a better chance of dumping their unsalable remainders on hypnotized Anglomaniacs—I mean American art lovers.

As a matter of fact, the tariff has never kept the work of an eminent, an acknowledged European artist, out of the country. Has it kept out the Romanticists? Where are the best collections of Monet? In my own work, what European etcher has been prevented from showing and selling his prints? What illustrator from contributing to the American magazines? The tariff has kept out cheap and unsalable rubbish. It has never for one moment interfered with a modern, a living European artist. I have been connected with more than one American show of European art, and I know what I am talking about.

But if England is to be given a preferential arrangement, what will happen? France, Germany, Italy, who alone have helped America in this struggle, will, I hope, prevent American artists from ever showing, from ever studying, and from establishing schools, clubs, and students' refuges in those countries. What has Great Britain done for American art that it should be toadied to? Nothing—nothing—less than nothing. True, the Academy has from its beginning been a harbor for American painters—some of them. But has England welcomed American artists to its schools? To be sure, these schools are not worth attending. Even Englishmen who wish to learn anything go to France. Has the British nation encouraged American—or any other—save its own art? And in payment we are to allow anything unsalable, so long as it is British, to be dumped on us.

What I mean is this: take the tariff off everything—no artist over here would object to that, ridiculously sentimental and inartistic and unbusinesslike as the idea is—or let it alone. But why toady to England, the most inartistic nation on the face of the globe?

JOSEPH PENNELL

London, November 23.

Notes.

The new volume (Part V.) of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, which is on the point of being issued, contains only literary texts, including a fragment of an uncanonical gospel, the new pæans of Pindar, and the portions of a new Greek historical work, which Drs. Grenfell and Hunt are now disposed to identify with the "Hellenica" of Theopompus. A cheap edition of the gospel fragment by itself, uniform with the "Sayings of Jesus," will be published simultaneously by Henry Frowde. It gives an account of the conversation between Jesus and a Pharisee, on the nature of purity, referred to in the report of the Egyptian Exploration Society, page 516 of this issue.

Prof. Albert Feuillerat of the University of Rennes is preparing a complete edition of the poetry and prose of Sir Philip Sidney. There will be two volumes of text and one of annotations and critical apparatus, published by the Cambridge University Press.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have just reissued Kipling's "Many Inventions," comprising short stories first published in this country by D. Appleton & Co. in 1893; a volume of "Collected Verse," containing substantially the matter in "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads," "Departmental Ditties and Other Verse," "The Seven Seas," and "The Five Nations"; and an edition of "The Brushwood Boy," illustrated by F. H. Townsend. We doubt whether the fantasies of "The Brushwood Boy" can ever be translated into line and color; Mr. Townsend, at any rate, has not wholly succeeded.

Miss Laura E. Lockwood, associate professor of the English language in Wellesley College, has now completed her "Lexicon to the English Poetical Works of John Milton" (The Macmillan Company), a part of which was printed several years ago as a Yale doctoral thesis. This is a welcome work and will henceforth be indispensable to any serious student of the poet. It is a matter of regret that so few special lexicons for the great English poets have as yet been undertaken. That the labor involved, though arduous, is not thankless, is proved by the reputation which has long attended the late Dr. Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon." Miss Lockwood has used the text of the Globe edition, and retained the modern spelling; in the arrangement and classification of the meanings of words she has followed the "New English Dictionary." Except in the case of the very commonest words, she has aimed at making her record of occurrences complete, and she has laid particular stress on definitions. Of course, only systematic use can prove

the accuracy of such a book in detail, but the impression which one gains from a cursory examination of its pages is that the task has been accomplished in a reliable and painstaking manner.

We welcome the translation, by Rose E. Selfe, of selections from the first nine books of Giovanni Villani's "Croniche Florentine" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Her selections include many of the most important episodes, among them the events of Dante's time, and the chapter concerning Dante himself. The translation reads well, without apparently sacrificing accuracy. Marginal reference to Dante's writings make the work all the more valuable for the Dante student. In a brief introduction, the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed discusses the value of Villani and epitomizes Dante's politics. By giving the titles of the omitted chapters the translator enables one to infer whether they contain matter for him or not.

F. W. Bussell of Brasenose College, Oxford, has followed a new line of Christian apology in his Bampton Lectures on "Christian Theology and Social Progress" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Instead of examining the Christian revelation in the light of reason, or defending the trustworthiness of its records, he seeks to establish the faith on the basis of its utility. Not reason, or fact, but use furnishes him his point of view. He seeks to exhibit the fitness of the Christian scheme to meet the practical and pressing difficulties of modern men. He pursues his purpose with considerable success, but one may question the value of the endeavor, for the inquiry remains, What is the advantage of demonstrating that a religion is valuable if it cannot also be shown to be true? Nevertheless, Mr. Bussell's pages contain much that is of real value, comments which show no small powers of discernment and penetration. His argument is weakened by his frequent failure to hold himself resolutely to the question in hand. We note that German words, with umlauted vowels, are often incorrectly printed.

A text-book for the instruction of children in "The Life of Jesus," prepared by Herbert Wright Gates (University of Chicago Press), deserves commendation. An accompanying "Pupil's Note Book," for use in class, contains outlines to be filled in, spaces for answers to questions, and for the insertion of pictures. The division and arrangement of the Biblical material are excellent, and the features of real importance are made emphatic. Questions beyond the capacity of children from ten to thirteen are kept skilfully in the background. The effort is to allow the gospels to speak for themselves, without needless intrusion of dogma. Good use is made of Christian poetry. If Sunday-school teaching could be brought to the level indicated by this text-book, much of the reproach under which Bible training suffers would lose its justification.

The efforts on the part of prominent Protestant theologians of Germany to come to some kind of understanding with the more independent representatives of Catholic scholarship in the interests of common scientific research and practical church work, are producing a literature of their own. The well-known university address of Prof. Adolf Harnack, delivered in Berlin on the last anniversary of the Kaiser's birthday, had this for its theme, and attracted wide attention. Now Prof. Paul Tschackert, of the University of Göttingen, has just published a work of 143 pages (Munich: C. H. Beck), entitled "Modus Vivendi: Grundlinien für das Zusammenleben der Konfessionen im deutschen Reich," in which he outlines a plan showing why and how the Catholic and the Protestant churches, without in any way sacrificing any fundamental principles, could yet coöperate in most of the departments of church work, such as charity, missions, social problems, and the like. Tschackert is, however, convinced that such an understanding cannot be reached with the extremists in either camp.

A new organ of the advanced theology in Germany has been established in the monthly called *Evangelische Freiheit*, edited by Prof. O. Baumgarten of the University of Kiel, and published by Mohr, in Tübingen. Its purpose is chiefly to show that liberal thought, because on a friendly footing with modern culture in general, is better able to supply the religious wants of our generation than orthodoxy possibly can do. Practically all the liberal university theologians of Germany are enrolled in its list of contributors. The publishing house of Mohr, which has within the last few years issued more than two hundred thousand copies of the booklets constituting the series of scholarly yet popular expositions of Biblical and religious problems, known as the Religiousgeschichtliche Volksbücher, now announces as supplementary to this series a new monthly journal called *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*. This periodical is to be devoted to the discussion of religious questions from the modern point of view, and hence will give much attention to "questions and doubts" that the readers suggest. A similar yet more conservative idea underlies the new quarterly review known as *Die Theologie der Gegenwart*, published by A. Deichert of Leipzig. More conservative still is the new series called Flugblatt für Gebildete, issued monthly by C. Bertelsmann of Gütersloh, in the interest of Christian apologetics. Another new religious paper, *Die Dorfkirche*, which has made its appearance in Germany, has for its province the cultivation of the religious life of the German Protestant peasant, and the assistance of the pastors and teachers of the peasant villages in central and northern Germany in their difficult task of understanding the intellectual and emotional processes of the people to whom they minister. The editor, Hans von Lüpke, a pastor in Thalbürgel, Thuringia, declares that the missionary to the heathen is better equipped in the comprehension of the religious life and usages of foreign races by his university training than is the pastor of a peasant church for effective ministry in his country parish. Religious sentiments utterly strange to him appear in his congregation after years of labor among them, and he finds often to his sorrow that his efforts have been totally misconceived, and that he has wrought injury where he hoped to bestow benefit. No observer of the German peasant will question the truth of this statement. The chasm between the *Bauer* and the city dweller is a wide one. A. l'Houet, author of the valuable "Psychologie des deutschen Bauerntums," is one of the collaborators in the new enterprise, whose progress may be watched with interest.

In "Bilder aus der brandenburgisch-preussischen Geschichte" (Berlin: Spiro), by Dr. Georg Voss, we have a delightful series of sketches of prominent men and important events in Prussia during the eighteenth century, together with eighty-three illustrations consisting of photolithographic reproductions of the etchings and drawings of Daniel Nicholas Chodowiecki, a celebrated and highly gifted painter and engraver of that time, who also held the position of director of the Berlin Academy of Arts. Especially interesting are the anecdotes and incidents connected with the life and carcer of Frederick the Great. The text is entertaining, hut the dellneation of customs and the portraiture of persons hy Chodowiecki, who was as distinguished for his keen psychological insight as for his artistic talent, give the book its chief attraction and value.

At a general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Society held on November 12 in London reports were read of the work during last year's campaign. Deir-el-Bahari, which is one of the most interesting sites in the area of ancient Thebes, has now been completely cleared. In the temple of the Queen the most important discoveries have been the great altar—the first known in Egypt at tbat time—and the "birth-terrace," the inscription of which gave the legend of the divine nativity of the Queen, and the description of her education and her coronation as associate to her father. In the lower part was found the unique representation of the transportation of the two obelisks erected at Karnak, one of which is still *in situ*. Inside this temple were also found the ebony panel of a shrine and its door. The discovery of the funerary temple of Mentuhetep II. is one of the most important discoveries made lately in Egypt. It is in a ruined state, but is the most ancient temple which we possess at Thebes, revealing, as it does, the art of the Eleventh Dynasty. M. Naville, in the course of his address, strongly recommended taking up another large and important work which might last several years, rather than change the site of excavations every year. He thought a worthy undertaking would be the clearing of Abydos, which had already been conceded to the Egypt Exploration Fund. Though several explorers had already worked there, a great deal still remained to be done. It was a field of research which extended from the first dynasties to the Ptolemaic times. Another important work of the year was the complete clearance of the remaining mounds which contained Greek papyri at Oxyrhynchus. These nearly all belonged to the fifth and sixth centuries A. D. In one mound were a number of literary fragments, belonging to a library largely composed of Greek lyric poets. A Gospel fragment gave an account of a conversation on the nature of purity between Christ and a Pharisee, which was supposed to take place in the temple at Jerusalem. It is probably to be regarded as an elaboration of Matthew xv. 1-20, composed between 150 and 200. The most important of the new classical texts consisted of the fragments of

the lost "Hypsipyle" of Euripides. Another long papyrus contained a commentary on Thucydides, Book II., apparently written in the first century, but the authorship has not yet been determined.

The lack of men in the library schools is discussed in the annual report of the New York State Library, now in course of preparation. During the twenty-one years that this school has been in operation it has matriculated 475 students, of which 107, or about 23 per cent., have been men. Of this number several failed to complete the course, and 6 have died, but 75, or three-fourths of those still living, are actively engaged in library work. In but two instances have men left the work after completing the course. The report adds:

That so large a proportion of these men continue in the work is strong testimony to its opportunities for advancement and its reasonable pecuniary rewards.

On this latter point comparison is made with the salaries commonly paid by the colleges and universities to tutors and instructors on the completion of two or three years of graduate work, and the comparison would seem to show to the advantage of the library school graduate, both as to immediate and ultimate return. Among the reasons suggested to account for the hesitation of men, particularly of university men, to enter the field, are the general feeling that library work is woman's work, based on the observation that most librarians are women; the great attraction of commercial pursuits, from which all the learned or literary callings are suffering; but chiefly the fact that library work as a profession has not been brought seriously and directly to the attention of young men at the time when their life work is chosen. To most young men, the report states, the library field has been a *terra incognita* of whose opportunities for executive and administrative ability, for real scholarship, for high social service they have not known or thought. Of late there has been a marked increase in the demand for men:

Men have probably always been preferred for the chief positions, but library salaries have been so small that in library work, as in teaching, the rank and file have been overwhelmingly women. Within recent years, however, salaries have become better, and, coincidentally, has come an increased and steadily growing preference for men as chief librarians. At the present moment the demand for good men to take not only chief places, but the more important subordinate ones, is far beyond the supply.

The semi-annual meeting of the Bibliographical Society of America will be held in Chicago December 30 and 31. The subject of the first session will be the present problems of the bibliography of science. The discussion will be opened by Dr. Cyrus Adler, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The second session will be devoted to an illustrated lecture on Printing as a Fine Art by William Dana Orcutt, of the University Press, Cambridge.

A provision of the French Ministry of Education should be added to the notes which have already appeared, regarding the international exchange of academic opportunities. In France, the best educational establishments, the écoles normales, the écoles primaires supérieures, the lycées, and collèges are all under the control of the Ministry of Education. The paid teachers must be men or women of French nationality, holding a degree from a French university, but a limited number of foreigners, men and women, are admitted each year as assistants; and for a number of years English women have been received as student teachers, as *répétitrices* in the écoles normales, of which there are nearly fifty. *Répétitrices* are required to give the students, who are girls from fifteen to twenty years of age, and any teacher who may wish for it, instruction in English and practice in English conversation. They are expected to devote an hour and a half or two hours a day (not over ten hours a week) to their duties as teachers, and in exchange are allowed to attend during the rest of the day the different courses given at these schools—theory of education, French language and literature, science and arts—or to employ themselves as they think fit. They are not allowed, however, to give paid lessons outside the college. They receive no salary from the French government, but are required to pay into the funds of the college 400 francs for the school year of ten months. Such students are treated like the other teachers in these training colleges. Each is assigned a room to herself within the school building, and is provided with board throughout the school year. Candidates must not be under eighteen or over thirty years of age, and must give evidence of having had a good education at school or college. English candidates are required to have passed some examination conducted by a British university. Some knowledge of French is indispensable. American women are eligible to these posts, "provided they speak good English."

The University authorities in Vienna have decided to present Miss Elise Richter, Ph.D., to become a privat docent in Romance languages. This is the first case of a woman securing this privilege in the academic circles of Austria.

Prof. Minton Warren, Pope professor of Latin at Harvard University since 1899, died at Cambridge, November 26. He was born in Providence in 1850, was graduated from Tufts College in 1870, and nine years later received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Strassburg. Before going to Harvard, he was professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins. He was a director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome from 1896-7, and president of the American Philological Association from 1897-8.

The Rev. Dr. Wendell Prime, ex-editor of the New York *Observer*, died at Zurich, Switzerland, November 28. He was born at Matteawan, Dutchess County, N. Y., in 1837, and he was graduated from Columbia in 1856. After a course of study at the Princeton Theological Seminary, he entered the Presbyterian ministry, and held pastorates at Detroit and Newburgh. In 1876 he joined the staff of the *Observer*, of which his father, Samuel Irenæus Prime, was editor; and later he himself succeeded to the editorship. In 1893 he retired on account of ill health. He was author of an elaborate monograph, "Fifteenth-Century Bibles," and he edited the "Autobiography and Memorials" of his father.

Two deaths of literary men are reported from Germany. The first is Prof. J. Wormstall, Münster, in his seventy-ninth year. He was author of several historical works, including Über die Wanderungen der Bataver nach den Niederlanden." His "Westphalienlied" gave him some repute as a poet. Julius Gersdorff, who died by his own hand at Weimar, was a lyric poet of considerable popularity. Among his writings are "Spielmannslieder" and "Gruss aus Thüringen."

THE GREAT COMMONER.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. By Albert von Ruville; translated by H. J. Chaytor, assisted by Mary Morison; with an introduction by Prof. Hugh E. Egerton. 3 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $9 net.

It is strange that one of the stateliest figures in English history has never yet had an adequate biography. Most Englishmen's views of Chatham are drawn from Macaulay's two consummate essays; and the fact that hardly any writer of the first rank has ventured to follow in Macaulay's footsteps is, perhaps, the surest testimony to the insight which those essays show. Now Dr. von Ruville, a German scholar of great industry, has intervened where angels feared to tread, with an elaborate life of Chatham, in three large, closely-printed volumes, full of carefully accumulated information, illustrated by some interesting portraits. The work is translated in a style which is adequate, if sometimes necessarily stiff, and prefaced by an admirable introduction from Professor Egerton's pen. The volumes show wide knowledge and great pains. Dr. von Ruville has made good use of the Newcastle papers in the British Museum; he has searched the Record Offices in London and Berlin; he is familiar with all the principal modern books upon his subject. He is anxious to be impartial, so anxious that he never fails to emphasize his hero's faults. His knowledge of German politics does not betray him into dwelling too largely on German interests: indeed, his descriptions of Frederick the Great's campaigns are in some places almost colorless and curt.

On two points he has, we think, added something valuable to our knowledge of Pitt. He brings out strongly the share which Pitt was forced to take in the personal intrigues which formed so large an element in contemporary politics, the influence of his connections, of the Grenvilles especially, on his career, and the extent to which for many years he depended on the support of the Prince of Wales and the Leicester House party. And, secondly, Dr. von Ruville succeeds in making Lord Bute's share in English politics clearer than it has been made before. He establishes Bute's desire to work with Pitt as far as possible; and he convinces us that Pitt's resignation in 1761 was not due to the resolve of the new Court to get rid of him at any cost. In some other points also, in his appreciation of the position in America in 1758, in his insistence in Pitt's keen and early interest in military questions, and in the careful account which he gives, both of intrigues at home and of operations abroad—overloaded with detail as both are apt to be—Dr. von Ruville's work deserves respect. It is only when we come to look for breadth of view or width of treatment, for perception, proportion, sympathy, illumi-

nation, in fact for those larger qualities which make history and biography alive, that we are driven reluctantly to the conclusion that the book is unhappily depressing and depreciatory.

It is not upon points of detail that we are forced to pass this unfavorable judgment. For a German scholar writing British history, the slips in actual details are few. That Dr. von Ruville should take seriously the genealogical myth which makes Pitt a descendant of the great Regent Moray; that he should describe Pitt as Prime Minister when he was not; that he should speak of certain politicians as belonging "to the Tory and more radical section of Pitt's following," and of George III., the stubbornest figure in English history, as a "young and pliable King"; that he should do scant justice to "Diamond Pitt," the governor, one of the raciest old adventurers that ever lived—these and similar details are points which matter comparatively little. The want of proportion, again, which leads him to give four lines to the battle of Plassey, and four pages to the capture of Belle-Isle, may be excused in a biography of Pitt. And it is not unnatural that a German writer should fail to grasp what comparatively few English historians have explained, the meaning of the long struggle between the strict Whig Oligarchy and the Tories. On the one side was the party of Walpole and Pelham, of Rockingham and Burke, who were determined to maintain the Whig party system as the only guarantee for Parliamentary freedom; on the other side were Bolingbroke and the Tories, whose theory George III. carried into practice, the theory that the Whig Oligarchy was a usurpation and party government an abuse, and that the proper constitutional system for England was government by the sovereign—a Patriot King—choosing as his ministers notable men from every party, and through them controlling Parliament and putting faction down. It was this latter theory, never fully understood, which played such havoc in eighteenth-century politics, which appealed so strongly to a detached, imaginative mind like Chatham's and severed him from the Whig party, whose natural leader he was, and which enabled George III. to shatter the Whigs and almost to ruin his country.

But our difference with Dr. von Ruville is based on stronger grounds than these. If there is one thing which is true of Chatham, though everything else may be false, it is that he had inspiration in him. Perverse, mistaken, factious, grandiose, he may sometimes have been, though our conviction is that, when his true biography comes to be written, it will show him a much simpler man than some people suppose—but he was above all else what Carlyle calls him, "radiant," lofty in character, ambition, and desire. In reading Dr. von Ruville's elaborate volumes we hardly ever get a hint of this. In these pages—incredible as it may seem—Pitt is little more than a versatile and intriguing politician, bold and powerful, it is true, in action, but constantly failing in policy, in counsel, in debate, and all through life beset and often gulded by personal motives of the most pettifogging kind. To show that this is not an exaggerated criticism, we will take his character as Dr. von Ruville draws it here. Because Pitt warns his nephew against vice, Dr. von Ruville declares that "he certainly felt himself guilty" of immorality and excess in his own youth (Vol. I., p. 89). As a speaker, he indulged in "mob oratory" because he "calculated" that the public were incapable of judgment (II., 65); and many of his speeches, in which his best arguments were often not his own, were "especially deficient in depth of thought and clearness of perception" (I., 149). Dr. von Ruville does not hesitate to criticise, in this fashion, on the basis of eighteenth century reports, speeches which all who heard them agree were unmatched for fire and force in the records of Parliament. When Pitt expresses his admiration for the great Frederick of Prussia—an enthusiasm so real that all his family grew up to believe in Frederick as a hero, and on the news of Liegnitz the Hayes bells were set ringing and Pitt's two baby boys rushed in to their mother with huzzahs—Dr. von Ruville suggests that he is trying "to provide a plausible motive for his conversion to the Continental policy of Newcastle" (II., 91). When Pitt, almost alone among Parliamentary leaders, protests against the unjust treatment of Admiral Byng, Dr. von Ruville accuses him of "vacillation and timorousness," and explains that, while unwilling to risk his popularity, "he considered that he could not do anything less than express a desire for mercy" (II., 103). If Pitt denounces Parliamentary corruption, it is because "an improvement in this matter would, he hoped, increase his own power" (III., 127). If he is ill, as he constantly was—"suppressed gout," said Sir Andrew Clark once, "disordered the whole nervous system, and drove him into a state of mental depression varying with excitement and equivalent to insanity"—his gout, in Dr. von Ruville's judgment, becomes "an excellent excuse" for shirking some duty or concealing some opinion. If he refrains from advocating the overthrow of "the mercantile colonial policy," it is for fear of alienating his commercial friends (III., 161). If he "feigned pessimism," it is for fear of offending the King (III., 124). "In this, as in all cases," Dr. von Ruville sweepingly assures us, "his objects were eminently practical and selfish. He supported everything that could help his plans and opposed all that thwarted them"; though Dr. von Ruville is good enough to add that, wherever he can find an "excuse" for Pitt's actions, he does not fail to present it. It is indeed these excuses that we find it hardest to forgive. Dr. von Ruville may not have the faculty of understanding Pitt's motives, transparent as they often were. But the way in which he sets to work to suggest elaborately mean ones is the most perverse feature of a scholarly but wrong-headed book.

The worst instance of this occurs when Dr. von Ruville labors to persuade us that at two important periods of his career Pitt's political conduct was almost entirely dictated, first, by a desire to secure a large legacy from the old Duchess of Marlborough, and secondly, by a determination to make certain, whatever suppression of principle and opinion it required, of a still larger inheritance from Sir William Pynsent. To read Dr. von Ruville's comments on these two incidents alone is enough to show the singular attitude in which he approaches his ambitious task. It is no wonder after this to find him unable to see in Chatham's great stand for American freedom, in the wise and daring statesmanship which might have saved America for England by recognizing frankly her right to govern herself, anything but the "credulity" and "weakness" of a man who was "badly informed," and " did not know his own mind." From first to last this same grave fault runs through these volumes. In spite of their industry and elaboration, it seems never to have dawned upon the writer that Chatham could not possibly have been the peddling and self-seeking intriguer he depicts, whose actions it is necessary to account for by suggesting trumpery little motives in the perfect spirit of a *valet de chambre*. No man of that calibre could possibly have laid so strange a spell upon his age. Faulty, unequal, broken in his health he was. Often, no doubt, he disappointed expectations. Sometimes, in his aloofness and his distrust of party government, he proved a source of weakness to the great causes which he served. But, unless all contemporary belief is an illusion, he was also one of those rare, commanding figures, touched with the passion of the prophet, the vision of the seer, who bring into the world they move in a quality that common men do not possess, and whose lives lift the dignity of history above the littleness of which this book is full.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Adventurer, By Lloyd Osbourne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Osbourne's new story is characteristically ingenious and fantastic. The centre of the stage is held by a wonderful land-going ship, the Fortuna, constructed for the purpose of treasure-hunting beyond the South American llaños. Supported on eight gigantic wheels, and carrying two lofty schooner-rigged masts, she drives, day after day, across the trackless plain, bounding, jolting, careening before the trade-wind—her goal a deserted city of unknown antiquity, where ingots of gold lie stacked in subterranean caverns. The voyage of the Fortuna is full of vicissitudes. There is mutiny among her crew; there are hurricanes and calms, and accidents to gear and canvas; worst of all, there are hordes of screaming, half-naked savages, from whom the good ship escapes only after deadly battle. The final success of the enterprise is due, in large measure, to Kirkpatrick, the resourceful young captain. At the opening of the story he appears as an unsuccessful jack-of-all-trades, looking for employment in London. Pertinaciously following up the clue of a mysterious newspaper advertisement, he is led into the midst of an adventure, the objective of which is completely hidden from him, until he finds himself under the very masts of the Fortuna, in the far interior of the Orinoco country. An entertaining and varied group of persons embark upon this expedition with him, among them a German archæologist, a wealthy dowager from Paris, a manufacturer from Jersey City and his plucky daughter, Vera, between whom and Kirkpatrick develops an engaging romance.

Mr. Osbourne's versatile imagination

seems never to fail him. There is not a lull in the action, not a paragraph of dull writing. It is to be regretted that, in a tale so extravagantly fanciful, the author should have given himself free rein in the description of sickening carnage and violence. In spite of this defect of taste, and the too liberal amplification of a plot which is, at best, only a conceit, "The Adventurer" bids fair to take its place among a not too numerous company of Stocktonian and Stevensonian kindred.

The Golden Horseshoe. By Robert Aitken. New York: The John McBride Co.

Here are adventures with several vengeances. They carry the reader to that zone of South American revolution that is so dear, so useful to story-teller and playwright. Several fine young fellows, who, from being in debt or in love, set out to win money or to forget ladies, find themselves committed to the task of fighting a President in order to rescue the damsel beloved by two of them from the President's clutches. She being rich and his half-cousin, whatever that may be, is necessary to his plans, and has been kidnapped by him. He little knows that when she is smuggled out of New York, accident and design combine to furnish her on the high seas with a confidante, a secretary, and a devoted band of knights. Coincidence is the patron saint of this tale, and lavishly reunites in the most hidden places old college friends, old army associates, old lovers, old rivals. All work together for the great rescue, and find themselves swept, *nolens volens*, into the political war of the moment. Everything ends as it should, with cuffs and kisses falling respectively on the unjust and the just. The predicaments are magnificently many and ingenious, full of novelty to even the well-inured reader. They embrace drugging, kidnapping, destruction by torpedo, escape from shipwreck by feats of swimming that would put a duck to the blush; binding with ropes, exchanging of clothing, descent into mines of Spanish treasure where underground lakes and mummies do abound; siege and stratagem, oubliettes and earthquakes, and the confusion of armies by a phial of picric dropped from a balloon in which the lady is escaping, while the villain is lashed under the car to be wafted humanely to earth in a parachute.

All is told in a good narrative style, set off with conversations carried on in the lively modern tongues of the studio, the college, the army, the newspaper office. In fine, there is everything in the book to recommend it as a fantasy in exploit. It may be added that it makes appeal mainly to the reader who likes that kind of thing and likes a good deal of it.

Her Son. By Horace A. Vachell. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a novel with a really novel situation in fiction, though, Mr. Vachell assures us, not in fact. In his note to the present (American) edition, he takes exception to the slurs which certain English critics, "notably the more youthful, to whom sentiment is as henbane," have cast upon the credibility of this situation. It is, he says, a true story; he has even heard of another similar instance since recording it, of "a second case of a young lady adopting a child, and presenting it to the world as her own." There is, however, no denying that the thing remains improbable in spite of the fact that it has happened more than once. It belongs to the order of melodramatic incident which only real life dares invent. It is so simple and natural a thing that it would not occur as possible to one in ten thousand members of that complex and unnatural machine—society. A young woman discovers that her affianced has left a mistress for her. There are palliating considerations, but she sends him away for a year. The mistress gives birth to a child, places it in a French foundling asylum, and returns to her career of actress. The man is reported dead in South Africa, and the fiancée, out of love for him, legally adopts the child. She does not deny the inevitable report that it is her own, is turned off by her family, and lives in retirement as a widow. The man returns to life, finds that his betrothed has been married and widowed in his absence, and promptly marries the actress. He knows nothing about the child, a boy, who grows up, and on the verge of manhood hears the current gossip about his mother. She lets him think himself her illegitimate son, Britannically fearing the effect upon him of the discovery that base blood is in his veins. Eventually, of course, he learns the truth, bears up under it as the son of his father should, and the death of the actress-mother makes matters smooth for a comfortable finale. No doubt the action turns upon sentiment; but, as readers of "The Hill" will recall, Mr. Vachell's sentiment is not of the watery kind. It consorts very well with sensible thinking and a plain and sturdy way of speech.

The Revelations of Inspector Morgan. By Oswald Crawfurd. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

As a matter of bald fact, the vast majority of criminals who are caught at all, are caught by the duly constituted officers of the law. Mr. Crawfurd is not the first author to realize that the private detective's inordinate proportion of successes in fiction makes our whole literature of "thrill" misleading. In his preface, he has stated his thesis with uncommon directness:

> This collection of stories is an attempt to establish the professional detective police of my own country in that position of superiority to the mere amateur and outsider from which he has been ousted in contemporary fiction.

The author's "own country" is England. He explains gracefully, in the present American edition of tales which have been popular in England, that what he has alleged of the British detective, he also alleges "on good authority of the American detective." Though this is a book of 341 pages, there are but four stories. Yet Mr. Crawfurd was apparently unable even in this small number of stories to confine himself to those strictly official achievements which his book was avowedly written to celebrate. In one tale, Inspector Morgan solves a mystery by means of clues which came into his hands at an earlier period when he was in the army. Another describes an adventure which occurred before he joined the force. Not only is the mystery here solved by Morgan, when a mere journalist, but the most brilliant deductions of that quest are made by an elderly archæologist, a personage still farther removed from Scotland Yard influences. Thus in more than a third of this book, the hero himself appears as an "amateur" detective, like Dupin and Sherlock Holmes.

This, of course, is nothing against the quality of the tales as tales. Readers will find two of the four stories well up to recent standards of the kind; while one, "The Kidnapped Children," works out a motive which is as adequate and convincing as it is ingenious and unexpected, not a frequent combination of qualities in a field of fiction so thoroughly worked over.

A Horse's Tale. By Mark Twain; illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a short story—a good magazine story—transformed, by means of large type, double leading, wide margins, and thick paper, into a thin book. It is not primarily humorous, though of course there are touches of humor. The protagonists are an attractive little girl and her horse. The action begins briskly and cheerfully at a military post in the Far West, with soldiers, Indians, and Buffalo Bill for supernumeraries, and ends pathetically at a bull-fight in Spain. The Tale will interest both children and grown-ups.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.*

We are introduced to science through an intermediate volume which indirectly bears upon the subject, for there is a science underlying play activity. Several years ago, E. V. Lucas edited a book entitled "What Shall We Do Now?" A new volume with the same title, written by Dorothy Canfield and others, comes from the Stokes press. There is abundant fun in its pages, well grouped, as shown by the headings "Games for a Party," "Rainy-day Games," and the like. It would seem that this is a more practical volume than the one issued by Caroline Wells—"Rainy Day Diversions" (Moffat, Yard), which offers too much mental exercise, and too little actual entertainment. We live in an electrical age; children are brought up on the word "automobile" before they learn how to spell "cat." Therefore, Tudor Jenks, in his "Electricity for Young People" (Stokes), is not only abreast of the times, but is also making a direct appeal to the modern boy. His volume tells in concise and simple language the progress of electricity, showing its discovery and its practical uses. A commendable feature is the combination of biography with scientific accomplishment. The book will please any young electrician from ten years up. Mr. Jenks is said to be writing a companion volume on photography. Considering the fact that we have from him another book, entitled "When America Was New" (Crowell), we marvel at his productivity. In this latter volume history for children is regarded from the social aspect; they are made acquainted with the economic conditions of the times. Another practical guide is Harper's "Electricity Book for Boys," written and illustrated by Joseph H. Adams. This is avowedly a book of instruction dealing with

*The first article was printed November 28.

those principles which are useful to the boy when making motors, putting up electric bells, and the like. In addition, electric light, heat, power, and attraction are explained by Joseph B. Baker, technical editor of the United States Geological Survey. In an appendix, electrical terms and phrases are defined. The book is not so historical as Mr. Jenks's; on the other hand, it is more practical. Another volume of a scientific character is "The Boys' Book of Locomotives" (McClure), in which J. R. Howden traces the evolution of the steam engine from its beginning to its replacement by the electric locomotive. There is much romance in this development, and the book will tempt old as well as young. With much the same purpose, Charles R. Gibson has discussed "The Romance of Modern Photography"—issued in a thick volume through Lippincott's. There is no attempt to offer suggestions to the picture-taker, but again step by step the growth of the art is discussed through the changes, from daguerrotypes to the latest improved methods; and from the toy known as the zoetrope—with which children used to amuse themselves—to the latest moving picture.

A companion volume in form is Richard Stead's "Adventures on High Mountains" (Lippincott), an out and out volume of incident and thrilling perils. The illustrations alone are sufficiently attractive to induce one to run through the 328 pages. A third volume, evidently belonging to the same series, and entitled "Adventures in the Great Forests," is from the pen of H. W. G. Hyrst. In his preface he asserts that the golden age of modern exploration as regards forests, lay between 1760 and 1860; that no longer do wild animals and savages haunt the by-paths of traffic. To judge by the illustrations, the modern reader will be rather glad that the Golden Age is past, although he will find plenty of entertainment in the account of startling exploits in the jungle. No less ferocious, when brought into unwilling relations with civilization, are the "Wild Animal Celebrities," whose biographies are included in Ellen Velvin's interesting little book (Moffatt, Yard). It is something for children to see the caged animals in our zoölogical parks. It is a still greater privilege, therefore, for them to know something of the personal lives of these beasts; and the author has sketched for us the events befalling the lions bears, and elephants, from their wild days to the time of their captivity; and besides that, she has given us good insight into the dangers encountered by the men who are responsible for the animals on exhibition.

In the biography of the year, we note Frederick A. Ober's continuation of the series entitled Heroes of American History. He has adopted his usual picturesque style, in his "Amerigo Vespucci" (Harper), and in his "Magellan."

In fiction many familiar names appear, but it is impossible in a short space to do credit to them all. Ralph Henry Barbour is the author of "Four Afloat" (Appleton), "Tom, Dick, and Harriet" (Century), and "The Spirit of the School" (Appleton). Mr. Barbour's spirit is always healthy, even though his plots may be lacking in originality. All of his stories deal with athletics, but they do not rise above the general level of the modern school tale. Everett T. Tomlinson's "The Camp-fire of Mad Anthony" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) tells of a tea party which took place in Philadelphia, and involved the heroes of this story; he also relates the adventures of the Pennsylvania troops under Anthony Wayne, from 1774 to 1776. In his customary manner, Mr. Tomlinson bases his incident upon fact. In this respect he is a seasoned writer, but he falls short in the development of his plot, and his style is not irreproachable. "Captain June" (Century) is a short story by Alice Hegan Rice, told with a certain freshness, although the situation is slight. The hero is a little boy, who is left with a Japanese servant, while his mother goes to join his sick father. He sees many curious Japanese customs, and becomes the centre of a little mystery. Mrs. Rice has done better work. It is easy enough to infer what kind of story Richmond Pearson Hobson would write for boys. His "Buck Jones at Annapolis" (Appleton) is sufficiently literal in title to mark it. This literalness is likewise to be found in Mr. Tomlinson's "Four Boys in the Land of Cotton" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard), one of a series entitled Our Own Land. It is sufficient to note that the story is a vehicle only. For girls you have to choose between George Madden Martin's "Abbie Ann" (Century), Nina Rhoades's "Marion's Vacation" (Lothrop), "Priscilla of the Doll Shop" (Lothrop) by the same author, and "Peggy, Betsey, and Mary Ann," by Bell Elliott Palmer (Appleton). This represents a gay assemblage of feminine names. The parent who buys fiction for children without examining the books should be subject to a fine; he will discover nothing to pervert, but assuredly she will find little to stimulate.

For small children we note several distinctive books: a reissue of Virginia Gerson's quaint record of "The Happy Heart Family" (Duffield), which we praised in its first edition; Emilie Poulsson's "Father and Baby Plays" (Century), in which many suggestions are recorded, which serve to bring the child and the father closer together at playtime. Then there is Abbie Farwell Brown's "Friends and Cousins" (Houghton), a sequel to "Brothers and Sisters" of last year. The story is superior in style and plot to its predecessor, and will probably amuse young readers. By far the most delightfully spirited story for young folks is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Cozy Lion" (Century), in which the most ferocious beast is pacified, just in time to enter amicably into gentle sport with a group of children.

Among the large books in which text is subservient to picture may be mentioned a white and gold bound volume entitled "Childhood" (Duffield), with imaginative and sympathetic pictures by Millicent Sowerby, accompanied by verses by Githa Sowerby. Helen Hay Whitney's "The Bedtime Book" (Duffield) consists of poems after the manner (moderately successful) of Stevenson, and illustrated in her customary decorative style by Jessie Wilcox Smith. This volume is uniform with Mrs. Whitney's previous book. In this same paragraph may be included Lady Tennant's "The Children and the Pictures" (Macmillan). Paintings by famous artists are reproduced, many of them in rich coloring; and the text is a fanciful sketch, in which the figures in the pictures descend from their frames and talk to the little heroine about events of long ago. Among the thousands who enjoyed Miss Maude Adams's performance of "Peter Pan," none could have been more enthusiastic than Oliver Herford, who in his "Peter Pan Alphabet" (Scribner) pays tribute to every little incident in the play, whether it be "K stands for Kiss," "N stands for Nana," or "A for Adams."

We beseech the mothers and fathers who read these columns to give the subject of book-buying some forethought and to visit the public libraries, which are placing on exhibit the latest children's books.

Wordsworth and His Circle. By D. W. Rannie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

With Wordsworth in England. Selected and arranged by Anna Benneson McMahan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.40 net.

Wordsworth's Poems. Selected by Stopford A. Brooke. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $3 net.

There are faults in Mr. Rannie's "Wordsworth and His Circle" which it would be wrong to pass over. Though well-read and in the main judicious, he occasionally makes odd slips in his critical remarks. It shows, for example, a curious sense of language to say that the Bucolics of Virgil are "expressed in the *ipissima verba* of simple folk." It indicates also a somewhat vague knowledge of Continental literature to identify, as Mr. Rannie apparently does, the *Aufklärung* and romanticism; and this error is in a way serious as it illustrates the loose ideas still prevalent in English books on the relation between the romantic movements in England and in Germany. To come nearer home, how many people will agree with Mr. Rannie that "The Idiot Boy" is "really as humorous as 'John Gilpin' "? The present reviewer for one cannot remember ever to have laughed enormously over the adventures of Betty Foy, nor, in general, has he found humor a main inspiration of the first "Lyrical Ballads" and of "Peter Bell." Again, it is not proper for a critic to quote Southey's lines:

> Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
> Follow thy friend beloved,
> The spirit is not there—

and to say they are "as good as Longfellow at his best."

But Mr. Rannie's critical shortcomings lie deeper than these perhaps excusable faults of detail. "It is best," he says, "to take Wordsworth as he took himself, quite seriously"—he might have added, as indeed he does in spirit, *and reverently.* But it is possible to deal with Wordsworth in entire respect, and yet to see that his philosophy of life is, on one side, essentially unsound. Consider that perfectly worded and most characteristic stanza:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

Mr. Rannie quotes this stanza and has no word of protest against its meaning, yet really, so far as it has any meaning, it is

not only nonsense—why not say the truth? —hut pernicious nonsense. One is tempted to compare the lines with Wordsworth's bugbear, Pope:

> First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same;
> Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
> One clear, unchanged, and universal light . . .
> Those rules of old, discover'd, not devised,
> Are Nature still, but Nature methodized . . .
> Be Homer's works your study and delight,
> Read them by day, and meditate by night . . .
> Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
> To copy Nature is to copy them.

The attitude of Pope toward nature is one-sided and, even thus, far enough from his own practice, but at least this conception of the lessons of nature as embodied once for all in precepts and examples is wholesomer and truer than a romanticism which professes to learn more of man and morality from trees than from Christ and Plato. Now Mr. Rannie is by no means hlind to Wordsworth's lapses into dulness and triviality; he even insists on these points too frequently, thinking thereby, no doubt, to save his critical discernment; but it is time that all of us, while recognizing the loftiness of Wordsworth's genius and accepting gratefully the consolation of his pantheistic revery, should acknowledge also that in so far as he attempts to satisfy the heart of man through inanimate nature he is on an essentially lower level of poetical philosophy than the old way, which went immediately to the thrust of human passions and the battle of man with man. It is this, and not his occasional nodding that will forever bar him from the company of the supreme poets.

But we have already done Mr. Rannie's book an injustice by insisting so heavily on these points. As a matter of fact, his faults are few and easily relieved from their context; the merits of his work are pervasive and not readily specified. Even in matters critical he is commonly sound and ingenious, and his chapter on Southey may be named particularly as an admirably just and interesting attempt to show the real value of that neglected poet, without losing sight for a moment of his limitations. Even hetter is Mr. Rannie's treatment of the lives of Wordsworth and his friends. Criticism, quotation, narrative, and anecdote are so woven together as to form a single piece, and Mr. Rannie has shown unusual skill in the difficult task of associating a number of persons together so as to make them seem really a group of living friends. Coleridge moves through the scenes, with the divine light ever waning in his eyes; Lamb banters and praises; Southey, Christopher North, Dr. Arnold, De Quincey, Scott, Rogers, Keats, come and go, speak and listen, and range themselves in proper perspective about the central, still lonely figure. The style is always graceful and dignified, and we do not hesitate to affirm that this is the best book yet written for any one who wishes to hreathe, so to speak, the very atmosphere in which these men moved.

Of the two other hooks named at the head of this review, a word is sufficient. Mrs. McMahan has hrought together the poems of Wordsworth with a few letters that illustrate his life in England, and has added a large numher of photographic illustrations which help to make more real the places described or alluded to. The volume is thus an excellent supplement to Mr. Rannie's (which is illustrated less freely), although her own introductions and comments are of no special value. Something of the same nature is the volume of selections edited hy Stopford A. Brooke. The illustrations here are from pencil drawings made by Edmund H. New, more artistic and agreeable to the eye than the glazed photographic reproductions, but sometimes a little vague in the impression they leave.

Il Tragico Quotidiano. By Giovanni Papini. Florence: Lumachi.

According to its foremost British exponent, pragmatism includes not only the will to believe, hut to disbelieve, and to make believe. Utilizing this formula of Schiller, the first function has been seen in Professor James's well known work, the second in Papini's "Crepuscolo dei Filosofi" (1905), while the third is manifest in the latest effusion of this young Italian thinker. Here he has been likened to a Heinrich Heine who has taken lessons from Ibsen. Having emerged from that twilight of philosophers wherein he has disposed of Kant with his arid noumenalism, Hegel with his rigid doctrine of becoming, Schopenhauer with his illusory pessimism, Comte with his presumptuous positivism, Spencer with his mechanical evolution, and Nietzsche with his neurasthenic apotheosis of power, the Florentine iconoclast now essays to substitute his own ways of thinking in what he describes as a series of obscure fables and disquieting colloquies. In one of his defensive prefaces written, much in the manner of Bernard Shaw, to anticipate hostile criticism, Papini explains to his philosophic readers that his rule of thinking is to render habitual those actions and sensations which are extraordinary, by putting aside those that are ordinary and unexceptional. The daily tragedy, he abruptly exclaims, is that we are forced to behold a banal world in which the majority of men live in a state of bovine indifference, and in which matters of interest diminish every hour. But there is a remedy for this: it is to hehold the common world in an uncommon way, to think what no one else thinks, to be astonished at what no one else regards. The first step towards this new world of wonder is forgetfulness, for oblivion of the external achievements of others will lead to astonishment at the strange thoughts which arise within one's self. In a word, the new imperative is this: Learn to see the world in thyself!

Here is a pragmatism in an extreme and peculiar form, skepticism brought into a strange conjunction with radical empiricism, the ancient sophism expressed in current terms, a mixture of an individualist's revolt against settled systems of thought and the ennui of a "cerehralist," exasperated over the dead level of modern democracy. But there is more to the matter than this negative attitude. Scorning the fancies of metaphysicians, the pragmatist still attempts to erect some positive scheme of his own. Adopting the Protagorean dictum, "Man is the measure of all things," he turns it into a transcendental doctrine of hecoming: Man is the medium of the cosmic consciousness. So in this radical exponent of pragmatism extremes have met; skepticism has ended in mysticism, as is shown by the steps he would take to achieve his ends. As with the mystics, the purgative stage precedes the illuminative, so with him forgetfulness brings awe. Oblivious of the ordinary waking life, he exclaims, Let us seek in our unconfined and uncontrolled thoughts that which is mysterious, enigmatical, terrible; for otherwise, imprisoned in this house of facts, we shall never reach the mystic cell of the imagination, where alone life is profound:

> Tired of others, with their utterly trivial interests, tired of myself, as I am, let me commence a new chapter in the story of the universe.

Meanwhile, hefore the first instalment of this autohiography of the cosmos, he has different work to do. While urging his followers to he other Alexanders with other worlds to conquer, he himself must put to flight the enemies of pragmatism. These are the formal philosophers, who strive after the ultimate essence of things. They may be ghostly foes, but they are dangerous. So many Hamlets, they have been walking in a world of shadows; pure rationalists, they have heen under the despotism of a symhol, have reduced the infinite variety of nature to some single insubstantial phrase, in brief, attempting to create, they have actually destroyed, and their motto should not be *fiat,* but *pereat.* So a new creator is needed; he is the pragmatic Man-God who hy the power of his imagination is ahle to body forth the contents of his will. If another is able, as it were, to create me by dreaming through the years of my life in as many moments of his sleep, consider what it would mean to utilize to their full extent the powers which we have within ourselves, to become lords of this earth hy realizing our wishes and our dreams!

With this rhapsody Papini concludes a volume which it is evident will not add much to his reputation as a thinker. Nevertheless, out of this medley of enigmatic fahles there is to he extracted a little metaphysical meaning; that meaning is that the world is, in a measure, plastic, and that the environment may, in some degree, be adapted by man to his own liking. As a theory of reality that doctrine may be invalid; as a practical rule of living, it has a certain interest. If the Italian delighted less in symbols, if his promised work on pragmatism proper were to be written with the clarity and ease which mark his recently translated brochure, in the Octoher numher of the *Popular Science Monthly,* he might gain a hearing among us. Pragmatism is in the air, for not only are the women reading it, the clergy preaching it. It may be a loose way of thinking, but it is hetter than no thinking at all, and, for the first time since the days of Emerson, it promises to he a popular philosophy. Here two things are in its favor: with its insistence on the latent powers of man it has its affiliations with the so-called New Thought; with its ability to blink the disagreeahle facts of life it is akin to the current demand for an optimistic idealism.

Science.

The Chemistry of Commerce: A Simple Interpretation of Some New Chemistry in its Relation to Modern Industry. By Robert Kennedy Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

This book has the rare qualification of being needed, for nowhere else can the average reader find recent discoveries and manufacturing processes so clearly and accurately explained. Prof. Duncan is a good interpreter of his science, because he understands what points are of interest to the public, and he can present them without either blinding the reader with unfamiliar terminology or indulging in a fairy-tale phraseology.

The revolution that has taken place in chemistry chiefly during the past decade is essentially a change from the analytic to the synthetic. The science has become creative; instead of following nature, it leads. In the first part of its recent development it was merely imitative, and in this way became associated in the popular mind with innumerable forms of sophistication and adulteration. To-day, instead of manufacturing dyes like those obtained from plants, perfumes that can not be distinguished from the genuine, accurate imitations of gems, and artificial drugs, it is producing thousands of new colors, perfumes and flavors never found in fruit and flowers, precious stones unknown to the mineralogists, and the medicines contrived to meet the specific requirements of the physician. Man is, therefore, being relieved in part from his dependence upon the chance occurrence and discovery of a useful ingredient in some rare tropical plant. The modern industrial chemist proceeds like an architect in building a house, or an engineer in constructing a bridge. If he wants a coloring matter of a certain shade, durability, and intensity, or an antifebrile drug, he does not make fluid extract of the herbarium specimens from Brazil or Sumatra, but he takes out his pencil and draws a sketch of the molecule having the special properties that he desires; then he goes into his laboratory and constructs it. Posterity is in no danger of being starved out, because the bacteria which work in the nodules of the roots of peas and beans do not succeed in capturing enough of the elusive nitrogen of the air to keep up food supply. Man now can produce his own assimilated nitrogen as a fertilizer for the soil by miniature lightning flashes through the air.

Prof. Duncan has a new method of bringing the factory and the university closer together by the establishment of industrial scholarships in educational institutions, the holder to devote his time and research appliances of the laboratory to the working out of some special problems of the manufacturer who pays his expenses. This system, which has been established in the State University of Kansas, he describes in the closing chapter.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the publication, in March, of "Religion and Health; the Moral Control of Nervous Disorders," the first official book growing out of the much discussed Emmanuel Church movement in Boston. The authors are Elwood Worcester, D.D., director of Emmanuel Church Class for Nervous Disorders, formerly professor of philosophy and psychology at Lehigh University; Samuel McComb, D.D., associate director of Emmanuel Church Class for Nervous Disorders, formerly professor of church history at Queen's University, Canada; and Isador H. Coriat, M.D., second assistant physician for diseases of the nervous system at the Boston City Hospital, formerly first assistant physician at the Worcester Insane Hospital.

Many families will welcome a good book on the plan of the "Standard Family Physician" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), whose two volumes of nearly eleven hundred pages are declared by a sub-title to be "a practical international encyclopædia of medicine and hygiene, especially prepared for the household." The editors are Prof. Carl Reissig of Hamburg and Prof. S. E. Jelliffe of New York, with a long list of associate editors, of whom thirty-three are attributed to Germany and ten to America. Taken as a whole, the work is a commendable effort to lead the layman to take a rational view of diseases and of "the results which may be reasonably expected from therapeutic measures." The opposition to quackery in its various forms, to all the "pathies," and to "natural" methods is praiseworthy and ought to do good. On the other hand, it is to be feared that many laymen, already far too eager to venture into the unknown, may be tempted by the great variety of information to embark on the sea of therapy with quite too brief sailing directions, and no compass. The anatomical and physiological details in the introduction are far too meagre for the average reader, who needs more help and deserves more correct and illuminating pictures. The other illustrations are, in the main, good, but sometimes quite superfluous. Space forbids any detailed notice of the individual articles, which are uneven in quality, beyond commending those on burns, dress, care of the baby, nourishment of the sick, and pain, as examples of a good method, and noting, as illustrative of poor treatment, bread, dwelling places, imbecility, and school. In general, it may be said that too little attention is paid to the emergencies of domestic life, the very conditions where such a book is most needed in families at a distance from medical aid. The list of drugs and doses is too extended and tempting.

It's a far cry from the brief article of Eienstock in 1884 to the recent book of C. A. Herter, "The Common Bacterial Infections of the Digestive Tract and the Intoxications Arising from Them" (the Macmillan Co.). Those to whom the terminology of the bacteriologist is not unfamiliar will find here not only a well written but also an interesting and suggestive study of a rich fauna and a discussion of questions of much import, for they are fundamental in relation to a great human woe, indigestion. Particularly alluring is the antagonism existing between different bacteria, the opposition of the native to the immigrant forms. Dr. Herter is cautious in his statements as to the harmfulness of the various forms and the prospect of remedial measures. His allusion to the varying susceptibility of the nervous system to toxic influences seems to us almost too reserved.

From John Wiley & Sons comes Benjamin R. Tillson's "The Complete Automobile Instructor," a handy little volume of interest and value to the professional motor-car driver as well as to the amateur and to the salesman. Arranged in the form of question and answer, it states lucidly and clearly the principle, the operation, and the care of gasolene automobiles. Herein are set forth the mysteries of the magneto, clutch, ignition, timers, coils, and all the other parts of the complicated automobile of to-day, not only by means of clear and simple language, but through many valuable illustrations. Of the crop of automobile instruction books that have appeared in the last two or three years this seems to us the one the automobile owner who knows little of mechanics will find it easiest to master. Many readers, however, would have liked it better if after each of the more than six hundred questions had been placed the answer, instead of separating all of the questions and answers as Mr. Tillson has done. The book has an excellent index, and is handsomely printed.

Bulletin Number 31 of the Biological Survey at Washington, entitled "An Economic Study of Field Mice," by David E. Lantz, is a plan of battle against these little creatures; and the farmer who reads it has small excuse for not saving his young orchards, nursery stock, and grain. The average annual loss from the three species of field mice of the genus *Microtus* alone, amounts to $3,000,000, and this treatise aims to save a portion of this waste. The principal part of the bulletin is devoted to the damage done by the mice, each class of crop being considered in order, with illustrations showing what injuries are to be laid at the door of the field mice and what to rabbits and other rodents. The value of owls, most hawks, shrikes, snakes, skunks, badgers, and most species of weasels, as the natural enemies of field mice, is clearly demonstrated. Finally, we have concise directions as to the most efficient modes of trapping and poisoning. This is a type of the effective aid which the Biological Survey is affording to farmers.

"The Fungus-Growing Ants of North America" is the title of an elaborate paper just published by Prof. William M. Wheeler (Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XXIII., Article 31). It is divided into four parts, namely, a résumé of the writings of previous students of these ants, a taxonomic revision of the known North American members of the group, an account of Professor Wheeler's own observations, and a consideration of the main problems involved in the study of the fungus-growing instincts not only in these ants, but also in certain termites and the ambrosia beetles. The fungus-growing, or parasol, ants are of great interest both on account of their unusual and complex instincts and in their relation to man; for they are one of the scourges of the tropics. They strip plants of their foliage, and, carrying the leaves into their nests, masticate them, and plant the residue in a specially prepared garden; a species of fungus soon appears in abundance. The larger workers cut and gather the leaves, those of medium size do the chewing, and the smallest ants in the colony destroy the spores of all other fungi but the edible, and prune that. This latter

work is most important, for, as was proved by experiment, if the fungus once gets the upper hand and begins to branch, the ants are fairly driven from their home by their own bread-fruit trees. The paper forms an important contribution to entomology, and is filled with new and surprising facts. As to the origin of the fungus-growing and eating habit, which, by the way, has arisen independently in beetles, termites, and ants, there have been several theories advanced. The most probable is that of Von Ihering, who thinks that the insects in former times fed only upon grain. Some of this, if carried unripe into the nest, would become mouldy, and the ants, feeding upon it, would eat portions of the fungus. In time they might come to prefer the latter to their more usual diet. Be that as it may, these insects "in the fierce struggle for existence, everywhere apparent in the tropics, have developed a complex of instinctive activities which enables them to draw upon an ever-present, inexhaustible food supply through utilizing the foliage of plants as a substratum for the cultivation of edible fungi. No wonder, therefore, that, having emancipated themselves from the precarious dict of other ants, which subsist on insects, the sweet exudations of plants, and the excrement of phytophthorous Rhynchota, the Attii have become the dominant invertebrates of tropical America."

The August number (Vol. II., No. 4) of the medical section of the *Philippine Journal of Science* has, among its four papers, one by Lieut. C. L. Cole, an army surgeon, relating the discovery of *Necator americanus* (the "hookworm," the parasite which produces the peculiar anemia of Porto Rico) in the dejecta of many members of the Philippine Scouts organization sent to the hospital for other diseases. Facts are presented to show a considerable prevalence of this disease in the Pbilippines, where it had not been hitherto reported, or at least had received no particular attention. A paper in the same number treats of infant mortality, a problem serious everywhere, but extraordinarily so in Manila. During the four years, 1903-1906, an average of 4,700 infants under one year of age died annually in that city, these deaths constituting almost 50 per cent. of the total mortality. It is stated in this paper as a very conservative estimate that 2,500 of these infants died every year simply for want of sufficient or proper food.

Bernard James Harrington, professor of chemistry in McGill University, died in Montreal, November 29. He was born in 1848 at St. Andrews, Province of Quebec, and he studied at McGill and Yale. After some service in the Geological Survey, he was appointed in 1883 to a professorship at McGill. For many years he was editor of the *Canadian Nationalist;* and he was author of many monographs on the mineralogy of Canada, and of "The Life of Sir William Logan, First Director of the Geological Survey of Canada," 1883. He was a member of many learned societies.

Dr. George F. Shrady died in this city November 30. He was born here in 1837, and after graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in 1858, he began the practice of medicine. He attained prominence when he was called to attend ex-President Grant during his last illness. He served as a surgeon in many of the New York hospitals; he had been president of the New York Patbological Society, of the Practitioners' Society of New York, and of the American Medical Editors' Association; and he was a member of various scientific and professional organizations. From 1860 to 1864 he edited the *Amcrican Medical Times.* In 1866 he founded the *Medical Record,* whicb he edited till 1904; and he was tbe author of "Pine Ridge Papers" and many articles on surgery.

James Herbert Veitch died at Exeter, England, on November 13. Born in 1868, in due course be became a member of the firm of nurserymen and seedsmen, James Veitch & Sons, Chelsea. In 1891 he started on a tour through India, the Straits Settlements, Japan, Korea, Australia, and New Zealand, to study the vegetation of those countries, with a view to introducing new species into England. He contributed his observations in a series of letters to the *Gardeners' Chronicle,* afterward reprinted under the title "A Traveller's Notes." Later, as manager of his firm, he sent E. H. Wilson to collect new species of plants in western China and Tibet. Last year he published "Hortus Veitchii," an elaborate work describing all the exotic plants and the hybrids the firm has cultivated.

Drama.

Plays of Our Forefathers, and Some of the Traditions Upon Which They Were Founded. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

It was a fortunate idea of Professor Gayley's to attempt an account of the English miracle plays with reference not only to their importance as an instance of the development of literary art, but, to use his own words, "as a chronicle of the ideals and traditions, the religious consciousness, the romance and humor of times that seem to be remote, but after all are modern in a myriad surprising ways." The result is a charming book, which may be recommended to the general reader as the best introduction to the subject at the same time that it possesses a value for the specialist. We cannot always, we confess, follow Professor Gayley in his admiration for these earliest products of English dramatic genius. Especially in regard to scenes of comedy his own sense of humor sometimes leads him to read into the lines a comic force which, as a matter of fact, the old dramatists with their embryonic powers of expression were unable to attain. These gifts of humor and sympathy, however, stand the author in good stead in imparting interest to material which is often far removed from modern modes of thought and feeling. In this respect the work complements admirably the technical and detailed exposition in Chambers's "Mediæval Stage" of the development of the miracle plays from the more purely historical point of view. The quality of humor, however, is only one of the features of these plays which have an interest for modern readers. Very suggestive are the chapters devoted to the romantic element, which the author notes especially in the "Ludus Coventriæ" and the York plays of the Middle Period; and to the other elements of pathos and sublimity, which are more obvious, as well as more generally diffused through the cycles.

In the earlier chapters of his work, Professor Gayley gives more space to those singular festivals of the mediæval church which are so closely allied with the miracle plays, viz., the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, etc., than would have been likely before the appearance of Mr. Chambers's treatise. He exhibits an independent judgment, however, in these matters, as also throughout his account of the origin of the mediæval drama, its development from the trope to the full form of miracle. The most important part of the book for the special student, is, as it seems to us, that which deals with the relations of the plays of the different English cycles to each other. Considering the activity of mediæval studies during recent years, it is singular that more has not been done to clear up these relations. As is well known, the problem is complicated by the fact that each of the greater cycles, in the form in which they have come down to us, represents the growth of a considerable number of years, so that not only are the plays the products of different hands, but some of them have suffered alterations and interpolations. The observations on this subject in the present work will accordingly be read with great interest. After a brief chapter on the mysteries in France our author concludes this division of his book with a survey of the origin and history of the strange and famous traditions which figure so largely in the miracle plays, such as the legend of the Holy Rood-Tree, the Harrowing of Hell, the Coming of Anti-Christ. Professor Gayley has not discussed the remaining forms of the mediæval drama—namely, the morality (or "moral," as contemporaries generally called it), and the interlude—with anything like the fulness with which he has discussed the miracles. It is to be noted that, like Mr. Chambers, he emphasizes the fact that no sharp distinction was drawn between moralities and interludes.

We should not take leave of this volume without remarking on its handsome typography and the excellent illustrations, relating to nearly every aspect of the mediæval drama. It is a great pity, however, that the sources of these various illustrations have not been stated with the needful accuracy. When for instance, a picture of "Devils and Cauldron" (p. 178) is said to be taken from "Histoire de la langue et de la littérature française," it is not unreasonable if the reader should wish to know whose history this is, and in what volume and on what page the illustration is to be found. Indeed, the manuscript source, itself, ought to have been given. To have supplied this information would have cost the author, of course, practically no trouble.

Prof. Charlton Minor Lewis of Yale will soon issue, through Henry Holt & Co., "The Genesis of Hamlet," in which he attempts to solve the problem of Hamlet by discriminating "between Shakespeare's original contributions to the story, and the legendary materials that he inherited." Dr. Lewis's volume will also handle, among other topics, the "Theories of Coleridge and

Werder," "The First Quarto," "Kyd and Belleforest," "The German Hamlet," and "Ophelia."

A memorial edition (Mindeudgave) of Henrik Ibsen's Collected Works in five substantial quarto volumes has just been completed by the Gyldendalske Boghandel of Christiania and Copenhagen. Although printed on fairly good paper with a clear and legible type, this edition, which comprises all of Ibsen's published works, is sold at a very low price (about $4 in paper cover, $6 bound in cloth). Each volume has as a frontispiece a portrait of Ibsen. The editor is Prof. Johan Storm of Christiania University, who has appended a treatise on Ibsen's grammar and spelling. Professor Storm has succeeded in correcting many printer's and other errors, but he has also in a number of places taken upon himself to correct Ibsen's spelling or grammar. It seems, however, that the learned editor might better have confined himself to establishing what Ibsen really had written or intended; because it is Ibsen himself we want, with his greatness as well as with his faults, and this especially in a "memorial edition."

Signor Ermete Novelli began his second New York season in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening, with a performance of "Othello," a character in which his artistic limitations are, perhaps, more sharply defined than in any other which he has attempted here. That his impersonation should fail to meet the requirements of the best English-speaking standards, or bear the test of comparison with the work of Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, and other earlier actors, is not remarkable. An adequate knowledge of Shakespeare's language is essential to a thorough comprehension of Othello, or of any of his principal creations. In the Italian version of the play the character of the Moor is discernible only in its cruder outlines. Not only this: the text itself is robbed of all its poetic beauty and much of its dramatic point. It is not strange, therefore, that in an Italian representation the play should degenerate into romantic melodrama. What is significant is that the deficiencies of Signor Novelli as an actor should be peculiarly apparent in what is manifestly a traditional Italian conception of the central part. In many details of its "business" his Othello is clearly modelled upon that of Salvini. He even imitates the action of the latter—which provoked so much criticism thirty years ago—in threatening to grind his heel into the face of the prostrate Iago. Other striking correspondences might be quoted. Yet in general spirit and effect the two impersonations are almost as far apart as the poles. About the Othello of Salvini, in spite of all its realism and barbaric rage, there were a native dignity and majestic power which in Signor Novelli's are almost wholly absent. The difference can be accounted for only by the higher intuition, as well as the superior skill, of the older actor.

William C. de Mille's new piece, "The Warrens of Virginia," which was produced in the Belasco Theatre on Tuesday evening, although differing in theme, belongs to the same category as "A Grand Army Man," with which David Belasco recently opened his other theatre. Dealing as it does with the simpler domestic emotions, it affords a welcome relief from the frenzied drama which Mr. de Mille affected during his Leslie Carter period. It is not of much consequence as a play, being altogether artificial and conventional in structure, and making its appeal by trite devices to sentimental impulses rather than to the intellect; but it is wholesome and fairly interesting entertainment, and contains several excellent theatrical situations, which would be still more effective if they were the result of a compelling dramatic force, and not of obvious machinery. The scene is laid in Virginia during the last days of the war, and the opening conditions and incidents are arranged, without much reference to probability, to bring about a climax which in itself is a strong and good one. A young Northern officer, in love with the daughter of the Southern General Warren—who is in desperate straits with his troops in the neighborhood of Appomattox—obtains leave to visit her, at her father's house, on condition that he will agree to be captured on the premises with a misleading dispatch in his possession, the object of which is to beguile into ambush a provision train upon which the last hope of the Confederate commander rests. The stratagem succeeds only too well, and the officer is placed in the position of one who has violated the laws of hospitality and abused the confidence of his betrothed to bring defeat and ruin to her hitherto invincible father. The story ends, five years later, with a pretty but feeble sentimental scene, symbolical of the era of forgetfulness and conciliation, in which the speedy reunion of the lovers is foreshadowed. The play is likely to be popular, but the manner of the representation is more notable than the subject matter. The general quality of the acting is good, especially in the case of Frank Keenan, the Confederate general; the scenery is thoroughly artistic, and the military and domestic details are reproduced with a realistic accuracy which Mr. Belasco himself has never surpassed.

The London theatrical and musical friends of Sir Charles Santley and Sir John Hare are preparing to celebrate their elevation to knighthood with a big feast. Everybody is agreed that Santley has earned whatever honor there may be in the somewhat vulgarized distinction which has been awarded to him. He is one of the most trustworthy and conscientious, as well as one of the greatest, singers whom Great Britain has produced in the last century. His work in opera, in oratorio, and on the concert stage has rarely been surpassed. The dramatic power of his delivery was almost as remarkable as the beauty of his voice. Sir John Hare has not been so prominently or so long before the public, but it is generally acknowledged that the artistic finish of his miniature work has justified his selection for special honor. It is nevertheless noted that his range has been narrow, and that his highest achievements have been in the interpretation of Robertson and Pinero. He has never been associated with any famous dramatic work or any great dramatic conception. Correspondents of the London press are asking why Beerbohm Tree is not also Sir. As an actor he has—it cannot be denied—explored much wider fields than Mr. Hare, and he has expended vast sums in spectacular representations of Shakespearean fragments. He has, at least, dared greatly, if not always wisely. Perhaps Mr. Hare has commended himself to the authorities by never attempting the impossible, never trying to exceed the safe limit of his capacities.

The death is announced in London of Henry Kemble, an English actor, who will be remembered by older playgoers in this country as a low comedian of uncommon merit. He was a member of the famous Kemble family, and personally resembled the portraits of Stephen Kemble as Falstaff. He was born in London in 1847, and was educated by his aunt, the beautiful and accomplished Fanny Kemble. He acted with Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, and others.

Music.

Ignaz Jan Paderewski. By Edward Algernon Baughan. New York: John Lane Co. $1.

This volume on Paderewski, by one of the most distinguished of the musical critics of London, is the latest issue in John Lane's Living Masters of Music Series. It appears opportunely at a time when the pianist's sixth American tour is once more arousing public interest in his art, his personality, and his career. On all these points Mr. Baughan has provided as much information, culled from diverse sources, as could be expected in the space assigned to him. He dwells on the fact that Paderewski began his musical career as a composer; at the early age of seven he wrote a set of Polish dances, and at sixteen he played his own pieces to Russian audiences. At that time his technique was so weak that, as he afterwards confessed, "All the pieces he played were really his own, inasmuch as when he could not manage the difficult passages he merely improvised." He studied two years at the Warsaw Conservatory, and was then appointed professor there. Five years later he became professor of music at Strassburg. It was at this time that he met Mme. Modjeska, who was the first to recognize his extraordinary gifts, and to encourage him to develop them.

In 1886 he went to Vienna and studied with Leschetitzky, who gave him the technical surety and brilliancy he chiefly needed. Leschetitzky already had a high reputation as a teacher, and the subsequent success of this pupil made it world-wide, so that "pupil of Leschetitzky" has now come to mean almost as much as "pupil of Liszt." It is not likely that Paderewski would ever have become a teacher had he failed as a virtuoso; for, as he once said:

> Any one who takes up piano playing with a view to becoming a professional pianist has taken on himself an awful burden. But better that than the drudgery of giving pianoforte lessons. The one is only purgatory, but the other—hell.

Liszt did not regard teaching in that light; he evidently took pleasure in it; but Paderewski, since his conservatory days, has had only a few pupils, among them Antoinette Szumowska and Ernest Schelling. That he should describe the life of a professional pianist—he who has all the world at his feet—as purgatory, will

surprise many; but they must bear in mind how much Liszt's *génie oblige* implies. Months before a famous pianist goes on a concert tour he has to practise daily for eight or ten hours, and he has to keep this up during the tour because of the stupendous technical difficulties of modern music. There are times, to cite Paderewski's own words, "when every movement of the hands is provocative of discomfort, if not actual pain." Often, after a performance, he adds, "I have had no little exhaustion of the shoulders and neck, and I have also suffered from severe neuralgic pains." Then there is the mental discomfort of nervousness from which great artists are never free. "The mere fact of knowing a great audience waits on your labors," he once said, "is enough to shake all your nerves to pieces."

His fame as a pianist began in Paris, was augmented in London, and reached its climax in the United States. In Germany he has not played often, although in Leipzig, as one critic wrote, "the public did not applaud, it raved." Mr. Baughan devotes a considerable number of pages to an attempt to describe the magic of Paderewski's art. He "possesses that curious magnetism which always enchains the attention of the public." He excels others in the art of "creating an atmosphere":

> No pianist so well understands how to produce beautiful tone; no pianist has such a variety of touch; and none such a grasp of the art of pedalling and phrasing. The Paderewski tone is a thing by itself.

Mr. Baughan does not overlook what he considers weak points in the Pole's armor; yet he has no difficulty in understanding why Paderewski has "the power of moving an audience as no pianist since Rubinstein has been able to move it."

To Paderewski, the composer, less attention is given than might have been wished, and no complete list of his works is appended. The nationalism of this Pole is considered in its relation to Chopin, and the curious fact is pointed out that there is also a strong vein of antique simplicity, as exemplified in the first minuet. Closely connected with this is the fact that Paderewski has taken special pleasure in rehabilitating Mendelssohn, whose "Songs Without Words" had been "made so dim by the clumsy handling of generations of schoolgirls." The author might have added that this pianist is now doing the same thing for the Chopin of the conservatory girls.

Richard Wagner, as a boy, wrote a good deal of poetry before it ever occurred to him to try his hand at composing music. That his poetic faculty matured before the musical is evident in his early operas, up to and including the "Flying Dutchman." Liszt did not exaggerate when he wrote that in the text of this opera every line "rises far above the opera texts heretofore known." It is a romantic story, poetically and dramatically told, with much fewer weak passages than there are in the music. Wagner was twenty-eight years old when he wrote this music, and there are not a few numbers which betray the influence of the fashionable Italian opera of that period. On the other hand, Senta's ballad is tuneful without betraying any such influence. What makes this early opera interesting to the Wagnerian devotee is the storm music, in which one scents the salt sea, and, still more, the power which Wagner already manifests of painting characters in music as well as in words. For this reason chiefly did the large audience which heard this opera at the Metropolitan (where it had not been sung for six years) on Monday applaud it. There was a strong cast, too, including Gadski, Van Rooy, Knote, Blass, and Dippel, and the setting was strikingly realistic—so far as marine realism is possible on the stage.

Very little chamber music is heard in our concert halls this season, and in view of the abundance of operatic and orchestral performances, which appeal to a larger class, this is perhaps not surprising. So far the only organizations heard have been the Margulies Trio two weeks ago, and the Kneisel Quartet on Tuesday night. The first concert of the Kneisels was unusually delayed because the resignation of Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Schroeder last spring made it necessary to engage a new second violinist and a new violoncellist. Mr. Kneisel was lucky in securing in their place Julius Roentgen and Willem Willeke, both well known abroad. The summer was evidently spent in daily practice, for the four men played with a precision and a sympathetic understanding that were astonishing. The offerings were a Mozart quartet in D minor, Beethoven's quartet, opus 57, No. 1, and Brahms's lovely C minor trio, in which Mr. Ganz took the piano part. Altogether the performance was such as to make the audience grateful that Mr. Kneisel was persuaded by his friends to refuse the offer of the conductorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra, an offer which, if accepted, would have ended the career of America's best chamber music organization.

Paderewski will be the soloist at the Boston Symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall this evening and Saturday afternoon, December 7. He will play Beethoven's concerto in E-flat major, "The Emperor," tonight, and Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, No. 4, on Saturday afternoon. This will be his only appearance in New York with an orchestra, and he will play only twice more here. His third recital will be on Saturday afternoon, December 14.

The elder Coquelin used to say that he lost 500 francs every time he acted at the Comédie Française instead of accepting more lucrative engagements elsewhere. Famous French singers might say the same thing regarding the Opéra. The Minister of Fine Arts pointed out the other day that the monthly compensation of the singers is in many cases surpassed by a single night's emoluments in America. The most high-priced singer at the Opéra is Alvarez, who gets $1,600 a month. Breval, the leading prima donna, has $1,500. At the Opéra Comique Mary Garden got $1,400 a month, and Clement gets $1,500. The average receipts per performance at the Grand Opéra last year were $3,357, and the five most popular operas were "Ariane," "Faust," "Salammbo," "Samson and Dalila," and "Die Meistersinger." At the Opéra Comique the receipts averaged $1,400, and the most popular operas were "Manon," "Madame Butterfly," "Carmen," and "Pelléas et Mélisande."

Art.

Painters and Sculptors: A Second Series of Old Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox. 8vo; 72 illustrations. New York: Duffield & Co., $2.50.

Several of these essays have already appeared anonymously in the *Nation*; but we see no impropriety in saying that these new excursions of a painter in the field of criticism will be generally welcome; for, aside from his specific professional equipment, Mr. Cox commands certain qualities which are rare in writers about art. Saying clearly and well what he has to say, he eschews mere rhetoric. Disclaiming connoisseurship, his scholarship is adequate, while his insight as a painter, as in the essay on Holbein, at times affords discoveries that the connoisseurs have missed. Above all, he is judicious, weighing gingerly his personal admirations, and straining a point to do justice to a colleague, like Leighton, to whom the mode pays scant respect. Indeed, this impartiality amounts at times almost to a foible, depriving certain essays of any marked personal flavor.

As a whole, the book lacks the consistency and dignity of the first series, though containing, in the Holbein and Rodin, two of Mr. Cox's best pieces of criticism. Possibly, the material covers too wide a range. In the preface, for example, he moots the old dilemma of the artist as critic, arriving at the result that laymen frequently write bad art criticism, a statement that will hardly be disputed; and that artists, barring mere stylistics, generally write good art criticism, a truth that Mr. Cox himself has notably illustrated for a matter of twenty years. We want, in short, for either class simply a fair field, and no favor—a demand so obviously just that it is hardly worth while to put it into a preface. Discussing the Education of an Artist, our author shows himself the candid friend of the modern art school. It is a poor thing, he admits. It teaches practically nothing about painting, and actually nothing about artistic design. But, with all its defects, we must put up with it, since no better substitute is at hand. From the revived practice of mural painting, he hopes for a limited return to the old system of apprenticeship. It seems to us that Mr. Cox fails to strike the real grievance against the art school, which is that it does not even teach what it professes to teach, namely, drawing. It does teach a form of lifeless mechanical draughtsmanship which permits the pupil to represent with approximate correctness the contours of any object before him. But this is not drawing at all, as artists and even lay critics use the term. To see what fine drawing really is, one need only consult *passim* the essays on the Pollaiuoli, Rembrandt, and Holbein in the present volume.

Anent the death of Alfred Stevens, Mr. Cox has strung on a slight chronological thread a number of painters of the mode, from Holbein down. The paper is pleasant reading enough, and doubtless served its turn well in a popular magazine, but hardly seems of a substance to merit reprinting here.

It is a pleasure to pass from this and

other *collectanea* to such admirable essays as the Holbein, Rembrandt, and Rodin. The Holbein particularly is a substantial contribution both to connoisseurhip and criticism. Mr. Cox convincingly attributes Holbein's curious reversal of form in his later work to the ruling fashion of portraiture in England under the Tudors. We thus find the almost unexampled development from full chiaroscuro and a rather thick pâte to shadowless, thinly painted forms, as flat, except for their exquisite contours, as a queen of cards. How Holbein wrung a triumph out of this tyrannical imposition is Mr. Cox's theme. He treats also the superlative beauty of Holbein's enamel, the painterlike qualities of the man, with more thoroughness and sympathy than any predecessor within our knowledge. The essay on Rembrandt, an address on the occasion of the Tercentenary, is so good and comprehensive that we should be glad to see it supersede that in the First Series. The later study catches more simply the isolated character of this art, its strange combination of the imaginative and the merely fantastic, its passionate absorption in the daily drama of light and darkness. its dæmonic manual ability.

The Rodin will seem a "cooling card" to unreserved adorers of this turbulent genius. It seems to us to grasp the fundamental limitation of this art, its lack, possibly its deliberate abnegation, of monumental quality, its exaggeration of its cardinal principle of penumbrage (admitting the word). It is perhaps worth while recalling here that technically Rodin has merely carried into large sculpture a kind of picturesqueness that recurs over and over again in fine small modelling of all periods. In the figurines of Clodion and Pradier, for example, one may find interesting anticipations of this mode. His innovations are rather temperamental than technical. In a certain drastic sensuousness his analogues are to be found, as we believe he himself admits, in late Gothic sculpture.

But in all these matters we refer the reader to Mr. Cox. In him they will find that "agreeable leading" which the new pragmatism assures us is the infallible test of truth, without missing the more old-fashioned guarantee of a certain austere probity.

The leading article in the *Burlington Magazine* for November is an editorial suggestion that the income of the Chantrey Fund for a number of years should be devoted to the completion of the decoration of the houses of Parliament, towards which nothing seems to have been done for many years. We sympathize with the editor's feeling that British artists should be able to rise to the task of monumental decoration, and that to refuse to give commissions for monumental work until there is a body of trained and experienced decorative painters is to resolve never to go into the water until one has learned to swim. There are in this country, also, those who are so troubled by the errors of inexperience that they prefer to do nothing, and, as in England, they need to be reminded that it is through errors that perfection is finally reached, and that we shall never have a noble school of monumental art unless our artists are constantly afforded the opportunity for efforts in that direction. But the insuring of a decorative effect in mural painting is not quite so simple a matter as the editorial writer in the *Burlington* seems to think. His idea is that "there is a way of insuring that no painter of average capacity shall produce work that is positively undecorative, namely, by compelling him to work with only a moderate range of tones." A definite standard of tone is to be fixed, and "all tones lighter than the selected standard may be used, but the introduction of any tone darker than the standard shall disqualify the painting containing it." Such a restriction might, indeed, prevent some faults, but it would, of course, insure no virtues, and it would often quite uselessly handicap the real decorator. For the true decorator, from Veronese to Tiepolo, has always found the occasional use of nearly pure black, in small quantities, extremely valuable. The kind of breadth and lightness of tone desirable in decoration is not to be attained merely by restricting one's self to half-tone—that is a counsel of timidity. It is to be attained by an intelligent use of all one's resources, of which black is not the least. And the whole question of tone is, after all, a minor one. It is the question of design that is vital. The frontispiece of the number is a reproduction of a newly rediscovered early picture of Constable's, Dedham Vale, accompanied by an article by C. J. Holmes. The department of Art in America is occupied, this time, with American subjects, Kenyon Cox writing of the pictures by Winslow Homer in the Metropolitan Museum, and William Walton of New York's Art Commission.

A learned discussion of statues of the Dioscuri, by Giuseppe Cultura, is the leading article of the November *Bollettino d'Arte*. His point of departure is the colossal Dioscur found at Baiæ twenty years ago, and recently acquired by the Italian State. In all these great images the problem is to reconcile the rather archaic forms of the body with the Alexander-Helios type of the head. This anachronism makes it difficult to accept the old theory that most of the extant examples are copies of originals of the fourth century. Signor Cultura's suggestion is that the composite type is of Roman origin, corresponding to the Latin vogue of the Castor and Pollux cult. Greece, he thinks, borrowed the type in turn from her conqueror. This view runs with the prevailing tendency to admit a greater diversity and freedom in the eclectic sculpture of Rome. Arduino Colasanti publishes for the first time a St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, by Gentile da Fabriano. This exquisite early work is in the Fornari collection at Fabriano, where curiously enough exists also an old copy by Giovanni da Paolo of Siena—one more evidence of the imitative habits of this uneven painter. In the news section is reported the condemnation, on appeal, of a citizen of Verona for selling the balconies adorning the front of his own house, although these were not on the "inventory of precious objects." The Court of Appeals ruled that these carvings, having long been shown to all, "the public had acquired their enjoyment"—a sort of vested right to beauty. Such incidents make the selling or even the buying of antiques in Italy a fearful trade. But with small fines on a rising market it may presumably be endured.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued a monograph on Augustus Saint-Gaudens, by Royal Cortissoz, illustrated with photogravure plates after twenty-four of that artist's works, including almost all his more important statues and a number of his medallions and reliefs. Mr. Cortissoz writes of the great artist's character from personal knowledge and fullness of sympathy, and of his art with much insight and discrimination. The only fault to be found with his essay is a certain lack of incisiveness in his smooth and easy style. He sees rightly what are the qualities of the work he is discussing, but either he does not see very sharply or he is not able to convey in language a definite image of what he sees. His portrait is a true one, but it is a trifle blurred. There are several unaccountable errors in Mr. Cortissoz's notes on particular works, printed as descriptions of the plates and apart from the text. Thus the relief of the artist's son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, is described as "one of the earliest medallions he produced," though it is dated five years later than that of George W. Maynard, reproduced in this volume, and two or three years later than four other medallions here illustrated. The medallion of C. C. Beaman is said to have been "modelled in the early eighties," in spite of its exceptionally clear inscription which dates it 1894. Finally, of the Columbus medal Mr. Cortissoz says: "Of the two designs made by Saint-Gaudens the second was adopted. The reverse of the one abandoned has a special interest," etc. This is misleading. Saint-Gaudens made two designs for the reverse of this medal—only one for the obverse—and of the two designs for the reverse neither was adopted. The clumsy composition actually used was by another hand. The plates are well executed, but are not always from the best attainable photographs. The great statues suffer more in this way than the medallions, as also by the great reduction in scale. The book is handsomely printed and got up, and will prove, in spite of the minor errors commented on, a desirable possession.

A new book by Bernhard Berenson is an event of some importance, and he has now concluded his series of studies of the Italian schools by issuing "The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The book has all the characteristics of its predecessors, but it does not deal with so interesting a subject. Except for Mantegna and Correggio it treats of hardly any artists approaching the first rank, and instead of showing us why this or that colossus is colossal, Mr. Berenson is, in the main, occupied with showing us why this or that pygmy is no larger. Even as regards his two great men, Mr. Berenson is more anxious to show why they are not the greatest than why they are great. Of the most of the men he discusses, it may fairly be said that, in a larger view, it matters very little what they did or why they did it. In short, this volume's importance is that it is the negative end of Mr. Berenson's demonstration of his theory of art, as its companion volumes were the positive end. He is now dealing with the absence of his three great qualities, tactile values, movement, and space-composition, as he has before dealt with their presence, and the burden is ever the same—these are the things that make serious art, and in

their absence art ceases to be serious. Near the end he confesses that color deserves more attention than he has given it, and expresses the hope that some day he may be able to repair the deficiency. His mature views on that element of art cannot fail to be interesting, and one hopes that his "some day" may be an early one. At the end there are the usual tables of works by the artists, considered in the text, and Mr. Berenson's attributions will probably arouse the usual amount of discussion among the experts.

Dr. Max Kemmerich's "Die frühmittelalterliche Porträtmalerei in Deutschland bis zur Mitte des 13. Jahrhunderts" (Munich: Calwey) is a carefully written and interesting work from an historical as well as from an artistic point of view, giving a clear and consecutive survey of mediæval portrait painting in Germany from the eighth to the middle of the thirteenth century. Early portraits of this period, as is evident from those preserved in the few illuminated manuscripts transmitted to us from the time of Charlemagne, lack individuality, the artists aiming chiefly to show by apparel, attitudes, and various attributes the office or rank of the persons portrayed without attempting to delineate marked peculiarities of the features, color, expression of the eyes, and other distinctive characteristics. Some improvement in these respects is perceptible about a century later, under Charlemagne's grandson, Charles the Bald, but the highest development in this direction was attained during the reign of Otto III., in the last decades of the tenth century—a progress, however, not at all due to the initiative or influence of these sovereigns, who are here mentioned only for chronological purposes. The author obtains his material almost exclusively from illustrated manuscripts, Bibles, codices, liturgies, and other such sources. The book contains a list of more than 350 portraits of early mediæval persons, a number of which are reproduced, and some of them for the first time, thus adding to its attractiveness and value.

The Municipal Art Society of New York will hold its seventh annual exhibition at No. 119 East Nineteenth Street, in March, 1908. The exhibition will include proposed or completed schemes in decorative painting and sculpture, landscape gardening, drawings or photographs of municipal architecture of a decorative or monumental character; civic centres and improvements in American and European cities, fountains, stained glass, mosaics, models of work executed in stone, wood, bronze, or wrought iron; street fixtures, bridges, maps of proposed parkways, park fixtures, window boxes, and similar objects which illustrate phases of municipal improvement.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' shops in this city are pictures by John La Farge at Macbeth's till December 12; miniatures by Alyn Williams, president of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, England, at Arthur Tooth & Sons'; Barbizon and modern Dutch paintings, Theodore C. Noes's; early English, French, Dutch, and Flemish masters, Blakeslee's.

Finance.

AFTER THE PANIC.

The end of partial suspension of cash payments by the banks is plainly in sight. Whether other cities will return to a cash basis simultaneously with New York, is a disputed question; but in any case general resumption cannot be long delayed. With such resumption, not only will the currency premium disappear, but huge hoards of cash will return to the banks for deposit. Blockade of exchange between interior cities will be broken; the wheels of commercial machinery will again move freely; "token money" will disappear; and mills, shut down merely for outright lack of currency will start up; Stock Exchange prices will seemingly declare that the panic of 1907 is over.

What then? Paul Leroy-Beaulieu's Paris *Economiste* has prophesied that "a season of reaction is in store, not for a few weeks or a few months, but for several years." Not many American prophets have publicly taken such positive ground. Roswell Miller of the directorate of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, said last week that "business will not recover from this reaction for several months." Stuyvesant Fish declared the country to be "confronted with a period of depression which must of necessity last until confidence is restored," and the only basis for such restoration he believed to be "house-cleaning" by corporations in whose management the country has lost faith, or punishment of the guilty officers. This would take more than "several months." President W. H. Truesdale of the Lackawanna predicted better things "after a period of reaction"—whether of months or years, he did not say. James J. Hill observed that the country "needs the rest cure," that "we all want to go to sleep for a good long time and wake up with both eyes open." But Mr. Hill did not say how long the sleep should be. Reasoning on somewhat different lines, Sir Felix Schuster, one of the most far-seeing London bankers, declared that "the United States out of its own resources would ultimately overcome the present troubles"; but he did not say when "ultimately" would be.

What have we ahead of us? In his heart, every financier and business man of experience will answer, A long period of slackening trade, with incidental industrial depression, and a slow recovery. He feels this to be true, for two good reasons—one, that the blow has so injured the whole credit system that it cannot recover except after prolonged liquidation; the other, that general trade, quite as truly as financial values, has long been on an unnatural and inflated basis. This second assumption does not mean that the country's merchants have as a class been doing business in a speculative way. The fact seems to be that they have not; that they had distrusted the reckless tendencies of the day, and were sailing reasonably close-reefed when the hurricane broke. Had they not been doing so, we should have heard a vast deal more of mercantile failures since October 24. But what the man of experience knows quite as well, is that even where producers and middlemen have not been rashly abusing credit, consumers have. The buying capacity of the community as a whole has been radically cut down by the shock; excesses in the scale of living must perforce be abandoned; retrenchment instead of lavish expenditure will become the social virtue; and all this means that for a good while to come trade demand will contract and production will decrease. The community as a whole must now set to work to pay its debts, and debt-paying does not mean continuance of a "boom."

There are reasons for hoping that the parallel with the panics of 1893 and 1873, so remarkably close up to the present moment, may not be so exact in the longer sequel. The aftermath of those older American panics was three years of genuine hard times on the one occasion and four on the other. But we are not burdened with the bankrupt industrial West of 1893. To-day the West is considering, not where it will borrow when panic is over, but where it will lend. Nor is the country as a whole the semi-insolvent debtor to Europe as in 1873; we are still largely in command of the international exchanges; we have paid off our foreign debt, and we have a vast reserve of resources which Europe, willingly or not, must buy from us. The extent to which these factors will in the next few years offset the inevitable hardships of forced and prolonged industrial liquidation will soon be evident.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Katharine M. Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Æschylus' Agamemnon. Translated by John Conington. Henry Frowde.

Aeschylus's Prometheus Bound. Translated by Robert Whitelaw. Henry Frowde.

Agriculture, Report of the Secretary, 1907. Washington.

Ashcroft, Ralph. To My Comrade.

Baekeland, Leo Hendrick. A Family Motor Tour through Europe. The Horseless Age.

Bartlett, Truman H. The Art Life of William Rimmer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Beach, Edward L. An Annapolis Plebe. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Bingham, Clifton. Let's Pretend. Dutton. $1.

Bligh, W. G. The Practical Design of Irrigation Works. Van Nostrand. $6 net.

Brine, Mary D. Grandma's Memories. Dutton. 50 cents.

British Academy, Proceedings of, 1905-1906. Henry Frowde.

Bugbee, Willis N. Successful Entertainments. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 25 cents.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Edited by Charles G. Hebermann and others. Vol. II.: Assize—Bro. Robert Appleton Co.

Champion, Edme. Vue Générale de L'Histoire de France. Paris: Armand Colin.

Clark, Francis E. The Continent of Opportunity. Revell, $1.50 net.

Colson, Warren H. Postage Stamps and Their Collection. Boston: Published by the Author.

Cortissoz, Royal. Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.50 net.

Crawford, F. Marion. The Little City of Hope. Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Curtis, Alice Turner. Grandpa's Little Girls. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Curzon, Lord. Frontiers: A. Lecture. Henry Frowde.

Dalziel, James. In the First Watch. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

DeVoogt, Gos. Our Domestic Animals. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. Boston: Ginn.

Dornis Jean. Le Roman Italien Contemporain. Paris.

Forsyth, P. T. Positive Preaching and Modern Mind. Armstrong. $1.75 net.
Gage, Alfred P. The Principles of Physics. Revised by A. W. Goodspead. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gould, Elizabeth Lincoln. The Admiral's Granddaughter. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Hall, Granville Davidson. Old Gold. Chicago: Mayer & Miller Co.
Hapgood, George. Ready-Made Speeches. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Holmes, Richard S. The Maid of Honor. Revell. $1.50.
Houston, Edwin J. The Boy Electrician. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Ingram, John Kells. A History of Political Economy. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Keatinge, M. W. Suggestions in Education. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Kellogg, Alice M. New Year and Midwinter Exercises — Christmas Entertainments. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 25 cents each.
Layard, George Somes. Shirley Brooks of Punch. Holt. $3.50 net.
LeBlond, Mrs. Aubrey. The Story of an Alpine Winter. Macmillan. $1.50.
Lenotre, G. The Last Days of Marie Antoinette. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lincoln, Abraham. A Biographical Essay by Carl Schurz. With an Essay by Truman H. Bartlett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $10 net.
Little Mother Series. 8 vols. Dutton. 50 cents each.
Longfellow's Evangeline. Dutton. $1.50.
Macaulay, Lord. The Lays of Ancient Rome. Dutton
McIntyre, John T. The Boy Tars of 1812. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
McLaws, Lafayette. The Welding. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Mahan, A. T. Some Neglected Aspects of War. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.
Malone, Paul B. A West Point Yearling. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Margoliouth, D. S. Cairo, Jerusalem and Damascus. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Martin, Rudolf. Die Wirtschaftliche Krisis der Gegenwart. Leipzig.
Mason, Edith Huntington. The Real Agatha. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Mills, Weymer Jay. The Van Rensselaers of Old Manhattan. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Mitchell, Donald G., The Works of. Edgewood Edition. Vols. IX. to XII. Scribners.
Moore, F. Frankfort. The Love that Prevailed. Empire Book Co. 65 cents.
Moss, James A. Officers' Manual. West Point, N. Y. $1.50 net.
Mumford, Edward. Bubbles. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Music-Lovers Calendar for 1908. Vol. III. Breitkopf & Härtel. 50 cents.
Nevill, Lady Dorothy, Leaves from the Note-Books of. Edited by Ralph Nevill. Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.
Olin, Charles H. Socialism. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Olschki, Leo S. Choix de Livres Anciens. Florence.
Our Picture Book. Dutton. $1.25.
Pemberton, Max. Aladdin of London. Empire Book Co. 65 cents.
Phillips, Stephen. New Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.
Plechanoff, George. Anarchism and Socialism. Translated by Eleanor M. Aveling. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Pollak, Gustav. Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.
Primary Recitations. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 15 cents.
Primary Speaker—Practical Declamations. Arranged by Amos M. Kellogg. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 15 cents each.
Repton, Humphrey. The Art of Landscape Gardening. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.
Robins, Elizabeth. Under the Southern Cross. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Robinson, J. Armitage. An Unrecognized Westminster Chronicler, 1381-1394. Henry Frowde.
Schwartz, Julia A. Beatrice Leigh at College. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Scully, William Charles. By Veldt and Kopje. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Shaw, Albert. The Outlook for the Average Man. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Specimens of Prose Composition. Edited by Charles R. Nutter and others. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Spencer, Herbert. The Right to Ignore the State. Benj. R. Tucker 10 cents.
Stevenson's Master of Ballantræ. Edited by H. A. White. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Strikeshoulder, Viter. When Theodore Is King. Chauncey Holt. 25 cents.
Tybout, Ella Middleton. The Smuggler. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Tyndale, Walter. Below the Cataracts. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Warde, Margaret. Betty Wales. Senior. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Washington, Lee. Syllogisms: A Book of Reasons for Every Day. Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.
Wait, Charles E. Studies on the Digestibility and Nutritive Value of Legumes. Washington.
Webster, Pelatiah. To the Congress of the United States. Edited by Hannis Taylor.
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MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1907.

The Week.

The approaching transfer of practically the whole of our naval strength to the Pacific cannot fail to attract the attention of Congress. As to the motive of this extraordinary departure in our naval policy, the truth does not yet seem to have been told. The common excuse is that this is a practice cruise for our battle fleet, and much ado is made about the value of the long voyage and the passage of the Straits of Magellan, just as if some ships of our navy were not making long voyages all the time. If the battleships now assembling need this experience at an estimated outlay of a million and a quarter of dollars for fuel alone, in order to bring their engineers and stokers up to a proper state of efficiency, then the national pride in them is not justified. The same schooling, it may be remarked, could be had on much cheaper terms in the Atlantic, with much greater efficiency as a result. Those who understand such things tell us that, to-day, the great weakness in the navy is the lack of training, on the part of captains and their understudies, in manœuvres, especially in those of actual engagement or battle tactics, so called; that the Atlantic Fleet, under its present commander, had only nine hours of these capital exercises prior to last spring, and about five days since then; and that, in the case of seven captains, even this experience is lost to the country through their having been replaced by younger men, who have everything to learn. Dissenting naval officers further say that the necessary fleet drills will not be carried on during the trip to California; and that, in this most essential respect, as one officer of the fleet expressed it, with pain and indignation, "A whole year will be wasted!" We are aware that a few naval officers feel, as Capt. Mahan writes in the current *Scientific American*, that the cruise is useful because its officers will have to face "the huge administrative difficulties connected with so distant an expedition by a large body of vessels dependent upon their own resources." But the bulk of the naval officers believe that the solution of this petty problem of coaling and victualling our ships in friendly South American harbors in time of peace, by a large number of vessels instead of by two or three, is of trifling importance compared not only with those battle exercises we have already cited, but with target practice and the real trying out of our ships. Far greater service can be rendered, according to the strict navy point of view, by testing our ships in elaborate manœuvres, in disclosing and repairing their obvious defects, than in taking a year out of their fleet development in order to ascertain if they can load coal and provisions promptly, and safely find their way in and out of foreign harbors.

The Republicans are profiting by the lessons of the past. Having elected by the greatest plurality in history one candidate nominated in a convention held at Chicago in the third week of June, they are going to nominate another candidate—or maybe the same—in a convention held at Chicago in the third week of June. If he wins, the party will doubtless do the same thing again in 1912. Efforts to hang portentous political issues on the selection of a convention city are always rather labored. It is unlikely that Taft's chances are really improved because his friends in the National Committee voted on Saturday with the prevailing side. The selection of a date has more real significance. Only five times in the last fifty years has Congress finished the deliberations of its long session early enough to adjourn before June 16. Once it adjourned exactly on that day. Twice it remained in session as late as October, and once till November. The selection of an exceptionally early date, compelling hurry, if even the routine work is to be completed, adds one more to the arguments for inaction.

Amusing, indeed, are the comments of some of the Washington correspondents upon the absence of any Hughes boomer at the meeting of the Republican National Committee. The Hughes movement has, we learn, suffered a serious check thereby, or it has gained tremendously by this show of independence. You can pay your money and take your choice. But the puzzlement of the politicians is complete. What kind of man is this who toils not, neither does he spin, in the ways that are familiar to them, but whose influence and spirit are more and more abroad in the land? Take the announcement of Mr. Hughes's secretary that the Governor has not engaged any "headquarters" in Chicago, and will not. Naturally, the politicians ask if he is bereft of his senses, or if he wants the nomination at all. They look with contempt on a man who has a splendid chance for the nomination, and yet will let no one lift a hand for him. Surely, such a man has something wrong in his upper story. They cannot understand that those who will decide this nomination are not themselves, or even Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt. If the party makes up its mind that it wants Hughes, it will be of no consequence what the political managers try to do. Least of all, will the Governor of New York suffer by the attitude he has assumed. The people of this country, if we are any judges, are ready for a man who looks upon the Presidency not as a prize to be striven for, but as an overwhelming duty that cannot be honorably shirked if the demand that he assume it be unmistakable and overwhelming.

In his annual report the Secretary of the Treasury follows the President's example and makes no definite suggestions regarding currency reform. This is doubtless the Secretary's recognition of the fact that, in the light of recent events, legislation must now be framed with great deliberation. The chief matters of interest in Mr. Cortelyou's report, therefore, are his review of the Treasury's relief measures during the New York bank run of October, and his forecast of the national finances. The story of the prompt and timely deposit of government surplus with the banks at the height of panic, tells little that the community did not know before. That the Secretary moved slowly in putting out his surplus during the weeks before the panic; that he thus kept in hand a substantial relief fund for the real emergency; and that when the panic actually came, his action was unhesitating and thoroughgoing, though always in obedience to the law—with all this the community has been familiar; and to the executive capacity thus shown the Clearing House Committee and the public at large have paid their tribute. But for this prompt action, a series of disastrous failures of powerful banking institutions would probably have been inevitable. As against the $84,236,000 of surplus revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, the Treasury estimates $42,000,000 surplus for the twelve months ending with next June. We are unable to regard that estimate as other than excessive; it bears, in fact, rather strong evidence of having been compiled before the recent violent change in the conditions of trade and credit. Decrease of $20,000,000 in the customs revenue is conceded, which may at first glance seem allowing much for reaction. But as a matter of fact, even that reduction would leave the fiscal year's receipts from import duties nearly $12,000,000 ahead of 1906, and much more in excess of any previous twelvemonth in our history. It must now be recognized that our abnormally large imports of 1907 were themselves one symptom of that infla-

tion of prices and credit which led to this autumn's crash. A similar prediction, made at exactly this time in 1893, by Secretary Carlisle, and forecasting the revenue of the first half of 1894, turned out an over-estimate by the substantial sum of forty million dollars. November alone, as reported on in the monthly bulletin of last Thursday, shows a decrease of $10,000,000 from the revenue last year. These facts ought to be seriously impressed on the mind of Congress, in laying plans for future public expenditure.

In a time like this it is inevitable that the old quack-notions about currency should be trotted out. Last Monday a bill was introduced to "base" money upon cotton. In the prolific days of 1893-96 there was a great crop of these "basing" plans. Iron in the mines, coal in sight, hay in bales, etc., were proposed as the true security on which to issue currency. The simplest way, of course, is that which Tom Watson urged upon the President, to "base" your currency on nothing, and just issue greenbacks to fill every pocket. But this is to overlook one important difference between the present condition of the Treasury and that of 1893. Then the government was short of funds; but today it has more than $200,000,000 of surplus. If greenbacks were "issued," they could only be in payment of government obligations or purchases of some kind; they are not tossed out of the window to the crowd, as Mr. Watson seems to suppose. With over $200,000,000 to the good, the Treasury would look foolish to put out promises to pay. For the same reason, it looked foolish in putting out bonds and 3 per cent. certificates.

President Roosevelt could do no other than comply with the request of the Governor of Nevada that Federal troops be sent to Goldfield. If a sovereign State cannot protect itself from domestic violence, the Constitution makes it the duty of the Government at Washington to come to its aid. The reproach, if any, lies with Nevada. It is stated by the indignant officers of the Western Miners' Federation that there is really no trouble at Goldfield; that the sheriff has not called for assistance. But blunt Gen. Funston has information that the sheriff is himself a member of the Federation, and would do nothing to interfere with its pleasant habit of setting itself up above the law. Moreover, Gov. Sparks is very specific and detailed in recounting the acts of intimidation and violence committed by the Federation. In view of his appeal, there was nothing for the President to do but order the troops to go to the scene; and he deserves praise for the promptness and vigor with which he set about rescuing Nevada from terrorism and possible bloodshed. Here is no question of State rights, or usurpation of power; only a case of putting down lawlessness.

The Rivers and Harbors Congress at Washington last week was notable for the absence of sectional pressure and insistence upon particular local projects. Vice-President Fairbanks, Secretary Root, Speaker Cannon, and Chairman Burton of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors have all emphasized the need for considering the question of waterways improvement in its larger aspects. "A policy, not a project," was Mr. Root's happy way of expressing the idea. If within the next twenty years we are to have a comprehensive system of developed waterways, these should come as the result of a consistent plan, and not a mere combination of a multitude of log-rolling projects which merely happen to dovetail together. This year's meeting, by its clear statement of this fact, may have opened a new chapter in the history of this branch of our national activity. While a good deal has been accomplished in recent years toward systematizing our river and harbor expenditures, this has been in spite of the efforts of those interested in improvements, rather than because of them. The representatives, official and unofficial, from each locality have been working for one or two pieces of work, and if these were provided for, the rest of the waterways budget might, for all they cared, fall into chaos. The attitude of this year's Rivers and Harbors Congress may be due in part to the realization that the right way is to begin at the other end. Once the country is convinced of the wisdom of liberal and continued appropriations for its waterways, the deserving projects will be attended to as a matter of course. It is now generally understood that both in respect to the handling of traffic and the maintenance of reasonable rates, we have long trusted too much to the railways. Instead of keeping our water-routes in condition to provide effective competition with the railroads, and, in periods of exceptional expansion like that of the past decade, to take care of the additional traffic in a natural way, we left them to the tender mercies of Congressmen who, while they did a great deal, in the aggregate, did not always do the things that were needed. To-day we need water transportation so badly that, as James J. Hill said to the waterways delegates, "You may be assured of the hearty support of the railroads in the construction of the legitimate waterways of the country."

The proposal to have the Federal government license automobile drivers comes before Congress for the first time in the form of a bill drafted by the counsel of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers and the chairman of the Legislative Committee of the American Automobile Association. It is not proposed to create a separate class of Federally licensed cars, but merely to allow those already taking out permits in the State of ownership, to obtain certificates entitling them to make interstate journeys. The Federal government is appealed to, therefore, not to save the automobilist from over-drastic State laws, but to spare him the vexation of having to take out new licenses in every State he visits. The State legislation, as the author of the proposed law acknowledges in a recent compilation of the various automobile statutes, "on the whole has been fair and reasonable, and seldom do we find evidence of hostility carried to excess in any of the legislative enactments." But the States are not hospitable to the automobiles of their neighbors. No interstate boundary line, we presume, is crossed by so many automobiles as that between New York and New Jersey, yet New Jersey is inflexible in refusing to give credit to her next-door neighbor's licenses. The State laws differ widely in their requirements. Some States require all cars to be equipped with mufflers, some do not. Some allow cities, counties, and villages to make regulations of their own, some prohibit local legislation. A New York owner may keep the registration numbers of other States fastened to the rear of his machine; a Massachusetts owner at home must remove all but that of his own commonwealth. A motor bicycle is an automobile in Indiana, though a traction engine is not; both are automobiles in New Jersey, neither in New York. And so it goes. It is not at all unlikely, in view of the history of other legislation, that the mere drafting and introduction of the Federal bill will help on the cause of uniform legislation, its clauses being used as models before Congress has approved them. "It is hoped," writes the law committee of the Automobile Club of America, "that this will eventually form the basis for homogeneous legislation throughout the Union." Altogether aside from the Constitutional obstacles, it is very much better that such uniformity should come through voluntary coöperation of the States than through the too familiar short-cut of Federal intervention.

Statistics show that 96,724 immigrants returned to Europe during November, 55,000 more than a year ago. Never before has labor been so mobile. If what we are seeing now, the prompt departure of surplus labor when there is an industrial depression, is to become the rule, the intensity of future periods of suffering in any given country is certain to be much diminished. In our present crisis, this loss of workmen is doing much to mitigate the inevitable distress

of the coming winter. Moreover, if matters improve, labor will begin to flow back next spring as quickly as it is leaving now. Of course, labor leaders will not be altogether pleased by this demonstration that labor is becoming more and more fluid. They will perceive that this makes it more difficult to organize and maintain strong unions. Their ideal is a state so controlled that no one can come in without a permit from them, and no one leave, and that trades may be so regulated after the manner of the guilds of mediæval days that only a small number of apprentices can be accepted each year. In this way they would see to it that wages were regulated, and that there was "work enough to go around." The leaders' influence has for years been in the direction of keeping labor at its given task and opposing the introduction of machinery or anything that would tend to displace workingmen and cause them to turn their hands to something else. Obviously, if 500,000 or more workmen are going to bolt every time there is a financial crisis, and settle elsewhere, or go into other lines of employment, this little plan is going to be spoiled.

Oklahoma has already given so many evidences of enterprise, ingenuity, and courage of convictions that we are not surprised to find the new Commonwealth undertaking to write down the unwritten law. Senator Clarence Davis of Bristow is drafting a bill which by implication, we presume, takes the *dementia Americana* from the catalogue of forms of insanity. This is all very well in itself, but can a free people, brought up on the unwritten law, get along without any such refuge in the future? Will not adroit criminal lawyers presently invent a new unwritten law which is milder yet? Having legally exempted one species of homicide from the penalties of the law, is there any guarantee that the rest of its prohibition will remain unaffected? The doctrine of the unwritten law, as we customarily have it, is overladen with noble sentiment. It turns to its own purposes a resentment which is common to right-feeling persons. But at bottom it is merely an assertion of that right of private vengeance which civilized society has spent some centuries in trying to abrogate completely. Much may be said on the text that if juries remain unwilling to convict criminals of a certain class, it is best that the law should not require them to perjure themselves incidentally. With the notion, however, that the whole problem is disposed of by extending the statutory definition of "justifiable homicide," we have no sympathy.

The death of Oscar II. of Sweden has naturally been made a text for reference to almost the only event that came to cloud the last years of an otherwise happy reign. Yet it is an open question whether the peace of the Scandinavian peninsula and of Europe has not profited by the fact that Norway chose to break the partnership with Sweden while the aged monarch was still on the throne. In the crisis that followed Norway's declaration of independence the personality of Oscar II. made it apparent from the beginning that, so far as in his power lay, war should not follow the break-up of the Union. How deeply the King took that event to heart he did not hesitate officially to declare to his former Norwegian subjects, and to the world in general. It is no reflection on the new Swedish monarch to believe that, had the separation been postponed until after the death of his father, the settlement could scarcely have been effected in so peaceable a manner. A young king, however discredited in present days may be the doctrine of the divine right of kings, would have hesitated before allowing so serious a diminution of his prestige, and, as he might have regarded it, even of his rights. On the other hand, the Norwegians, however irksome the Swedish connection had become to them, could not but find in the personality of Oscar II., and the fact of his long reign over them, a powerful counsel towards moderation.

Chamberlain and his fellow-protectionists in England have made much of the "Imperial" nature of their schemes, yet, strange to say, it is the greatest Imperialists who have given them the blackest eye. Lord Curzon, both while Viceroy of India and since, has been distinctly hostile to their tariff plans; and now comes Lord Cromer utterly to condemn them. In a recent speech before the Unionist Free Trade Club, he argued strongly that a protectionist policy would be fatal to the highest hopes of British Imperialism. There existed, he said, a large amount of "dormant Anglophobia" in the world, and it would be the pitch of folly to arouse this, by tariff taxes, in "the counting-house of every foreign merchant and manufacturer." Lord Cromer had no objection to hearing "the Imperialist drum," but "my contention," he declared, "is that if the instrument is properly attuned, it will give forth a free trade and not a protectionist or preferential note." With all his authority and power of statement, he threw himself against the Chamberlain proposals, toyed with by Mr. Balfour, and urged that, both on patriotic and party grounds, they now be "laid on the shelf." The whole speech was a stunning blow to the English protectionists, and they are still reeling under it.

Another sister-nation, as Mr. Kipling would call it, has joined the family circle of the British Empire. Orange River Colony, formerly the Orange Free State, has just held her first Parliamentary elections, self-government was formally inaugurated a fortnight or so ago, and the newly elected Parliament is to assemble shortly before Christmas. Out of a total of 38 members in the lower house, the Dutch party has elected 30, the Constitutionalists, or British party, have 4, and the Independent party the same number. The Orange River Colony Ministerial bench will look even more like "the Boer general staff" than is the case in the Transvaal, where the British element is far more numerous. The colony's almost exclusively agricultural interests make the political issues small in number. The two principal ones concern the school system and the colony's attitude towards the working of the intercolonial railways. Premier and Colonial Secretary Fischer is to have among his colleagues Gens. Hertzog and De Wet. The latter, who is to be Minister of Agriculture, would seem more fitted by his war experiences for some such post as Minister of Ways and Communications.

The French Academy is so frequently spoken of as a sort of post-graduate club where forty immortals loll about and pretend to be working on a great dictionary, that its character as a bureau for the encouragement of national endeavor is often forgotten. On November 22 the Academy held its annual distribution of prizes. These rewards are of two kinds: for literary achievement and for "virtue," specifically, the so-called *prix de vertu*. This year there was distributed the sum of 189,000 francs in prizes ranging from 10,000 to 300 francs, to about 100 beneficiaries. Such a number of rewards conferred every year constitutes a very definite form of encouragement in a country where official recognition is highly regarded and a small sum of money goes far. The customary discourse accompanying the distribution of the *prix de vertu* was delivered by Maurice Barrès. The Academy has a quiet delight in selecting its youngest members and most recently reformed enemies of established order, to pronounce formal eulogies on morals, patriotism, religion, and the like. In the case of M. Barrès, it is true that he turned over his new leaf some time ago, and has become prominent as a champion of the simple virtues. Yet it is interesting to have the Epicurean anarchist of "Un Homme libre" and "Le Jardin de Bérénice" present the two leading prizes for "virtue," of 300 francs each, to the parents of a peasant family of nineteen and of twenty-one children. "Such mothers," said M. Barrès, in a fine Rooseveltian refrain, "are saints and heroines."

WHAT AILS AMERICAN SHIPPING.

One of the topics treated in the President's message is the pitiful state of the American merchant marine. He advocates an extension of the ocean mail act of 1891. He laments, with the rest of us, that we have not to-day upon the sea a merchant fleet "worthy of the traditions of our past." What that glorious past was, and why the American sailor was famous have never been set forth more convincingly than by De Tocqueville in "Democracy in America." In his chapter on "The Commercial Prosperity of the United States," he discussed the superiority of Americans at sea. That this was due to "physical advantages which nature gives them" he denied; and in a passage which is absolutely relevant to our present-day debates, he said:

> The American vessels cost almost as much to build as our own; they are not better built, and they generally last a shorter time. The pay of the American sailor is more considerable than the pay on board European ships, which is proved by the great number of Europeans who are to be found in the merchant vessels of the United States. How happens it, then, that the Americans sail their vessels at a cheaper rate than we can ours? I am of opinion that the true cause of their superiority must not be sought for in physical advantages, but that it is wholly attributable to *moral and intellectual qualities.*

Tocqueville went on to explain his meaning by saying that the Americans of that day displayed "a sort of heroism in their manner of trading" across the seas. We quote further:

> The European sailor navigates with prudence; he sets sail only when the weather is favorable; if an unforeseen accident befalls him, he puts into port; at night, he furls a portion of his canvas; and when the whitening billows intimate the vicinity of land, he checks his course, and takes an observation of the sun. The American neglects these precautions and braves these dangers. He weighs anchor before the tempest is over; by night and by day he spreads his sheets to the wind; he repairs as he goes along such damage as his vessel may have sustained from the storm. . . . The Americans are often shipwrecked, but no trader crosses the seas so rapidly. And, as they perform the same distance in a shorter time, they can perform it at a cheaper rate. The European navigator touches at different ports in the course of a long voyage; he loses precious time in making the harbor, or in waiting for a favorable wind to leave it; and he pays daily dues to be allowed to remain there. The American starts from Boston to purchase tea in China; he arrives at Canton, stays there a few days, and then returns. In less than two years, he has sailed as far as the entire circumference of the globe, and has seen land but once. It is true that during a voyage of eight or ten months he has drunk brackish water and lived upon salt meat; that he has been in a continual contest with the sea, with disease, and with weariness; but, upon his return, he can sell a pound of his tea for a half-penny less than the English merchant, and his purpose is accomplished.

Now, what has happened to change all that? What has deadened American initiative and eaten out the heart of American daring on the high seas? It is beside the point to talk of disadvantages having overtaken us in the evolution of ship-building, or to say that competition in modern methods of foreign commerce is hard to meet. We labored under the disadvantages, as Tocqueville points out, in 1830-40, and for a decade later, but in those years there was an indomitable energy in the American character which enabled us to surmount them. We had then to encounter competition from long-established rivals, but we shrank not from the contest, and emerged from it triumphant. There seemed to be no end to American resource and skill and invention and intrepidity in building and sailing ships. If the chief causes of our success were thus, as Tocqueville maintained, "moral and intellectual," we may infer that our decline has been in part at least due to a decay in the mental and moral qualities which won for us our former success.

Allowing all that may be necessary for changed physical conditions, the deeper reasons for our loss of prestige on the seas must be sought in a new mental attitude of the American people. It is often said that our country has not thought it worth while to pursue commercial conquests beyond the ocean; that we had our own vast empire to develop, and that our minds have been given to the work in which the greater immediate profit lay. In this statement there is doubtless some force; but our interior development was going on apace from 1830 to 1860, at the very time when our supremacy on the ocean was at its pitch. Something has happened since to account for the fact that we now lag so far behind other nations in marine enterprise and inventiveness, that the old courage and determination to succeed at all hazards, and in spite of all obstacles, seem so largely to have departed. The decadence appears in other fields as well. In the development of the turbine engine, in making automobiles, in wireless telegraphy, for example, a blight seems to have fallen on the once famed Yankee inventor.

A powerful case can be made out by those who argue that it is the general governmental policies of the past forty years which have so transformed our bold self-reliance into limp dependence. During all that period we have exalted the doctrines of paternal care over those of self-help. We have fixed the habit of running to Washington for aid. Above all, we have, by our vicious system of protection, spread wide the notion that Americans are not able to stand on their own feet; that they must have artificial advantages, and law-made handicaps, or they will perish in the struggle of brains. That is the reason why our shipping problem has so long been attacked from the wrong end. Everybody has been whining for a subsidy or discriminating duties or a grant in aid; nobody has been going out to fight the battle in the old spirit. We may depend upon it, however, that until we somehow win back those qualities of mind and soul which once gave us the chief place among the mercantile marines of the world, we shall never recover it. Subsidies can never prop up a man who confesses he is beaten in advance. Let all the laws which hamper our ship-builders and ship-owners be repealed; let them be given a fair field and no favors, and then let the appeal be to the old American boldness and ingenuity and proud trust that we can do business and make a profit where Englishman or German can, and we shall be taking the true way to restore American shipping.

THE CAUSES OF REVOLUTION.

The rapid growth of Russia's population is accepted as supplying one great impulse towards revolution. The misfortunes of the war with Japan may have served to precipitate the crisis, the development of industries, accompanied by an increase in the number of factory workers, may have helped to prepare the field for radical ideas; but the agrarian problem is the key of the present difficulty. The peasants call for land and liberty, but for liberty as an instrument for obtaining land. European Russia is overcrowded. The allotments assigned to the peasant communities at their emancipation in 1861 were barely sufficient, if that, at a time when the population numbered 75,000,000; these allotments are inadequate to support a peasant population of 120,000,000 in 1905 out of a total population of nearly 150,000,000. Hence, increasing poverty, famine, plague, and discontent. The argument of increasing population is recognized as valid by both parties to the Russian dispute. The progressive elements cite it as proof of the need of change. The government quotes it as a justification for existing evils. "The peasants will breed" is a formula which shifts responsibility from the shoulders of Nicholas II. and M. Stolypin to those of Providence.

A second force that drives to discontent and revolution is the spread of education, and particularly of higher education. A poverty-stricken peasantry, an unhappy city proletariat, will not stir of itself. There must be mind to work on brute matter, and of late that guiding intelligence has been amply supplied by the Russian universities and technological institutions. If the population of the Empire has doubled since 1860, the university enrolment has quadrupled since

1873. There were 6,145 students in that year, 12,939 in 1885, 13,944 in 1894 (under the repressive rule of Alexander III. the growth was almost checked), and 19,394 in 1904. The number is not large when compared with the total population of the Empire, but it is large in proportion to tne comparatively limited constituencies from which the universities draw. Given even a compact body (as the Russian "intelligence" undoubtedly is) of even a score of thousands of physicians, lawyers, schoolmasters, and technicians working for a common cause, however various the motives, and the required leadership for stirring the heavy mass of the productive classes into revolt has been supplied. A low standard of living and a high standard of education, an excess of population and an abundance of ideas, famine and enlightenment—such are the two main causes of popular discontent.

Which of these two factors is the more potent? The temptation is naturally to lay stress on the material agency, on population. We may test the point by referring to India. There discontent has been rife for two years, though there are now signs of an appeasement of popular feeling. The authorities have agreed in alleging famine and higher education to account for the unrest. An enormous population and swelling college lists—that for instance, was the burden of Mr. Morley's exhaustive speech on the Indian budget, delivered in the House of Commons on June 6. If European Russia cannot escape famine with a population of fifty to the square mile, what shall be said of India, with a population of 211 to the square mile? And for Russia's 20,000 university students, India can show 45,000 graduates from the five great Anglo-Indian universities of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, and Punjab (Lahore). Nearly 41,000 of this number, as Mr. Morley is careful to point out, are graduates from the academic and legal faculties, and it is among them that sedition finds its instigators and leaders. In Mr. Morley's own words:

> All graduates, or almost all, hope for employment in the public service; and many, very many, are permanently disappointed. Facile with the pen and unfit for any but sedentary occupation, these and the still larger number of undergraduates who have failed to take a degree form a large body of men, mainly discontented and ready to advocate any change, as no change can in their view make their condition worse. Their ranks are increased by those who have been dismissed for misconduct from public or private employ, and it is from these sources that the anti-British editor and agitator is not unfrequently recruited.

The mass of British opinion is in agreement with the implied vague regret that Great Britain should have been so ready to bestow the gift of the higher learning on her Indian subjects.

In so far as concerns India's population, one striking fact must be taken into consideration. Whereas in Russia the increase for the eight years from 1897 to 1905 is officially estimated at 14 per cent., the increase for the whole of India for the decade 1891-1901 was only 2.4 per cent., and half of this was accounted for by the enumeration of new areas. In the British provinces alone the rate of growth for the ten years was 4.8 per cent., the lower figures for all India being accounted for by a decrease of 5.4 per cent. in the native states. In India, therefore, the British administrator cannot assert that his measures of relief are swamped by the unchecked upheaval of hordes of additional subjects. One great factor in his problem is nearly constant; and if dissatisfaction does come, he is right in ascribing it chiefly to education. The question Great Britain must ask is whether she will continue to encourage education at the risk of fomenting discontent. That England will do what the Czar has done and attempt to stifle university life, is incredible. After all, it is the idea that counts. France, with a population almost at a standstill, is more distracted with political and social agitation than any other European country outside of Russia.

BÜLOW AND HIS "BLOCK."

A Mecklenburger *Junker*, who admirably conceals under the manners of the man of the world the insolence common to his rank; whose ambition does not go beyond the desire to remain at the wheel; whose political talents extend only to the solution of momentary embarrassments; who does not seek to do great things, and therefore will not make any serious fight for his principles.

This is Theodor Barth's characterization of Chancellor von Bülow in the current issue of the *Neue Rundschau*. It smacks of prophecy, in view of the cabled rumor that the Chancellor threatened to resign last week because Dr. Paasche, the National Liberal vice-president of the Reichstag, severely criticised him and his policies; and its accuracy is further illustrated by the solution of that "momentary embarrassment." By calling the leaders of the "block" together, Bülow apparently got them to forswear any independence of action and to promise to support him loyally hereafter.

Of course, all this is no sign of strength on the part either of the Chancellor or of the unnatural alliance of Conservatives, Radicals, and Liberals. No thought of such a combination appears to have entered his head until the unexpected defeat of the Socialists in the last general election necessitated some new working majority, or a healing of that breach with the Clericals which was the ostensible cause of the dissolution of the Reichstag. It is a discouraging example of the readiness with which Liberal parties will compromise with thei. natural enemies for the sake of a few legislative crumbs, that the German Left now presents. Von Bülow's assurance that he would "do something" for the Liberals was enough to bring them to his feet, fawning, and quite ready to strike hands with the Conservatives, who represent the opposite of their political principles as nearly as does the Clerical Centre. The Conservatives oppose the democratization of the half-absolute kingdom of Prussia, and of the German Empire. Their sympathies are with the Prussian *Junker*, the Agrarians, and the protectionists, not with those who would establish a genuine manhood suffrage. For a statesman to attempt to carry on a government by riding these two horses going in opposite directions may indicate courage, but hardly principle or far-seeing wisdom.

Indeed, many Radicals see in the "block" nothing less than a cleverly contrived plan to delay the liberalizing of the country's institutions, for which the Left stands above all else. These Radicals are not to be caught by such chaff as the bill modifying the law as to public meetings, which, true to his promise, Von Bülow has already had introduced. On its face, this seems like a genuine concession to the Liberals. The Conservatives, too, will be pleased, because they have vigorous organizations, particularly their landlords' league, which are always agitating and campaigning. But the *Junkers* in the eastern provinces of Prussia control the police so wholly that people in that section will not make too free use of their new privileges And at best the bill does not remove from meetings that symbol of Imperial authority, the helmeted policeman, who listens to every speech, and decides with such intellect as he possesses whether a given utterance is or is not permissible. Indeed, it is currently believed that, under cover of this "more liberal" law, Von Bülow will try to have passed a brief statute forbidding political speeches in Polish on the pretext that enough policemen who understand Polish cannot be found to sit on the speakers' stands—a fine measure of the Chancellor's Liberalism!

Indeed, this Polish question may be precisely the rock upon which the Liberal-Conservative coalition will split. An anti-Polish measure just introduced in the Prussian Diet provides for forcible expulsion of Polish landowners from their estates; for the German colonization and land-purchase schemes for which the government has paid so many millions have wholly failed in their purpose of weakening the Polish hold upon the eastern provinces. A Liberal party which would sanction so indefensible a

measure would obviously forfeit public respect and all right to its name. The Liberals, in short, are being tempted in order to prevent their attacking the tariff and other evils. It is inconceivable that the Prussian aristocracy will make the slightest concession of value. Sooner than that, they would gladly renew their old friendship with the Centre, which is always ready to support the protective policy and the colonial and naval programmes.

Meanwhile the Chancellor is "sparring for time," and is, as Dr. Barth has aptly put it, going on with his "sham feeding" of the Liberal groups, so that he may get past the approaching elections for the Prussian Landtag without having to declare his real intentions as to the reform of the Prussian suffrage. Quite aside from the difficulty of keeping his majority intact, he has plenty of other hard problems. Germany is suffering somewhat from financial depression; the people are groaning under heavier and heavier loads, while the price of the necessities of life rises. Bread costs more than at any time during the last fifteen years, and coal is so expensive as to hamper industry as well as burden the householder. Bebel stated in the Reichstag recently that there are now in Berlin 4,481 school children who never get any dinner, and over 40,000 unemployed adults. Nevertheless, the new navy programme calls for an expenditure of $19,500,000 a year more than the high-water mark heretofore, and the army outlay is as heavy as ever. Naturally, therefore, there is talk of new taxes, higher duties, and of a government monopoly of all alcoholic liquors. That a Liberal party can long remain in league with a government that pursues a policy of this kind, and that it has actually promised to forego the right of criticism, seems at this distance quite incredible.

MALARIA AND POLITICS.

One of the early writers on political science justly remarked that political theory, as a rule, attains its fullest development just about the time when the institutions on which it is based are passing out of existence. Now that malaria has been banished from scientific speech by resolution of the International Sanitary Congress at Mexico City, and its place taken by "mosquito fever," it is something of a coincidence to come across a little volume entitled "Malaria," which would bind up that name with a far-reaching theory of historic evolution. The book is no less daring than suggestive. Its thesis is at once indicated by the sub-title, "A neglected factor in the history of Greece and Rome," and is summed up in a single sentence from the introductory chapter:

> The suggestion is that the conqueror of Greece was not so much the Macedonian or the Roman as that great tyrant which now holds half the world—malaria.

The little volume of 108 pages acknowledges three authors—Major Ronald Ross, whose epoch-making research into the nature of malaria brought him the Nobel prize in medicine in 1902; W. H. S. Jones of Cambridge, England, who contributes the main contents of the volume in the form of a study of malarial fever in ancient Greece and Rome; and G. S. Ellett, who has a concluding chapter on the effects of malaria on morals.

To make the point that the decline of Greece was due to the sapping of the national strength by insidious fever, it is necessary to show, of course, that malaria was not widely prevalent when Greece was in a flourishing condition. The authors find in Homer only one example of any term that might possibly designate malaria. After Homer such terms do not occur again before Aristophanes, that is, towards the end of the fifth century B. C. To follow the argument in detail is naturally impossible, but we may quote the "conclusion":

> Malaria was certainly prevalent in many parts of Greece, including Attica, during the fourth century B. C., though Greece was not "highly infected" in the technical sense of the words, as used by Sir Patrick Manson. The evidence of language and the fact that older people were frequently attacked, suggest that the disease had been but recently introduced [by the armies returning from Asia]. The Greeks themselves noticed the effect of malaria upon character. The change which gradually came over the Greek character from 400 B. C. onward was one which would certainly have been aided, and was, in all probability, at least partially caused, by the same disease.

It may be mentioned here that, according to the findings of Major Ross, in present-day Greece nearly one million people, out of a population of some two and a half millions, are infected with malaria.

The theory we have outlined is advanced by the authors only in the most tentative way. Their object is not so much to reconstruct history as "to show how important it is to stamp out malaria as soon as possible. Most other diseases, however distressing to individuals, brace a people by weeding out the unfit; malaria plays no such useful part in the economy of nature." To the average reader, however, the historical implications of the question are fascinating. The modern historian, despite his efforts to write history so as to embody every phase of a people's life, rarely does weave the many subtle threads into his story; most often we have detached disquisitions on the Roman family, literature, art, morals, with a perfunctory attempt at bringing these into connection with the main narrative which still remains one of ships and kings and the sealing-wax on treaties and capitulations. The present volume swings far in the opposite direction. That it goes too far, however, is apparent. We may agree with Major Ross's assertion that "historians, when dealing with the rise and fall of nations, do not generally view the phenomena from a sufficiently high biological standpoint," without accepting in its entirety his statement that he sees no reason "to suppose that the Roman and the Megatherium were not struck down by similar causes."

But whatever influence malaria may have exercised on the course of history in the past, its present and future political importance, in common with other diseases more peculiarly tropical, can scarcely be questioned. This factor of disease enters intimately into what is accepted as one of the great problems of the future—the establishment of white dominion over tropical and sub-tropical Africa and Asia, and, more broadly still, of the dominance of the temperate zones over the tropics. If yellow fever and malaria, as Major Ross would be inclined to argue, are instrumental in rendering the Cubans unfit to govern themselves or the people of Colombia to build the Panama Canal, it is only a question of time before such diseases, unless stamped out, will reduce the more efficient northerner to the same level of incapacity. Great Britain's difficulties in India arise in large measure from the fact that the peninsula as a permanent home for the European has been found impossible. The effects of equatorial disease and heat on the white man are often so disastrous as to have given rise to the new disease, "tropical wrath," a condition whose symptoms are intemperance, lassitude, spasmodic violence, and appalling cruelty.

The tendency to base national greatness and national decay on physical rather than moral conditions—or, better, to identify moral with physical growth and decay—is apparent in the movement now so actively under way in Great Britain for checking the physical deterioration of the people. Francis Galton, the founder of the new science of eugenics; Prof. Karl Pearson, Sidney Webb, with G. Bernard Shaw as press agent, have been the leaders of a movement which, in more or less modified form, really constitutes one of the main functions of government in every civilized community—the conquest of disease. The great enemies, as we feel them now, are not malaria, but tuberculosis, cancer, and all other diseases that thrive on overcrowding and uncleanliness; but the principle involved is the same. The sentiment of humanitarianism is being increasingly reinforced by the desire to augment national efficiency.

THE VISION OF THE UNSEEN.

The death of Francis Thompson, an event noticed briefly in these columns, has attracted much attention in his native England, where his following, though small, seems to have been larger than here. A poet "of celestial vision" is the epithet by which Wilfrid Meynell describes him in the London *Athenæum*. He was, however, beset with bodily ailments:

> Like De Quincey, whose writings he took into his blood, Thompson had a nervous illness in Manchester; like De Quincey, he went to London and knew Oxford Street for a stony-hearted stepmother; his wealth like De Quincey's once, lay in two volumes, for he carried Æschylus in one pocket, Blake in the other; and the parallel might have further extension, were it to profit.

That is, like De Quincey, he "doctored himself disastrously with laudanum." These physical and intellectual affinities were shared by still another poet, James Thomson, who died in 1882, wrecked by drink. James Thomson, too, had taken both De Quincey and Blake into his blood. Thomson's "To Our Ladies of Death" was directly inspired by the sisterhood of Our Ladies of Sorrow in De Quincey's "Suspiria de Profundis," and Thomson's lines on Blake in London are a cry from his own solitary soul:

> He came to the desert of London town,
> Gray miles long;
> He wandered up and he wandered down,
> Singing a quiet song.
>
> He came to the desert of London town
> Mirk miles broad:
> He wandered up and he wandered down,
> Ever alone with God.
>
> There were thousands and thousands of human kind
> In this desert of brick and stone;
> But some were deaf and some were blind,
> And he was there alone.

The last line of the first stanza is a clear echo from the brook in the opium-eater Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"—the brook

> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.

To this group we may add one more notable name, that of our American disciple of Coleridge, Poe. Blake, who was perhaps half-insane, needed neither alcohol nor drug to open his eyes to the world of strange shapes and terrors; but all the others—Coleridge, De Quincey, Poe, James Thomson, and Francis Thompson—may have owed in part either to stimulant or narcotic their clairvoyant powers, their penetrant insight into the infinite mystery of the night that encompasses our common daylight life.

In this peculiar quality they stand by themselves. We might call them poets of delirium or of phantasmagoria, but that these words carry too strong a connotation of brutishness or sheer irrationality. They are poets rather of the dream that unlocks the gates of heaven and hell. To Blake

> The Land of Dreams is better far,
> Above the light of the Morning Star.

And so it must have been to the author of "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan"; and to De Quincey, with those prose passages from the "Confessions" and the "Suspiria," builded "upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, and beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos"; to De Quincey who at the bedside of his dead sister heard a solemn wind begin to blow, "the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries, . . . the one great audible symbol of eternity." And Poe belongs among them, too, with his sombre imaginings of "The Raven" and of "Dreamland," a limbo of

> Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
> And chasms and caves and Titan woods,
> With forms that no man can discover.

James Thomson is perhaps less known, but no one who has read "The City of Dreadful Night" can deny his membership in the brotherhood:

> As I came through the desert thus it was,
> As I came through the desert: Eyes of fire
> Glared at me throbbing with a starved desire;
> The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath
> Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death;
> Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers cold
> Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold:
> But I strode on austere;
> No hope could have no fear.

Francis Thompson's lines are often obscure, but that obscurity is broken, as in "The Hound of Heaven," by such flashes as this vision of the Eternal:

> I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of Eternity;
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
> Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again;
> But not ere him who summoneth
> I first have seen, enwound
> With glooming robes purpureal, cypress crowned;
> His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.

Accident can hardly account for the one striking trait that runs through all these writings, nor can we say that here is merely a product of poppy or vine. Far more likely is it that in their original bent these poets have burned with the passion of the mystic and the seer—coupled with physical infirmity that has made them slaves of a stimulant; and this stimulant has in turn heightened for a time their powers of expression and clad the phantoms of their imagination with richer colors and more dazzling light. Again and again we note the symptoms of disease, the fits of fever and despair, the flagging strength, the fluttering pulse, and now and then falling across the page the black shadow of death itself. And again and again we detect the working of the stimulant in phrases of almost superhuman vividness and grace, "and intellect miraculously bright."

But neither in their tears nor their laughter has the essence of their genius been displayed; rather in their mystical trances. For them our towers and gorgeous palaces, our solemn temples, and the great globe itself have been the insubstantial pageant, while the realities have lain where foot of flesh shall never tread and mortal eye shall never pierce. In this they show a kinship with the prophets and mystics of all races and climes, and, above all, with those Hebrew seers who beheld the holy city of Jerusalem coming down from above, the river of water of life clear as crystal, and the Ancient of Days, with raiment white as snow and throne of fiery flames. James Thomson in his rapture of despair saw the pit moved from beneath to meet him at his coming. Francis Thompson in his ecstasy saw on Jacob's Ladder

> To and fro
> In ascension and demission
> The star-flecked feet of Paradise.

But with visions as far asunder as hell and heaven, all these poets have clung to the one certainty that we are such stuff as dreams are made of.

GENIUS IN HARNESS.

Among recently published letters of Guy de Maupassant are several to his "cher maître," Gustave Flaubert, which illustrate many aspects of the literary temperament. There is, for example, its self-sufficiency, or persuasion that it has the whole truth in sacred deposit, as shown in Maupassant's plaint, when regretting Flaubert's absence, that he got nothing out of friends of his own age, since "they had not an idea of what is really going on." Sly digs at other writers, and other pretensions, occur in the usual manner of such correspondence. What most strikes one, however, is Maupassant's revolt at the need of work to earn his daily bread, when he would be wreaking himself upon his art. He tried his hand at book-reviewing, but found the task of literary *chroniqueur* repulsive. Then he got public employment. First, he was a clerk in the Ministry of Marine. Next, hoping for pleasanter colleagues and easier hours, he got himself transferred to the Ministry of Public Instruction. But he was disappointed. He was treated with great deference, consulted and praised, but he had no real "liberty," and that was what his artist soul craved. He dreaded that his talent was being stifled. The work was *embêtant*. He feared that his spring and hope would be destroyed by it. At one time, he mourned to Flaubert:

> My routine work uses me up. I cannot write anything. My spirit is wearied and sterile. I am oppressed by the uselessness of all I do, by the emptiness of the future (whatever it may bring), and I feel stealing over me a dejected indifference to everything. What I want is to stay quietly in

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a corner, without aspirations and without stupidities.

It is an old grief. Charles Lamb at the India Office, Hawthorne in the Salem Custom House, Matthew Arnold reading endless school-examination papers, Poe penny-a-lining—the world has long been familiar with the spectacle of genius in the treadmill. How to get it out, there have been endless suggestions. Let there be special provision for geniuses: schools, endowments, support, encouragement, state patronage, so that no immortal works shall die in coming to the birth. *Hélas!* no practicable method has been found. An occasional father is wise enough and happy enough to put a talented son in funds; fortune sometimes capriciously favors the gifted; but in general the old rule still obtains. The bantling genius has to be cast upon the rock in order to determine whether it have the stuff of life in it.

There is, we know, a comfortable but callous doctrine that you can't keep genius, any more than a good man, down. It has been gravely affirmed that no creative work was ever really aborted by poverty or by bread-winning work which exhausts and deadens. But this is a good deal like some of the circuitous reasoning about the survival of the fit. Because they survive they are fit. And similarly because, in the nature of the case, you cannot confidently single out great works which an artist or a writer might have produced if he had had money, and therefore time and energy, it is argued that no such works ever would have been wrought, even in happier circumstances. But the logic is as poor as the comfort. People will go on lamenting the misfits of genius, whereby a delicate fancy has to earn a livelihood by toil befitting a boiler-maker; and the reason is because they cannot help feeling that a nice division of the labor of the world would give freer play to creative natures, and so minister not only to the content and full development of genius, but to the general joy and well-being.

Failing hope of any such beneficent arrangement, the chief consolation we have to fall back upon is that the system of making genius work in harness has come to be accepted, and that it is a part of genius to make terms with it. In America, at any rate, the art work as the avocation, even the by-product, is the rule. How many of our painters live by their art alone, with no teaching to do, no lecturing, no snapping up in every way of the unconsidered trifles of money without which the pot will not boil? How many American writers live, even oatmeal-fashion, by the literature which they cultivate? We suspect that the fingers of one hand would almost suffice to count them. Yet somehow the world goes on being peopled with books. Talent seems to be able, in one way or another, to keep itself from being made distraught by the noise and the demands of the day—something as Senators and Representatives manage to write letters and, we hope, think great thoughts, while the President's message is being read. Absolute genius finds such detachment harder, no doubt, but, then, absolute genius is rarer.

BUNYAN.

I.

There is no province of our literature more irrevocably lost to the present than that which sprang from the Puritan theology of the seventeenth century. Who to-day goes for the consolation of hope to "The Saint's Everlasting Rest"? or who reads the voluminous sermons which were the comfort of the saints upon earth? There was a little poetry produced that still echoes plaintively to the ears of living men—how little in comparison with the songs of the enemy! Marvell, indeed, we range among the Puritans, yet his most magnificent lines—

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity——

occur in a poem of frankly pagan sensuousness. He wrote an "Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland," but he can only praise the victor as one who

> Could by industrious valor climb
> To ruin the great work of Time,

while the warmth of his fancy is reserved for the royal actor "upon that memorable scene." And Milton, who might seem an exception to the rule, is really the strongest proof of its validity; for his genius sinks just in proportion as he assumes the Puritan, and only the splendor of his native powers saved him in the end from dreary prosing. If his "Paradise Lost" were altogether, as he meant it to be, an argument to justify the ways of God to man, instead of the glowing pastoral it is at heart, what place would it have in our affections? Bunyan, too, is a great name. But of all the sixty books he is said to have written, who knows so much as the names of more than four or five, and who reads more than one? That one book has gone the circuit of the world, and has enjoyed a vogue second only to the Bible itself, speaking to the conscience of the vulgar and satisfying the taste of the fastidious. Nevertheless, so surely has the day of "The Pilgrim's Progress" waned that more than half a century ago Poe dared call it "a ludicrously over-rated book, owing its seeming popularity to one or two of those accidents in critical literature which by the critical are sufficiently well understood." Such condemnation is overdrawn, no doubt; but it is still true that within the last few decades the book has sunk from a work of powerful realism to a quaint allegory for the curious. Fathers, who remember how they were held spell-bound all a Sunday afternoon by the adventures of Christian, are chagrined to find that their own children listen to these coldly, or will not listen at all.

II.

In his "Grace Abounding," Bunyan relates that, as he lay in bed one morning, he was "most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, *to sell, and part with Christ.*" In his mind the wicked suggestion still kept running, "Sell him, sell him, sell him," as fast as a man could speak; until, overwearied at length and out of breath with contending, he felt this word pass through his mind, "Let him go, if he will," and he thought also that he felt his heart freely consent thereto. The burden of that sin might roll from him, as it did in time, but there was a denial of the higher imagination, not unlike it in character, which lies against almost all the writing of his school, and which has marked it for death. The continual redemption of the past is in the hands of those who have imagination, and whose interest falls naturally upon individuals and ages which lived by the same faculty. It is a rule from which there is barely, if at all, escape, that those who forget the past are in their turn forgotten. Now the lack of imagination among the Puritans showed itself in contempt of the arts and in many other manifest ways, but in none more clearly than in their violent break with the continuity of tradition. They had no patient eye for the lengthened chain of that Law, of which "there can be no less acknowledged," as Hooker wrote, having this weakness of theirs in mind, "than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power." This law they attempted to embrace immediately with the practical reason instead of leaving its dim perspective to the climbing vision of faith; and, doing so, they at once lost the true sense of the infinite as something that escapes the understanding and can be only shadowed in types and symbols, and they failed to perceive that the working of the law in human affairs is by that communion of spirit from generation to generation, whereby the past slowly ripens into the present. Their intransigeance was thus no more the result of moral conviction than of deafness to the voice which is "the harmony of the world." They were not aware that their refusal to distinguish between what Hooker calls "the rule of faith" and "the law of outward order and polity," and their consequent disregard for established custom with their proud ambition of new-creating a church-polity in accordance with the explicit decrees of God—they were not aware that all this was due to a dwarfed spirituality, unable to measure the heights and depths of being.

And this lack of imagination not only led them to "ruin the great work of Time," sundering generation from generation, but was the cause of endless present discord. "The world of imagination is infinite and eternal. . . . There exist in that eternal world the realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature," said Blake, and in that sphere man, who "exists but by brotherhood," was to "put off in Self-annihilation all that is not God alone," and he everlastingly made one in the "divine humanity." Some such higher use of the visionary faculty we must hold in mind, if we would understand in what way the self-righteousness of the Puritans, which raised itself up to take heaven by storm, tended to cancel its effi-

cacy in clashing egotisms here upon earth. The extreme individualism of this creed must not be dissociated from their incapacity for that mystical self-annihilation in the divine, and the multiplied sects of seventeenth-century England were a direct consequence of the deadening of spirituality in legalism. It was not without reason that their exhortations were based chiefly on the Old Testament. "Why is the Bible more entertaining and instructive than any other book?" again asks Blake. "Is it not because they [the Scriptures] are addressed to the Imagination, which is Spiritual Sensation, and but mediately to the Understanding or Reason?" Now, there were Platonists then in England, half-Puritans, who lost themselves in a mysticism as vague as it was irrational, but they do not represent the national tendency. The Dissenters as a rule interpreted the Bible, not through the imagination which is spiritual sensation, but through the understanding. It was inevitable, therefore, that, when this enthusiasm died away, they should be found to have prepared England for the natural religion of the eighteenth century. And when this in turn falls into disrepute, they suffer rejection with the priests who are sponsors of atheistic rationalism:

> To cast off Bacon, Locke, and Newton from Albion's covering,
> To take off his garments and clothe him with Imagination.

III.

We shall miss the significance of Bunyan if we forget that he belongs to the age of Bacon, Locke, and Newton, and that his exasperation of the moral sense is the working of their conception of legalism in the religious sphere as contrasted with Hooker's earlier and Blake's later vision of law through the imagination. Here we touch his limitation, and here, too, lies his strength which will make him always a fascinating study for the dilettante and the literary historian after he has dropped out of living memory. The four works now published by the Cambridge University Press* contain all of his writing that the most curious are likely to find interesting; they vary in form, but their theme is substantially the same: the representation of the whole of life under the allegory of the virtues and vices. The first of these, and the most interesting, with the exception of "The Pilgrim's Progress," is the "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," as the title indicates, the story of his own conversion, a story of intense earnestness. "God did not play in tempting of me," he says in the Preface; "neither did I play, when I sunk as into a bottomless Pit, when the Pangs of Hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." Dates and ordinary events form no part of this remarkable autobiography, but enough is told to give a vivid picture of the man himself who wrestled with God for salvation. "For my descent then," he begins, "it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest, and most despised of all the families in the land." As a matter of fact, his father was a tinker, or "braseyer," as he signs himself, of Elstow, near Bedford, and his son John followed the same trade all his life and with good success. The boy was put to school, where he learned to read and write. He says that, to his shame, he soon lost the little that he learned, but somehow he retained enough, or in later life reacquired enough, to steep his mind in the language of the Bible and of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." The burden of his autobiography is the inherent and absolute evil of human nature—not the sense of man's feebleness and perversity such as has always been the theme of pagan and Christian moralists, but an immediate realization of sin as bearing with it the threat of eternal and unalterable punishment. His people walked in the continual fear of hell with a troubled uneasiness, not unlike the physical suffering we should endure if the crust of the earth were no more beneath our feet than a thin shell, trembling upon the central fires that threatened at every moment to break through and devour us.

"Alas," said Baxter, "it is not a few dull words, between jest and earnest, between sleep and awake, that will rouse a dead-hearted sinner." It needed the heavy hand of eternity laid on the quick, trembling soul to make vital this thought of the world as consisting of two infinite and mutually exclusive spheres of good and evil, of God and man, between which there was no medium of communication save the arbitrary, down-reaching arm of mercy. No one has a right to believe such things without going mad, said the jocular autocrat of Boston, and long before him Baxter used almost the same words: "Did we verily believe, that all the unregenerate and unholy shall be eternally tormented, how could we hold our tongues, or avoid bursting into tears, when we look them in the face?" The mind of man swings like a hanging pendulum, and Rousseau's faith in the essential goodness of human nature, with its implied denial of infinite consequences altogether, was the inevitable and equally exaggerated reaction from which we are only now beginning to recover. The Puritan and the Rousseauist stand at the two opposite poles of rationalism.

IV.

One thing is particularly remarkable in Bunyan's religious awakening—his complete immersion in the Bible. Other men of that age knew the Scripture as he did and quoted it on all occasions, but there is something peculiarly direct and intimate in Bunyan's relation to the holy words. They became the sap of his daily speech, and the perennial fascination of his written style is due to the perfect interfusion of Biblical language and the quaint idiom of the Bedfordshire roads. The sacred book was not to him a printed page or a conscious memory; it was nothing less than the living audible voice of God, appealing to his soul through the ears, and calling to him at uncertain intervals, as if he wandered stumbling in a country of hidden oracles. Sometimes the sound came to him within doors. "Once, as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop," he says, "bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, . . . and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I had heard a voice speaking, 'Didst ever refuse to be justified by the Blood of Christ?' . . . Then fell with power that Word of God upon me, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh,' Heb. 12.25. This made a strange seisure upon my spirit, it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within me." More often the oracle spoke to him in the fields as he went about his business: "Now, about a week or fortnight after this, I was much followed by this Scripture; 'Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you,' Luke 22.31, and sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and, as it were, call so strongly after me, that once, above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind me, called me; being at a great distance, methought, he called so *loud*." What strange gusts of terror and rapture must have shaken the soul of this tinker of pots and pans, as he walked about listening always for the very voice of God to strike his ears from the invisible haunts of space! Which of us to-day dare affirm that he really comprehends that sublimity? The very nakedness of Bunyan's inspiration is a check to his fame. I turn from him to that poor Welsh physician who, during these same years of national upheaval, was following the "pleasant paths of poetry and philology" in his native valley of the Usk. Vaughan, like the Bedford Baptist, was steeped in the language of Scripture, and to most of his poems he has affixed a text, as if they were designed to be sermons of quietness to his troubled people—"I'll leave behind me such a large kind light." But how different was the speech of the divine oracle to him as he, too, travelled up and down in his healing profession:

> My God, when I walk in those groves
> And leaves. Thy Spirit still doth fan,
> I see in each shade that there grows
> An angel talking with a man.
>
> Under a juniper some house,
> Or the cool myrtle's canopy;
> Others beneath an oak's green boughs,
> Or at some bubbling fountain's eye.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Nay, Thou Thyself, my God, in fire,
> Whirlwinds and clouds, and the soft voice,
> Speak'st there so much, that I admire
> We have no conference in these days.

Here is the touch of imagination from which the Puritan conscience revolted, and, so revolting, shut itself off from the future communion of the wise. One thing was wanting to those strong men before the Lord, one thing which Wordsworth was to rediscover when the wave of rationalism for a while subsided:

> To look on Nature with a humble heart,
> Self-questioned where it did not understand,
> And with a superstitious eye of love.

They knew too surely, and they closed the *superstitious eye of love*.

V.

In due time Bunyan progressed so far as to become a preacher of authority among his own people, and even in London. He was naturally as a youth on the side of the Parliament in the struggle with Charles I., and for several years bore arms as a pri-

Life and Death of Mr. Badman and *The Holy War*. The text edited by John Brown, D.D. Cambridge English Classics. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Grace Abounding and *the Pilgrim's Progress*. The same. 1907.

vate soldier under Sir Samuel Luke, who is supposed to be the original of Butler's "Hudibras." But whether he became dissatisfied with the later Commonwealth, or whether his native sense of moderation in practical affairs came uppermost in time, there is reason to believe that he was among those who welcomed Charles II. back to England.

The event, however, proved disastrous to him. Within six months after the King's landing the laws against Nonconformity were revived, and Bunyan was thrown into Bedford jail. He had been forewarned of the arrest, indeed the justice who committed him seems to have been ready to make his evasion easy, but he would not promise to forego preaching, lest his cowardice should "make an ill savour in the country" and dishearten the timid. For twelve years, with one intermission, he was nominally a prisoner, part of the time being closely confined, and part of the time going free on parole. Granted the righteousness of the law, his treatment was by no means severe; at least his suffering was the world's gain, for in the forced meditation of those days he found himself and measured the strength of his genius. It was while suffering this restraint he wrote and published (1666) his "Grace Abounding," and composed the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Between his release and his death, just before the Revolution, his larger influence as a preacher was exerted, and all but one of his principal works were published—the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in 1678, the "Life and Death of Mr. Badman" in 1680, "The Holy War" in 1682, the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in 1684.

VI.

Every one knows the beginning of his great allegory: "As I walked through the Wilderness of this World, I lighted on a certain Place where was a Den: and I laid me down in that place to sleep: And as I slept I dreamed a Dream." To how many of us those words are an *Open sesame* to the enchanted caves of childhood; hearing them we remember how all a Sabbath afternoon we would hang upon a dear voice repeating the adventures of Christian between the City of Destruction and the heavenly Jerusalem, and how in exquisite foreboding of the future we felt ourselves languish in Doubting Castle and shudder at the darkness falling in By-Path-Meadow. Naturally we cherish such memories and hesitate to believe that the new generation will never pass through that experience; we grieve to see one of the reservoirs of fruitful emotion dried up. But other times, other books; the very form of "The Pilgrim's Progress" makes us doubtful of its vital duration.

Now allegory is a mere matter of degree, and all good literature is in a measure of this class. The standing epithets of Homer show how the heroes of the earliest poetry were not entirely free from allegorical abstraction: Achilles is the personification of passionate valor, Odysseus of cunning, to name no others. So, too, we cannot separate Othello from the idea of jealousy, Macbeth from that of ambition; and these characters are none the less real, they are indeed more essentially human, because they have been moulded by the abstracting intelligence into partial types. And a good deal of Bunyan's work lies within the safe bounds of this artistic generalization. Now and then the odd names give a peculiar touch of realism to some subordinate character, such as "Temporary, who dwelt in Graceless, two miles off of Honesty, next door to one Turnback." And there is the famous Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech, who was related to "almost the whole Town; And in particular my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose Ancestors that Town first took its name:) Also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing both-ways, Mr. Any-thing, and the Parson of our Parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my Mother's own Brother by Father's side: And to tell you the truth, I am become a Gentleman of good Quality, yet my Great Grandfather was but a Waterman, looking one way, and rowing another, and I got most of my Estate by the same occupation,"—there is much good talk in this amiable and frank Mr. By-ends. And if some of these characters are still flesh and blood beneath their allegorical devices, nearly all of the symbolical places along the way have passed into the currency of the common language. The Slough of Despond, the House of the Interpreter, the upper Chamber whose window opened towards the Sunrising, Vanity Fair, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Castle of Giant Despair, the Delectable Mountains—these are names (not all of them indeed invented by Bunyan, but made his own by the right of genius) that every man, now and hereafter, must pronounce to himself when he passes through the realities in the journey of life. We shall not entirely escape them, the most prosaic of us—not even the Dark Valley and the Delectable Mountains. It is no small praise thus to have mapped out the pilgrimage of mankind.

So far Bunyan preserves the balance of art between the reason which classifies life under abstract categories and the emotional faculty which reduces it to individual and unrelated experience; so far, in a word, he possesses the literary imagination to visualize the general in the particular. But when we consider his writing as a whole, we see how far it inclines toward the abstract. Now, allegory, more precisely speaking, begins just when the golden medium of the imagination is destroyed by an overbalance of rationalism, and to that extent all four of Bunyan's greater works fall within this frigid *genre*. Even the "Grace Abounding," notwithstanding the vividness of some of its imagery and the intensity of its personal emotion, has in the end the effect of allegory; the individual experience is overshadowed by the conception of life as a debate between two moral abstractions, man the personification of absolute evil and God the personification of absolute righteousness. The story of "Mr. Badman" abounds in minute scenes of which any novelist might be proud, and it has the unexpected excellence of showing Bunyan's native common sense in the rearing of children and other practical matters; yet as a whole it also resolves itself into a representation of absolute evil, here without the counter-balance of absolute good. In "The Holy War," the least human of his books, all the named virtues and vices are on the stage, playing their phantom parts; and the allegory is made doubly unreal by the fact that the universal scheme of salvation is so confused with the act of redeeming an individual soul as to keep the reader constantly perplexed to know which is meant.

VII.

In like manner it must be admitted by one who returns to "The Pilgrim's Progress" after many years that much of it belongs to a mode outworn. These Faithfuls and Helps, these friends named Pride, Arrogancy, Self-Conceit, and Worldly Glory, most but not all of these hobgoblins and angels that Christian meets by the way seem rather a childish substitute for the complexities of human nature. A good deal has been written to determine the sources from which Bunyan drew all these figures and the plan of his book. Resemblances have been pointed out to "The Fairy Queen" and to I do not know how many other books in English, not to mention foreign languages which the Bedford tinker could never have read. The real affinity of his work is with the old Morality plays whose spirit persisted in many disguised forms long after the drama of the Renaissance had usurped the stage. In those plays in which the soul of mankind is beset by all the virtues and vices, with the mouth of hell yawning on one side and heaven resting above, Bunyan would have acknowledged the true, but hidden, source of his inspiration. How like they were to his scheme may be seen from the list of characters appended to one of the Moralities, probably of the fifteenth century: "Nature, Man, Reson, Sensualyte, Innocencye, Wordly affeceyon, Bodyly lust, Wreth, Envy, Slouth, Glotony, Humylyte, Charyte," etc. It is a minor point that Bunyan, when he drops into rhyme, shows an uncouthness not unlike that of the ancient popular cycles.

The whole *genre* has something naïve about it, and one might suppose it would retain its undiminished power over the children at least of every generation. That it does not may be due to the artificial elements mixed up with the naïve, and in part also to the subtle influences that permeate an age, extending by invisible signs and accents from the old to the young. Unconsciously we transfer to the listening child a touch of our own indifference to this drama of the moralities. For allegory is a living thing only so long as the ideas it embodies are real forces that guide our conduct. Let us believe once more that life itself is a pilgrimage from inherited damnation to an eternal city beyond the river, let us believe that angels and devils are in deadly warfare for our souls, that our daily acts are sorted into virtues and vices of infinite consequence, and Bunyan's dream will again take hold of us with an interest that lies outside the domain and claims of literature. The conscience may thrill while the imagination sleeps. Until then we shall be rather in the position of the pilgrim in Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad":

Not a great while ago (so that pleasant fable begins), passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous City of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morn-

ing, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the stationhouse. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics as with those of the City of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

And so Mr. Smooth-it-away, as they speed along, points out how the road has been made safe. Apollyon drives the engine; over the old Slough of Despond a bridge has been thrown, supported on a foundation of suitable philosophy; Vanity Fair is a pleasant and salubrious town, in which passengers may stop over for a few days—and so on through a chapter of foolery worthy of Franklin for its wit, however its satire would have fallen pointless upon that magnificent and complacent citizen of the new world. He, like most of us to-day who are his children, would have felt more at his ease on that celestial railway with Mr. Smooth-it-away than with Christian and his comrades in the strait and narrow path; the *De te fabula* would have had no sting for him. It is true that the modern pilgrim had his qualms of doubt when he was carried headlong over the quaking pit and through the dark valley. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Bible, supposed to have been the property of John Milton, and sold by the Anderson Auction Company, New York, December 3, is now brought into question. It is a fine copy of the quarto Genevan, or "Breeches," version, printed by Christopher Barker, 1588. As described in the *Nation* of November 28, p. 490, it contains a slip pasted inside the cover, with the autograph signature and date, "John Milton, February 24, 1654." On the title of the New Testament is the autograph—"Elizabeth Milton"—Milton's third wife; and on the fly-leaf is her maiden name, "Elizabeth Minshull," together with signatures of several other members of her family. The book itself is genuine, but the signatures are doubted. So far as the history of this volume can be traced, it was in 1901 the property of an Alexander Howell of London. It was sold at Sotheby's, London, on February 25 of that year, for £225, to an agent of Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city. This firm in turn sold it—presumably at an advance—to William H. Buckler of Baltimore. In all these transactions there seems to have been no doubt as to the genuineness of the signatures. Indeed, in 1904, the volume was carefully examined by Dr. W. Aldis Wright, vice-master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is thoroughly familiar with the autograph of Milton and is an authority on seventeenth-century literature. Dr. Wright expressed entire confidence in the genuineness of this relic. He wrote:

Apart from the signature I look upon the volume as a genuine Milton relic and a Bible belonging to his third wife, to whom he was not married until eight years after the date of his signature which has been inscribed in the book. Her autograph on the title page of the New Testament is very like her signature to the receipt which she gave Symonds in 1680 for the last payment in respect of the copyright of "Paradise Lost." It is something to have seen a Bible which has in all probability been in Milton's hands.

At the Anderson auction the Bible was knocked down for $1,225 to George H. Richmond, a bookseller of this city. A. J. Bowden, who is associated in business with Mr. Richmond, suspected the signatures on the fly-leaf, because the paper is apparently "woven" and not "laid"; and "woven" paper was not made until 1750. Scrutiny of the names under a microscope led him to think they have been traced; and in this opinion he is sustained by David N. Carvalho, an expert in handwriting. Mr. Carvalho believes all the names were written by the same hand.

At the Buckler sale at Anderson's, in this city, on December 3, prices ruled well, though there was not the competition which such a collection would have provoked a few months ago. The first edition of Higginson's "New-Englands Plantation," 1630, went for $520. A copy of the second edition, of same date, but printed from a different setting of type and containing six pages additional at the end, was bid up to £100 at the Sheffield sale, in London, last month. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," 1865, a presentation copy to John Bartlett," sold for $420; the same copy brought $410 at the French sale in 1901. The copy of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," which he gave to Trelawney, with an inscription on title-page, brought $340, as against £101 at Sotheby's on December 7, 1904. Among the other prices are the following: Audubon's "Birds of America," original folio, with text, a good copy, $2,400; Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647, first collected edition, $146; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition, 1621, $136; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," 1837, the copy given by the author to W. C. Macready, $175; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," 1766, first edition, $405; Morton's "New English Canaan," 1637, $300; Combe's "English Dance of Death," with colored plates by Rowlandson, in the original parts, $176; Shelley's "Alastor," 1816, $70; "The Cenci," 1819, $110; "Rosalind and Helen," 1819, $105; and Spencer's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, $522.50.

At Hodgson's sale of November 21, in London, some valuable items of Americana went at low prices, owing, no doubt, to the lack of competitive bids from this side. The following prices were paid: Richard Eburne's "Plaine Path-Way to Plantations," 1624, a rare book with no previous auction record on a perfect copy, £70 only; Sir Robert Gordon's "Encouragements for such as shall have intention to be Undertakers in the New Plantation of Cape Briton, now New Galloway, in America," 1625, £140; Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined," 1649, £24; Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 1698, £13 15s.; Budd's "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania & New-Jersey in America," 1685, £101; Horsmanden's "Journal of the Proceedings," etc. (generally known as the "Negro Plot"), uncut, £51; Herrick's "Hesperides," 1648, a few headlines cut into, £48; Fielding's "Tom Jones," 1749, 6 vols., boards, uncut, but having the errata corrected, and therefore a second issue, £80; Gray's "Elegy," 1751, first edition, £104; Dickens's "Sketches by Boz," first octavo edition, 1837-1839, in the original parts, £65.

Correspondence.

A SUGGESTED STATUTE OF REASSURANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I believe it would do much toward restoring business confidence if Congress would promptly pass a short statute merely providing that there should be no fine, imprisonment, or other penalty of a criminal or quasi-criminal nature under any of the statutes regulating commerce except upon sufficient proof that the law had been violated intentionally. Such is the established construction of the National Banking Act, which at least in this respect has been found satisfactory. While we are told that ignorance of law is no excuse, it is more to the point to say that the very essence of crime is a criminal intent, and a criminal conviction cannot be morally justified in the absence of intentional wrong. While the courts are not in entire harmony, most of them appear to hold that in prosecutions under the statutes regulating commerce actual innocence of intentional wrongdoing is no defence; and some of the courts, by excluding evidence of honesty of purpose, appear to hold that under these extraordinary statutes moral innocence is not even an extenuating circumstance. Rulings of this character have recently been made in several sensational suits. When to this is added the fact that no lawyer whose opinion is worth anything on any subject would now claim to have any clear idea of what is or what is not legal under these statutes, the dilemma of the ordinary layman seems hopeless indeed, unless his obscurity may protect him from the law's wrath.

This discreditable situation has produced or is producing several important results that can be clearly distinguished:

First, the confidence of the general investing public has been profoundly shocked. This is not a groundless panic. It rests upon a very real and sufficient foundation. However sound or solvent securities may be, judged by approved standards which until lately were deemed sufficient, there can be no assurance, as the law is now construed and administered, that they will not be utterly destroyed by confiscatory judgments rendered because of mere technical violations of incomprehensible statutes. We cannot rationally expect a permanent restoration of public confidence until this very real, grave, and wholly unnecessary danger is removed.

Second, this condition is already breeding a class of political lawyers, or lawyer politicians, who thrive politically and financially by taking either the offensive or defensive as the occasion may suggest in prosecutions under these statutes, and in arranging compromises to which alarmed business men submit in order to avoid the possibility of more serious consequences. This situation promises soon to ripen into public scandal, if that point has not already been reached.

Third, this situation tends to bring the entire criminal law into disrepute even

among law-abiding citizens. An indictment or conviction for violating the commercial laws no longer means disgrace or dishonor, and mere moral questions having become legally irrelevant are deemed practically immaterial. This catalogue of evil consequences could easily be extended without exaggeration. I cannot think of a single good result to offset them.

The much needed general revision of our statutes regulating commerce should not be hastily undertaken, but in advance of this revision the worst feature of these statutes should be promptly remedied by the measure above suggested, concerning the justice and necessity of which I see no room for rational difference of opinion.

W. J. MORONEY.

Dallas, Tex., November 23.

THE PANIC OF 1837 IN MISSISSIPPI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. F. C. Prescott's quotation from William Gilmore Simms, in the *Nation* for November 28, recalls to me another bit of testimony on the effect of the panic of 1837. In 1840 William H. Wills, of Edgecombe County, N. C., went to Mississippi to collect the debts due a North Carolina estate which he was settling. The following extract is from his journal of April 16, 1840:

I find through this county [Madison County, Miss.] some of the finest lands I have ever seen, & calculated to yield as much as any lands in the U. S. But alas! to such conditions are the people reduced in many affairs.—Speculation, speculation has been making poor men rich and rich men princes. . . . But as great as are the resources of Miss, and as valuable as are her lands, yet there were limits to both, and these limits have been passed, lost sight of & forgotten as things having no existence. A revulsion has taken place, Miss. is ruined, her rich men are poor and her poor men beggars. Millions on millions have been speculated on & gambled away by banking, by luxury, and too much prosperity, until of all the States in the Union she has become much the worst. We have hard times in No. Ca., hard times in the east, hard times everywhere, but Miss. exceeds them all. Some of the finest lands in Madison and Hinds Counties may now be bought for comparatively nothing. Those that once commanded from thirty to fifty dolls. per acre, may now be bought for three to five dollars and that with considerable improvements, while many have been sold at Sbffs. sales at fifty cents that were considered worth from ten to twenty dolls. Tbe people too are running their negroes to Texas & to Alabama, and leaving their real est. & perishable property to be sold or rather sacrificed. In the community where I am, it may probably be said that not one man in fifty are [*sic*] solvent & probably less a number tban this but what are more or less involved. So great is the panic and so dreadful the distress that there are a great many farms prepared to receive crops & some of them actually planted, & yet deserted, not a human being to be found upon them. I had prepared myself to see hard times here. but unlike most cases the actual condition of affairs is much worse than the report. The Society is dreadful, nothing like religion and indeed not much of common honesty. Still I am of opinion that the present and the next twelve months will be the most favorable times for those who ever think of migrating from the Northern & Eastern States. Lands are not only low, but I think a grand revolution must ensue. The dishonest and the insolvent must leave the State, when I think others will come in more prudent and prepared to act upon different principles from those who preceded them. . . . I had from $8 to $10,000 due in this State and find I shall not be able to collect *one single cent.* I met one man who offered to pay $3,000 in Union money, which could not be sold for more than 10c in the dollar. I had to decline receiving it. Finding it impossible to make any collections or of securing the debts due, I concluded it was useless for me longer to remain.

All of the journal from which this extract is taken is printed in the Publications of the Southern History Association, volumes VII. and VIII.

GEORGE S. WILLS.

Baltimore, Md., November 29.

PROF. E. S. MEANY'S "VANCOUVER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have only recently read Prof. E. S. Meany's interesting book, "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," which you reviewed on August 17. Professor Meany's interest in Vancouver is highly creditable, and the indifference of our own historians and geographers to the memory of that celebrated explorer appears by contrast in an unenviable light. Since Americans appreciate Vancouver and his work, you will perhaps permit me to offer some criticism of one or two points in Professor Meany's book.

First, let me direct attention to the mistake in the copy of the inscription on the memorial in Petersham Church, in the burial ground of which Vancouver's remains are interred. According to this copy, Vancouver performed "*twenty-five* years of laborious survey" in the North Pacific. The actual period, of course, is *five* years, as can be seen by reference to the photographic reproduction of the tablet. I should say that the error occurs in the book from which it is quoted, but surely the obvious inaccuracy of the time mentioned ought to have struck Professor Meany. Vancouver died at the age of forty.

Professor Meany mentions that Vancouver had a brother named John. He also had a brother named Charles, who must not be confounded with the Charles Vancouver who was an inspector under the first British Board of Agriculture, and was an American by birth. Vancouver also had two sisters—Sarah and Mary. Professor Meany, in commenting on the naming of two points at the entrance of Desolation Sound, Point Sarah and Point Mary, enters into some interesting but necessarily vague conjectures as to the origin of this nomenclature. No doubt he will agree that the natural explanation is that the two points were named by Vancouver after his sisters.

W. H. HARLAND.

Ham Common, Surrey, England, November 20.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND WESLEYAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial December 5 you say, "Trinity is, we believe, tied to the Episcopal Church, and Wesleyan to the Methodist." You do Trinity College an injustice by this statement, and very probably an injury, which I am sure you will be quick to amend, so far as your *vox missa* can be recalled. Will you kindly note that the original charter of Trinity College, which is still in force, reads:

Provided always, that such ordinances or by-laws shall not make the religious tenets of any person a condition of admission to any privilege in the said college, and that no president or professor or other officer shall be made ineligible for or by reason of any religious tenet that he may profess, or be compelled, by any by-law or otherwise, to subscribe to any religious test whatsoever.

It may be interesting to note that only a small minority of the faculty, and a considerable minority of the students, are Episcopalians. In no way is the college "tied to the Episcopal Church." Trinity is, and has been, true to the spirit as well as to the letter of her broad-minded charter.

You might also note that Wesleyan University is no longer "tied to the Methodist Church." Her charter was changed last spring by the Connecticut Legislature, at the request of her board of trustees; and although it does not, as the Trinity charter does, prohibit religious and ecclesiastical tests, it no longer directly imposes any.

ELMER TRUESDELL MERRILL.

Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., December 6.

Notes.

Scribner's announce a definitive reissue of "The Novels and Tales of Henry James," in twenty-three volumes, to be called the New York edition. This will contain all the fiction that Mr. James thinks worthy of preserving. All the works, particularly the early ones, have been scrupulously revised by the author, who has also provided prefaces narrating the circumstances under which the stories were conceived and executed, and to a certain extent interpreting them.

Early in the New Year the Macmillan Company will publish a work on "Modern Egypt" by the Earl of Cromer.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week "Vasari on Technique," translated from the "Vite" by Louisa S. Maclehose; and "The Growth of English."

The issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December contains a portrait of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, a sonnet addressed to him by Mrs. Edith Wharton, and letters and articles on his work by Ambassador Bryce, President Eliot, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Richard Watson Gilder, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Dean Howells, Professors George Herbert Palmer, Bliss Perry, and Goldwin Smith, and Andrew D. White.

William Raimond Baird has compiled and publishes himself "The Handbook of Beta Theta Pi," now in its second edition, as authorized by the convention of 1906.

"How to Collect Postage Stamps," by Bertram T. K. Smith, has been published in London by George Bell & Sons and in this country by the Macmillan Co. The volume is excellently printed and amply illustrated by photographic reproductions of rare stamps; it contains a bibliography and index. Another work in the same field is the first volume of "Postage Stamps and Their Collection," by Warren H. Colson, published in Boston by the author. He plans a series of handbooks describing the great collectors and collections of the world. This first issue, with an introduction by F. Apthorp Foster, describes the stamps of Dr. W. C. Bowers of Bridgeport,

Conn. The press work is unusually good, and there are many photographie fac-similes.

In his "Heresy of Job" (New York: John Lane Co.) Francis Coutts has made an interesting arrangement of the text of that ancient book, in the manner so much in fashion nowadays, as in the "Modern Reader's Bible," with the aim not merely of bringing out the literary value of the poem, but also of showing the direction and force of the argument. In this purpose he has relegated the "harangue" of Elihu the Buzite to an appendix as an interpolation, and has divided the remaining matter into a "prologue," a "debate," and an "epilogue," at the same time separating the speeches, naming the speakers, and spacing their lines in accordance with his notion of their poetic significance. His general idea, too, of the meaning of the poem he has reinforced by an introduction and a preface, wherein he justifics his title and conception. Job he conceives to be a heretic because he refuses to accept the teaching of religion as final, or, indeed, to profess any dogma in which he is unable to believe, but insists upon wrestling directly with God for His blessing; so that the book as a whole becomes something more than "a fine exposition of the mystery of sin and suffering"—or a primitive discussion of the data of tragedy, to which Renan would pretty nearly reduce it. To these particulars not a little interest is added by the excellent reproductions of Blake's original illustrations or "inventions," which, it must be confessed, assort a little incongruously with all this typography, wide margins, bright blue binding, and paper label.

On November 28, 1767, Horace Walpole wrote:

> It occurred to me some years ago that the picture of Richard the Third, as drawn by historians, was a character formed by prejudice and invention.

To the body of literature which begins with this conjecture Sir Clements Markham has recently added the most important title, "Richard III.: His Life and Character" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It will be remembered that as long ago as 1891 he published in the *English Historical Review* a vindication of Richard which was at the same time an attack on Henry VII. And from Walpole's time till now all admirers of Richard have been forced to heap obloquy upon Henry. Either that tradition which so long held the field, and which still claims the support of James Gairdner, is sound, or the court historians who flourished under Henry VII. deliberately set out, at the instance of their master, to construct a myth. According to the anti-Tudor theory, Archbishop Morton is the chief offender among these party pamphleteers, with Polydore Vergil, Rous, and Fabyan engaged in close competition for second place. "It is easy to perceive," says Walpole, "under all the glare of encomiums which historians have heaped on the wisdom of Henry the Seventh, that he was a mean and unfeeling tyrant. I suspected that they had blackened his rival, till Henry, by contrast, should appear in a kind of amiable light." Likewise Sir Clements Markham:

> He was essentially un-English. He was a near relative of Louis XI., and he made that mean tyrant his model. He hated English freedom, and that intimate contact with the people which made the Plantagenets popular. . . . He was penurious, greedy, and mean. . . . He was very superstitious. When his own interests were not concerned he was not devoid of natural affection, and he recoiled from crime. Yet he became capable of any foul deed if he deemed it necessary for his own security.

With the arguments in this case all historians are by this time fully familiar, and we shall not debate the evidence. At the present moment it is Sir Clements Markham versus James Gairdner. The present volume makes a distinct advance on the article in the *English Historical Review*, but it is not wholly convincing. The author seems to think it impossible that a ruler with the political virtues which nowadays are pretty freely credited to Richard should at times have been guilty of crime. He is also over fond of exclamation points and the mood which accompanies them.

The Roman Journals of Ferdinand Gregorovius, 1852-1874, edited by Friedrich Althaus, and translated from the second German edition by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton, have been published by the Macmillan Company. These journals, first issued in German fifteen years ago, are already as nearly classic as any work of such recent date can be. Their general qualities are too well known to require description here. We only wonder that English readers should have had to wait so long for a translation of a book which has made the tour of Continental Europe. Gregorovius went to Italy in 1852 at the age of thirty-one. Not long afterward, he conceived the idea of writing the history of the city of Rome—an uudertaking which kept him in Italy until 1874. During this period, he not only came to know the best Italian society intimately, but also the cosmopolitan throng of celebrities who visited the Eternal City from season to season. So his journals have a threefold interest. First, they enable us to trace his progress on his history, and, incideutally, to get an insight into his sturdy character. Next, they throw very important side-lights on Italian and Papal politics in the last years of the Papal dominion. Finally, they give many characteristic sketches of the distinguished statesmen, authors and painters whom Gregorovius met. He took his responsibility as historian seriously, and carried out his work with that thoroughness which used to be regarded as an exclusively German quality. But he was much more than the typical German, or Germanized, pedant. He was a poet; a romancer; a writer of *Reisebilder* which still, after fifty years, keep their charm; a lover of classical literature; an enthusiast for liberty. The entries in his diary, often brief, are like the thumbnail portraits or landscapes or memoranda which the etcher jots along the margin of his plate. You can open the book anywhere and be sure to find entertainment; for the student of history, there are many invaluable notes; for the observer of social life there are the most varied sketches, and even gossip.

"Tsze tèn piao mŭh: A Guide to the Dictionary," an essay "exhibiting the 214 Radicals of the Chinese written language, arranged according to the mnemonic system of William Stokes," by Thomas Jenner, member of the China Society, is issued in a second edition by Luzac & Co. of London. The gist of the work is the application of the mnemonic system of William Stokes to a number of objects of study connected with the Far East. The 214 Radicals, which serve as keys to the thousands of characters forming the Chinese written language, are indeed a crux to the memory of most Western students; but it seems a matter of taste and individual inclination whether just this, or indeed any other artificial help to the memory, will render the study less difficult than it is otherwise. Whoever wishes to become proficient in the reading, or as we ought to call it, deciphering, of a Chinese book, must build up a memory *ad hoc*. At the very first a student will think it next to impossible to retain in his memory merely as many as half a dozen of those signs of which, in order to become an efficient reader, or "decipherer," he is expected to learn as many thousands. But he will soon find that his faculty of remembering characters increases like an avalanche. This avalanche, however, absorbs all his mnemonic powers, occupies all the chambers of his brain, and leaves but little room for remembering certain other useful things, such as the faces and names of his friends or the identical hat, umbrella, or pair of rubbers which is his. Nevertheless, the creation of a special memory for ideograms is as much a *sine qua non* of success to the would-be Chinese reader as the faculty to remember his parts is to an actor. Mnemonics are merely a substitute for the genuine article, a good memory; they act like narcotics, which will produce sleep, but spoil the faculty of sleep the more we become addicted to their use. Mr. Jenner applies the mnemonic system not only to the Chinese Radicals, but also to Chinese chronology, and names of dynasties and Emperors from Yü down to Kuang-sü, the present sovereign. The following matters are also treated, or maltreated: the names of the eighteen provinces and the principal cities of China, the Japanese Hiragana and Katagana syllabary, the Emperors and the geography of Japan.

The occasional addresses of the Rev. Charles Edward Jefferson in the volume "The New Crusade" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) reveal a man of intense moral conviction and the faculty of putting needed truth in effective form. The crusade which he preaches is that of individual redemption in an age mad after social improvement. As members of the crusading army he seeks "consecrated personalities," great men, devoted to truth and righteousness. Religion he conceives as "a form of power." His subjects are varied, but the underlying thought is the need of larger and nobler manhood rather than of multiplied laws and more highly developed institutions. His exposition of Christian Science, its source of strength, its limitations, and its message to spiritual leaders, is especially discerning.

The Kirchliches Jahrbuch, edited by Pastor J. Schneider, and published by C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh, has appeared for the current year as the thirty-fourth volume of the series. Students wishing for the latest and most complete data on any particular of German church organization or work, will find here official statistics, intelligently arranged, and carefully digested. The

different departments are in the hands of specialists. The Jahrbuch contains among other things a full list of the church authorities, and the new church laws of the past twelve months.

Of the "Realencyklopaedie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche," begun by J. J. Herzog, but now being edited in its third edition by Prof. Albert Hauck, the historian in the Leipzig theological faculty, the nineteenth volume, reaching from Stephen to Tonsur, has just been published by the house of Hinrichs, Leipzig.

A compact, but clearly written book of 231 pages, entitled "Soziologie: Positive Lehre von den menschlichen Wechselbeziehungen," by Ratzenhofer, has just been published by F. A. Brockhaus, in Leipzig. Ratzenhofer, who died in 1904, in the sixty-second year of his age, was an officer in the Austrian army, from which he retired after attaining the rank of lieutenant-field-marshal in 1898. In addition to several works on military affairs he published during the last ten years of his life a number of volumes on ethical, economical, social and political problems, one of which, "Positive Ethik," was favorably noticed some years ago in these columns. The present treatise was found among his posthumous papers, and has been edited with occasional annotations by his son. The book may be characterized as a comprehensive summary of Ratzenhofer's former investigations, including important features and functions of social evolution, the origin of social aspirations and impulses and their realization in individual life and human institutions. The author emphasizes the immense significance of the family as a mirror of society and a means of promoting civilization through the development and transmission of desirable personal characteristics. Of special interest at the present time are the views of the author, as a military man of high rank and acknowledged capacity, on the question of disarmament. He approves of the proposal to reduce armaments not only in the interests of peace and the industrial progress and general prosperity of the nation, but also as the best means of increasing the efficiency of the army. Many States, he says, have gone to excess in applying the principle of universal military service, and in this respect Germany is the chief delinquent. Every mobilization fills the hospitals with physically incompetent recruits, who, if not compelled to enlist, would devote themselves to peaceful pursuits and thus increase the wealth and further the material welfare of the nation. The only remedy for this evil is the reduction of the size of the army by raising the standard of martial competency, a measure which would contribute to the economical advancement and general prosperity of the country.

Since the publication of W. G. Aston's "History of Japanese Literature" (London, 1899) and Tomitsu Okasaki's "Geschichte der japanischen National-literatur" (Leipzig, 1899), European scholars have devoted themselves with peculiar ardor to the study of this subject, and one of the most valuable results of these researches is Dr. Karl Florenz's "Geschichte der japanischen Literatur," just issued by Amelung in Leipzig. The author, a German, has held for eight years a professorship of German literature and comparative philology in the Imperial University at Tokio, and has taken advantage of this position to acquire a thorough knowledge of Oriental culture, especially as reflected in the intellectual development and literary productivity of the Japanese. In the work before us he gives a comprehensive historical and critical survey of these national characteristics and achievements from the earliest times to the present day, concluding with an account of the revival and transformation of the national prose and poetry under European influences during the last quarter of a century. In 1882, three Japanese scholars published a volume entitled "Shintaishi-Sho" (Poems in New Style), consisting chiefly of translations from the English, such as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and some of the odes and idylls of Tennyson. Professor Florenz draws some striking parallels between Japanese novelists and their European compeers and contemporaries, from 1642 to 1842; of these examples we will mention only the comparison of Kyoden with Samuel Richardson, Bakin with Goethe, Ryutei Tanehiko with Walter Scott, and Tamenaga Shunsui with Dumas. Indeed the Japanese novel has passed through all the phases of European fiction and reached its climax during the first half of the nineteenth century. Owing to strong prejudice against the stage and a prevalent feeling of contempt for actors, the drama has hitherto held an inferior place in Japanese literature, and although quite recently a marked improvement has been made in this respect, our author asserts that "centuries will elapse before the Japanese shall have reached the same stage of development as the Europeans in the province of the drama," an opinion confirmed and, in fact, first expressed by the Japanese critic Tsuhouchi, in an essay, "Wagner and the Music-Drama," published in 1904. As yet the enthusiastic efforts of this Oriental Wagnerite to introduce the operas of the great German composer have proved unavailing, owing to the desultory and frivolous character of Japanese music as an accompaniment to the dance.

An abundance of new and interesting details are found in the report of the German expedition to Abyssinia, published by Felix Rosen, under the title "Eine deutsche Gesandschaft in Abyssinien," with 160 illustrations and a map (Leipzig: Veit & Co.). It is nearly three years since Dr. Rosen headed this expedition to the Negus Negesti of Ethiopia, bringing him the gifts of the German Emperor and succeeding in the establishment of a commercial treaty. It is particularly the student of natural history and of the customs of this historic people who will profit by the perusal of this volume. The author aims chiefly, as he himself states, to give the *Reiseeindrücke eines Naturforschers*, and the whole is characterized by a simple and straightforward account of what the author saw and heard.

"The Future of Austria-Hungary and the Attitude of the Great Powers," by "Scotus Viator," published a few months ago by Archibald Constable & Co., London, has been translated by Elsa Brockhausen, and appears with a special introduction by Prof. C. Brockhausen, under the title "Die Zukunft Oesterreich-Ungarns und die Haltung der Grossmächte" (Vienna: Franz Densicke), Professor Brockhausen, who is a member of the law faculty in the University of Vienna, declares that the author of this work is one of the very few outsiders who understand the political status in Austro-Hungary, and hence knows why the preservation of the dual monarchy *in statu quo* is a vital necessity to the peace of Europe. Pan-Germanism he declares to be folly. Professor Brockhausen's purpose, in part at least, in bringing out this translation, is to give his compatriots, especially the Magyars, the views of an intelligent and thorough foreign student of Austrian affairs.

"The wish to make the Swedish poet I like best known by people of the nations I like best" is given as the reason why A. W. Björck, a former resident of this country, has translated into English a few of the poems of Gustaf Fröding, one of the most original as well as one of the most popular of modern Swedish poets (Stockholm: Björck & Börjesson).

Eugène Revillout, curator of the Egyptian collections of the Louvre Museum, publishes the third volume of "L'Ancienne Égypte d'après les papyrus et les monuments." It comprises 167 pages, continuing the subject of woman in Egyptian antiquity. Jean Capart, curator of Egyptian antiquities of the Royal Museum, Belgium, continues his publications by two quarto volumes (one text, one of 117 plates) entirely devoted to "Une Rue de tombeaux à Saqqarah." The excavations of this street, "the corner of an Egyptian Pompeii," were made from 1807 to 1899, by Prof. Victor Loret of the University of Lyons. Two other *savants* of Lyons, Dr. Lortet of the Faculty of Medicine (not to be confounded with Professor Loret), and C. Gaillard, curator of the Natural History Museum, publish 110 pages of text, with 66 illustrations, on "La Faune momifiée de l'ancienne Égypte et recherches anthropologiques."

H. Pognon, French consul, begins at the Imprimerie Nationale the important publication of the Semitic Inscriptions of Syria, Mesopotamia and the region of Mossûl. The first part, a quarto volume, contains 42 inset plates. The second part will appear in 1908. The price of the two (which are not sold separately) is 60 francs.

The new and first really substantial fragments of Menander, which have excited great interest from the description of Professor Croiset, have been published in plates from the original papyrus (ed. Lefebvre) at the price of 25 francs.

The third volume of the unique "Sources inédites de l'histoire du Maroc," by Count Henry de Castries, has appeared in Paris.

The first volume of the "Catalogo dos Livros sobre o Brasil," by J. C. Rodrigues, comprising the titles and indications of 2,646 separate works, and covering the entire colonial period (1492-1822) has appeared in Paris. Only 200 copies have been printed, of which only 15 are to be sold at the price of 130 francs. The importance of such bibliography to students working

in so imperfectly cultivated a field as South American history may easily he seen. The book may he obtained also from Bernard Quaritch, of London.

The Rhodes scholars, according to the report just issued of the Trustees of the Fund, are doing credit to themselves and the countries from which they come. Eight "Firsts" were won by them during the past year, and they received several of the principal university distinctions. Out of the one hundred and sixty now in residence, twenty-four are reading for Classical Honors, eighteen for history, and ten for theology. Jurisprudence, however, attracts the greatest numher, thirty.

The Archæological Institute of America and the American Philological Association will meet at the University of Chicago, Decemher 26 to 30. The managing committees of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome and of the American School of Oriental Study and Research in Palestine will hold their meetings in conjunction with this gathering. At the sessions of the Institute and the Association papers will he read or presented hy Paul Shorey, Frank B. Tarbell, John M. Manly, and Frank Frost Abbott of the University of Chicago; Maurice Bloomfield, Kirby F. Smith, Wilfred P. Mustard, Harry L. Wilson, and David M. Robinson, Johns Hopkins; J. E. Harry and George H. Allen, University of Cincinnati; Hamilton Ford Allen, University of Illinois; Roy C. Flickinger and John Adams Scott, Northwestern University; George Depue Hadzits, University of Pennsylvania; Arthur Fairbanks, director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; Caroline L. Ransom, Bryn Mawr; George H. Chase, David G. Lyon, George F. Moore, Julius Goehel, and Arthur Stanley Pease, Harvard; Joseph Clark Hoppin, Washington, D. C.; Alfred Emerson, Art Institute of Chicago; Thomas Day Seymour and P. V. C. Baur, Yale; Francis W. Kelsey, Camphell Bonner, and Henry A. Saunders, University of Michigan; D. G. Hogarth, director of the Cretan Exploration Fund; James M. Paton, Cambridge, Mass.; Edgar L. Hewett, director of American Antiquities; Charles H. Weller, State University of Iowa; Herhert C. Elmer, Cornell; Thomas Fitz-Hugh, University of Virginia; Curtis C. Bushnell, Syracuse University; W. S. Scarborough, Wilberforce University; Arthur L. Frothingham, Princeton, N. J.; La Rue Van Hook, Princeton University; Herbert C. Tolman, Vanderhilt University; Jesse Benedict Carter and Esther B. Van Deman, American School of Classical Studies in Rome; and Arthur S. Cooley, Auhurndale, Mass.

The programme for the Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Political Science Association, to he held at Madison, Wis., Decemher 27-31, includes papers and addresses by Frederick N. Judson, St. Louis; Leo S. Rowe, University of Pennsylvania; John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Repuhlics; William R. Shepherd, Columbia University; Hiram Bingham, Yale; Bernard Moses, University of California; J. Allen Smith, University of Washington; George H. Haynes, Worcester Polytechnic Institute; James W. Garner, University of Illinois; Jesse Macy, Iowa College; Thomas F. Moran, Purdue University; Charles E. Merriam, Ernest Freund, and Floyd R. Mechem, University of Chicago; Benjamin F. Shambaugh, University of Iowa; W. S. U'Ren, Speaker of the Oregon Assemhly; George A. Thacher, Portland, Ore.; W. B. Munro, Harvard; Cephas D. Allin, University of Minnesota; Charles McCarthy, legislative lihrarian of Wisconsin; John Whitehead, State Senator of Wisconsin; John Bell Sanhorn, Madison; Herman E. Ekern, Speaker of the Wisconsin Assemhly; E. A. Gilmore, University of Wisconsin; Clarencc B. Lester, legislative lihrarian of Indiana; Frank M. Hoyt, Milwaukee; Roscoe Pound, Northwestern University; James E. Bahb, president of the Idaho Supreme Court Building Commission; Horace E. Deemer, justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa; Samuel J. Barrows, secretary of the Prison Association of New York; Francis E. McGovern, district attorney of Milwaukee; and Rudolf Leonhard, University of Breslau.

The annual report of the Osaka Library, Japan, is a record of remarkahle activity, and reflects conditions of popular use much like those prevailing in American cities. The lihrary has a total of 53,845 volumes, of which 48,507 are Japanese and Chinese and 5,338 in various European languages. The circulation for the year was 372,845 volumes, 16,554 of which were foreign. These figures show that the entire stock of the lihrary was turned over an average of seven times during the year, a record that few American libraries of any size can equal. According to the classified tahle of Chinese and Japanese books, there are under literature, 8,644 volumes; history, 7,733; general works, 7,445; philosophy, 3,629; useful and fine arts, 2,338, philology, 1,723; religion, 1,282. Of the total circulation, 92,427 volumes were in philology and literature, 50,-711 in the arts 35,872 in history and allied suhjects. To an American lihrarian, the striking thing is the relatively large supply of hooks in philosophy and philology, and the large circulation of books in the arts. The classification of visitors to the lihrary shows that of the total, numhering 105,237 persons, 3,308 were women, 15,167 husiness men, 1,574 government officials, and 45,600 students.

The National Literary Society of Dublin has issued a final appeal for money to complete the Clarence Mangan Memorial. Only £30 is now lacking. The memorial, the work of the sculptor Oliver Sheppard, will he ready this month.

Edward Manning Ruttenber, a local historian, died at Newhurgh December 5. He was horn in Bennington, Vt., in 1825, and he was in journalism hoth in Newhurgh and Goshen. From 1863 to 1865 he was connected with the Bureau of Military Records at Alhany. He was author of "History of Newhurgh," 1859; "History of Regimental Flags," 1865; "History of Ohstructions to Navigation of the Hudson River, 1776"; "History of the Indian Trihes of the Hudson River," "History of Orange County," 1881; and numerous other monographs.

The death is announced, in his seventy-fourth year, of Prof. Karl Ruland, director of the Grandducal Museum in Weimar, one of the founders of the Goethe Society, and director of the Goethe National Museum He wrote largely on Goethe and other literary topics.

Prof. Adolf Kressner of Cassel has died at the age of fifty-four. He has to his credit a long list of works on philological suhjects, chiefly of the Romance languages; among them: "Grundriss der französischen Literatur," "Geschichte der provenzalischen und französischen Literatur," "Rustehuef," and "Antologia de Poesia Española."

Carlotta Ferrari has just died in Bologna at the age of sixty-seven. She was hoth musician and poetess. She wrote two operas "Ugo" and "Eleonora d'Arhorea," hut was hest known for her poem, in ten cantos, on "Dante Alighieri."

NOTES ON HOLIDAY BOOKS.

In his "English Socicty of the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Randall Davies has made what may be called a happy *vade mecum* for readers of the novels and letters of the period. It is not an erudite hook; the sources drawn on for the text are chiefly such familiar authors as Swift, Walpole, Miss Burney, Goldsmith, and De Saussure—and are the more interesting for this. More diligence was required to get together the illustrations, taken in part from the well-known pictures of Hogarth, Reynolds, and Zoffany, hut in large measure also from engravings now in private possession, and not easily got at. The charm of the hook lies in the parallel reproduction of eighteenth century life in text and illustration; in reading, for instance, a page about Vauxhall from "Evelina," with Mr. Davies's account of that famous garden, and in having hefore the eye at the same time a good reproduction of T. Rowlandson's engraving. The pictures take a pretty wide range of satire and sentiment.

For artistic and literary traveller alike, the cathedrals and châteaux of France are an inexhaustihle field, and every year at this season we have a group of hooks exploiting the suhject. This year Francis Miltoun, the most industrious cultivator of the ground, takes up the "Castles and Châteaux of Old Navarre, and the Basque Provinces" (L. C. Page & Co.). Mr. Miltoun's method as a traveller is now so well known as scarcely to need characterization here. The hook is tastefully printed, with illustrations from paintings, "made on the spot," hy Blanche McManus. Another series continued is hy Elise Whitlock Rose, with illustrations from original photographs hy Vida Hunt Francis. This season their suhject is "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France" (2 vols., G. P. Putnam's Sons). History, architectural description, and anecdote are wrought together as in most hooks of the sort. The illustrations are numerous, and give hoth general and detailed views of the huildings. A third work is of somewhat different character. As the result of notes taken down during five summers spent together in France, Herhert Marshall and Hester Marshall have written their "Cathedral Cities of France" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), to which the first-named collaborator has added sixty illustrations in color. The writing is simple and dignified; the pictures are in some cases clear and attractive, hut in others show that hlotchy, messy surface which is still the hane of most color printing.

In his "Nooks and Corners of Old England" (Charles Scrihner's Sons), Allan Fea records, in the genial topographical manner with which countless books of this type

have made us familiar, his visits to a number of manor houses and churches that lie out of the path of the tourist, but are quite as interesting in their way as the show places. These nooks he makes known by a series of charming photographs, accompanied by lively descriptions of local superstitions and rural customs. In these backwaters of English life, the influence of the board school and the factory and the decline of agriculture are little felt and the old ways are kept up with spirit. When a young girl dies, a "virgin's crown" of thin wood covered with paper and decorated with black and white rosettes with paper gloves hung in the middle, is still carried before the coffin and placed high on the wall inside the church. In a little village in northern Derbyshire, the villagers still make offerings of flowers at the wells and springs on Holy Thursday, a custom that dates from the time of Nero. Mr. Fea has a large store of curious information. At Erwarton, where Anne Boleyn's heart was buried, according to her desire, he is reminded of the fate of the heart of Louis XIV., which is so extraordinary that we repeat it here. An ancestor of Sir William Harcourt was presented with the heart by a French canon who had saved it from the mob when the tomb was rifled during the Revolution. Many years after, Buckland, the Dean of Westminster, was shown the relic by the Harcourts, and whether by design or accident, "before he could be stopped he put the heart in his mouth and swallowed it. Very shortly afterwards he died and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is impossible that he should ever have digested the thing. It must have been a pretty tough organ to start with, and age had almost petrified it. Consequently the heart of Louis XIV. must now be reposing in Westminster Abbey in the body of an English Dean." This rivals the adventures of the heart of the great Montrose which was enclosed in a steel case, found its way into a collection of curios in Holland, was recovered by the descendants of Montrose and taken to Madeira. There it was stolen and sold as a charm to an Indian chief. Recovered once more and taken back to Europe, it was deposited temporarily with a lady at Boulogne, who hid it in a safe place and promptly died, leaving no clue, so that the Napiers still lament the heirloom, though they do not despair of its recovery. Evidence of the indiscriminate hospitality of the old English squire is to be seen in more than one English manor house where the common road led right through the great hall of the house, and all who passed by were warmed and fed. Mr. Fea is an expert in secret chambers and hiding places, especially those used by Royalists and by priests at the time of the persecution of Catholics.

In "A Tuscan Childhood" (The Century Co.) Miss Lisi Cipriani makes a real contribution to books on child life. She tells how a large family of children were brought up, chiefly in the country, thirty years ago in Tuscany. German and English governesses, the peasant retinue indoors and out, the conscientiously strict mamma, the austere, matter-of-fact father, and the children themselves, full of mischief and emotions, are pictured sympathetically, but without mincing words. There are many humorous episodes—as when Lisi herself fell into the water—and some pathetic ones—as when the superstitious Teresa was terrorized by the cat. The book is intended for grown-up readers, but the young will enjoy many parts of it.

A reprint of Erasmus's "Against War," by the Merrymount Press, Boston, would be justified merely by the exquisite typography. The font selected is clear and pleasing, most grateful to the eye in reading; and the page is comely. J. W. Mackail writes the introduction, in which he points out how this treatise grew, with Erasmus, as the fire burned, from small beginnings to these full proportions. The translation followed is that of the earliest English version, published originally by the King's printer. Mr. Mackail sees an aptness in this reissue, at a time when a new glorification of war is afflicting the nation. Erasmus does not exactly "ingeminate peace with Falkland," but he does set forth war in its true colors, as a thing repugnant to humanity and the very denial of the Christian faith.

Though Welsh folklore has had a good deal of attention from Sir John Rhŷs and others, up to this present no collection has appeared of Welsh tales arranged for the use of children. With this branch of legends the younger generation, even in Wales itself, has had but little opportunity of becoming familiar. This want bids fair to be supplied by W. Jenkyn Thomas's "Welsh Fairy Book" (London: T. Fisher Unwin). Students of Celtic folklore will not be surprised to find that in this dainty volume a large part is played by the "Tylwyth Teg," or "little people," and the lake maidens. Many of the most attractive stories, "The Curse of Pantannas," "The Lady of the Lake," the "Llanfabon Changeling," the "Fairy Wife," etc., centre round them. It is noteworthy that while in some cases it has been necessary to piece scraps together, nothing has been inserted that is not traditional. The book has been charmingly illustrated by Willy Pogany, and should form a welcome addition to the Christmas gift-books.

Among the reprints of poetry specially prepared for Christmas gifts is Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," illustrated in color and line by Robert Anning Bell. It is published by J. M. Dent & Co. in England and E. P. Dutton & Co. in this country. Dutton also issues Longfellow's "Evangeline," with illustrations in color by Arthur Dixon; and Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," illustrated by Paul Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have an edition of "The Hanging of the Crane," with illustrations in color by Arthur I. Keller; and John W. Luce, Boston, Longfellow's "Wooing of Hiawatha," on paper and in binding to imitate birch-bark. George Wither's "Christmas Carroll," with pictures and text drawn by Frank J. Merrill, comes from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Sidney Lanier's "Hymns of the Marshes" is "illustrated from nature" by Henry Troth, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Standard fiction is represented by Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," with twenty-four colored illustrations by C. E. Brock, and Dickens's "Haunted Man" and "Battle of Life," with pictures by the same artist. All three of these volumes come from E. P. Dutton & Co. T. Y. Crowell & Co. adds Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" in thin paper and limp leather. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with illustrations by Arthur Rackham—fantastic and on the whole successful, though not Tenniel—is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. A. C. McClurg & Co. offer "Immensee," translated from the German of Theodore Storm by George P. Upton. The volume is prettily illustrated and decorated by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. Under standard fiction we may also class one of the most beautiful books of the season, "The Ingoldsby Legends," illustrated by Arthur Rackham. In 1898 Dent & Co. of London published the "Legends" with about one hundred pictures by Mr. Rackham, to whose talent the task of illustrating such a work of fantasy is peculiarly congenial. Many of these drawings have been worked over and reproduced on a larger scale, a number of new drawings (in black and white and in color) have been made, and the text has been revised and reset in a large, clear type. The publishers (E. P. Dutton & Co., in this country) now offer the volume as an "edition définitive de luxe" of a favorite classic.

The market is, as usual, abundantly supplied with Christmas booklets, for the most part attractive reprints of standard works. The Century Company gives us in its Thumb-Nail Series Dickens's "Seven Poor Travellers" and "The Holly Tree," Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," and Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Paul Elder & Co.'s Abbey Classics include such books as Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." The same firm prints "The Sea Fogs" from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Silverado Squatters," with an introduction by Thomas Rutherford Bacon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue Hood's "Faithless Nelly Gray," with amusing illustrations, after the manner of old woodcuts, by Robert Seaver; Mitchell Kennerley of New York, Solomon's "Song of Songs," FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," "Early Poems of Dante Gabriel Rosetti," Vernon Lee's "Sister Benvenuta," and A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Ladd"; T. Y. Crowell & Co., in the Handy Volume Classics, "Best American Tales," edited by W. P. Trent; "Little Flowers of St. Francis," translated by W. Heywood; Long's translation of the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Thoreau's "Cape Cod," and Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici." The same firm gets out in a white binding Henry van Dyke's "Battle of Life" and "The Good Old Way," Johanna Pirscher's "Growth without End," Annie Payson Call's "Heart of Good Health," and J. R. Miller's "Glimpses of the Heavenly Life." Duffield & Co. offer Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and his first and second Inaugural Addresses, Washington's Farewell Address, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," and St. Francis of Assisi's "Canticle of the Sun"; H. M. Caldwell Co., Whittier's "Snow Bound," and Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

CURRENT FICTION.

Wards of Liberty. By Myra Kelly. New York: The McClure Co.

Miss Kelly (Mrs. MacNaughton) has had the good fortune to strike a fresh vein in fiction. The miraculously rapid process by which America is able to absorb and assimilate the unpromising material thrust upon her by the Old World is a process which most of us must accept as a fact without having personal knowledge of its stages. Miss Kelly's experience of the New York primary school of the East Side gave her such knowledge; and she had the wit and sympathy to convey it to the restless magazine public in most palatable form. The children of the Ghetto and the sweat-shop, with whom she had principally to deal, represented the problem at its most difficult point. Often the parents had no English, and retained, besides the stubborn prepossessions of their race, the habits of the vile European dens from which they had escaped or been flung. The first moment of contact between the small, piteous alien of the Jewish quarter and American life is Miss Kelly's opportunity; and her Eva Gonorowsky and Morris Mogilewsky are no doubt as well known to the myriad readers of the illustrated magazine as the leader of Christian Science or the head of the Standard Oil Trust. They are really humorous creations, both funny and pathetic; Miss Kelly has, we think, wisely emphasized the fun. And she is by no means disposed to pull a long face over the pedagogical part of the business, noting, as any disinterested observer might, the extravagant absurdities to which accepted theory and method often lead. At times her lightness of touch approaches flippancy, even in dealing with lofty themes and persons. In presenting the apparent discrepancy, always a crux to childhood, between the Golden Rule and fighting for one's God and country, she is well-nigh guilty, it seems, of lèse majesté. Isadore Belchatowsky's uncle has been "sent up" for shooting a policeman, and Isadore wishes to know why, since George Washington and "Teddy Rosenfelt" have apparently been made "presidents of it, and papas off of countries" for doing precisely the same thing on a big scale. His small compatriots decide that the trouble lies in the fact that the officer was not really killed, and that there were not enough of him:

> George Wash'ton he kills 'em all bloody and dead. . . . Sooner you ain't killed somebody bloody and dead, you couldn't to be presidents and papas off of countries.

It does not occur to Miss Kelly to take this as a text for a sermon, but it occurs to Mr. Roosevelt. "Teach them," he says with some solemnity, writing to Miss Kelly, "that the wrong is not in fighting, but in fighting in a wrong cause, or without full and adequate cause, and you teach them what is true and right, and what they can act up to." This is good and sensible advice, of which, presumably, Miss Kelly stood in no especial need. "Pedagogically considered," she remarks good-humoredly, "that story is atheism."

The Tracks We Tread. By G. B. Lancaster. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In his Australasian tales Mr. Lancaster has added a distinctive chapter to that modern interpretation of British colonial life which began with Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills." Kipling's hall-mark is upon it as a whole. Its salient traits are terseness and vividness of phrase, a grim humor prone to deal with the less savory aspects of the theme, and an unconquerable instinct for the romantic aspects. "Donovan Pasha" and "Sons of Men" are lineal descendants of "Under the Deodars." "The Tracks We Tread" lead us into the sheep-country of New Zealand, among a class superficially more like our Western ranchers than the official Englishman. Yet it is the Briton bearing the sacred torch to the farthest ends of the earth whom we are once again called upon, not unwillingly, to admire: the type of those "who go away many times to endings unchronicled; men who love, who conquer, and serve, on the downs, the harsh mountains, the unhandled plains." The series of sketches builds up a story sufficiently intelligible in the end, though at the outset technicalities of phrase seem, as Kipling's did, to impose a deliberate obstacle. Apart from this matter, Mr. Lancaster's style is terse and vivid to the extreme—indeed, almost monotonously so. His pictures are as brilliant as darts of electric flame:

> He stood by in the cold, bright-starred night. . . . Sheer behind the whare the bush rose up to the sky. The babble of a creek two yards off, mingled with the distant roar of the shingle river and the low brush of horses cropping long grass. The little sod whare was sallow in the faint light. Each step and word rang in the frosty air.

His narrative never proceeds, it is always at full gallop, and sometimes leaves the reader breathless:

> By the blaze of Phelan's one door-lamp Randal caught sight of Art's back in the bar, with Roddy Duncan's bright face beside it. He slung through the township full-speed, took the track past the creek to the Lion, and learnt from Fysh that Ormond was three miles off with Father Denis. He turned then, with wrath on his mouth; rode back, and flushed Ormond in the smoke of the priest's little den.

With all its realism of detail, the feeling of the story is romantic, and its outcome as right as the most impatient sentiment could demand.

The Exploits of Arsène Lupin. By Maurice Leblanc; translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Arsène Lupin is a French counterpart of Mr. Hornung's "Raffles," the hero of short stories of criminal mystery treated from the criminal side. Yet if Gallic traits are displayed by Lupin himself, they are displayed quite as much by his creator. For every trick which the criminal plays on his victims, the author is playing one on his readers. All those rules of fair play which have been formulated for the benefit of the reader of fiction of this type are here thrown to the winds. For example, a number of stories in the present collection are told in the first person. In all these curiosity is aroused as to where Arsène Lupin is, and what he is doing. But sometimes the narrator turns out to be a victim, sometimes a bystander, sometimes Arsène Lupin himself. This is gross betrayal of a trusting reader. Or, in certain stories, Lupin is introduced under other names, and after going half or two-thirds through a story under an alias which the reader accepts without question, he unmasks between sentences. Even Sherlock Holmes comes into these stories under the thin disguise of Holmlock Shears. All this is not melodrama but Christmas pantomime.

Yet the character which M. Leblanc has created, an arch criminal who controls a newspaper of his own for the recording of his strange exploits, whose selfish criminality is relieved constantly by acts which are generous or patriotic or merely spectacular, is one to afford a good deal of entertainment. The stories, aside from the unaccountable manner of their unfolding, are of uneven merit, but some are capital.

The Flight to Eden: A Florida Romance. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A singular mingling of the crude and the romantic is here. The opening chapters supply the motive for the flight of a young Englishman to the wilds of southern Florida, thirty-odd years ago. In these chapters raw melodrama is at its most flourishing. In expiation of the infidelities showily indicated—which have caused his wife to commit suicide, Basil Forrester becomes an exile in the wilderness. Here, though the melodrama still rages, brutally and savagely, it acquires a certain fitness from being enacted to the rhythm of wild woods and lonely waters. And next an idyl takes occupancy of the scene, and sings prettily in the surrounding barbarity, while hints of early, even of legendary, Florida, supply a glint of historic interest. The romance closes in the Everglades on a fascinating cluster of little bridge-joined islands—evil exorcised, atonement fairly under way.

Ewing's Lady. By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

"Ewing's Lady," once begun, is not easily to be laid down unfinished; and in some of the characters there is enough human truth to assure the volume a place among those books one takes up in an idle or weary breathing space—books that fall open of their own accord at favorite pages. These pages will probably be in the first half; toward the end the style is less crisp. Yet the shades of the prison house of conventional melodrama, which begin to close with Teevan's entrance upon the scene, are brightened by the young frequenters of the Monastery. They are refreshingly real and alive, and their delicious fooling will draw from portly expatriates of Bohemia the tribute of a reminiscent chuckle. Indeed, it is the drawing of the minor characters and their environment that gives the book its charm: the cowboy in the clear, heady Colorado air, the genial freemasonry of the studio, Clarence, the lovable convert from civilization, dyspepsia and predigested food, and Ben Crider, fit associate for Billy Brue. The story, which the reader can more pleasurably consume at leisure than bolt in tabloid form, suggests Crawford's "Whosoever Shall Offend." The comparison, however, is not one that "Ewing's Lady" need find odious.

The Origin of the English Nation. By H. Munro Chadwick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a noteworthy volume in the Cambridge Archæological and Ethnological Series. From the reviewer it deserves a succession of special articles, inasmuch as each of its twelve chapters is an essay crowded with points which suggest debate. Most writers on the coming of the Germans to Britain lazily repeat the words of Bede, but Mr. Chadwick is not willing to take without further question the statements of a single chronicle that was written long after the days of the migration. He has sought "to make use of all branches of ethnological study—history, tradition, language, custom, religion, and antiquities."

For most readers the central interest of the volume will be found in its discussion of the relations between Angles and Saxons. Bede, it will be remembered, makes a categorical distinction. In express terms he tells us how in Germany the Angles lived between the Jutes and the Saxons. He calls the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes the three most powerful nations of Germany. He says that Continental Anglia remains to his own day a desert, as a result of the migration—Continental Saxony, of course, being continuously occupied. In a word, he distinguishes between the races throughout his whole text. Mr. Chadwick is quite willing to accept Bede's statement regarding the separate origin of the Jutes, but he feels sure that there could have been no real distinction between Angles and Saxons. The West Saxon writers, he points out, "called their language Englisc, and regarded their nation as part of Angelcyn." More than this, we have "the overwhelming fact that a social system, of a type unique among Teutonic nations, and differing essentially even from that of Kent, is common to the Saxon kingdom of Wessex and the Anglian kingdom of Mercia and Northumbria." The close distinction which Bede draws between the nations is, in Mr. Chadwick's eyes, a pure bit of theorizing based on the existence of territorial terms like Wessex, Essex, and Sussex, standing off from East Anglia and Middle Anglia. As for the origin of these antithetical terms, Saxon was the word employed by alien peoples, whereas the tribes in question termed themselves English. Mr. Chadwick does not deny that at an early period there may have been a difference between Angles and Saxons, but he strongly contends for their homogeneity at the time of the invasion of Britain. Positive evidence for this view is chiefly to be sought in a scrutiny of social systems.

While emphasizing what is undoubtedly the most novel feature of Mr. Chadwick's book, we must not omit to mention two or three other subjects which he treats with both fearlessness and caution. From the English in Britain he is carried back to the race in its Continental home, and here the question arises, "Are we to believe with Bede that the English dwelt to the south of Jutland, or was Adam of Bremen correct when he said that they dwelt originally on the Rhine?" In this case Mr. Chadwick stands by Bede—a fact which leads us to say that the present volume is not to be thought of as a paradoxical attack upon our most venerable chronicler. The chapters on "The Cult of Nerthus" and "Social Conditions of the Roman Period," are other striking portions of this candid work.

Jay Cooke: Financier of the Civil War. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, 2 vols. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $7.50 net.

Jay Cooke died in 1905. For thirty years he had been withdrawn from public life, and, in the minds of all but his own generation, his name was associated with the financial panic of '73, and with probably little else besides. He died a rich man, yet despite this vindication of his ability to make good the pledges offered to his creditors at the time of the failure of his banking house, recollection of him as a figure of disaster survived the fame which his signal achievements as bond broker for the Washington government earned for him during a period only ten years earlier. None the less, his public services make his position secure, and the historian, who estimates accomplishments by their ultimate effect rather than by the brilliancy of their execution, is certain to take larger account of him as time goes on. To such students Dr. Oberholtzer's volumes offer themselves as a standard work of reference.

By the biographer's statement it would seem almost as if Jay Cooke, during the entire period of his activities in behalf of the government and later, had in mind the preparation of a life of himself which should bring out in detail, with documentary corroboration, the salient facts of his work. At his death, one of his daughters had a number of chests filled with written memoranda upon his own operations, as well as all the letters, both business and personal, which had passed between himself and those with whom he had dealings. This correspondence was chronologically arranged, and, with few breaks, covered all the years involved. From material obtained from Cooke's brothers, who were closely associated with him in business, and by reference to the records of the Treasury Department, and to newspaper files, Dr. Oberholtzer was able to fill the gaps, and to connect and interpret the events of Cooke's life. Every page offers evidence of diligent and intelligent search, and, though the author's evident admiration for the character of Cooke probably softened his criticism of, among other things, the expedients to which the latter resorted in popularizing the government loans, this restraint seems not to have resulted in the rejection of facts which would throw important light upon Cooke or his associates, or upon the plan and nature of their operations. To be sure, Dr. Oberholtzer indirectly seeks to disarm criticism by allusion to the frankness of Cooke's attitude; but this is an open defence, and the individual judgment of each reader will determine its justification.

The two volumes, amply illustrated with portraits and facsimiles and satisfactorily indexed, contain over twelve hundred octavo pages and cover the full period of Jay Cooke's eighty-four years of life. Of these pages more than five hundred deal with the work of Cooke in disposing of the Federal loans during the Civil War, and three hundred pages more with the handling of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This latter task, while gigantic in view of prevailing conditions, especially the financial, was avowedly the project of private enterprise with large profits as its inspiration. And though its conduct emphasizes the qualities which made Cooke so successful as the agent of the government, it contributes comparatively little additional knowledge of him as a financier. It was this railroad project which ended his career as a banker and precipitated the panic by which it has been his misfortune to be remembered; and, while to his indefatigable labor was largely due the opening of a vast Northwest territory, his own part is overshadowed by the extraordinary triumph of his earlier achievement.

Of the operations which related to the disposal of the 6 per cent. bonds of 1861, the five-twenties of 1863, and the great issues of seven-thirties, of which alone Cooke sold seven hundred million dollars in one hundred and forty days, Dr. Oberholtzer gives a clear and interesting account. Fortified as this narrative is by the reproduction in its entirety of much of the correspondence between the banker and Secretary Chase and his successors in office, supplemented with statements from Cooke's own memoranda, it possesses authoritative value. Exception may, however, be taken to the reprinting of such frequent quotations from contemporary newspaper reports, which often reflect rather the political animosities of the hour or the exuberance of popular rejoicing than intelligent consideration of affairs. But without some, at least, of these contemporary accounts, the peculiar difficulties of the undertaking could scarcely be understood. The new generation probably will relish especially those pages which describe the scenes in and about the banking office on the days when subscriptions poured in faster than even the largely augmented clerical force could handle them, and when Cooke sent to Washington a "muff box" filled with telegraphic orders for bonds from his outside agents. These sketches give an impression of what was accomplished, which columns of analysis and of figures alone fail to convey.

The secret of Cooke's success Dr. Oberholtzer ascribes to his ability to infuse others with his own supreme confidence, to his unceasing personal participation in all the operations, and to his lavish use of every means of advertisement. Newspaper support, when it did not respond to his explanations and appeals, as it usually did, he often deliberately purchased with gifts to those in charge. Show cards, pamphlets of ingenious construction, hand bills, "everything likely to catch the eyes, impress the minds, and draw the money from the pockets of the people" were employed.

It was the keenest of ironies that Cooke should finally fail when his personal fortune was at stake. Yet, he was eventually enabled to profit from an almost forgotten and insignificant investment, so that the last twenty-five years of his life he spent as he liked, in the open and at home among his children and grandchildren. Of these closing days, there is more than one picture in the second volume which tends to modify the estimate of Cooke's character derived from earlier reading; and the final impression is that of a resourceful, cheerful, vigorous man, of broad sympathies and simple personal tastes.

Science.

The Art and Craft of Garden-Making. By Thomas H. Mawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10 net.

The Garden Month by Month. By Mabel Cahot Sedgwick, assisted by Rohert Cameron. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $4 net.

Four Seasons in the Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

Eversley Gardens and Others. By Rose G. Kingsley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Gardens yield three sorts of pleasure. First, there is the pleasure which springs from dwelling in the garden itself, surrounded hy its treasures of verdure and of floral beauty. Second, comes the much greater pleasure to he derived from writing hooks about gardening; and this is directly proportioned to the degree of inexperience. Those who know least ahout the sound principles of successful horticulture, but who are filled with delight at their first contact with the soil and with growing plants, are the happiest authors. These are the writers who are ohservant of the caprice of plants, and are fond of telling exactly how they have humored the whims of their pets. These naïve confessions of unskilled gardeners are filled to the brim with joy. And, lastly, there is the pleasure derived from the perusal of gardening books. Almost all of these books are produced hy enthusiasts. It is upon this attraction that publishers count with safety: they are sure of at least a fair patronage in the case of even the poorest gardenhook, for many people are addicted to the garden-book habit. This habit once formed is hard to hreak off, and it leads to the filling up of shelves with vain repetitions. If one should apply the well-known arithmetical device of cancellation to a shelf of modern garden books, and strike out from the pages the directions and descriptions common to all, the remainder would be almost a negligihle quantity. But, fortunately, the repetitions are presented in diverse phraseology, and are tinged by the colors which helong to the different temperaments of the authors.

The volume first upon the list at the head of this notice, is the third editlon of a heavy quarto which has proved deservedly popular on account of its symmetrical proportions and its good sense. Here and there the author indulges harmlessly in fine writing, but after a quaint fashion which is rather attractive. The treatise ls one which the landscape architect can use to advantage, and which will assist owners of estates to correct the mistakes of their gardeners. It is a better book for England than for any part of our own country.

"The Garden Month by Month" is a serlous and successful attempt to answer the questions of amateurs. The subjects of color, date of flowering, and the like, are presented ln a tahular form, in such manner as to indicate the range of use for decoratlve purposes, of about all of the plants availahle ln our Eastern States. The author ls a true lover of plants and of gardens, and a firm believer in their usefulness in modern homes. She was fortunate ln securing the aid of Mr. Cameron of the Harvard Botanical Gardens, well known as a graceful writer on things horticultural, and a good authority in regard to cultivated plants.

"Four Seasons in the Garden" is a volume of convenient size which gives much chatty informatiou of a popular character about the common plauts of the conventional garden. Its closing chapter on the subject of Rural and Village Improvement Societies is well considered, and contains advice which ought to he widely followed.

Rose G. Kingsley (Officier de l'instruction puhlique) presents in her modest little work, "Eversley Gardens and Others," a good deal of well arranged information ln regard to the management of soil and plants. The author has a vein of pleasantry which brightens many of the pages ln a charming way. She is very tender-hearted and most charitable, as is well shown by her refusing to sympathize "with a certain clerical groom-gardener of our acquaintance, who, when asked with profuse apologics, to leave his digging at a psychologic moment and drive to a village flower-show, replied with alacrity, 'I always loves to go around and see how bad they does.'"

All recent garden books make full use of the enormous capahilities of the photographic reproduction processes and, as a rule, do not abuse the privilege. Some of the reproductions in color-printing are admirable, and a few of them are practically faultless.

Important results of experiments carried out by Professor Lannelongue, in connection with Dr. Achard, one of the most favorably known practitioners of Paris, have been communicated to the Académie des Sciences concerning the influence of diet in experimental tuherculosis. Sixty male guinea pigs were divided in three equal series of approximately equal weight. They were first put under a common diet; for eleven days they did not change weight. Then, on the same day, each series of twenty was inoculated with a uniform dose of the same emulsion of tuberculous bacilli. Each series, while continuing the common diet to which they were already accustomed, was then given a different supplement of food. Each animal of Series No. 1 had a nine-gram ration of hutter; each of No. 2 had twenty grammes of sugar; each of No. 3 had twenty grammes of gluten. Each supplement answered to an isothermic diet of about 145 calories. The results were remarkahly definite. The series subjected to the butter diet had all died in forty days; that of the sugar in eighty-seven days; while the gluten series lived on for three hundred and seventy-one days hefore total extinction, that is, for more than a year. These results confirm the previous conclusions of the same investigators that nitrogen should be given a large part in the diet of tuberculous patients.

The Rapport Fernet, presented to the Académie de Médecine Novemher 19, gives interesting results of a thorough investigation made in Paris hospitals and asylums as to the part played by alcoholism in the general mortality. The doctors of the different services established regular ætiological statistics during fifteen months. Out of a total of 1,560 consecutive deaths in the general hospitals, alcoholism was the cause in 33.81 per cent. or more than one-third of the cases; it was the principal cause in one-tenth (10.20), and it was an accessory or auxiliary cause in two other tenths (23.61). This lethal influence of alcoholism is less marked among women than among men, hut the difference is not so great as might be supposed. While the average among deaths of males was 38.81, that among females was 27.29 per cent.; in other words, approximately two women die of alcoholism to three men. In lunatic asylums the statistics are far more terrifyiug. Alcoholism intervenes as a cause of disease and death in nearly half the cases of men, and in one sixth of the cases of women. Sometimes it is the principal—*vera causa*—of death, as in meningo-encephalitis, cerebral ictus, liver, cardio-vascular or kidney manifestations; sometimes it is the auxiliary cause, as in pneumonia or pulmonary tuberculosis. M. Fernet urges that the official statistics of disease should attrihute to alcoholism the deaths really due to it as principal cause, and not, as now, dissimulate the truth under cover of the names of the particular organic affection which it produces. If this were done, it would be seen that alcoholism and tuherculosis take the first place among causes of mortality. If the *Bulletin hebdomadaire de la statistique municipale* puhlished the fact that, out of the 1,000 deaths (the average figure) of each week, from 150 to 200, and perhaps more, are due to alcoholism as their exclusive or auxiliary cause, it is possible that such information popularized by the press might have a salutary influence. He concludes that alcoholism in France is not only one of the chief causes of death and mental alienation; it is also a veritahle social danger. It is the duty of all who care for public health to denounce and combat it.

The second volume (the first being still in the press) of the important "Anthropologie bolivienne," by Dr. Arthur Chervin, has just been puhlished in Paris. It is entirely taken up with anthropometry (436 pages and illustrations). These volumes give the results of the expedition of the "Mission scientifique Bréqui-Montfor et Sénéchal de la Grange" sent out by the French government some years ago.

Drama.

Rosen: Vier Einakter. Von Hermann Sudermann. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

Few will venture the assertion that Sudermann's hand has already lost its technical cunning; hut two disappointments await his admirers in his latest venture, a series of one-act plays grouped around the rose, which figures in each story with a different symbolism of passion. To begin with, one must regret that this gifted master has contented himself with action so short and circumscribed as to afford hut a limited flight, and a hrief and ill-sustained climax. Again, the author not only strikes into no new paths, but he sounds once more the same depressing and tragic tones that dominate his previous

dramas—the self-assertion of the individual at any cost. "Die Lichtbänder," for example—just produced for the first time at the Hoftheater in Stuttgart—reveals the sinning wife, lured to a bower of roses and persistently staying in its suffocating atmosphere, and her seducer, who pretends to be true to the soul he has dragged down to the dust. In this analysis of the woman's mind, as well as in the fainter outlines of her worthless companion, Sudermann shows his power in the study of humankind, but the injured husband seems hardly consistent. This man, known for resolute action and a vengeful temper, gives way at the last, but not until he has made concessions, scarcely possible for the average mortal.

In "Margot," the touch of Sudermann is still more clearly recognizable. An unscrupulous woman and an erring daughter are groping for the light. In "Der letzte Besuch," we have another social cancer, on which Sudermann, without squeamishness, turns the full glare of his startling searchlight. Here, again, the woman of the world is borne down with the weight of a dual life. Her intrigue results in her victim's death and the revelation that, at the last moment, he had married another—the humble horse-trainer's daughter, who loved and silently gloried in the possession of his affection. In her dignified declaration and the return of the roses to the gay woman, Sudermann attains to as dramatic a moment as is found in any of the four plays.

"Die ferne Prinzessin" is a comedy designed to teach, or at least to present for consideration, the curious precept, that only the non-genuine—as the artificial rose snatched by the princess from her hat for the love-struck student—will not fade and perish. Here again Sudermann may be nearer truth than error in suggesting the mutability of real things, the notion that only distant ideals, like the distant princess, may be worth following after.

Sudermann has tried to give as much finish to these separate plays as to a great single composition, and he has cleverly bound them together by an underlying sentiment.

Chatto & Windus of London and the Duffield Company of New York have begun a series of desirable volumes under the general title of the Shakespeare Library. One division of the library is to contain the Shakespeare Classics, issued under the general editorship of Prof. I. Gollancz, and of these two volumes are now before us, handsome little books that will tempt a good many persons to read for the first time the sources from which Shakespeare got his plots. One is Lodge's "Rosalynde," the original of "As You Like It," edited by W. W. Greg, the other is Greene's "Pandosto," the original of the "Winter's Tale," edited by P. G. Thomas. In both the spelling is modernized, and there is the additional help of introductions, notes, and glossaries. The aim has been to interest the general reader in this quaint fiction, and the method promises some success. If anything, the error has been to assume too much ignorance on the part of the reader. What purpose, for instance, is fulfilled by defining "puff" in the vocabulary as "gust of wind," or "sack" as "to plunder," or "dolorous" as "grievous"? Is it supposed that any possible reader of Greene does not know the meaning of these words? This, however, is a slight blemish, and does not mar the value of what promises to be a useful and pleasant series of books.

Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola, and Alice Hervey collaborated in the translation of d'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio," which has just been published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The result is not likely to be satisfactory either to students of the poet's works in their original tongue, or to the English reader who seeks to find in it the secret of his great literary reputation. In a rather rhapsodical preface, Miss Porter says:

> It seemed hopeless to attempt to give any glimmering impression of the rhythmic beauty essential to the mystical soul of this tragedy, save by seeking to reproduce for English ears, by similarly free methods in freely stressed English verse, an audible impression corresponding to the impression which the stresses of the Italian verse have made on my ear as they were spoken.

Unfortunately it is precisely in this quality of rhythmic beauty that this translation is conspicuously deficient. In the effort—hopeless, indeed, in the case of languages so different in form, structure, and genius—to reproduce in the rugged English the accent and metre of the liquid Italian tongue, all the swelling harmony and cadence of the original have been sacrificed, together with most of its poetic or dramatic import. D'Annunzio's verse, inspired or uninspired, has been converted into prose, prose cut into arbitrary lengths, to be sure, to suggest poetry, but undeniable prose, halting, undistinguished and often exceedingly awkward. Stripped of all its literary graces, in this merciless fashion, the tragedy, which in its best estate is laden with inconsistencies and extravagances, would not take very high rank even as melodrama, were it not for the antiquarian learning displayed in its application of rural folk-lore and superstitions, and the classical tone imparted by the appearance of the villagers in the guise of the ancient chorus.

The single novelty which Signor Novelli has given us thus far this season is the "Nerone" of Pietro Cossa, a piece having some literary pretensions, but not much dramatic value. It is, indeed, a series of episodical sketches, rather than a play. Glimpses are given of the Emperor, in dalliance with a Greek dancing girl, absorbing the satirical flatteries of his favorite buffoon as he rhapsodizes about art, swilling in a tavern, presiding over an imperial feast, grovelling in terror when his associates forsake him, and killing himself in cowardly despair. Amid the varying situations Signor Novelli finds ample opportunity for revealing the extent and variety of his theatrical resources, but his impersonation has very little about it that is either Roman or imperial. In make-up it is especially unfortunate, and in action, notwithstanding its cleverness in places, it tends constantly to the grotesque. Signor Novelli has skill, humor, and passion, and a wonderful gift in eccentric comedy, but he seems to be deficient in constructive imagination. In dealing with a complex character like that of Nero he is more successful in illustrating its particular traits than in blending them into vital or even plausible individuality.

By the death of James Henry Stoddart on Monday, at Sewaren, N. J., the American stage has lost one of the last survivors of the old school of thoroughly qualified actors. Born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England, in 1827, he went upon the stage in early youth, and passed through an arduous apprenticeship in various provincial theatres. In 1854 he came to this country, and secured an engagement with the elder Wallack, while Burton, Blake, John Brougham, and other famous comedians were still in their prime. It was in the company of Lester Wallack that he made one of his first great hits in the part of Mark Meddle in "London Assurance," which he played with somewhat broad but perfectly irresistible humor. Later he acted with Laura Keene, Mrs. John Wood, and Dion Boucicault. One of his best known assumptions at this time was that of the lawyer Moneypenny in "The Long Strike." In the early seventies he joined the company of A. M. Palmer at the Union Square Theatre, where for twenty years he grew in artistic reputation. His Pierie Michel was a remarkable performance. Leaving the Union Square he again allied himself with A. M. Palmer at the Madison Square Theatre, whither he long drew crowded audiences by the passion and pathos of his old minister in "Saints and Sinners." He furnished another charming portrayal in Augustus Thomas's "Alabama," and his crowning triumph was achieved in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." It is by parts such as these that he will be longest remembered.

Music.

The Appreciation of Music. By Thomas Whitney Surette and Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: The H. W. Gray Co. $1.50.

The authors of this volume are convinced that out of any score of persons gathered to hear music, whether it be hymn, song, oratorio, opera, or symphony, ten are not listening at all, but are looking at the others, or at the performers, or the scenery, or the programme; that five more bask in the sound as a dog basks in the sun; that two more have their minds filled with visions of trees, mountains, and rivers; while another is busy analyzing themes and labelling motives that he forgets to enjoy. This leaves only two out of the twenty who really appreciate the music by actively following the melodies and living over again the thoughts of the composer. This estimate is perhaps exaggerated and unduly pessimistic; it certainly is, so far as the opera is concerned, but it probably holds true of symphony concerts and the usual recital; many attend these from a sense of artistic duty, as they attend church from a sense of religious duty, though they are bored at both. Is it possible to change this boredom to pleasure, to transform the merely useful patron into a delighted music-lover?

No doubt it is, provided some rudimentary interest in music exists. The trouble with the average concert-goer is that he is too lazy; he tries to enjoy his music passively, as he does a hot bath; but there is more in music than in hot water—to get at it, however, the listener must give it active attention, and that is what he fails

to do, often simply because he does not know how to begin. He needs some guidance as to what to listen for among the many confusing sound impressions. The object of the present volume is to supply such "guidance to awakened attention," in an untechnical manner; to teach the hearer how to concentrate his attention, to focus his mind as well as his ears on the melodies and harmonies, to "substitute for that 'drowsy revery, relieved by nervous thrills,' an active, joyful, vigorous coöperation with composers, through which alone he can truly appreciate their art." In furtherance of this purpose, the authors give a survey of the development of music from the most primitive sounds grouped together in rude patterns by savages up to the symphonies of Beethoven, showing how genuine music is based on short characteristic groups of tones called motives, and how these are made to take on variety, without losing unity, by being "imitated," "transposed," "restated after contrast," "inverted," "augmented," or "diminished," "shifted in rhythm," and otherwise manipulated. Special sections are devoted to folk-songs, the polyphonic music of Bach, the dance and its development, the suite, the rondo, the variation form, and the sonata, while the last four chapters are devoted to Beethoven.

All this is commendable. The question is: Will those who are too lazy to follow music in the concert hall with attention have the courage and application to read and apply the lessons here placed before them? There's the rub. We feel somewhat skeptical as to the value of musical anatomy for the purpose of stimulating an interest in the art. We need not study botany to appreciate the beauty of roses and pansies; such study, in fact, subordinates the artistic interest to the scientific. To appreciate flowers we must see them early in life and often; and so with music; it is only by hearing it from childhood, at home, in church and school, in concert halls, and at the opera that we learn to listen to it attentively, actively, and with keen enjoyment. A textbook, no doubt, may help, by calling attention to hidden beauties. The sub-title of this volume is "A Course of Study for Schools, Colleges, and General Readers." Teachers will no doubt find not a few useful hints in it, and the general reader also would do well not to ignore it. There are excellent things, notably in the chapters on Bach and Beethoven. An inkling is given of the vast treasure that lies hidden away in Bach, whose works "have that delicacy of inner adjustment more usually found in the works of nature than in those of man; their melodies grow out of their motive germs as plants put forth leaves and flowers." The best thing in the book is the chapter on Beethoven's humor, which dwells upon this master's "fondness for breaking in on the tranquility of his audience, sometimes in danger of lapsing into inattentive dulness, with all manner of shocks and surprises—clashing chords in the midst of soft passages, unexpected modulation to distant keys, piquant interruptions of rhythm, long holds, sudden spasms of speed."

When Mascagni made his ill-advised visit to this country, five years ago, he labored under the delusion that the American public, impressed by his fame as the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," would flock to see him and hear his productions, no matter what they were, who the singers, and how high the prices. He hired the Metropolitan Opera House, and, with a poor orchestra and mediocre singers, produced some of his operas which had enjoyed very little success, even in Italy. A disastrous result was inevitable. One of the works performed on this occasion was "Iris"; it made a fairly favorable impression, yet it did not seem likely that it would ever be heard here again. It is an opera on a Japanese subject, and possibly the remarkable success last season of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" suggested that the time was opportune for a revival of "Iris." Revived, at any rate, it was at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday; and Emma Eames, who made her reappearance in the title rôle, presented an interesting series of pictures of the young girl who is stolen from her blind father and taken to the Yoshiwara, or "red-light" district, where he finds and curses her and she commits suicide in a gutter. It is a sordid story, and the music is for the most part commonplace, unrelieved by any of the crude but fresh tunes which made "Cavalleria Rusticana" popular. Caruso and Scotti were in the cast, but had few opportunities to excite interest in their actions and singing. Such success as the opera may have will result entirely from the fine art of Mme. Eames, who is in her prime as a singer, and who as an actress has made immense strides in recent years. Time was when she would disguise her Marguerite in costly Parisian gowns. In "Iris," on the contrary, she not only wears Japanese gowns, but wears them as one who has been instructed in Japanese garbing, posing, gesturing, and gait by no less a personage than Sada Jacco.

The next event of importance in the musical world will be the arrival of Gustav Mahler, who is to be conductor in chief and artistic manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. His method of work, as exemplified during the ten years when he was director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, is so different from that persued at the Metropolitan, where there is seldom time for more than one rehearsal of an opera, that one wonders what will happen when he takes cognizance of the situation here. That there will be an explosion of some kind seems certain. The "Music-Lovers Calendar" for 1908 (Breitkopf & Härtel) opportunely brings an article on this distinguished musician, concerning whom the writer remarks:

> Surely, no other is so devotedly loved and so bitterly hated, enthusiastically supported, and so violently opposed as this same man who quietly and steadily pursues his way, making not the slightest concession to either side, and believing in himself and his ideals with all the force of his intense nature.

Other famous conductors are discussed in the same "Calendar" in an article by Prof. W. R. Spalding of Harvard on the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and another on the Pittsburgh orchestra by A. M. Foerster. A. de Bertha writes on Hungarian music, combating Liszt's statement that the Magyars had no music of their own, but only such as came to them through the gypsies. Prof. Edward Dickinson has an interesting article on the Literary Work of Composers; while Edmund J. James discusses Music in American Universities. The Calendar is published under the auspices of the School of Music, University of Illinois.

Art.

Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work. By Nelson Dawson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

This new volume of the Connoisseur's Library is, like the others, light in the hand and pleasant enough to handle, in spite of an octavo page nearly 10½ inches high, and 267 such pages; and also inserted plates for half-tone illustrations of silver and gold vessels. There are 127 separate figures. The author in his preface enters a plea "for the indulgence of readers" because "an artist is, or should be, a poor talker." Without granting the generalization—for there are many exceptions—we admit that in his own case Mr. Dawson's caveat is not without reason.

The first chapter, which deals with gold and silver ore and the working of the metals, is a most curious collection of statements—crazy fables of mediæval collectors, mixed with brief descriptions of ways of using gold, with discussion of alloys and preparations, and with the simple facts of discovery in India, in America, in Australia, and in Africa. But even in this record the matter is unsifted, unarranged, and unconvincing. This chapter, or "part," deals also with the beauty of gold.

Part ii. contains nearly half the volume, and within these 105 pages are treated, in a kind of historic sequence, but without subdivision and without system, those familiar periods of the goldsmiths' art which we generally deal with when considering the collections of museums. Prehistoric, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and mediæval plate are all discussed in one continuous essay, as if a collector with plenty of examples on the table before him were to talk loosely and easily about them. Such subjects as Roman ostentation and Roman extravagance are introduced into the discussion of Greek and Italian silverware, although the pieces which the author has to show and the pieces which are preserved in our national and private collections are not extravagant, but are noticeable for simple effectiveness and admirable results produced at slight expense. The silverware of the Hildesheim find, of the Bernay treasure, of the specially important diggings at Boscoreale, and the magnificent gold vessels of Petrossa—even they are far from showing extravagance. The remarks about "Roman extravagance" seem to be based on the highly wrought goblets, generally of silver, which are preserved in certain great museums. Figs. 4 and 5 give two vessels from the Hildesheim treasure, one of which offers that familiar design of laurel twigs with leaves and berries in high relief, wrought by the hammer in the thin silver shell; Figures 13, 15, and 16, all on the same plate, give three more such vases, the design of one of them being closely akin to that of the Hildesheim cup, and the others not remote from it in spirit and meaning, and still more closely akin in workmanship. Without trouble, the exquisite vase in the museum at Saint-Germain, found in

the trenches at Alise-Sainte-Reine and thought to be from Cæsar's camp before the Gaulish stronghold, Alesia, might have been included. This, also, is adorned with laurel leaves and berries, the natural branches being tied together with ribbons according to what we have learned to recognize as a familiar theme, probably suggested by the wreathing of the cup by the natural green branch on various festival occasions. Again, the superb cup in the Naples Museum, often photographed, might be added. When we think what the Roman world between 30 B. C. and 400 A. D. had collected, used, and forgotten, when we remember that the tangible wealth of the Mediterranean lands found its visible expression largely in beautiful objects of metal, it should not seem strange that fifty or sixty fine pieces are left to us. We hope that the digging in Herculaneum, so often proposed and as often postponed, will bring forth infinitely greater treasures in that way than we now possess.

Much space is devoted to Renaissance work, and of all the illustrations the most important is undoubtedly the Nef, Fig. 37. This is entitled here "Incense Boat, Padua," and the text speaks of it as probably of German origin. After this, the pieces illustrated are numerous and small. The coffee-pots, tea-pots, drinking vessels, and covered dishes, the candlesticks and spoons are not unusual in character. The silverware of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is pretty well known, and yet in a general treatise it is, of course, necessary to deal fully with those familiar epochs. What the student complains of is that we do not learn enough of the peculiarities of make in this or that piece, and are left without the author's explanation of that which must remain doubtful to one who sees only the faint, inadequate, half-tone illustrations. Polished silver does not lend itself happily to such photographic reproduction, except in the case where the ornamentation is minute and in high relief. The beauty of the piece which is simpler and more undivided in its parts easily escapes one who looks at these pictures and finds no special analysis of each object.

"The Art of the Prado," by C. S. Ricketts (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), is a book entirely out of the usual run of things of the kind. Mr. Ricketts is a painter, and writes like one, that is, with knowledge of the art and with personal views of his own upon it. He uses his own eyes and judges with his own judgment. His book is not a guide-book, a compilation, or a pale reflection of accepted ideas. His style is not always perfectly clear, and one cannot always follow his meaning without some effort, but where effort is occasionally necessary it is worth the making. He has always something to say, and it is something meriting serious attention. His analysis of the art and temper of Velasquez is the best thing we have seen on that artist since R. A. M. Stevenson published his study of the Spanish master, and is a valuable supplement to that study; while his account of the works of Titian and Rubens is nearly equally interesting. His recognition of Rubens as pre-eminently a draughtsman is particularly noteworthy. He does not confine himself strictly to the matter in hand, but draws freely on his knowledge of other galleries for illustration and illumination of the point under discussion, so that something much broader than a hand-book of a particular collection is offered us. We should like to give more space than the press of matter at this time will allow of to a detailed criticism of his opinions—we must content ourselves with the statement that this is a real book, containing real opinions, which may be read with profit and pleasure by any one who cares for the serious study of art. The volume contains, also, some forty-odd well-executed reproductions of celebrated pictures, and is therefore an agreeable possession, merely as a picture book.

G. P. Putnam's Sons publish, under the title "Honoré Daumier" a collection of seventy-six reproductions from the lithographs of Daumier, with an Introductory Essay by Elisabeth Luther Cary. Miss Cary writes pleasantly and well of Daumier's art, finding, however, more good nature and less bitterness and indignation in it than we see there. The pictures lose much by reduction and by absence of the silvery lithographic tone, but afford some idea of the artist's power.

Among the recent acquisitions of the Metropolitan Museum by purchase are La Cour de la Princesse and Dames de Qualité, by Monticelli; a drawing by Rembrandt. The Angel Appearing to Zacharias, an idea probably for a picture; two landscapes in gouache and water-color by Cuyp; two of Gainsborough's landscapes; a pen-and-ink of Domenico Campagnola, the disciple of Titian; and some early studies by Lord Leighton, possibly for his Cimabue.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society at Munich Dr. Albert Mayr gave an interesting account of a necropolis belonging to the early bronze age which has been discovered in the island of Malta. The prehistoric monuments of Malta known hitherto, consist chiefly of stone buildings, probably shrines, which seem also to have been used as tombs. Dr. Mayr, during a recent visit to Malta, has made a careful study of the prehistoric finds of the last few years which have until now remained unpublished. Among these the most important was a subterranean necropolis, which both in its architecture and in its contents shows close connections with the above named shrines. The potsherds, terra-cotta, and stone figurines, and amulets which were found in it all belong to an early period of the bronze age. In other parts of the island remains belonging to about the same period were discovered. This prehistoric civilization, which has a distinct character of its own, seems to have been strongly influenced by Sicily. Especially interesting is the evidence of relations with Crete.

An important archæological expedition is going to the oasis of Siwa on the western frontier of Egypt in the course of this winter. It will be under French auspices, and the leader of the undertaking will be the Viscomte de Mathuisieult, whose investigations in the hinterland of Tripolis a few years ago aroused considerable interest. This oasis, the site of the world-famous oracle of Jupiter Ammon, is expected to yield important results.

An international memorial to Whistler is planned in the form of a sculpture by Auguste Rodin to be placed in Whistler's home, Chelsea, London. The English committee consists of M. J. E. Blanche, Lord Grimthorpe, William Heinemann, Prof. E. Lanteri, John Lavery, Joseph Pennell, the Earl of Plymouth, D. C. Thomson, and H. Wilson. Any member of the following American committee will receive subscriptions: William M. Chase, No. 303 Fifth Avenue, New York; Richard Watson Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson, the *Century Magazine*, New York; Bryson Burroughs, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Halsey C. Ives, Museum of Fine Arts, St. Louis; Edmund C. Tarbell, Tavern Club, Boston; and Harrison S. Morris, Oak Lane P. O., Philadelphia.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' shops in this city are paintings by Frederic Remington at M. Knoedler & Co.'s, till December 14; old Japanese prints, Louis Katz's December 14; old English mezzotints, H. Wunderlich & Co., December 24; water-colors by Herbert W. Faulkner, Powell's, December 27; miniatures, by Miss Eulabee Dix, Bauer-Folsom's, December 31; and etchings by Joseph Pennell, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, December 31.

Finance.

THE RISE ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

In attempting to peer into the longer future, and to discover what should be our financial history in the next few years, experienced financiers have been confronted with two conflicting arguments. First, underlying present conditions there are manifest elements of strength—such as the wealth of the interior, the country's power over international exchange, and the soundness, both of the currency and of the national finances—which did not exist during any one of the four great preceding panics. Hence the inference that recovery now should be more rapid, and the intervening depression less severe, than after 1893, 1873, 1857, or 1837. On the other hand, the fact stands forth that, in scope and violence, the shock to the credit system of the country as a whole was greater than on any of these preceding occasions; from this, the argument that the later reckoning may be formidable in proportion to the violence of the panic.

Where shall one look for guidance? Many people, in the East at any rate, point to the Stock Exchange. That mobile barometer of financial weather prophesied clearly, in the prodigious shattering of values during December, 1906, and March, May, and August of the present year, the storm which was to break in the third week of October. If this is so, then the rapid and general recovery, which began in earnest with the signs of returning credit facilities, on Saturday, November 23, and which, with only momentary interruptions, has continued ever since, ought, it is alleged, to mean a prospect of fair skies.

This is a view which even the most conservative business man must take into account. There are, however, two qualifying considerations. One is that substantial recovery was inevitable when the Stock Exchange found itself once more in touch with credit resources. So long as

banks would not lend for Stock Exchange purchases, one great sustaining influence under values was withdrawn. While, moreover, the "buyer for the rise" on borrowed money was necessarily absent, the seller on speculation could not be kept away; and his "short" sales of borrowed stock, which must some time be "covered" by actual purchases, are an important influence when the real buyer has returned. This would indicate that the recovery in stocks has reflected not so much bright hopes of the longer future as the actual restoration of credit, between October 24 and the present week. Another consideration is that, with all the sharp rebound, Stock Exchange prices as a rule have not yet retraced one-fourth of their downward path of the twelve preceding months.

How did the stock market act, and what did its movement turn out to have indicated, in this stage of initial recuperation during previous panics? At the end of August, 1893, the stock market advanced vigorously—exactly a month after Wall Street's panic day, July 26; the interval was just the same between this year's panic day and the start of real recovery. The advance continued with much violence throughout September; slackened in October; was renewed for a day or two after the Repeal of the Silver Purchase act became a law on November 1; and was then succeeded by a long period of depression, political disturbance, and corporation distresses. In Wall Street, as in trade at large, 1894 was a period of hard times; a premature recovery in 1895 was nipped in the bud, so to speak, by inadequate resources; then came the "Bryan scare" of 1896.

Or, if one goes back to 1873, he will find that the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors on the panic day, September 20, and did not do business again until the 30th. This shut-down postponed a good deal of necessary liquidation, so that a longer period than the four weeks of 1893 and 1907 elapsed before prices began their real recovery. That turn was reached November 13; thenceforward, an almost continuous rise lasted until the middle of the ensuing January. This movement stopped when genuine hard times began, at approximately that date, and Stock Exchange depression supervened. It was rather striking that neither in 1874, nor in 1875, nor yet in the two discouraging busiuess years which followed, did values of securities fall as low as the low level of the panic of 1873; but nevertheless hard times continued during the three ensuing years.

The story of 1857 and the following years was very singular. Then, as in the later panics, recovery on the Stock Exchange began when cash payments were resumed, around the middle of December, the New York banks having suspended specie payments just two months before. The recovery lasted, with intermittent reaction, until early in 1858; then came depression, even on the Stock Exchange. At the opening of 1859, hopes began again to brighten, and real recovery set in. It was based on the grain and cotton crops, and it was stopped decisively by a cruel freak of nature in the shape of a killing frost on June 5, which ruined the Northern harvest. Thereafter, all other influences were forgotten, in the face of the coming Presidential election of 1860, and of the campaign for Disunion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andresen, N. P. The Republic. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Barth, Theodor. Amerikanische Eindrücke. Berlin.
Bell, Lady. Topics for Conversation. London: A. L. Humphreys.
Bernâth, Désiré de. Cleopatra: Her Life and Reign. London: A. L. Humphreys.
Bishop, Avard Longley. The State Works of Pennsylvania. Publications of Yale University. New Haven.
Boltou, Henrietta Irving. Friendly Talks to Brides. Thomas Whittaker. 25 cents.
Book of Almanacs, 1907. Cambridge, England: Macmillan & Bowes.
Bronson-Howard, George. Scars on the Southern Seas. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.
Brooke, Stopford A. Studies in Poetry. Putnam's. $1.75 net.
Brown, G. Baldwin. Rembrandt. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Cadogan, Edward. The Life of Cavour. Imported by Scribners.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. I. Putnam's. $2.50 net.
Cary, Elisabeth Luther. The Art of William Blake. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Clouston, R. S. Sir Henry Raeburn. Newnes's Art Library. F. Warne & Co. $1.25 net.
Creel, George. Quatrains of Christ. The Independent Press.
Danton, George Henry. The Nature Sense in the Writings of Ludwig Tieck. Macmillan. $1 net.
Diane, Comtesse. Maxims of Life. London: A. L. Humphreys.
Dodge, Theodore Ayrault. Napoleon. Boston: Hougton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00 net.
Dowd, Jerome. The Negro Races. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Drayton, Michael, Minor Poems of. Edited by Cyril Brett. Henry Frowde. $1.75.
Du Bosque, Francis. John Schmidt. Benj. R. Tucker.
Duncan, Edmondstoune. The Story of Minstrelsy. Imported by Scribners. $1.25.
Dunmore, Walter T. Ship Subsidies. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00 net.
Edens, N. S. The Mental Groups. Fowler & Wells.
Education, Report of the Commissioner of, 1906. Vol. I. Washington.
Elliot, G. F. Scott. Chile. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Enock, C. Reginald. The Andes and the Amazon. Imported by Scribners. $5 net.
Fisk, George Mygatt. International Commercial Policies. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Flammarion, Camille. Mysterious Psychic Forces. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.
Fraprie, Frank Roy. The Castles and Keeps of Scotland. Boston: Page.
Gowen, Herbert H. The Day of His Coming. Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents net.
Grayson, David. Adventures in Contentment. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.
Hawkins, Chauncey J. Will the House Survive? Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.
Henderson, M. Sturge. George Meredith. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Hoernle, A. F. Studies in the Medicine of Ancient India. Part I.: Osteology. Henry Frowde. $2.90.
Hollway-Calthrop, H. C. Petrarch, His Life and Times. Putnam's. $3.50 net.
Hoyle's Games. McClure Co.
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Library of Congress, Report of, 19[illegible] Washington.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907.

The Week.

The fleet which has just sailed from Hampton Roads has our heartiest good wishes. For it we desire the pleasantest of "frolics," free from mishaps of every kind. The ships will reach the Straits of Magellan at about the most favorable time of year for a successful passage, and we are confident that wherever they touch they will be cordially received. The Pacific Coast will outdo itself in hospitality, while the whole nation looks on with interest. It has nothing to do with the personnel of the fleet that many citizens and a considerable section of the press disapprove of the venture as ill-timed and rather an injury to the service than a benefit. It is no fault of the officers that the ships, by reason of the blunders of designers, carry their armor-belts below water instead of in the proper place, or that the Navy Department repeats year after year grave errors of design, like the exposure of the magazine to sparks droping from the turrets, and the planning of speeds far below those attained in foreign services. If the cruise to the Pacific should call the attention of Congress to the need of a radical reorganization of the Navy Department, it will certainly not be in vain.

From the Republican unhappy family in Washington come all sorts of unpleasing cries. "Preposterous," "a lie," "treachery," etc., fill the air. From all the discordant sounds, however, one fact comes out clear. Secretary Cortelyou has been and still is a receptive candidate for the Presidency. That is his right, of course, as it is that of every American boy, unless tradition, too, is a liar; but a cool examination of his claims and his chances is all that is needed to show that his nomination next year is scarcely conceivable. He is undoubtedly a capable and well-poised man, very strong on the administrative side; and it is true that he won golden opinions from financiers in New York and elsewhere for his resource and steadiness in the panic week. But what the astute managers of the Republican party would have to consider would be the sort of campaign he could make, and the charges that would instantly echo from every stump if he were nominated. He would inevitably appear as the candidate of Wall Street and Federal office-holders combined. Moreover, after his answer is made to the Senate resolution, it will doubtless appear that he deposited millions of money in so-called Standard Oil banks. We say nothing of the propriety of this act; doubtless it was necessary and fully justified. But think of Bryan shouting about it all through the campaign! Why, it would have been as good policy to talk of nominating Secretary Carlisle, after the gold contracts of the second Cleveland Administration. Finally, it is evident that the question of campaign contributions is to be an issue in the next campaign. With what success could a man hope to run, under whom, as chairman in 1904, the Harriman money and the life insurance money and the Standard Oil money and the Beef Trust money were collected to aid Roosevelt?

Westward the star of Democracy is to take its way in July,—farther West than any convention has heretofore gone. Denver is an attractive place for such a gathering, and has hotels enough to care for the throngs certain to follow in the wake of the politicians. It is, perhaps, a just recognition of the way the centre of political power has swung from the East to the Middle West, that a Presidential Convention of 1908 should be held in a city that was a mere collection of huts fifty years ago, when secession or separation was the chief interest of the Democratic party. In this pure atmosphere and new surroundings, we wish the Democracy might come to some wisdom and decide to secede from Bryan and all his works. In his direction lie only defeat and added demoralization. The chances are that the Republicans will select a candidate worthy of the office. Denver will merely be synonymous with disaster if the leadership is again entrusted to a demagogue become so tiresome and so stale as to make it impossible for him to inject into the campaign any emotion save wonder as to what new and unbalanced scheme he will next offer as a bait to voters.

It is not only the private citizen's budget, or the corporation's balance-sheet, that needs watching. In hard times the public revenue and expenditure call for specially close scrutiny. At present, the tendency is rather ominous. Thus far in the fiscal year, the Treasury is $25,000,000 worse off than it was a year ago. While receipts have fallen off $6,000,000, expenditures have increased $19,000,000. And under the appropriations made by Congress, but few economies can be practised. Though a deficit now exists and is plainly in sight for the whole fiscal year, the Treasury must go on paying out money that Congress voted, trusting to luck. The really fortunate thing is that the Secretary of the Treasury has a large surplus—if he can recall it from the banks. But the unpleasant figures of income and outgo clearly prove that it is not merely our currency system that is in need of reform. Some day Congress will perceive the absurdity of having no centralized and effective control of the national budget.

Comptroller Ridgely's report is chiefly noteworthy for its advocacy of a Central Bank, holding exclusively the right to banknote issues, maintaining branches in the various cities, and controlled by the government, notwithstanding the provision of its capital by private shareholders. This is the plan proposed by the New York Chamber of Commerce Committee in October, 1906, but dismissed by that body at the time as politically impracticable. Mr. Ridgely admits, and indeed summarizes, the real obstacles. The Central Bank should be under government control, and yet "should be kept out of politics." The shareholders should elect their part of the board of directors; but "the men chosen for its managers and directors should be men of the highest character and ability, whose duties and interest would be for the undivided advantage and interest of the bank." These two stipulations are the stumbling-block. If the government has not been able, it will be said, to keep the Treasury out of politics, what could be expected from the vastly greater field of patronage and political profit opened by a $50,000,000 bank of issue and discount? If the shareholders are to be individuals, who is to guarantee in advance what directors they will choose? And if, as has been suggested, stock in the Central Bank is to be held by other banks, is it safe to assume that the managers selected by them would be devoted to "the undivided advantage and interest of the bank"? What Mr. Ridgely says of the value in panic times of such a central institution, commanding world-wide confidence and credit, administering the government's funds and enjoying powers of elastic note-circulation, is entirely true. Probably the present humiliating partial suspension of cash payments, by nearly all the banks of the United States, could not have existed if such a Central Bank, intelligently conducted, had been in the field. But that the Central Bank either would or could have prevented financial collapse as the penalty for six years of financial recklessness, it is useless to contend. The Bank of England, with an ultra-conservative management, was able to avert neither the panic of 1847 nor that of 1866—the two most formidable financial disasters in London's history. By virtually forcing the joint-stock banks to lend fearlessly and to guarantee the Baring assets, it material-

ly allayed the panic of 1890; and its course a year ago possibly averted a London panic for this present autumn; for it "read the riot act," as Lombard Street described it, to the English banks which were putting all of their spare resources at the disposal of the "Union Pacific boom." Whether an American Central Bank could be trusted for the last-mentioned achievement, is doubtful. The Treasury, at least on that occasion, did not exert a restraining influence

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If there seems to have been undue haste in dispatching Federal troops to Goldfield, the President is, as we have already pointed out, not to blame for sending them. He had no option in the matter, after being called upon by the Governor. Since it now appears that the Governor was either needlessly frightened or otherwise misled, Mr. Roosevelt has wisely ordered a strong commission, comprising the Commissioners of Labor and Corporations and the Assistant Secretary of Commerce to go to Goldfield and ascertain the precise facts. The nation cannot afford to have a repetition of the Idaho charges that Federal troops were used without warrant of law in the interest of the mine owners, and to the injury of the miners. The President has properly, therefore, warned the colonel commanding the troops now at Goldfield that they are to be neither for nor against strikers or employers, but are simply to preserve peace and order, molesting no man who obeys the law. Nothing has as yet appeared to make it clear why the Governor was so alarmed. True it is that the last army register gives the entire strength of the Nevada National Guard as sixty-seven officers and 134 men, and that the State is thus practically without any armed force to uphold the laws. Yet there seem to have been no serious outrages, nothing more than threats. Even the story that an attempt was made to blow up the regulars as yet lacks confirmation.

More than a personal issue is raised in the discovery by agents of the Interior Department that Robert L. Owen, one of the new Oklahoma Senators, himself with Indian blood in his veins, has obtained a 3,000-acre ranch by buying up Indian allotments by means of notes payable when the Indian owners can give an unencumbered title—as they can under legislation which Owen himself is fathering. It must not be forgotten that Statehood has bad as well as good features. There are opportunities for swindling now in the eastern half of Oklahoma which did not exist when the Indians there were wards of the Federal government. Observers like the Boston *Transcript's* correspondent recently in Oklahoma, declare that the white element in the old Indian Territory constitutes the greatest internal danger for the new State. The new right of citizenship conferred upon the Indians means, in the minds of many unscrupulous whites, merely the privilege of signing away their birthright. Congress in the enabling act realized that the Indians, only just promoted from tribal ownership of land, needed to be placed on a little different basis from the other citizens. Of course, the analogy of the swimming lesson applies here almost as much as in the case of the reservation Indians. They must learn in time to look out for their own affairs. Still, if the Indian Senator is animated by the ideals of the exploiters of his race, it is a bad start for Oklahoma.

Doubtless historians will one day write amusing chapters on the benighted days when people played the piano by hand. We trust that they will not have to record also that the American nation took advantage of a number of new and important inventions in music-making to deprive composers of their rights. The question of appliances for the mechanical reproduction of music will be before Congress again this winter. There are some specious arguments used in behalf of the manufacturers of perforated music rolls and talking-machine records. The business of these men is altogether legitimate, unless from the point of view of those to whom all "canned music" is abomination. They do bring music to countless homes which never enjoyed it in any form before. But if that were a sufficient reason for the denial of copyright protection, the book pirate would be equally deserving of special privilege. He, too, by cheap editions, disseminates worthy works more widely than would otherwise be the case. Both, moreover, profit by others' initiative, circulating only those works which have already proved successful in the form which yields some return to the author. If Congress adopts the theory of Representative Currier's bill, which puts all music at the mercy of the makers of perforated rolls, phonographs, and other such mechanical contrivances, Congress might, for just the same reasons, repeal our entire copyright law.

Samuel Gompers returned, at the dinner of the Civic Federation Monday night, to an old mutton of his. It is that wages must not, under any circumstances, be reduced. Workingmen, he said, are not responsible for the panic, and they do not propose to submit to any cutting down of their earnings. Every one must have a great deal of sympathy with the plight of laboring men overtaken by an industrial setback. Especially is there reason for such a feeling after a period of artificially high prices. Whether these result from speculation, or are temporarily screwed up by a protective tariff, the result is equally hard upon workingmen. Yet the kindest consideration for the misfortunes of wage-earners suddenly face to face with depression, must not blind us to the absurdity of such a protest in their behalf. Let it be noted, to begin with, that his plan is squarely at variance with the practice of many labor unions—and, of course, it is only for organized labor that Mr. Gompers pretends to speak. It is a common thing for trades unions to make agreements with employers whereby wages shall vary as the price of the product. This is of the essence of the "sliding scale" of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. The same principle enters into the fixing of the wages of coal-miners, and was, indeed, recognized by the commission appointed at the time of the anthracite coal strike. We have at this moment another illustration in the case of the copper-miners of the Lake Superior region. Their wages have been reduced, and they have accepted the cut without a murmur, because the price of copper has fallen 50 per cent. Moreover, the head of the American Federation of Labor cannot avoid the language and the arguments of a monopolist. Who but a monopolist would venture, at such a juncture, to say to the American people that, whatever their hardships, and however much their income might be reduced, he would not consent to share at all in the common privations, but would insist upon the highest price for what he had to sell? If the Beef Trust should take such a position, we should know what to think of it. Why should we have a different opinion of its arrogant defiance of public opinion when it is taken by a would-be Labor Trust? It is not probable that Mr. Gompers is really deceived by his own fallacies. As a sensible man, he must perfectly understand that it is impossible to single out the working classes as the only ones that shall not suffer in pocket and comfort at a time like this. We are all bound up together, and no class can claim immunity from the general misfortune. We have had our years of inflation, and are now confronted with the disagreeable but necessary process of liquidation. The high wages of labor will, in their turn, have to be liquidated.

The National Child Labor Committee, we are glad to note, has deemed it wise to give up for the present its demand for a Federal child labor law. The committee's decision last year to stake everything on getting a law through Congress was unfortunate; for the passage of such a measure would have discouraged State efforts for proper legislation, particularly in the South. Moreover, the value of the proposed Federal

inspection was more than doubtful, even had it been desirable to take another step toward centralizing power at Washington; and finally the choice of Senator Beveridge as the Congressional sponsor of the bill was a grievous blunder, since no student of political affairs takes the ever-youthful Senator from Indiana seriously. Now the National Child Labor Committee, on second thought, has made of the Federal inquiry into child labor, authorized on February 19 last, an excuse for suspending its activity on behalf of the Beveridge bill. It will, "for the present, take no further action with reference to national legislation until the results of the national investigation are available"; and will concentrate its efforts for the present upon State and local legislation and the attempt to secure a "Children's Bureau" in Washington.

A dispatch from New Haven states that the Yale "high livers" have got a bad blow in Dean Wright's report on scholarship. It appears that the wealthy students living in the expensive private dormitories are, in general, very poor scholars. For example, of the warnings for low scholarship given to sophomore classes between 1900 and 1903, 27 per cent. went to the rich boys in luxurious apartments, as against only 9 per cent. to those rooming on the campus. In view of this poor showing, the "high livers" are expected to be deeply dejected. But we are much mistaken if they are not, rather, elated. What does the Dean imagine they go to college for, anyway? To become pale-faced grubbers in books? Well, hardly. And to offset all the doleful figures about poor standing, they have another set which is a complete vindication of their course. Of the eighty men recently taken into the junior fraternities, seventy came from the dormitories with Persian apparatus, and only eight from the poverty-stricken rooms on the campus. The sooner our college authorities find out that in social advantages all the honor lies, the sooner they will show that they understand their Philistia.

If paper pledges are to count, the Central American Conference, which concluded its labors at Washington on Saturday, has accomplished more for peace in exactly one month than the august Hague assembly did in five. But amity and war have before followed each other so closely in Central America as to render an unrestrained optimism in the matter impossible. Yet the work of the Conference enjoys the better chances of survival because it does not attempt to bring about a sudden consolidation of five warring republics into a single state. Peace in the troubled Caribbean countries is to be established by the practical mode of reconciling and consolidating conflicting interests. The neutralization of Honduras is probably meant to save that country from being made a battle-ground between its quarrelsome neighbors on either side, Guatemala and Nicaragua; though the interposition of equally bellicose Salvador between the two republics does not entirely deprive them of the possibility of getting at each other. The institution of a permanent peace tribunal, with jurisdiction over all matters of contention, is welcome. Useful, too, are treaties providing for a system of extradition which should prevent the soil of one republic being made a recruiting ground for rebellion against another state; the development of a correlated system of higher education; the establishment of a Central American bureau of information; the harmonious adjustment of tariff schedules; and the development in common of means of transport and communication. In the "Fraternity of Central America" which was spontaneously created at a banquet to the delegates, and which consists of Mr. Root, Mr. Buchanan, the Mexican Ambassador at Washington, and the Mexican Forcign Minister, it is not impossible to discern an informal body of guarantors of the newly-concluded agreement.

English politics may be entering on a new phase, like our own. With the Irish question pressing threateningly, and with the Parliamentary programme for the next session yet unfixed, the Ministry can ill spare its chief. If Campbell-Bannerman's disability should be much prolonged it would almost certainly lead to a reconstruction of the Cabinet. It is true that enthusiastic Liberals are saying that they would prefer Sir Henry ill to any other Premier well, but that cannot last. Something of the same sort was said early in the last century, when Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister and fell ill. The result, however, was a break-up of the Ministry in a few months. That experience will almost surely be repeated now, if Campbell-Bannerman does not soon come back from Biarritz able-bodied. There has been some loose talk about keeping him on as a "Premier without a portfolio," but Sir Henry's hard sense would be the first to pronounce against the possibility of that.

A brief dispatch from Paris quotes unofficial authority for the conclusion of a treaty between the British and French governments providing for mutual assistance in the prevention of tax-dodging, especially with regard to inheritance duties and the income tax. This, if we are not in error, is quite a new phase of treaty-making. Extradition treaties we know, and conventions regulating the right of expatriation and the obligation of naturalized American subjects to military service in their native land, are, of course, common; but this is the first instance of the recreant capitalist's being placed on an equality with the forger and the assassin. The signatories to the new treaty have probably reasoned that capital, because of its very fluidity, must be dealt with in some such international fashion. So far as France is concerned, the treaty may be not unconnected with the proposed income tax law which has now been the subject of bitter discussion for over a year. A leading argument of the opponents of the measure has been that the Caillaux law—so called after its sponsor, the present Minister of Finance—will drive French capital across the frontiers. Within France there would be little chance for evasion, owing to the extensive inquisitorial powers conferred by the proposed law on the revenuo officials. French cartoonists have represented silver-haired old ladies with red-hot irons applied to the soles of their feet, or little boys of four confronted by three fiercely moustachioed gendarmes, one of whom is saying: "If you don't tell us where your papa has hidden his money, we will take away your little wooden horse."

What appeared to be a threatening situation in Natal a short time ago has been averted by the surrender of Dinizulu, who has been held responsible for a renewal of native unrest. The attitude of the Zulu king during the uprising of last year caused the British much uneasiness, since, without taking the field, he was suspected of having fomented the insurrection. It is lucky that hostilities were avoided. By the world at large, a second Zulu uprising within two years would have been taken as indicating a state of native affairs in Natal that called for more broad-minded dealing than the colonial authorities were willing to enter upon. The Zulus are notably warlike and insubordinate; yet after the terrible lesson of last year it would be something else than martial ardor that could impel them to take the field once more against mounted infantry and machine guns. Whether the hut tax that was the cause of last year's uprising is an unjust burden or not has been variously debated. But in any case prudence would dictate to the Natal authorities not to risk an upheaval that might easily spread over all of British South Africa. The newly constituted governments in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony have shown no disposition to embrace a liberal policy toward the natives, and the Imperial government has seen fit to reserve all future legislation on the subject for its own consideration, that is, for a possible Imperial veto.

A CLEAR FIELD.

President Roosevelt has screwed down the coffin of third-term hopes. By renewing with emphasis his statement of 1904, he has made it impossible for any man hereafter to talk about nominating him without insulting him. There will still be mutterings, of course, from exposed prophets and disappointed sycophants, but the thing is settled. The political field is cleared. For the first time in twelve years, a Republican National Convention will meet not simply to register a foregone conclusion.

This will at once lead to a great quickening of interest in the contest. The friends of various candidates will redouble their activity. General talk about availability will have to give way to actual demonstration of strength—strength both in popular sentiment and in ability to command practical support. This is the main reason why, in our judgment, the movement in favor of Gov. Hughes should immediately be given a new aspect. Thus far, it has been passive; taking note of the deep impression which he has made upon all parts of the country; observing the remarkable unanimity of States with favorite sons in making him second choice; waiting for the heavy hand of the President to be removed. But now it is time that active work were done by those well-wishers of the Republican party and of the nation who desire to see Mr. Hughes made the candidate for the Presidency.

On the barest grounds of political expediency his title might be urged. The Republicans are, in any case, going to have a hard row to hoe next year. They will have to encounter the argument of hard times. This is always formidable against the party in power; it will be doubly hard for the Republicans, after their record and their boasts, to overcome. Any one can see by the way in which Bryan's spirits are rising that he expects to harp next year upon the Republican panic and the Republican depression. Now, the only way to meet such tactics is, not to put forward a rival in harum-scarum shouting, but a man who has shown himself strong and cool and steady, and in whom the great mass of conservative people, doubtful about the past and timorous about the future, can be induced to repose their confidence.

Gov. Hughes seems, in fact, as if cut out by nature to be an after-panic nominee. He is progressive, but sure-footed. It is his illustration of slow-going but constructive reform, as against the hurricane variety, which has made people all over the land look to him as the type of mind and the style of executive which times of upheaval and uncertainty demand. It is clear and firm administration, with few but well-considered measures of new legislation, that Gov. Hughes has stood for; and only a programme along those lines can have any hope of winning against Bryan next year. Lord Cromer, in a recent speech, told a story to exemplify the two types of statesmanship:

> A conjurer exhibited in London some few years ago. He invited one of the audience to lend him his hat. He then, to all appearances, cut it into small pieces, and eventually, of course, gave it back to the owner uninjured. He then invited any one among the audience to do the same. A young officer of the army stepped on to the platform and said he would like to try. He borrowed a hat from a confiding old gentleman, and cut it into small pieces. Then he stepped down from the stage with the remark: "I can only do the cutting up part. I leave the rest to the professional conjurer." The owner of the hat was not altogether satisfied.

We have had too many public men in recent years who could only do "the cutting up part." The fragments, which prove their skill, lie all about. A man who can keep things whole is now pretty generally desiderated; and no one in sight fills the bill better than Gov. Hughes.

He himself, we make no manner of doubt, will refuse to be an active candidate. Sticking to his job, he will give himself wholly to the work of the office which he now holds. But as that originally gave him strength with the people, it will now only heighten it. But his friends will bestir themselves in his behalf, and the eyes of all Republicans will be turned to New York. The delegation of this State is likely to be for Hughes; and, with the strong prepossession in his favor in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, and in Indiana, there is good hope that the Empire State will again be able to give to the nation a great servant.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE TARIFF.

Already it is evident that those who think the tariff question can be put away in camphor until after the next Presidential election, are living in a fool's paradise. The thing will down at no man's bidding. It is not only tariff-reformers who insist upon keeping up the discussion. Tariff-bigots do the same thing. Last week in the Senate, resolutions were introduced by Senator Gallinger which were, in effect, an attack upon the Administration for having temporarily composed our tariff differences with Germany. It was done by mutual concessions. The German Government agreed not to apply its maximum duties to our exports, and in return we agreed to give up the vexatious and often outrageous marking up of the valuations of German invoices. But did anybody suppose that the Protective Tariff League would let such a reasonable adjustment pass without shrill protests? Foreign goods have been let into the sacred preserves; and so we see the President and Secretary of State denounced as traitors to the protectionist cause, and Senator Gallinger is put forward to make the fight for the whole-hog tariff. The spirit of the high protectionists is like that of the champions of slavery, who, just before it was about to fall forever, asserted with noble rage that it must not be attacked in any particular.

If the tariff beneficiaries and the protectionist fanatics will not let the question sleep, certainly reformers cannot fail to press home the truth at every opportunity. Never was the chance finer to strike against tariff injustice. By accident, the protectionists have been able to enlist on their side the superstition that a high tariff means prosperity. But now, by accident, that political argument, fallacious but effective, has been taken away from them. Depression has come with the tariff at its highest. Manufactures are crippled, men are being thrown out of work or having their wages cut down, with protection powerless to prevent it. The popular delusion on that subject should now be shattered irreparably; and the country should be ready to hear the truth with a more unbiassed mind.

Moreover, every door that a protectionist President would open by a crack, simply demands to be flung wide. Mr. Roosevelt came out for the removal of all duties on every forest-product. He would not only make white paper, but lumber, cheaper; and this on the incidental ground of the threatened exhaustion of our home supply. In forest products, however, we are not approaching an absolute limit, since we have millions of acres adapted to the growth of such products, and the science of forestry is rapidly advancing. But with coal and iron the case is different. Nature is not making new beds of coal to take the place of those which we are so rapidly using up. The same may be said of various other mineral products. Yet we get no word from the President urging the removal of tariff duties from the supplies from other countries. If the pulp of the newspaper could be made of coal, possibly he would have remembered the tariff on coal.

In his implied recommendation that the tariff on art be abolished, the President made another halting concession, where every consideration of logic and good sense should have carried him further. The tariff on books, scientific instruments, and other such aids to the progress of civilization is even more barbarous than the tariff on art. No one is better aware than the President of the absurdity and the positive injury of such duties, nor will his reasons for delay until after the Presidential election apply to them.

A pungent article in the Portland *Oregonian*, which has been a stout defender of Mr. Roosevelt, though it is for tar-

iff revision, shows how topic after topic in the President's message really led him up to the iniquities of the tariff, though he refrained from following the argument. The President dwells upon the evils of large and secret campaign contributions. But who have been the notorious corrupters of the suffrage through large gifts of money to politicians? Who but the tariff barons? President Roosevelt himself took their checks, and has thus far yielded to their demand that he leave untouched the tariff which they bought and paid for. The President talks much about "equalizing opportunity," yet what inequality is so gross as the privilege purchased by a few to enrich themselves, through tariff laws, at the expense of the many? Mr. Roosevelt opposes Socialism, yet nothing could do more to provoke an active socialistic movement than a law to make a government tax a means of private enrichment and oppression. The *Oregonian* sums up:

> The revision of the tariff is the greatest moral and economic issue before the nation to-day. The people demand it. Morality demands it. The obvious principles of justice demand it. Yet Mr. Roosevelt dismisses this supreme question in a paragraph.

One of the weaknesses of the President's gingerly treatment of the revision of the tariff is his implied view that any given duty is a vested right of its beneficiary. Hence no change must be made until after "due notice." Hence, also, the need of having the tariff revised only by its friends. But there is no reforming edge in all this. We do not wait to serve due notice upon a man who is picking our pockets. Nor do we leave it to highwaymen to revise their own code. In the present temper of the American people, the tariff as a vested wrong has a better chance of being considered on its demerits than for many years. Prophesiers of smooth things will urge that we keep quiet about it, or wait indefinitely, relying upon promises as false as dicer's oaths, but the issue is irrepressible.

SOUTHERN PEONAGE AND IMMIGRATION.

Southern disappointment at the obvious failure of the plan to bring into the South large numbers of foreign immigrants has been intensified by the recent report of Assistant Attorney-General Russell upon the subject of peonage. His statement of the facts as he found them is described as a deliberate conspiracy on the part of the Federal government to keep all foreign immigrants away from the South. To those of us who are used to hearing politicians lay upon our immigrants the blame for about all our national shortcomings, this complaint sounds almost comical. But in view of the open opposition of the Italian government to the settlement of Italians in the South and the recent blacklisting of Missouri and Mississippi by Austria and Hungary, it is not surprising that the South is wincing and that it should be inclined to call somebody to account.

It is not yet a year ago that certain States, notably South Carolina and Georgia, announced with a great flourish of trumpets that they were going to solve the labor and race problems by importing foreigners *en masse*. The arrival of a German steamship at Charleston with a cargo of immigrants was hailed as the beginning of a new era. Articles appeared all over the country condoling with the negro, or rejoicing over his certain economic extinction by the European invader. About the same time, however, the Italian government was sending representatives into the Southern States to see for themselves the conditions under which expatriated citizens lived. As a result of these investigations, the government threw its entire weight against recruiting for the South, and particularly for "colonies." Especially in Louisiana it found that the plight of the Italian laborers was unfortunate. It cannot, of course, dictate where any individual shall settle; it can, however, throw its influence in any given direction by means of its inspectors and the government officer who accompanies every steamer bearing Italian emigrants.

It was not only that there were some colonies or groups of Italians whose situation bordered on peonage, but that the general conditions of life were unfavorable. In some places the "dagoes" were regarded as about on a par with "niggers," and the treatment of them corresponded. Again, in Mississippi and Arkansas particularly, the absence of good food, of good roads, and efficient schools, together with the lack of all the amenities of life which go to make the existence of the very poor in Italy full of color, music, and variety, gave so cheerless an impression that the Italian government was bound to discourage its citizens from going to these States. Then came Secretary Bonaparte's chilling decision that a State could import immigrants, but could not guarantee them work. And when Mr. Russell came along and reported that the laws of the Southern States are used in various ways "to uphold peonage and other kinds of involuntary servitude," he was naturally denounced for this, and for urging that these statutes be amended "so as to be harmless for the purpose of enslaving workmen." This was the last straw.

Naturally, Southern newspapers have resorted to the *tu quoque*. The Charleston *News and Courier* wants to know why the North does not stamp out the "infamous 'white slave' trade, a traffic restricted to Northern cities." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* avers that there are Italians working on the Northern Pacific Railroad under padrones, and "dimly remembers" to have read some serious strictures on the padrone system. The New Orleans *Picayune* rages for nearly two columns against the use of the whole Federal government to discredit the South, but gets consolation by suddenly discovering that the South does not want to get low foreign hordes at all; that "God is good to the South," and that in the long run the foreigners will soon displace the native-born Northerners, who will then seek refuge in the South!

Instead of formulating such fantastic theories, the statesmanlike way is for the South to rid itself of peonage; to put the North, with its "white slave" trade, to shame by making impossible within its borders any human slavery. Finally, the South might ascertain precisely the reasons which compelled the Italian government to its decision, and then clean house so thoroughly that hereafter those objections would be removed.

The truth is that the South is now paying for its failure to treat its own labor supply well. Too small this supply is, and often too inefficient. But there is only one method of making labor efficient, and that is by making it content and intelligent. Nothing is so wasteful as unwilling labor, whether of slave or peon. The lash never produced in the South the efficiency of its workmen of to-day, inspired as they are by self-interest. If this labor is to become more effective, it can only be made so by being given better opportunities, greater freedom, the protection of the laws, and—above all—a share in the government. The trained Italian observers cannot have failed to note that in a professed republic thousands of its citizens are deprived of the ballot because of their color, are at the mercy of lynch law, and, being poor and powerless, are in many communities being pushed downwards instead of being helped upwards. Is it surprising that Italy thinks the South has not yet learned how to treat workingmen properly? It avails not to reproach the North for its manifest sins; that will bring no more labor South. As the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* puts it, "the South will never come into its own industrially and economically until every vestige of slavery is removed from it."

MACEDONIA.

The assassination of Boris Sarafoff, the most noted Bulgarian champion of Macedonian freedom, by a supposed fellow-revolutionist, is typical of the cruel complex of factors that has made the pacification of Macedonia so desperate a problem. Macedonia is not Armenia. The comparatively simple situation of a Christian populace subjected to Otto-

man misgovernment and persecution is not duplicated in the Balkan peninsula. For the last five years, Macedonia has been made a land of massacre and pillage, not by contending Turkish and Christian forces, but by bands representing the various Christian nationalities in the peninsula. It has been Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian, pitted against each other far more often than against the Turk, to whom the monstrously anomalous conditions have greatly appealed, and for obvious reasons. To divide and rule has been the historical method of the despot. But few despots in history have been so fortunate as Abdul Hamid II. in being spared the necessity even of sowing dissension among their enemies. That work has been done for the Turks by the jealousies of the European Powers and the fierce hatreds that hold apart the Balkan nations. If sanguinary strife is to prevail not only between race and race, but between individual leaders in the same camp, as the murder of Sarafoff attests, it is apparent that the Porte has no cause for immediate worry.

The present difficulties date from the Macedonian revolution of 1903. The intervention of the Powers brought about a cessation of hostilities in November of that year, after 15,000 Bulgarians had perished in the course of some seven months' fighting. Russia and Austria, as the mandatories of the European Concert, imposed on the Turkish government the so-called Mürzsteg programme, providing, among other things, for the appointment of two civil agents in attendance upon the Turkish inspector-general, Hilmi Pasha, in order to study conditions in the three Macedonian vilayets, and to report thereon to their respective governments; the reorganization of the gendarmerie under a foreign general in the service of the Turkish government, to whom other European officers should be attached; and, when peace had been reëstablished, the redistribution of the administrative divisions in the three vilayets, "with a view to a more regular grouping of the various nationalities." Of these reforms the first two have been formally introduced, but allowed to remain practically ineffective, while the third has become a force for actual and serious harm. The civil agents have sent voluminous reports to their governments, the foreign police officers have been paid their stipends and kept sedulously away from everything in the nature of police work, and the promised "redistribution" of racial frontiers has set the Bulgarians, the Greeks, and the Servians at each others' throats.

Just why such internecine warfare should have resulted, is clearly enough indicated in the joint note on Macedonia addressed to the Powers by Russia and Austria on September 28 last. After quoting the terms of the Mürzsteg programme with regard to the future rearrangement of the Macedonian administrative divisions, it declares:

> The revolutionary committees have abandoned their struggle against the Ottoman government, and entered upon a course of racial warfare, with the apparent design of extending, each nationality for itself, its own sphere of influence, in order that such extension, factitious though it may be, and most often carried through by force rather than by the free will of the inhabitants, might serve as the basis for a future delimitation which would take into account the formal announcement by any element of the population of its sympathies as Bulgarian, Servian, or Greek.

To prove the nullity of such efforts at conquest, the Austro-Russian mandatories assert that no territorial delimitation will take place in Macedonia until the complete cessation of guerrilla activity and the thorough pacification of the country; that such delimitation would be in no sense a repartition of Macedonia into national spheres, but merely a readjustment of administrative geographical units of altogether secondary importance, and that in any case such delimitation would absolutely leave out of account the changes in the racial sympathies of the inhabitants effected by the activity of the guerrilla bands. To this statement the Balkan governments have presented the inevitable diplomatic reply. Servia regretted the deplorable state of affairs in Macedonia, but begged to point out that Bulgarian bands had been in the field before the announcement of the Mürzsteg programme in 1903, and that the Servian population had been driven to take up arms in self-defence. Greece begged to express its appreciation of the "lofty sense of equity" that animated the mandatory powers, but wished to state that the Bulgarian bands had begun to war against the Greek element in Macedonia as early as 1897. Bulgaria could not forget the fact that the great bulk of the people of Macedonia is Bulgarian. And there the matter rests.

The truth is that responsibility for the present chaos rests on Greeks, Bulgarians, and Servians alike. Five years of sanguinary conflict have served to obscure the question of initial right and wrong. Each party can now point to its martyrs. The only undisputed fact is that the people of Macedonia almost alone pay the awful cost. Competent observers declare that the years of the "Reform" have been far worse than the years of the "Insurrection." That hurricane of repression slew its thousands; the "Reform" is slaying its tens of thousands. According to Sir Edward Grey, two hundred murders a month—promiscuous murder, of men, women, and children—is the average, and that is declared to be rather an underestimate. In the vilayet of Monastir the murders in 1906 numbered eleven hundred. In the vilayet of Kossovo it was somewhat less. C. F. G. Masterman, an English M.P., writes to the London *Nation* from personal observation:

> Parts of Russia may reveal some similar statistics; but there the innocent are mostly left alone, or only killed by accident. Revolutionaries kill officials, and are killed by them. But in Macedonia it is rarely the guilty who suffer. The harmless peasant working in the fields, his wife and sleeping children, form the staple material of the massacred. If a band kills a Turk there will be reprisals. If an Exarchist village is converted—by murder—to the Patriarchal supremacy, it is very sure that retaliation will follow. But the reprisals will descend promiscuously upon any peasants who happen to provide material for slaughter, and the "conversion" will probably operate on a community who know nothing of the causes of their disturbance.

No other remedy suggests itself but the institution of a force of gendarmerie that shall be European throughout, and free to act on its own initiative, as the present police officers are not. Pressure must be exerted on the two mandatory Powers. The guardians should be guarded in turn. To expect the warring Balkan nationalities to lay down their arms voluntarily is vain. In the first place, too much blood has already been shed to permit a speedy reconciliation of differences. In the second place, the Balkan governments are apparently convinced that, in spite of protestations to the contrary, any repartition of Turkish territory will be accomplished only on the basis of the *status quo*, and that with the prevailing cheapness of life in the Balkans, it is a good policy to face the future with the *fait accompli* as much as possible in one's favor. Such hopes lead Greek merchants to send lavish patriotic contributions from every part of the world, and impel the Bulgarian government to "wink" at the activity of its numerous bands. Guerrilla chaos as a policy in Macedonia has the supposed double advantage of hastening the end of the Turk and advancing the cause of a particular nationality.

A NEW ERA FOR THE CONGO.

The Belgian Parliamentary Commission which has in hand the drafting of a colonial bill has not quite finished its labors, but already we know the main provisions of the measure that is to terminate Leopold's misrule in the Congo. Briefly stated, the problem of the Congo for the last year or more has been whether the personal influence of Leopold II. was to continue paramount even after the annexation of the state by Belgium, or whether the new régime should be one of Parliamentary control in fact as well as in name. In England, where the Congo reform agitation practically has its home, there was, up to a very short time ago, a tendency to distrust the motives of the Belgian King and of the majority in the Parliamen-

tary Commission. Driven by outraged public opinion to make concessions in one direction, King Leopold was represented as seeking to perpetuate his malign influence in other directions. He was, for example, accused of ceding to private companies, in which he was interested, the whole of the Domain of the Crown, on conditions that would render that vast section of the Congo practically independent of Belgian control. That story has been shown to be more or less false, and, on the whole, the Belgian King, during these last few months, has not been given his entire due.

On this subject we may note a remarkable change in English public opinion within the last few weeks. As late as November 7 the London *Times*, which has been an uncompromising critic of conditions in the Congo, published a solemn appeal to the nation, signed, among others, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Charles W. Dilke, and the Lord-Mayors of Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, York, Newcastle, and Sheffield. The appeal enumerated the oft-repeated charges against the system of King Leopold, and then went on to criticise the inadequacy of the measures contemplated by the Belgian Parliament:

> The proposals of the Belgian government are now seen (by the Colonial Law) to leave the present system unchanged in all its vital features, with no check at all upon autocratic control in so far as native administration is concerned; and a majority on the Parliamentary Commission charged with the examination of these proposals has been found willing to concede to autocracy what autocracy required above all—financial control. . . . These and other measures would appear to indicate the grave peril that Belgium may be formally committed to such a course as may be disastrous to the supreme human issues at stake, and make it impossible in the opinion of the signatories for our government to acquiesce in what is taking place.

Only twelve days after the publication of the appeal, the Brussels correspondent of the *Times*, whose dispatches had been as uniformly severe in tone as the words we have quoted, telegraphed that, while it was still "possible that certain modifications may be introduced on the second reading, taken as a whole, the bill as it now stands represents a remarkable triumph of the party which has been fighting the battle of Parliamentary control versus absolutism. When it passes into law, Parliament will have the right to intervene in any matter relating to the colony."

The Belgian colonial bill, like every other document, is, of course, subject to varying interpretation. And, according as one is or is not willing to credit the Belgian Parliamentary majority with good faith in the task it is now engaged upon, the estimate of the ultimate benefit of the bill will differ. Just how wide a difference the initial point of view may bring about appears when we turn to the remarks on the colonial bill by E. D. Morel, published together with the text of the bill in the "Official Organ of the Congo Reform Association." The vital portion of the bill is contained in Article II., which declares that the legislative power in the colonial possessions of Belgium is exercised by the King in the forms specified within the bill; Article III., which declares that power is exercised by decrees, issued with certain exceptions when the Cabinet has charge, by the Colonial Minister; and Article V., which declares that no act of the King can have effect unless countersigned by the Minister, who by that alone makes himself responsible. On these articles Mr. Morel comments: "From the above it will be seen that the legislative and executive power is just as wholly in the King's hands as it was before." Whereas the *Times* correspondent is of the opinion that "by this clause [Article V.] the Belgian Chamber obtains similar powers to those exercised by the House of Commons."

Indubitably, the bill contains features which might have been replaced by more radical provisions. Such, for instance, is Article VIII., which leaves the annual budget still to be drawn up by the King. Nevertheless, he does not retain absolute financial control. The same clause provides that the salary of the Colonial Minister and the expenses of the central colonial administration in Belgium form a special budget which will be submitted every year to the vote of the Chambers. Parliament is thereby given the power to interpellate the Minister on the entire sphere of colonial administration, and, in case of sharp conflict, to refuse to vote supplies for carrying on colonial administration in Brussels. A Colonial Minister and a Colonial Council might conceivably hold out after supplies had been refused by Parliament; but even Leopold II. would hesitate before entering on a constitutional conflict with his Chambers. Finally, the King's control over finances is further limited by the important proviso that "decrees authorizing loans chargeable to or guaranteed by the colony, and works to be paid for out of extraordinary resources, shall be issued only on the proposal of the Ministers in council." On the whole, then, the near beginning of a brighter era in the Congo may be expected.

One great question, however, still awaits solution at the hands of the Belgian Parliament before the Congo can be regarded as a modern colony. The problem was well stated in a note by Sir Harry Johnston appended to the appeal from which we have quoted:

> The thesis at the back of the present system, viz., that the ownership of all the commercial resources and produce of the Congo above Stanley Pool is and remains vested in individuals residing in Europe, must find no place in any future scheme of administration.

That is a just position to take, and it is for the Belgian people, now that it is about to obtain control of the Congo, to show that the old evils will not be perpetuated. Royal extortion or Parliamentary extortion—to the natives of the Congo the process under any name would remain just as unpleasant.

THE PLEASANT PRACTICE OF READING ALOUD.

"The pleasant practice of reading aloud," says a recent writer, "is one that is now falling into disuse." It is easy to adduce reasons why. For one thing, we are in too much of a hurry. He is a true child of the present day, that Columbia professor who maintains that to read a book through is to exhibit a touching and commonly misplaced confidence in the author. From most books, our learned friend declares, you can get all that is worth while by turning the leaves pretty rapidly and, so to speak, eating out the heart. This skeptic would doubtless maintain that to spend time reading the book through aloud is reckless extravagance; and to that view many other persons must assent. Our *a priori* argument as to why the pleasant practice should decline is fortified by the testimony of a Harvard expert, who some fifteen years ago used to talk to freshmen about "The Obsolescent Art of Reading Aloud." Presumably, his conclusions were the result of exhaustive research, after the most approved manner of modern scholarship; and if his protests have not arrested the evil tendency we may believe that by 1907 the art is entirely obsolete in and around Cambridge. But in less enlightened and progressive parts of the country—the intellectual backwaters—the custom may still linger, a survival of an age of leisure and of child-like faith in authors. Stevenson tells of a Welsh blacksmith who at the age of twenty-five could neither read nor write. But when he heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farm kitchen, he "painfully learned to read Welsh and returned to borrow the book." It had been lost, and he could find only a copy in English; yet so strong was the spell that had been cast upon him, that down he sat once more and learned English. We may match this with a passage from Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors":

> I know that in a remote and even Pictish part of this kingdom, a rural household, humble and under the shadow of a sorrow inevitably approaching, has found in "David Copperfield" oblivion of winter, of sorrow, and of sickness.

The Welsh blacksmith and the Scottish family we may take as types. There are persons of far more abundant æsthetic resources who nevertheless share

their simple tastes and prefer to prolong the enjoyment of a good book, to sip it rather than swallow it at a gulp.

And in spite of our deference to the authority of the Columbia pundit, we hold that there are plenty of books to be sipped. History, we confess, is likely to prove rather a stiff dose. We all remember how in "Alice in Wonderland" the Mouse offered to the wet animals the driest thing he knew:

> William the Conqueror, whose cause was favored by the Pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and who had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—

But this is not to say that Macaulay in the mouth of the right reader would not hold the attention of an intelligent listener through the whole five volumes. For the most part, however, the books for the living voice are essays, letters, diaries, biography, fiction, and poetry. In prose the choice would commonly fall on the writing that is relieved by touches of humor. For essays our own selection—though we have space for but few names—would be first those of Lamb and Hazlitt. Irving, too, is always happy, even if somewhat tenuous. Of their modern disciples we prefer Thackeray of the "Roundabout Papers," Alexander Smith, and Stevenson, and—*longo intervallo*—Lang and Augustine Birrell. In the graver vein there is Newman in the "Apologia," "The Idea of a University," "Essays Critical and Historical," and "Historical Sketches." His sentences fall on the ear with singular charm and persuasiveness. Matthew Arnold, particularly in "Culture and Anarchy," "Friendship's Garland," and the two series of "Essays in Criticism," is steadily entertaining; and so are Walter Bagehot and Leslie Stephen; and so, too, is Huxley, whose merits as a stylist are hardly yet appreciated. From Arnold and Huxley it is a short step to the book which occupied so much of their thought, the Bible. The best of this, as we have said before, is the best there is. The Bible and the "Imitation" respond to our more serious moods with unmatched aptness and eloquence.

In letters, diaries, biography, and fiction it is safe to pick out almost any of the old favorites: the letters of Swift to Stella, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Cowper, Byron, Shelley, Lamb, and so on down to Stevenson; the diary of Fanny Burney; Boswell's Johnson, Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Trevelyan's Macaulay; and all the good novels. First on the list are the novels of clever characterization and vivacious dialogue; and in this class nothing is better for reading aloud than Jane Austen, so animated and witty that even her bores are amusing. Quite at the other pole stands Wilkie Collins, his characters mere empty masks, his dialogue a machine for unravelling the mystery, his stories, in short, devoid of graces of style and offering us the interest of plot at almost its lowest terms. Yet we have seen a set of Wilkie Collins with faint pencilled memoranda, like the following, at the beginning and the end of nearly every one of the thirty volumes:

> Dear Helen commenced reading this wonderful tale Saturday, 7 P. M., April 27, 1895.
>
> My dear Helen finished this story Monday evening, May 6, 1895.

The hand is feeble and uncertain, like that of age or infirmity; and not long after the date of the last entry the books were offered at auction. Who "My dear Helen" was and who her eager listener, and why the reading stopped, we shall never know; but we may guess that Collins, as well as Dickens, has brought forgetfulness of pain, and perhaps even happiness under the shadow of the inevitably approaching end.

As for poetry, reading aloud is the only way. The difference between poetry read thus and read to one's self is the difference between hearing music played and quietly studying the score. The rhythm and the rhyme, the pomp and movement of the verse, lose half their effect without the interpretation of the voice. Indeed, the only poetry that we make our own, the poetry whose cadences cling in the memory, is that which we have read aloud or heard read; its imagery is ever visible to the inner eye, its melody dwells in the inner ear. And this perhaps is one reason why the books read aloud to us in childhood make so deep an impression and so profoundly affect our taste. It is not merely that our senses are unworn and tender; it is that the sound itself has reinforced the idea. The hymns we sang in Sunday-school, the poetry of the school reader, the declamations of Friday afternoon—for many of us these have set once for all the standard of literary excellence. And age and experience and wide ranging through many famous volumes can never bring us back to that high-water mark of pleasure in books.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, December 6.

There are a few gleanings to be made among late autumn books, before the holiday season sweeps all away with its flood of commonplace. As usual the Revolution, or something directly preceding or following it, furnishes matter the most fruitful and piquant. Frantz Funck-Brentano finally expands his original researches in historic French outlawry into a notable volume on Mandrin, the captain-general of the "contrebandiers de France." The names of Mandrin and of Cartouche long since entered into popular legend in France, like those of Jonathan Wild and Claude Duval in England. The real story of the man, with his six expeditions laughing at the King's taxes and customs all along the Dauphiné frontier, is here brought down to sober history from the complete and often new and unpublished documents in the case. It shows better than many theoretic essays the fundamental disorganization of the Old Régime, and helps to explain away what still seems the miraculous explosion of the Revolution. François Vincent Toussaint's contemporary "Anecdotes curieuses de la cour de France sous le règne de Louis XV." were published expensively in their original text, with plates some years ago; they are now reprinted in a popular edition, with notes by Paul Fould. To the wise man—*verbum sap sapienti*—they offer further explanations of the downfall of all monarchy and nobility in France. "La Comtesse de Mirabeau (1752-1800)," written from unpublished documents, by Dauphin Meunier, has more solid interest from the overshadowing personality of the popular tribune whose life, private and public, was an enormous tragedy to her as well as to King and people. "François Buzot (1760-1794)," by Jacques Hérissay, tells also for the first time completely the tragic history of the Girondin lover of Madame Roland. Readers of Lamartine, who had more literature than documentary history, will be glad to rectify their acquaintance with truth, which is indeed more heart-rending than legend. Two industrious book compilers, A. Savine and Fr. Bournand, open the new "Collection historique illustrée" with a volume on "Le 9 Thermidor," from documents of archives and memoirs. It gives in popular form, and at first hand, an account of the fall of Robespierre and the end of the Terror, without passing over the women in the event. "La Police sécrète du Premier Empire," made up of the daily bulletins presented by Fouché to Napoleon during the years 1804-5, now appears in the light of day, edited by Ernest d'Hauterive.

The transition from universal revolution in government, laws, and manners, to its inevitable consequence in letters is marked in a very competent book by a young writer, whom previous works in literary history have accredited—"Charles Nodier et le groupe romantique," by Michel Salomon. When the boy Nodier begs the life of a lady from his revolutionary father, we see that guillotining also went by influence in the first days of universal suffrage; and with Victor Hugo and the rest of the grown man's company we see the genesis of the new literature. "Coleridge," by Joseph Aynard, covers the same period of history in the career of a man infinitely more important to English thought, and, through Englishmen, to the world. The book is one of those French university theses which turn into a masterful literary work. It is doubtful if any English writer has undertaken so complete and disinterested a view of the many-sided man who started flowing so many revolutionary streams in English literature and philosophy—and in theology most of all. M. Aynard considers him as a poet and as the first English *Romantique*; as a receptive thinker reflecting all the intellectual movements of the French Revolution and Empire; and as the initiator (under German influence) of religious evolution in England (and America) before the Oxford movement.

Taking a great leap forward in political history, we have another university thesis, which forms a substantial work of history in a field of more than technical interest,

because it is connected with the whole European policy of France until the fall of the Second Empire, and is still hotly disputed—"Lamartine et la politique étrangère de la Révolution de Février (24 Février—24 Juin, 1848)," by Pierre Quentin-Bauchart. "'70-'71. Nouvelles feuilles de route" continues Paul Déroulède's recital of his experiences in the Franco-Prussian war, from his escape from the fortress prison at Breslau to his junction with the provisional government at Bordeaux. His burning patriotism has since led the author into many troubles with a republic which is not his kind, but it only lends to the poignant interest of his narrative and sheds light on history in the making, of which we have not yet the ultimate result.

A book of solely personal histories under many régimes is "Quelques figures de femmes aimantes ou malheureuses," by that pleasant writer Téodor de Wyzewa. He communicates to the reader the thrill of his stories of queens, *grandes dames et bourgeoises*, authors' wives and *femmes de lettres;* and, separately, he presents two whose lives were tragedies.

A final book in French history has for its subject one whom the mind easily projects from his own time into the future revolution of ideas. It is the second part of "Pascal et son temps," by Prof. Fortunat Strowski of Bordeaux. The importance of the work has already been noted; this volume deals with the history of Pascal himself. The same essential subject present through all the centuries, that which alone makes Pascal of any general interest nowadays, is treated in a far different epoch, didactically and as a sober historian, by the Abbé Duchesne in the second volume of his "Histoire ancienne de l'église." It covers the period from the coming of Diocletian to the death of Theodosius, a period which had been discussed notably by the older French historian, Albert de Broglie. The texts on which the history rests are here treated at first hand, as might be expected from a cleric whose reputation has been sufficient to place him and retain him at the head of the French Classical School of Rome under the Third Republic. His frank impartiality has not prevented the Roman *imprimatur*, even after the condemnation of "Modernism"; and it will surprise only those who do not know the essential position of the Papacy in history to read here that, in the fourth century, "there was not yet a direct power, an efficacious expression of Christian unity."

A last book, perhaps the most interesting for the general public, does not concern history directly, but, rather, the reasoning of one historian in particular. The historian is Taine, whose writings have done so much to wean Frenchmen from their indiscriminate admiration of their Revolution. The critic is Alphonse Aulard, whom the Radical Socialists of the Paris Municipal Council endowed with a chair of revolutionary history at the Sorbonne—for the perpetual refutation of Taine. As this has been practically the only course on French history open to strangers, wandering English and American students are heard to say that their Paris University lectures have taught them not the history of France, but that Taine was a wretched historian of Franee. M. Aulard is strong in documents; but the application of logic to history is something else, and it remains to be seen if M. Aulard's logic is the more authentic of the two. He does not accuse Taine of intentional misrepresentation, but of a constitutional and philosophical organization of intellect rendering him incapable of perceiving the true glories of French democracy in its guillotining age.

Frédéric Masson, the *enfant terrible* of Napoleonic documents, has noted during the past week a most curious lapse on the part of several generations of documentary historians with regard to the interpretation of a simple fact, whose meaning since it was official should have been easily ascertainable. Nearly fifty years after the event, Thiers wrote that Napoleon, at his coronation, deliberately snatched the crown from the hands of the surprised Pope and clapped it on his own head. This, under various forms, has been repeated without question down to the latest volume in the accredited history of France, edited by Professor Lavisse. M. Masson declares that the fact of Napoleon placing the crown on his own head and afterwards crowning Josephine with his own hand, had been arranged beforehand, in absolute agreement with the Pope and the master of ceremonies of the occasion. Padre Renieri has found the original protocol in the Vatican archives; and M. Masson has the French documents showing that the ceremony was intended on all sides to mean that the Emperor received the crown, not from the Pope, but from *dignitaires* representing the French people. M. Masson points out that for fifty years no one dreamed of Thiers's interpretation, which seems to have been founded on a suspicion of his own, due to imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances of the fact he was narrating. But M. Masson adds with a skepticism bred of long experience, "I have no hope of seeing future historical writers abandon Thiers's version!"

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

And now it is Earl Howe who is selling his Shakespeares. His set of the four folios and a large collection of quartos, some of extreme rarity, is to be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, December 21. The twenty-eight genuine quartos include "Hamlet," 1604, second edition, only three copies known; "Hamlet," 1611; "Henry IV.," 1613; "Henry V.," 1608; "Richard, Duke of Yorke" (Henry IV., part iii.), 1600; "King Lear," 1608; "Richard II.," 1598; "Richard III.," 1597, only two perfect copies known; "Merchant of Venice," J. Roberts, 1600; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619; "Midsummer Night's Dream," James Roberts, 1600; "Pericles," 1609; "Romeo and Juliet," 1599; and "Titus Andronicus," 1611. The earl's first folio is perfect, that is, no leaves are lacking; but the leaf of verses and title are backed, some margins of several leaves are mended, and some few letters of print are injured. In size it is large, measuring 13 by 8¼ inches. It was No. 22 of Lee's "Census." In Sotheby's sale of December 12 to 14 was a copy of Mrs. Browning's first book, "The Battle of Marathon," published by her father, in an edition of fifty copies, when the author was thirteen years old. This brings the list of known copies to seven, of which five are in the United States. Sotheby's catalogue says that only one copy has ever been sold at auction and refers to C. B. Foote's copy (now Mr. White's), which brought $330 in 1895. There are, however, two other records of sale. William Harris Arnold's copy (presented by the author to S. M. Barrett) brought $425, May, 1901; and A. J. Morgan's, $410, April, 1902. The other two copies in America were both presented. One, given by the author to Miss Trepsack, the old family nurse, known in the Barrett family as "Treppy," belongs to F. R. Halsey; and the Rowfant copy, which contains an inscription, from which the name of the recipient has been partly erased, is owned by J. A. Spoor of Chicago.

The fine Dormer-Hunter copy of the First Folio (No. 13 of Lee's list), has again changed hands, and is now offered, with the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, by Dodd, Mead & Co. They have printed a pamphlet describing the set; and in it they endeavor to locate known perfect copies, "perfect" being used as by Lee to mean only that no leaves are lacking. They trace twenty in this country, of which five are in public libraries and fifteen in private hands. To this list at least one more can be added, making sixteen in private hands in America. F. K. Trowbridge of New York has a perfect copy, which he secured from J. Pearson & Co. of London, through George H. Richmond, about 1902. This was Lee's No. 147, and measures 12 3-16 by 7⅞ inches. Mr. Trowbridge also owns two perfect copies of the Second Folio (one with the rare Smethwick imprint), and fine copies of the Third and Fourth Folios, as well as several early quartos.

On December 16 and 17, the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection which is in part selections from the library of H. M. Schroeter of Los Angeles, Cal. There are no less than fifty editions of Omar Khayyám, also a number of publications of the Grolier Club, items of Americana, and first editions of Emerson and Bret Harte.

The collection of autographs and manuscripts formed by George M. Williamson of Grand View-on-Hudson, was dispersed by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city, in March, 1904. The same firm will sell his library of first editions in February next. Among books by American authors, the Hawthornes have probably been his greatest pride. The list includes "Fanshawe," 1828, Hawthorne's first book; "Peter Parley's Universal History," 1837, issued anonymously; "The Gentle Boy," 1839; "Grandfather's Chair," "Famous Old People," and "The Liberty Tree," all 1841; and "The Celestial Railroad," 1843; as well as the more common books. The Lowell items include the "Class Poem," 1838; "A Year's Life," 1841; "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," 1845; and the rarer and more valuable "Commemoration Ode," 1865, the copy given by Lowell to Bigelow, the printer. The Holmes and Longfellow collections are extensive and include presentation copies. There are few Bryant or Whittier items, but among books of the former author is the copy of "The Fountain" which Bryant gave to Charles Dickens; and among those by the latter is the rare "Mogg Megone," 1836. Of books by English authors the Dickens collection is most notable, containing one of the finest sets of "Pickwick Papers" in parts, which

has ever been offered for sale; and the "Sketches by Boz," the first one-volume edition, 1839, also in parts. The George Eliot and Brontë collections are practically complete, the Brontë "Poems" of 1846 being the rare first issue, with the imprint of Aylott & Jones. Another author in whom Mr. Williamson was especially interested is Lewis Carroll, of whose writings there are more than fifty items. A number of unusual and little-known leaflets, some with autograph annotations, were secured from the author's own library when it was sold after his death. The valuable item is, of course, the "Alice in Wonderland," the genuine first edition, with title-page dated 1865. The story that owing to the poor impressions of the illustrations, the entire edition was withdrawn from sale and distributed among London hospitals has probably no foundation in fact. What actually happened was that the first edition was purchased for the American market by D. Appleton & Co., who cut out the original 1865 English title-page and pasted on its stub a New York title-page with their name and the date 1866. The type was at once newly set for a second English edition, dated 1866, copies of which are bought and sold as the first edition. Mr. Williamson's copy, the author's own, is one of five or six known with the original title of 1865.

Correspondence.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that the elective system, however modified from its early excess, seems likely to be an actuality for many decades to come, it enters the category of those things with which one must reckon as facts, must somehow get along with. It has not, of course, established itself beside such fundamentals as the need of discipline and the like; but at its worst and weakest it stands as the temporarily accepted system. Men are prone to make the best of the inevitable, and it is the part of philosophy to seek for comfort even in the direst straits. The present outlook is far from dire, and a good deal of comfort, of one kind and another, can be extracted from it. One of the most scornful cries of those who clung to the old required curriculum was that choice was being placed in the hands of callow and frivolous youth, whereas it belonged, as of right, to experience and age. We are now in a position to ask whether there are not certain present or prospective beneficial results from the according of such choice; in other words, whether the exercise of choice does not present other aspects than, on the one hand, an added freedom for the pursuit of congenial or practical aims, and on the other, a laughable or demoralizing evasion of knowledge. Such freedom is naturally abused at first, and, perhaps, rather widely; and, by very reason of its newness and strangeness, it is, though in good faith, used unwisely. The power of choosing needs education, like any other. It is said that the student is incapable of choosing for himself—but a reasonable reply would be, that he has not yet had the chance to demonstrate either ability or disability.

If results are not yet apparent, however, after some years of the system, they should be at least defining themselves, albeit, perhaps, uncertainly. Convincing demonstration is, of course, impossible at present, for the whole matter is as yet mainly one of opinion and assertion, rather than of proof. But among observers, it is the opinion of a respectable minority that the exercise of freedom on the part of the student has been beneficial to himself and also to the teaching body. It is believed that the student is attracted by courses which have worth, although it is freely admitted that, like the rest of untutored and much of educated humanity, he naturally moves in the line of least resistance, until the value of other lines is demonstrated to him to be worth the extra effort. Again, it is thought that no small portion of the advancement in efficiency on the part of collegiate instruction, is referable to the bracing effects of a legitimate competition.

The conviction that students are not content with what is of no value is based upon the observation that they do not, as a rule, flock into easy courses when these are also dull or useless. They at least persuade themselves that, as they say, they "are getting something for their money"—any other view would be self-stultification in even the student mind. What few there are, and however conspicuous these may be, who select courses purely for their easiness, would possibly have been forced to get more under the old prescribed system; but the aim and trend of education should not be plotted in terms of such ordinates. Again, it should be borne in mind that there are other qualities about a course, and the man who gives it, than so many lines or propositions per diem, and so much police duty done. What is difficult, because obscure and whimsical, in the hands of one man, may be called easy in those of another. One famous professor used to get his students highly worked up over the shilling of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, its assay and its vicissitudes. The best teacher will not be the easiest, perhaps, but he will tend to appear easier than a less competent one, because he will enlist more—and more kinds of—curiosity and mental activity. The same thing applies to subjects: the subject that students want to hear and know about, which seizes their imagination or otherwise stimulates them, will appear easier than one which, though actually less difficult, is dry, repellent, and unhuman. Again, the time at which a subject is taken up, and its newness, may determine its popularity. Greek begun at eighteen or twenty might appeal to many to whose youthful and short-seeing minds the paradigms alone have appeared typical of the whole; even *hoti* might be tolerated if it did not occupy the whole perspective. Men who have done poorly upon subjects begun too early and robbed of their vitality, not infrequently do well upon new ones, where they are no longer under such a handicap. The work of some students, up to that time mediocre or poor, has presented a remarkable metamorphosis in senior year. Under the elective system it appears that the student is not so eager to shirk as he was in the past, though, of course, some of this difference may be due to betterment of instruction all along the line; older professors and persons whose duties have compelled observation of such matters are practically unanimous in the assertion that more and better work is being done now than ever before. In short, the elective system has not produced any evident degeneration in the student, and at the same time his power of choice seems to have received some education.

But there is another aspect of the elective system that deserves the attention of him who desiderates the old: its results in the strengthening of the college curriculum. It goes without saying that many things of the highest value can be studied in the college with an elective system which could find no place among the vested and bequeathed interests of the institution with a prescribed course. And inside the individual college or university, as well as between colleges and universities, a competition between courses and departments must take place. Such competition for numbers has been often decried, and justly so; but there is another side. Formerly a course, however dead and dry, had to be taken, together with its instructor, however aptly the latter might match the course. There was no competition, but isolation (to use evolutionary terminology), and so no selection or survival of the fitter. Now, however, selection takes place and there ensues, as it were, a certain mortality of the unfit, of both men and courses, together with adaptability and modification to a changed environment. But this means viability and progress. The course is no longer the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, nor is the instructor; both must adapt to changing conditions to survive, or they are eliminated in the competitions of disciplines and departments. Teachers and courses that were imposed upon the curriculum even a dozen years ago would not be tolerated to-day. Better and better instruction must needs be provided; closer scrutiny is imperative. The "snap-course" is not, after all, a thing which a student ought to be so righteously blamed for finding, but one which the faculty should be censured for tolerating. If the elective system can secure in any degree the selection of the fit academic personnel and the elimination of the unfit, it has already provided a good excuse for existence; and its service will be the greater if the system enforces the need of the educated educator (for whom a plea has recently appeared in your columns) as against the prevalent fetich of what is too often the narrow, or indiscriminate and trivial "researcher."

The several ramifications of this topic might be rather indefinitely developed. It is not meant to say that student judgment, unguided and uncorrected, is to be implicitly relied upon—even though those who most decry it are not seldom fain to make the advancement of younger colleagues depend upon it in default of a better (or handier) criterion. But it is fair to say that, taken as a whole, the present tendency of things seems to be justifying itself quite as well as the old, though perhaps in a different way. In any case, there is the usual chance for the apologist in behalf of things as they are.

A. G. Keller.

Yale University.

THE LEIPZIG HISTORICAL INSTITUTION

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The historical seminaries of the University of Leipzig have for many years been regarded as the best in Germany. This has been an incentive to improve them still further; and during the course of the year 1908 an Historical Institution is to be formed which will raise them beyond all emulation. This Institution is to contain four seminaries; that is, one for ancient history, one for mediæval history and secondary science, one for modern history, and one for culture and universal history. To these seminaries will be added, on completion, another for historical geography and history of Saxony.

Of the above seminaries the one for culture and universal history is to be founded at a cost of $65,000. It is to have a building to itself, the floor space of which covers upwards of 700 square yards, and contains seating accommodation for 150 persons. This seminary will treat, in the first place, German culture history; but four-fifths will be set apart for the culture and history of other nations. It goes without saying that in this seminary the closest attention will be paid to the culture and history of the United States of America.

The library for this branch will be furnished as no other in any seminary on the continent. The American student will rejoice to find here the great publications of his country, as, for example, large collections of public documents. Hand in hand with the cultivation of scientific work in connection with American history will go the delivery of lectures (which have already been given during some years past) suitable for a general audience; and in order to introduce the greater public to the intimate side of American history, semi-official lectures will be added to the ordinary. In these I shall speak of my personal experiences in America. By means of stereopticon illustrations I shall try to explain those matters important to the European understanding, such as the settlements, life in the cities and towns of the East, Middle States, and West, the physiological evolution of European nationalities, etc. These lectures will also be illustrated by about 100 picture-albums of the most important cities and features of the country. Added to this I shall give to my students different American, especially German-American, journals, which will be divided among them in order to give them an opportunity to increase their intuitive powers by personal information through the press.

In my opinion these institutions, so far as I can tell, are the best to acquaint the young German with the inner life of America of the present day; because one must commence by establishing independent opinion, although the explaining word of the teacher will lead at once to a deeper insight into the life of foreign peoples. I think that for the earnest study of American culture and universal history the new Seminary of Leipzig will be better provided than any other on the European continent.

To this end I spoke at the Congress of German Philologists and Teachers, held last autumn at Basle, and laid before it a small portion of the instruction-material of Leipzig. In reporting this meeting Mr. Neil C. Brooks gave considerable attention to our project in a letter in your issue of October 17.

Karl Lamprecht.

Leipzig, December 1.

GERMAN CULTURE IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of November 14 contained a review of Prof. Karl Knortz's book "Deutsch in Amerika." Knortz's book addresses—as the reviewer points out—Germans, but also, as soon becomes evident, German-Americans, whom the author wishes to stir up to greater activity in fostering and preserving their native language and culture. He therefore justly emphasizes the negative side of the picture. A more encouraging view may be deduced from contemplation of the aims of a small but growing proportion of German-Americans.

These German-Americans, rather than insist upon the differences between the German and the American points of view, would seek to contribute to American culture—as yet so plastic—certain elements of German culture which they by training and traditions are especially apt to appreciate. For this reason—and not in order to create and preserve a State within a State—they foster their native traditions within their homes. Because of this attitude also, they do not look to the immigrant as the sole hope of the preservation of the German inheritance, but to the children of Germans, and also to those of Americans. These children—who are all to grow up as Americans—are, it is hoped, to grow up with a prejudice in favor of things German, with a just understanding of Germany's contribution to the world's wealth of thought and art. German culture of the eighteenth century—Goethe, Schiller, Kant—has, through the efforts of men like Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Bayard Taylor, and the Concord School of Philosophers, been to some degree interpreted. What is still entirely wanting is anything approaching a just appreciation of important phases of the literary culture of Germany in the nineteenth century. No nation has in the nineteenth century done more original work than has Germany in the drama (Kleist, Hebbel, Grillparzer, Wagner) or in the short-story (Kleist, Hoffmann, Storm, Keller, Meyer). To interpret the spirit of so characteristic a literature the German-American is peculiarly well fitted.

The gloomy picture which Knortz paints of the decay of German in the Litteratur and Turnvereine and in the German church communities, is, in part at least, offset by the growing consciousness of power which, during the last decade, has spread from the Fatherland to the Germans on this side of the ocean. Great centres of German population, like New York and Chicago, have given proof of this enthusiasm by inviting lecturers from Germany, by cultivating the national drama, and by public recognition of prominent German-Americans like Carl Schurz. That some excellent elements of German intellectuality flourish in America is furthermore proved by the existence of a German-American literature of no mean calibre. This literature is vigorous to-day, as the work of men like Martin Drescher and George Sylvester Viereck amply proves. Thus even the most severe critic must grant that not all German-Americans have become submerged in the slough of materialism.

American culture of the future, we all hope, will be many-sided beyond all others. It is the aim of these German-Americans to enrich it by the introduction of those phases of German civilization which have so far been overlooked by English criticism.

Camillo von Klenze.

Brown University, Providence, R. I., December 9.

A SUGGESTION FOR RESERVE BANKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the suggestion of a central bank, in the hope that it might safeguard us from a recurrence of the embarrassments through which we are now passing, it might be worth pointing out that the existing system may be remodelled so as to accomplish the same purpose. The central bank in Europe, like the Bank of England or the Bank of France, is the custodian of the reserve of cash for the other bankers. This function is performed with us by what are known as reserve banks placed in the larger cities. Our banking practice differs so widely from the European, that while the Bank of England or the Bank of France carries a reserve seldom less than 35 per cent., and sometimes exceeding 45 per cent., our reserve banks rarely carry a reserve greater than the 25 per cent. exacted by the statute. Thus our reserve banks enjoy the privilege of the Bank of England or the Bank of France in this matter, but do not carry the burden. If it had been a condition of designation as a reserve bank that the given bank should carry a reserve, not of 25 per cent., but of, say, 40 per cent., the banks in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and the other reserve cities would have been far better prepared to meet the withdrawals that their correspondents have so promptly made upon them. There should be no hardship in this, for no bank need apply to be designated as a reserve bank. And if the reserve bank were required to maintain the larger reserve, we might see less of the competition among the banks in the large cities for gaining deposits at unduly high rates of interest.

W. F. J.

Cincinnati, December 9.

Notes.

The twelfth and concluding volume of Temple Scott's edition of Swift's Works will appear shortly in the Bohn Library. This is to be followed by an edition of Swift's correspondence under the editorship of C. Litton Falkiner. The edition is to be made as complete as possible, and Mr. Falkiner asks those who possess letters to or from Swift to communicate with him at Mount Mapas, Killiney, County Dublin.

Tennyson's works in nine volumes, with his own notes supplemented by those of his son, are to be added immediately to the Eversley Series of the Macmillan Co.

Records of the Past hereafter will be published as a bi-monthly, the issues being larger than the present monthly numbers.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. publish in holiday

form a characteristic poem of James Whitcomb Riley's called "The Boys of the Old Glee Club." The illustrations are by Will Vawter.

The Oxford University Press has added to its tasteful volumes of the poets an edition of William Collins. A Memoir is contributed by the editor, Christopher Stone, and five letters of Collins's are added in an appendix.

To the Clarendon Press reprints has been added a volume of the "Minor Poems of Michael Drayton," chosen and edited by Cyril Brett. The very bulk of Drayton's work is alarming to the general reader and such a selection as this is altogether desirable. In his choice Mr. Brett seems to us for the most part judicious, but it may, perhaps, be regretted that he did not omit part of "The Muses Elizium" in order to make room for passages from the more interesting books of the "Polyolbion." We quite agree with his characterization of that much-abused poem, when he says:

Drayton's own voluminousness has defeated his purpose, and sunk his poem by its own bulk. Though it is difficult to go so far as Mr. Bullen, and say that the only thing better than a stroll in the "Polyolbion" is one in a Sussex lane, it is still harder to agree with Canon Beeching, that "there are few beauties on the road;" the beauties are many, though of a quietly rural type, and the road, if long and winding, is of good surface, while its cranks constitute much of its charm. It is doubtless, from the outside, an appalling poem in these days of epitomes and monographs, but it certainly deserves to be rescued from oblivion and read.

Even a good half of the Sonnets might be given up for a taste of that rhymed topography. Mr. Brett, by the way, points to the fact that Professor Courthope in his "History of English Poetry," wishing to refer Drayton's great sonnet to his patroness, the Countess of Bedford, and so to make the poet out a Pope in petty spite, twice quotes "rise" for "kiss" in the line:

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.

To the charming series of novels illustrated by Hugh Thomson the Macmillan Company has added "Silas Marner." Some of the pictures are line drawings; others are in color, but the colors are flat and have not the blotchy look so common to illustrations of the kind. As always with his work, these pictures of Mr. Thomson's are a real interpretation of the text and add measurably to the pleasure of reading.

In the "Stories from the Arabian Nights," with drawings by Edmund Dulac (imported by Scribner's), Lawrence Housman has taken a half-dozen of the best tales, and from the various authoritative translations has made a version in which the repetitions and indecencies are suppressed and the points of the narrative thrown into relief. He has, in a word, tried to get a result similar to that attained by Galland, in the old French translation, which so long stood as the basis of our English "Arabian Nights," until displaced by an irruption of pedantic Orientalists. It is a simple fact that our taste is far removed from that of the East, and that only by manipulation can these Eastern tales be made palatable to us. Mr. Dulac's illustrations—fifty of them in color, bound together at the end of the volume—are evidently in the school of Mr. Rackham. They are fluent, and on occasion beautiful; some will feel, perhaps, that he has indulged too freely in humor, and has over-emphasized the grotesque element of the stories. The press work is notably good, and this and "The Ingoldsby Legends," illustrated by Mr. Rackham, afford about the handsomest gift books of the season.

There is just a sufficient touch of the paradoxical in Ellen Burns Sherman's "Words to the Wise and Others" (Holt & Co.) to render the essays piquant reading. Nor is satire wanting, as may be seen in her cruel onslaught upon critics and reviewers in the essay called "When Steel Strikes Punk." Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the book is that containing a number of letters—the genuine correspondence of some unnamed genius—which are given to disprove the common saying: "Letter-writing has become a lost art." We can recommend the book as cheerful and dashing and fairly amusing.

Not long ago Margaret E. Noble ("Sister Nivedita") gave us in "The Web of Indian Life" one of the subtlest interpretations of that land of mystery to be found in the English language. Now, in her "Cradle Tales of Hinduism" (Longmans, Green & Co.), she has gathered a number of stories from the Puranas and the two great epics of India, and turned them into delightful English. Those who are familiar with the "Savitri"—to take the most beautiful of all Hindu stories—in the vulgarized version of Sir Edwin Arnold, will be surprised at its charm in Sister Nivedita's simple prose rendering. She calls her volume "Cradle Tales," but it is not a book for children primarily; it will interest all lovers of the magic and the human.

In "The Congo and Coasts of Africa" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Richard Harding Davis has made no noticeable contribution to our knowledge of a question on which issue has been joined so sharply. Partisanship in the discussion of the problem of the Congo we are accustomed to expect, but the present volume undertakes to adjudicate disputed matters with a cocksure lightheartedness that would be irritating if it were not so amusing. Even as journalism the book is slovenly. King Leopold, we are told "humbly sought their [the Powers'] permission to levy a few taxes. To clear roads, to keep boats upon the great rivers, to mark it with buoys, to maintain wood stations for the steamers, to improve the 'moral and material welfare of the natives,' would cost money, and to allow Leopold to bring about these improvements, which would be for the good of all, he was permitted to levy the few taxes. That was twenty years ago; *to-day I saw none of these improvements* and the taxes have increased." Whereupon Mr. Davis proceeds to describe his journey up rivers, marked with buoys, on steamers fed from wood stations which he minutely describes. Perhaps these improvements were there when Stanley first came to the Congo. On another very vital point Mr. Davis tells us:

I am not going to enter the question of the atrocities. . . . I did not see them. Neither, last year, did a great many people see the massacre of blacks in Atlanta. But they have reason to believe it occurred.

But to see things was just why Mr. Davis went to Africa. Second and third-hand testimony we have had in plenty.

"Scenes from Every Land" is a collection of two hundred and fifty of the illustrations which have appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine*. They picture in an interesting and often striking way the people, natural phenomena, and animal life in all parts of the world. The editor, G. H. Grosvenor, has added a map showing the principal transportation lines, both by land and sea, and a bibliography of gazetteers, atlases, and books descriptive of foreign countries and natural history. The book will give much pleasure, as well as instruction, to many stay-at-homes.

Reports from the Philippines are hard to reconcile, for no two observers seem to see any single condition at the same angle. The latest version of affairs there is Hamilton M. Wright's "Handbook of the Philippines" (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company), from which we are to infer that the climate is ideal, the natives paragons, the friars saints, and the islands an overflowing reservoir of material prosperity waiting to be tapped. For the intelligent reader who can apply corrections, many valuable facts are conveniently set forth; but the white man who does not know the tropics and the Malay should be cautious in accepting all the statements at their face value. The most immediately useful chapter is that on commerce, which might well be reprinted for circulation among our manufacturers. The recognized fly in the ointment is the oppressive tariff. Notwithstanding its bias, the book, with its three maps, a hundred and fifty illustrations, and a convenient bibliography, represents work on the spot and may be used for reference within the limitations suggested.

The material for the vivacious, good-natured sketches of unfamiliar places and people which make up "A Woman's Journey in the Philippines" (Boston: L. C. Page & Company) Mrs. Florence K. Russel acquired on the cable-laying cruise of a military vessel in the winter of 1900-1. The book, profusely illustrated from photographs, does much credit to the feminine observation of the cheery voyager and to her vocabulary; and it should render excellent service as a basis for comparison when our benevolent assimilation shall have changed the tropical environment and have transformed the ethnic peculiarities of the Malayan temperament.

In "From Sail to Steam" (Harper & Brothers), Capt. Mahan has ventured into a new field of letters, and has given us a most agreeably rambling account of his own varied experiences since entering the service which he has so greatly adorned. Sailor yarns abound, wedged in between historical illustrations, strategical maxims, and personal recollections. The period he writes of is the most important in the whole art of naval warfare, virtually a revolution. "From Sail to Steam" is but half of the whole transition. The seeker after wisdom will find his reward in tracing the progress of this revolution, even though the steps be revealed casually and incidentally. It has been difficult for the author to avoid the didactic and to lead the simple life in style, but whenever he loses himself in story or reminiscence, we are forced to wish that he had essayed the lighter vein earlier in his career. Particularly interesting is his description of

how "the influence of sea power" first attracted his attention. Some of his political views seem to need revision, such as, for example, his approval of our occupation of the Philippines. It is possible that complete enjoyment of the book necessitates a certain familiarity with naval matters and customs, but this is a fault, if it be a fault, common to all writings on special departments of human activity. We must go abroad to see lariats and lock-strings; but the latter only add spice to a book in which many a son will revel at Christmas time whenever the father can be coaxed to surrender it himself.

"A Sea Dog of Devon," a life of Sir John Hawkins, by R. A. J. Walling, with Introduction by Lord Brassey and John Leyland (The John Lane Co.), is an attempt to make a popular hero out of Hawkins. The writer dresses up his text and ekes out his material by drawing freely on his imagination. He imitates Carlyle's style. The book will interest that unknown quantity called the general reader, if he be not very exacting in his tastes. Sir Clements Markham, in his admirable introduction to Hawkins's Voyages, printed by the Hakluyt Society (somewhere about thirty years ago), has told all that is known about Sir John. The present volume is not nearly so well written as Markham's sketch. Yet the subject matter of the narrative is interesting, and those who would while away an hour or two—on a railroad train, for instance—may find this well-printed volume to their taste. One point more: What does Mr. Walling mean (at page 89), when he says, speaking of a voyage along the coast, as far as the French colony at the River May (in Florida), "Another visible result of this voyage is the name of Hawkins County on the map of Tennessee"? Since not a word is said in explanation, one may well wonder what is the connection.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has published through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. "The Life and Times of Stephen Higginson, Member of the Continental Congress (1783) and Author of the 'Laco' Letters Relating to John Hancock (1789)." Among the descendants of the twenty thousand Puritan Englishmen who, according to J. G. Palfrey, came over between 1620 and 1640, a stock constituting the New England of history, scarcely a family can be named which in every generation has been so distinguished, and which at the present moment is so conspicuously in the foreground, as the Higginsons. The line can be traced back through ten generations to the widow Joane Higginson of Warwickshire, notably a benefactor in her time, whose grandson was the Rev. Francis Higginson, first minister of Salem, one of the most amiable and interesting of early New England worthies. His affecting farewell to old England, from the deck of his ship off Land's End, will always be remembered, and the cheerful optimism of his diary makes it one of the pleasantest of our early documents. In his son John, long-lived and to the last useful, the name is carried on worthily into the eighteenth century, to be continued there by worthy successors. Nor did the fine force of the family abate in the nineteenth century, or in the twentieth so far. Rear-Admiral Frank J. Higginson, Major Henry Lee Higginson, and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson continue to illustrate the name in widely different spheres of activity, by service of the best. In a chain so honorable each link is worth looking at, but the subject of this memoir, even if he were without good forebears and good descendants, had merits in himself entitling him to special attention. Col. Higginson well asserts his grandfather's right to a biography. As an enterprising young sea captain he was interrogated by Edmund Burke, for the House of Commons, as to pre-revolutionary discontents in America; in our "critical period" he was a member of Congress; in the Shays rebellion he was second in command in the strenuous if not sanguinary winter campaign in behalf of law and order; he was "the first to argue from that peril the need of a stronger government—the first to suggest that the voices of nine out of the thirteen States could make the confederacy into a nation—the first to organize and equip the American navy under Jefferson's administration." The man of whom these things can be said should have a good place on the American honor list. This book makes it plain that Stephen Higginson served his generation effectively also in less conspicuous ways. As author of the "Laco" letters, he laid bare, keenly and courageously, shortcoming in high places; though a zealous Federalist, he could be genial amidst the acrimonious controversy. His State, his city, had always his watchful care. Active as he was in the rather obscure period between the Revolution and the vast agitations which, about the third decade of the nineteenth century, began to rack the Union, the details of his life are illuminating as regards a time which we ought to know better. Col. Higginson, while venerating his ancestor, writes always with restraint and good taste, and, of course, out of full knowledge of his subject's environment.

If there are any American buildings which deserve to be the subject of two-volume histories, the President's House at Washington is one of them. It has been the centre of such official society as this country has developed, and next to the Capitol the centre of its political life. In its one hundred-odd years of life it has seen two-thirds as many changes of occupancy, when one head of the State succeeded another, as Windsor Castle has in eight hundred-odd. Nearly every distinguished foreign visitor to this country has been entertained there, and a goodly share of them have put down somewhere a record of Presidential hospitality. Memoirs of famous Americans are full of allusions to the old house, while Washington abounds with its traditions. All this has furnished abundant material for the two volumes of Esther Singleton's "Story of the White House" (The McClure Co.). Odd bits of information may be found throughout her work. Thus, she finds the name "White House" used first in January, 1834, during Jackson's term, by a journalist who puts it in the same quotation marks which he uses for "Kitchen Cabinet." Roosevelt gave the colloquial name official sanction. Van Buren was the first President who had policemen to regulate the crowd at his receptions, though Dickens and others had commented on the orderly behavior of the undisciplined crowds of an earlier day.

To those looking for a religious book as a gift, we can recommend a beautifully printed edition of "The Imitation of Christ," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The colored initials have the effect of hand painting, and the whole book is comely without being gaudy.

An example of the industry and thoroughness of German Catholic scholars appears in the first volume of the "Kirchliches Handlexicon," edited by Prof. Michael Buchberger of the Lyceum at Regensburg (München: Allegemeine Verlags-Gesellschaft). The work is designed for ready reference, the first volume consisting of 12,000 concise articles on all manner of subjects related to theology and ecclesiology. Social science, Christian art, Church music, sacred geography, ecclesiastical statistics, biography, and hagiography are among the general themes which are carefully treated. Special attention is paid to bibliographical references to recent literature of all schools. Scholars to the number of 170 appear in the list of contributors, and the authorship of each article is indicated by initials. In editorship Professor Buchberger was assisted by Profs. Karl Hilgenreiner, Joseph Schlecht, and Johannes B. Nisius, S.J. As a practical reference work this lexicon does not compare unfavorably with the "Catholic Encyclopædia" now appearing in America.

Dr. Mark Lidzbarski of the University of Kiel has begun the publication of a collection of old Semitic texts, in Hebrew transcription, where necessary, which is to furnish the non-specialist with practically all the material for study which a *corpus inscriptionum semiticarum* would give. The first *Heft*, 64 pages, is entitled "Altsemitische Texte: herausgegeben und erklärt, I; Kanaanäische Inschriften (Moabitisch, Althebräisch, Phönizisch, Punisch)." Giessen: A. Töpelmann, 2 marks. The prospectus shows that further instalments are to cover practically all of the Semitic dialects. This first pamphlet includes the Mesha stone, the Siloah inscription, Eshmunazar, and less important inscriptions as also some sacrificial tablets.

The second edition of the "Hebräische Archæologie," by Dr. I. Benzinger, which, since its original publication in 1894, has been a great authority in its field, is to all intents and purposes a new work. While the former edition was largely under the spell of Wellhausen, the present work, on the basis of the best of modern "Panbabylonism," systematically arranges the wealth of data, old and new, to explain the antiquities of the Hebrews in their relation to the whole civilization of Western Asia, particularly of Babylonia. Benzinger is particularly qualified for this work, having for years been engaged in archæological investigations in Bible lands with headquarters in Jerusalem. A feature of this work is the 253 illustrations and the plan of Jerusalem. The book is not too technical to interest others than the specialist. It is part of the well-known series, Grundriss der theologischen Wissenschaften, published by Mohr of Tübingen; price 10 marks.

A collection of essays on educational subjects, from the pens of leading teachers in Germany, has been published in two volumes under the title "Deutsche Schulerziehung," by Prof. Wilhelm Rein, of the University of

Jena. (Munich: J. F. Lehmann). The contributors, about thirty in number, although dealing primarily with German school problems, practically cover the whole educational field as far as the discussion of principles is concerned. The educational methods of foreign nations are separately considered, the account of the American system being furnished by Director Griebsch.

It is reported in the German press that Herr Bebel, Socialist leader in the Reichstag, is writing his memoirs, to be published posthumously.

K.-A. Forslund's latest book, a small collection of "Skogssagor och Jurskisser," sketches of animals and of outdoor life, has an undercurrent of that scientific, not to say naturalistic, view of life that has received perhaps its most famous modern expression in Turgenieff's "Nature." The last sketch is a dream of how Sweden becomes a republic, (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand.)

"Symra, En Aarbog for Norske paa begge Sider af Havet" (A Yearbook for Norwegians on Both Sides of the Ocean), published at Decorah, Ia., deserves to be more widely known. It is edited by Kristian Prestgard and Joh. B. Wist, the latter of whom is Norwegian consul for Iowa. The present volume, just issued, is No. III., the first having been issued in 1905. The contents, contributed by writers in Norway and this country, are devoted largely to Norwegian literature, politics, and history. Of special interest are the article on Wergeland and Welhaven by Johan Herzberg and another by J. Lövland, who was recently appointed Prime Minister of Norway upon the retirement of Chr. Michelson. Mr. Lövland gives a sketch of "Steen and Boström" (with the sub-title "Reminiscences from the Period of Union"). Coming as it does from one who for many years was intimately and actively associated with Norwegian politics and who had a large share in the events which led up to the separation of Norway and Sweden, this characterization of two of the principal figures in the later years of the dual monarchy is of unusual value. This volume contains also an article by the Norwegian historian, Halvdan Koht. Something over a year ago there was organized in Norway a Nordmandsforbund (Norwegian Union), the object of which is to bring Norsemen in all parts of the world into a closer intellectual union. In connection with this it may be noted that to-day fully one-third of the race are residents of the United States. Of this Norwegian union "Symra" will in a measure be the unofficial American organ.

In fulfilment of the plans for more aggressive work, announced by the director of the State Library at the recent meeting of the New York Library Association, two new officers have been created by the State Education Department, "library organizers." Their function will be "to work in the field throughout the State, encouraging the establishment of new libraries, invigorating and helping to reorganize dormant libraries, advertising and placing travelling libraries, and generally stimulating library development and the reading habit, especially among the villages, hamlets, and rural communities of the State." The beginning of this work is partly due to recommendations made at the meeting of the State Library Association a year ago, but more directly to the special investigation carried on last year by the commissioner of education, convincing him that in spite of liberal appropriations made by the State, library conditions, particularly in the more sparsely settled sections, are by no means "as satisfactory as may be desired."

The special committee of the Indiana Library Association appointed last year to investigate salaries in that State has presented an exhaustive report, covering not only this particular question, but library incomes, tax support, ratio of expenditures for different purposes, and some comparative statistics as to salaries paid in other callings. The report shows that the average monthly salary of librarians having some college or normal school education is $54; for those without such education, $44; for those who have been trained in library schools, $56. In Indiana the average salaries of librarians are less than those of bakers, book-binders, stone-cutters, and type-setters. As modifying the significance of these figures, however, it is to be borne in mind that the great majority of librarians are women and girls, while the majority of those engaged in these other occupations are men; and also that all the members of a library's staff are listed as librarians, though the duties of a majority of them are largely mechanical and call for no more training than does an ordinary trade. Thus the average is but a slight indication of what those who are librarians in the true sense of that term are receiving. Whatever the effect of low salaries, the development of libraries in the State has not seriously suffered. The report of Chalmers Hadley, secretary of the Indiana Library Commission, shows the following advances since 1899, when the Library Commission was established. At that date the number of public libraries in the State was 57; to-day the number is 115, which with the 175 institutional libraries makes a total of 290 public or semi-public libraries. In 1899 there were but 7 public libraries in specially erected buildings; to-day there are 65 public library buildings, with half a dozen more in course of erection. In 1899 there was but one Indiana librarian who had attended an accredited library school; at present there are 32 graduates of such schools, and 120 others who have had training in summer schools.

Emile Berliner of Washington, one of the perfecters of the telephone and the inventor of the gramophone, has given $12,500 as endowment of a research fellowship for women, the subjects to be limited to physics, chemistry, and biology. The foundation, which is in honor of the donor's mother, will be known as the Sarah Berliner Research Fellowship for Women. The award will be made by a committee of women, of which Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin of Baltimore is to be the chairman. Most fellowships now accessible to women are given to recent graduates of colleges, to enable them to proceed towards the degree of doctor of philosophy. The object of this endowment is to give to women who have shown, in work already accomplished, real promise as investigators an opportunity to pursue special scientific researches.

Edward Hicks Magill, formerly president of Swarthmore College, died in this city December 10. He was born in Solebury, Bucks County, Pa., in 1825, and his first experience as a teacher came at the age of sixteen, when in his father's loft he instructed the boys and girls at three cents a day each in the old-fashioned lessons of the period. After graduation from Brown in 1852 he taught in the Providence High School and the Boston Latin School. In 1867 he went abroad and spent two years in travel, returning to join the faculty of Swarthmore College, of which he became president in 1870. He resigned that position in 1889, and went to France; from 1890 to 1902 he was professor of French at Swarthmore. He was author of various text-books, including "French Grammar," "Intermediate French Reader," "French Prose and Poetry," "Reading French Grammar," and "Modern French Series" in four volumes. This year he published an interesting autobiography, "Sixty-five Years in the Life of a Teacher, 1841-1906." reviewed in the *Nation* of June 6, p. 524.

Leighton Coleman, Episcopal bishop of Delaware, was found dead in his bed at Wilmington last Saturday morning. He was born at Philadelphia in 1837 and was graduated from the General Theological Seminary of New York in 1861. After serving three or four different churches, and residing some years in England, he was made bishop in 1888. He was author of a "History of Lehigh Valley," 1872; "The Church in America," 1895; and a "History of the American Church," 1901.

The Rt. Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane, and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, died in Edinburgh December 11. He was born in 1833, and was educated at Durham School, and at Oriel College, Oxford, from which he received the bachelor's degree in 1855. Coming early under the influence of John Henry Newman, he took holy orders, and, in 1857, was appointed curate of Kensington. After several promotions in the church, he became bishop of Truro in 1883; ten years later he went to the See of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane in Scotland. He was a prolific writer of devotional books, many of which have gone through numerous editions. Among them are: "Holy Week and Easter," "How to Keep Lent," "Instructions in the Devotional Life," "Instructions in the Way of Salvation," "Lent Lectures," and "Some Laws in God's Spiritual Kingdom."

Alfred Stead, associated with his father in editing the London *Review of Reviews*, died December 15. He was born in 1877 and educated at University College, London. Among his books are "South Africa" (with W. D. Mackenzie, 1899); "China and Her Mysteries," 1901; "Japan, Our New Ally," 1902; "Japan by the Japanese," 1904; "Great Japan," 1905; "Japanese Patriotism," 1906; "Servia by the Servians," 1906; "Bulgaria by the Bulgarians," 1906; and "Macedonia and the Way Out," 1906.

Heinrich Dernburg, professor of Roman and Prussian law at the University of Berlin, has just died at the age of seventy-eight. Among his works are "Das Vormundschaftsrecht der preussischen Monarchie," "Lehrbuch des preussischen Pri-

vatrechts," "Pandekten," "Das bürgerliche Recht des deutschen Reichs und Preussens."

BOOKS ON ITALY.

Browning's Italy: A Study of Italian Life and Art in Browning. By Helen Archibald Clarke. Illustrated. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $2 net.

Sunny Days in Italy. By Elise Lathrop. New York: James Pott & Co.

The Lakes of Northern Italy. By Richard Bagot. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, With Genoa. By Edward Hutton. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The Naples Riviera. By Herbert M. Vaughan. Illustrated. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

The Riviera. Painted and Described by William Scott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.

The rational admirer of Browning cannot presume to fathom the intellectual needs of the Browningite, for whom, apparently, Miss Clarke has compiled her "Browning's Italy." The compiler presents her selections and commentary in five chapters, covering, roughly, the early Renaissance, political life, the Italian scholar, the artist and his art, and social life. We have not detected any first-hand impressions; nor do we recall any fresh or striking criticism. With Mr. Sedgwick's somewhat scrappy little manual in one hand, and a volume of Symonds or Vasari (translated) in the other, Miss Clarke feels herself qualified to go forth, to expound Robert Browning and Italy to an ignorant world. So far as appears, she has no first-hand acquaintance with Italian; certainly she does not cite even the better-known historians and critics of the Peninsula. Her selections include, of course, many of the favorites which every reader of Browning would approve. And yet we must, in justice, confess that Miss Clarke's compilation is admirably adapted to minds which have not yet thought for themselves: and as there are many such minds, her book ought to be popular. We have noted several misprints and solecisms. Such forms as Porto Pisan*a*, Porto Romano (for the Florence gate), primevera, and Ponta Vecchio can hardly be due to typographical slips. The volume is well-made as to paper and type, and has a score of excellent half-tones. It lacks an index, which is necessary, especially to the many extracts from Browning.

The newly arrived traveller in Italy often wonders rather resentfully why he has never been told about countless details that soon become essential parts of his mental picture of the country. This will hardly be his experience, if he has ventured to look between the lurid covers of Miss Lathrop's "Sunny Days in Italy"; for, although the author treats almost exclusively of well-worn and over-written ways, she has given her account a spice of novelty by mentioning the very characteristics that in similar books are usually passed over in silence. She tells us, for example, that postage stamps may be bought, even by women, in tobacco shops; she explains the system of fares in Roman trams, mentions the important distinctions between the varieties of trains, and describes the railway luncheon-baskets, as well as the incomparable ceremony that precedes the leisurely departure of a train from a railway station. Her friendly and eager observation of the life about her makes her account of Cernobbio, Alassio, Genoa, and especially of Pisa, interesting and valuable. Unfortunately, at least two-thirds of the book is a perfunctory performance, without *raison d'être*. The chapters on Florence, Siena, and Verona are so inadequate that they might better have died before birth; and surely "the wronged great soul of an Ancient Master" stands near an author, who devotes nearly two pages to the Church of St. Anthony at Padua, and dismisses Giotto's "very interesting" (*sic*) frescoes in the Arena with four inappreciative lines. The worst defect of the book, however, is found in the errors in style with which its pages bristle. We meet such atrocities as this:

> Close to the university are the two squares, the Piazza dei Frutti (of fruits) and the Piazza dell'Erbe (herbs), separated by the building called the *Salone* from a great arched hallway of wood, dating from the fifteenth century, and which building contains more than three hundred allegorical frescoes (p. 275).

Nor is the book free from errors in statement. For example, the terrace of the Pincio commands a view, not of the Piazza di Spagna (p. 169), but of the Piazza del Popolo, a very different place. It was the Empress Livia, not the historian Livy, who had a house on the Palatine (p. 176). The cabinet in the Sala dell'Immacolata was presented to Pius IX., not to Leo XIII. (p. 183). There are also indications of careless proof-reading, the most disastrous result of which is that the titles of the illustrations facing pp. 264 and 274 have been interchanged. Yet, in spite of these defects, the book may be recommended for its practical, sympathetic, and in many respects novel account of the Italian customs of to-day.

Richard Bagot has turned from writing novels long enough to write an interesting semi-guide (if the word be permitted) to "The Lakes of Northern Italy." We say "semi-guide," because it does not give the material details which the tourist needs to know, but describes fully, and often picturesquely, all the main-travelled spots and many of the out-of-the-way ones. Mr. Bagot does for this region what the late Augustus Hare did for Florence, Rome, and Venice; and he spices his descriptions with views of his own on whatever subject comes up—smuggling, snaring little birds, S. Carlo Borromeo's right to the halo of a saint, or the magnificent but neglected scenery of Lake Garda. He does not forget to recall the historical event or the legend associated with each place. Sometimes, as in epitomizing the story of Vittoria Accoramboni—the supposed original of Webster's White Devil—he would have done well to state that there is a side contrary to that which he gives. Printed on thin paper, his little volume, which has good half-tones, a sketch map, and an index, may be recommended to every traveller whom good fortune leads to North Italian lakes.

Edward Hutton, another Englishman who divides his time between fiction and Italian travel, has chosen "Florence, and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa," for his theme this year. Word-painters, like color-painters, now go afield for their sketches. Mr. Hutton is not so compact as Mr. Bagot. He writes profusely, not to compile a practical guide-book, but to pour out his impressions, experiences, and reflections on the places which he visits. In brief, he is literary—to be enjoyed or not, according to the reader's taste. A *cicerone* who discourses to the length of forty pages about Genoa without mentioning Mazzini is evidently not of Baedeker's pattern. But he is enthusiastic, and he has a style, as may be seen in this introduction to Florence:

> Florence is like a lily in the midst of a garden gay with wild-flowers; a broken lily that we have tied up and watered and nursed into a semblance of life, an image of ancient beauty, as it were, the *memento mori* of that Latin spirit which contrived the Renaissance of mankind.

In criticism of the historical inaccuracy of this remark, we might say much, but space forbids. In general, we find Mr. Hutton's mediæval preferences somewhat tiresome. Ruskin pilloried modern vulgarities once for all. And Mr. Hutton indulges rather too freely in sentimentality. He seems to be an amateur in history, in art, in emotion, addressing amateurs. Nevertheless, he succeeds sometimes in speaking about art and life less affectedly than we fear he will. Literary pre-Raphaelitism in the third or fourth generation moves us not. The book has colored half-tone illustrations.

Herbert M. Vaughan, who describes "The Naples Riviera," has a similar purpose. He does not compete with Murray or with Baedeker. "We pursue our own course," he says, "and touch lightly here, and omit there; we run to dissertation in this place, we glide silently by in another." He, too, has dipped intelligently into history and literature, and, as he takes us through Naples, or Pompeii, to Salerno, Sorrento, Pæstum, Amalfi, Capri, and Ischia, he calls up many of the well-known figures, or cites the familiar passages. He is more concrete than Mr. Hutton, and, therefore, to our thinking more interesting. He conscientiously provides an index, and the publishers have added twenty-five colored pictures by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"The Riviera," the most elaborate of these volumes, is by William Scott, a painter who makes his own illustrations. So the point of view is artistic rather than literary. Nevertheless, Mr. Scott takes an eager interest in the people and their past, as well as in landscape, and he has rausacked local histories. He describes not only the natives but the swarm of foreigners who flock to the Riviera during the winter. Starting at Hyères on the west, he follows the magic sickle of sea and shore round to Sarzana, pausing at many out-of-the-way places, making excursions up the valleys, or sitting down beside some ruin to recount its story or merely to chat. There is a certain insular point of view, a typical British condescension in some of his remarks: and as he dedicates his book to the Duchess of Argyle, we must expect several references to the sojourn of Queen Victoria and her family on the Riviera, while such a trifling event as the sailing of Garibaldi and his Thousand from Quarto is omitted. But after all, Mr. Scott is an agreeable guide, not wholly

deficient in humor; and his sketches are often very fine. It is by them that he should be judged. They form a delightful series, which really illustrates the varied beauties of the Riviera. Colored illustrations are still at the experimental stage, as may be seen by comparing these three volumes of Messrs. Hutton, Vaughan, and Scott. In the first two lobster reds, indigo blues, and solferino yellows abound; but in Mr. Scott's the coloring is more delicate, and adds genuinely to the pictorial effect.

CURRENT FICTION.

Margaret. By Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The cover design of this book—a couple of knights with two-handed swords, in attitudes suggestive of the teeing-ground—is admirably descriptive of the contents. The story is the most conventional of plate-armor romances, with a full equipment of the usual stage properties. One by one we recognize our dear old friends—the supernaturally beautiful heroine, "fair Margaret, she was called," the strong, silent hero, the Spanish villain, the Woman Scorned (needless to say her name is Inez), the combat to the death, the auto-da-fe, the brigand-haunted inn. The latter in especial is pleasantly familiar, from the drugged wine and the boltless trap-door to the moment when "with a sweep of the sword that lay unscabbarded at his side, Peter had shorn off that arm above the elbow, just where it projected from the panelling."

"Margaret" is a good enough tale of its kind, but one would think that the saga-man of strange lands might afford to leave this field to printward-aspiring young ladies and the Rev. Mr. Crockett. Since Mr. Haggard's pot must boil, are there no legends left in Zululand? Why not Umslopagaas Redivivus as well as Sherlock Holmes?

The Emily Emmins Papers. By Carolyn Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Emily Emmins, spinster," has written down a vivacious account of her trip to London and brief sojourn in that city and its vicinity. In setting out from New Jersey, her determination was to eschew sight-seeing and the whole cult of Baedeker. A traveller more suspicious of the traveller's immemorial privilege of sentiment is not often encountered. Although one day was actually given to a Stratford visit, it was only upon a tacit agreement with her companion that neither of them should hazard a single quotation from Shakespeare; and the climax of the day's adventures was reached when these sophisticated pilgrims, who had followed what they supposed to be the footpath route across the fields to the Arden cottage, discovered that they had gone in precisely the wrong direction, and that the hour was now close on train time! It may be said at once that this over-conscious avoidance of sentiment, of "first impressions," of everything, in short, which might possibly be termed conventional, becomes at last a little wearing. A prudent distrust of the commonplace is well enough; but it is a pity if all the conventional ways of humanity must be rendered anathema, merely because many tedious people have pursued them.

Be that as it may; for shrewd, humorous observation upon English society and manners—and it was to this field that "Emily Emmins" gave her chief attention—nothing more engaging than these same "papers" has appeared for a long time. Here is to be found, for instance, an inimitable little treatise upon that typical English hostess, who greets one with "a sudden, inordinate gush of welcome"—"You dear thing! how sweet of you to come!"—and relapses the next instant into a fit of icy abstraction, quite oblivious of her guest's existence. Accounts of week-end house-parties out of town, of tea-drinkings, of shopping experiences in Piccadilly, and of that alluring social game known as "going on," are all admirably done. Finally a word of praise should be given to the clever outline sketches by Josephine A. Meyer, which add one more touch of liveliness to an uncommonly lively and readable text.

Gunhild. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Miss Canfield's book gives one the feeling that it was inspired by a contralto voice singing "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen" under the glamour of the Midnight Sun. It is a little tragedy of misdirected love, in a vividly depicted Norwegian setting; and it is so well written as to leave one distinctly depressed. The story is summed up in a paragraph by the finest and most vital of the characters, Aunt Nancy, who suffers gallantly through the entire book from sciatica, heartache, and the selfishness of her companions:

> A rattle of drums startled them into observation of the outer world. The hour for changing the sentinel had come, and the guard was about to escort him back to the barracks. The big peasant lads, burly in their ill-fitting uniforms, looked anxiously at a trim young officer before them. He gave a word of command, and like automata, all together, they put their right hands on their hips with elbows out, turned their heads and eyes stiffly to the right, and straightened their line, measuring accurate, equal distances from each other by their upraised elbows. Miss Fox began speaking in a low voice as though she were thinking out loud. "You ask why? Look at the soldiers and see. I don't know what that command is in Norwegian, but in America it is 'Right dress!' And it is what most of us are doing all our lives—looking to some one who in turn is looking to one further on, always separated by a space small but impassable. See: all my life I have looked to Ralph Morton, he looks to his wife, and she to her pretty clothes and foolish social life. Campbell looks despairingly at Caroline—Caroline at you; oh, you might as well hear it spoken of! And, remember, if you wakened Gunhild to love and saw her give that love to another, Caroline stirred you to a desire for a man's life, roused you from your drifting apathy, and saw that new ardor bestowed on another. Caroline looks to you, I say; you to Gunhild; she to her officer, and he to his Fatherland.

Gunhild, born in Kansas, and still hungering for the sunny vastness of the prairies, is finely portrayed, but convincing as she is in her beauty and simple nobility, Aunt Nancy takes precedence of her as the real heroine of the book. We are quite content to leave Gunhild on the sunlit crag, clasped in the arms of her blue-eyed Viking; indeed, it is such a relief to feel that somebody is happy that we are not inclined to venture a backward look. But it is safe to say that no mature reader can turn from the undiluted misery of the last chapter without an ardent desire to shake the intolerable Caroline out of her self-absorption into some human consideration for the long-suffering saint whom we leave as she is about to add to her other burdens the last horrid straw of seasickness.

The World at Eighteen. By Ray Costelloe. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

At eighteen Miss Charlotte Kingconstance was brought from college in England to learn the world in a Tuscan villa. The world was represented there by an uncle, a desiccated rationalist, who took her as an interesting adolescent specimen; and by a distant cousin, a dab of a sculptor, but a finished superman who regarded her as a sentimental opportunity, and later as an eligible wife. If we should say one good word for this Mortimer Morris, we should be faithless to the traditions of good manners and morals that guide this journal. At twenty-two he recounts the twelve love affairs of his undergraduate years—including the girl he left behind him because she dressed in the fashion of Cambridge, Mass.—complains in company of the advances of collective middle-aged womanhood, openly laves in the flattery that a cleverness, by no means apparent on the printed page, procures him—in general comports himself as an impossible cad. Happily, the intervention of two potentially homicidal man servants lets him prove that he is not a coward as well. Frankly, we cannot believe that this male monster, who combines the effrontery of shameless youth with the indiscretion of doddering bad old age, could ever exist, except in the imagination of a nice bewildered girl. But since it was Miss Charlotte's bad luck to learn the world through such a creature, we cannot wonder that she found it "a terrible, yet beautiful, place, in which, each separate being struggles alone, desperately alone, without comprehension or insight or thought or care for anything but itself."

If Mortimer is framed rather flimsily on the familiar lines of smooth, complicated villains, Miss Charlotte is quite real. Her trials with the world as it hurt her are told artlessly and affectingly, if without distinction. Her trouble, aside from the false Mortimer, whom she happily escapes in the end, seems due mostly to the awful amount of tall talk that was encouraged in her mother's villa. It was disquieting to a good girl fresh from undergraduate mathematics. Just once the self-centred Mortimer gave her the key to the matter, but she was too preoccupied to accept this single favor from the enemy. He said in a moment of unusual laconism: "Do you know, I have often puzzled and wondered what people meant, and then found out that they meant nothing." Of course, the ruthless Mortimer took no harm from such disillusionings, but Miss Charlotte did, and her experience may serve as a reminder to loquacious, expatriated dilettanteism that a certain reverence is still due *virginibus puerisque.*

Arfvet. By Hugo Öberg. Stockholm: Wahlstrom & Widstrand.

One of the figures in Hugo Öberg's early novel, "Makter," otherwise a rather sordid affair, was a young man, Henrik Almer,

who was presented as of unconscious power and firmness of poise, though there was nothing to show how he had developed these qualities. One critic wanted to know something of his earlier life, and in his latest book, "Arfvet," the author tells the story. It is a love story, though not of the pretty kind. but through it all one can see how the experience draws out the solid qualities of the man—and, one must think, of the woman as well.

The Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky; authorized translation from the German, by William A. Cooper. Vol. II., 1788-1815, from the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation. Illustrated. Pp. xi., 454. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The period marked by this volume* was one of extraordinary upheaval and reconstruction: the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the downfall of French supremacy. What in Goethe's life and authorship paralleled this quarter-century of world politics? The Italian Journey was an unconscious farewell to the *ancien régime;* the spirit of the régime is reflected everywhere in Goethe's *Reise,* in his letters, in his works finished or begun in Italy. The new Weimar life was to give full expression to the classic spirit of repose and artistic finish. *Dis aliter visum!* Although Goethe's style had achieved its perfection, neither he nor any one else was destined for repose. Even on Italian soil the old Goethe spirit of tricksy freedom broke out occasionally; readers of "Faust" will not forget that the Hexenküche scene was composed in the Villa Borghese.

Chapters i. and ii. of the present volume deal with "Iphigenie" and "Tasso," usually regarded as the most polished of Goethe's poems. Certainly they are enjoyable; they are even used as texts in our German classes. Yet one may indulge in speculation upon the final valuation which the Anglo-American mind is likely to put upon them. The present reviewer, wholly free from bias, is disposed to treat the question as a problem. In structure, content, subtlety and grace of diction, "Iphigenie" and "Tasso" tower above their predecessors; they proclaim a mighty growth of the poet's spirit. But do they appeal to us as directly and strongly, do they sweep us away with the dæmonic power of a "Werther," or even of a "Goetz," not to speak of the early lyrics and ballads in which heart speaks to heart? If we are perfectly sincere with ourselves, we shall probably admit that "Iphigenie" and "Tasso" leave us cold, at least cool. Of "Tasso" in especial we may add that its limning is too delicate, its character-touches are too subtle for true dramatic action. Every teacher of German must have perceived that the real essence of "Tasso" eludes the undergraduate mind, baffles it. In comparison the most phantasmagoric part of "Faust," the Helene act, is actual, palpable, almost elemental. In "Faust," once the situation is grasped, however imperfectly, we feel that the story moves; whereas "Tasso" is always going to move, and that is quite another matter. At any rate, Bielschowsky's remarks on the growth and final shaping of the two dramas are highly instructive.

Chapter iii. presents Goethe's life and personal relations in Weimar after his return. This order is not strictly chronological, but is in the main more satisfactory; "Iphigenie" and "Tasso," in their inception, antedate the Italian journey. In Weimar Goethe was not merely a changed man, he became decidedly isolated. For several years the bond of union between him and the Weimar circle was weakened to the point of dissolution. We know this more clearly than the mid-nineteenth century knew it. For this change Goethe himself had a larger share of responsibility than Bielschowsky seems ready to admit. Here the biographer's nationality has obscured somewhat his vision. The German of 1900 finds it difficult to see Weimar in 1789 without the halo of 1830. Perhaps the foreigner, knowing less, may have a truer intuition of what lay beneath the surface. The all-determining factor in the situation was this: For nearly two years Goethe had led the broadest, the freest existence, had meditated deeply upon Roman imperialism and Papal supremacy in daily sight of their abiding monuments; his associates had been either persons who reflected Italian greatness or persons who, like himself, had come to Italy to profit by the highest culture of which the world was then capable. Whether in Rome or in Venice or in Naples or even in Sicily, everything proclaimed a wealth of tradition, a breadth of vision from which the home-returned traveller was utterly debarred. Small wonder, then, that Goethe, supereminently gifted, a devotee of all that was uplifting, should feel himself cabined, cribbed, confined in pettiness. Weimar, let us be frank, must have been to him in his moments of depression little better than a *dorf,* and he himself in danger of *verbauern.* Of course, the picture is anything but just to Weimar; we know that the town and the duchy and all Germany were on the way to a new greatness all their own. Yet the picture, despite its injustice, will let us into the secret of Goethe's mood. Overmuch has been made, especially in America, of the scandal provoked by Goethe's connection with Christiane Vulpius. Such affairs were only too common in the eighteenth century. Apart from Frau von Stein, it may be doubted whether any one in Weimar was deeply shocked and aggrieved. We shall do well to bear in mind Hermann Grimm's caustic remark, that what really upset Weimar was not Goethe's original liaison with Christiane but his subsequent impulsive marriage with her. Quite independently of the liaison, Goethe appears to have held himself more or less aloof from his former associates, even from the Duke.

The reinstatement of Goethe in his rightful position was indubitably the mission of Schiller. Chapter vii., which narrates the steps in the process, is very pleasant reading. It is the soberest account which we have of the working of Schiller's mind upon Goethe's. The biographer, refraining from the customary gush over the spectacle of the Dioscuri, makes us feel Goethe's loneliness and reserve breaking down and disappearing before Schiller's hearty devotion. In this connection Bielschowsky's remarks upon Jena are significant; they reveal the motive of Goethe's frequent visits, by showing that the university town was passing the ducal residence in intellectual activity.

Chapter ix., "Hermann und Dorothea," will be to the general reader doubtless the most attractive in the volume. It could scarcely be otherwise; one must be a veritable botcher to spoil such a theme. The reviewer need only say of Bielschowsky that he has handled the poem with the simple dignity and charm which are its due. One of his points, indeed, is novel: the contention that although the frame-work of the story was taken from the well known incident of the Salzburg emigrant girl, the impulse of the poem came from the experiences of Elizabeth Schönemann, "Lili," with the French Revolutionists. The contention seems to us plausible and suggestive, provided it be not pushed too far. Lili can scarcely have stood as the actual model for Dorothea, physically or mentally. Dorothea is described as of heroic stature and temper, calm and self-contained; whereas the Lili of the old Frankfort days —Goethe had not seen her since then—was little more than a girl, slender, vivacious, endowed with a charming abandon which haunted Goethe the rest of his life. In further criticism we would ask why Bielschowsky speaks so frequently of Hermann as a "peasant." This is to ignore the circumstance that the father, in addition to his goodly acres, is owner of the Golden Lion, with its well-stocked wine cellar, a man who expressly describes the best existence as one in which farming is coupled with trade. Of Dorothea it is enough to say that nothing in her suggests the peasant.

The "Meister" (Part I.) is handled in Chapter viii., "Elective Affinities" in Chapter xii. Our knowledge of these monumental prose works, if not greatly augmented, is at least quickened. Over certain delicate passages, notably where Philine and Mignon are involved, the critic passes with the nimbleness of a skater upon thin ice.

The concluding chapter, xiv., which deals with the political upheaval of 1808-1815, must have cost the biographer much anxious thought. Clearly the problem was one of naught extenuate nor set down aught in malice. Between the already aging poet and the new Germany of the Uprising there was a gulf which time alone could close. Young Germany was not always mindful of the fact that its illustrious poet was in character and temperament essentially of the eighteenth century; on his part the poet, not being also a prophet, could not foresee whither his country was drifting. Thanks to Bielschowsky's sober unravelling of the tangled threads, we are able to perceive that the misunderstanding was much less grave than it once seemed. It disappeared altogether with the appearance of "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Here the veritable Goethe revealed himself in all his attributes and characteristics, the most German of them all. Yet, incredible as it must sound, we are to chronicle the fact that "Dichtung und Wahrheit," the greatest of Goethe's prose writings, in truth the greatest of all his writings except the "Faust," is nowhere treated by Bielschowsky fully and by itself; it gets only passing mention in half a dozen places. Why this inexplicable oversight? Of course the substance of the autobiography has passed into Biel-

*For notice of Vol. I. see *Nation* of May 24, 1906.

schowsky's narrative of Goethe's youth. But the sheer constructive genius of "Dichtung und Wahrheit," its marvellous atmosphere, its significance as a whole for the interpretation not only of "Faust" but of all German literature and history, surely these are matters worth a chapter to themselves in what aspires to be the Goethe biography by eminence.

Of the translator, a word or two. He is gaining in precision and ease with the progress of his work, for he takes his work seriously. It is a credit to our scholarship, and we owe him thanks. Yet the conscientious reviewer may permit himself an occasional grumble. Thus, living unfortunately in an age of *collisions*, we are made uncomfortable by the phrase (p. 19): "This transformation collided with the chief motive." Nor does the phrase (p. 196): "That the beautiful, purposive as it may seem to us, must not serve any particular purpose," sound much happier. "Red-tapism" (p. 222) is a quite unnecessary stretching of the good old red tape. Whether "motivate" (p. 382), "motivation" (p. 138), will ever become standard, is a question we leave to the reader; but certainly "sonnetists" (p. 351) for the time-honored "sonneteers" is a gratuitous irritation.

The illustrations of the present volume strike us as less adequate than those of the first. The English title of Tischbein's painting is usually: Goethe *in* the Campagna.

Abraham Lincoln. By Carl Schurz and Truman H. Bartlett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $10 net.

Here are gathered in one sumptuous, superbly printed volume, Carl Schurz's biographical sketch of Lincoln, Truman H. Bartlett's essay on the portraits of him, Richard Watson Gilder's sonnet on the life-mask of the martyr President, and Edmund Clarence Stedman's poem, "The Hand of Lincoln." There are eighteen splendid illustrations, including some pictures that are relatively little known; and the history of all of them is told in copious notes. The Volk life-mask of Lincoln comes in for especial treatment; there are four engravings of it from different points of view, and it reappears again in profile, side by side with Houdon's mask of Washington. These two pieces are described as "the most important contributious yet made to American plastic portraiture." Whether one agrees with this dictum or not, the profiles of the two great Presideuts offer an opportunity for interesting study and comparison.

This treatment of the life-mask would of itself distiuguish the work before us; hut there are also two rare pictures, one taken in 1859, the other in 1861, the first wheu Lincoln was without a beard, and the second—far less attractive—when he wore a heavy, bushy beard, but shaved his upper lip. To most people the first of these two will, we think, appeal as perhaps the most winning of any of Lincoln's pictures, since it is full of strength, brings out all the sadness of the face, and yet portrays the clear-eyed and fearless tribune of the people. Two familiar pictures of special historical value are those of President Lincoln sitting in a teut with Gen. McClellan, and standing among his fifteen geuerals, just after the hattle of Antictam. Extracted from a group, there is another engraving of Lincoln, standing with an ugly hat and ill-fitting frock coat, a portrait which brings out the extraordinary length of his limbs. We can only wish that the publishers had included in this series, a reproduction of Saint-Gaudens's wonderful statue at Chicago.

Altogether, this is a volume that no one interested in the subject can afford to overlook. Schurz's trihute has an imperishable place in the literature of the subject. But were the contents of the volume less worthy, the book itself is an artistic achievement of which the publishers have every reason to be proud.

Science.

LORD KELVIN.

Sir William Thomson, Baron Kelvin, died December 17, after an illness of some weeks. He was the greatest reasoner of his time about physics, and at the moment of his death was, without dispute, the greatest scientific genius living. In the art of subjugating a question of practical physics and bringing it under the salutary domination of mathematics, it may be doubted whether history can show his equal.

He was born in Belfast, in 1824. His father had broken the ancestral line of farmers, and ultimately became professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. His brother, Dr. James Thomson, professor of civil engineering in Glasgow, made at least one important and penetrating contribution to mathematical physics—facts indicating a family bent in that direction. William Thomson was a precocious lad; but he retained through life a generous enthusiasm and a sprightly wit that gave him something of the charm of a boy. He entered the university at eleven years of age. He was twelve when the Glasgow circle received an accession in the person of J. P. Nichol, author of "The Architecture of the Heavens," who became a close friend of Thomson's father and of the boy. The latter, late in life, testified that the poetical imagination of Nichol had first fired him with devotion to physics, and that the same master's enthusiasm had incited him to study Fourier's "Théorie de la chaleur." From Glasgow he went to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1845 with high honors. Already he had an established reputation as a mathematical physicist. In 1841, at the age of seventeen, he had published an able memoir upon the conduction of heat and upon the connection between the mathematical theories of heat and electricity, involving, too, important new discoveries in pure mathematics. Another paper published by Thomson at the age of eighteen gave his method of determining geological dates by means of underground temperatures. Immediately upon his graduation, Thomson repaired to Paris and entered the laboratory of Regnault, who was then engaged in his fundamental determinations relating to the theory of the steam engine. In the same year, Thomson published in French his viudication of Coulomb's law of statical electricity, for the supposed refutation of which Sir W. Snow Harris had received the Copley medal of the Royal Society. Though Harris's conclusious were based upon an elaborate series of delicate measures, Thomson overthrew them with one blow, and that upon the strength of well-known experiments of a rudimentary nature. A logical objection has of late years been raised to Thomson's argument; yet those who bring it forward do not revert to Snow Harris's conclusion. Ten scientific papers, all of great merit, were published by Thomson the year of his graduation. The following year appeared his wonderful theory of electrical images, which is a geometrical method whereby a certain class of refractory problems about the distribution of electricity receive a solution. This excited high admiration among the mathematicians.

In 1846, at the age of twenty-two, Thomson was made professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow, aud also editor of the Cambridge and Dublin *Mathematical Journal*. He soon began to produce his wouderful series of instruments for electrical measurement, and this modern art, with its extraordinary precisiou, owes far more to him than to any other individual. We now come to his researches upon heat, which contributed in no small degree to the progress of civilization, hoth directly and indirectly. Two theories of heat had been entertained from early times, the one, which is now current, that it is an agitation of the particles of the hot body; the other that it is a fluid. Sir Humphry Davy had advocated the kinetical theory, and Rumford had put it into a strong light by his experiments. Nevertheless, the difficulties of this hypothesis seemed to be such that the fluid theory generally prevailed. Sadi-Carnot had in 1826 published a great work upon the steam engine founded on the latter basis. Meautime, general ideas about energy were developing themselves. The now celebrated memoir of Helmholtz on the conservation of forces was published in 1846; but it failed to attract much attention. At length many things—Joule's determinations, certain confirmations of the kinetical theory by Regnault's researches, and the increasing importance of economy in steam engines—brought physicists face to face with the question, How is Carnot's theory to be amended so as to accord with the doctrine that heat is a mode of motion? It was Rankine in 1849 who first answered this question; but only upon an assumption quite unsupported by observed facts. The next year Clausius outlined the theory as it is held to-day, taking for his postulate that temperatures tend to equalize themselves by the flow of heat from hot to cold bodies. Thomson had worked out the problem independently from a slightly more cautious premise, before the memoir of Clausius appeared. This confirmation was useful in giving physicists confidence iu the analysis, and hastened the general acceptance of the modern doctrine. Thomson now became much occupied with the theory of heat. In 1852 he announced the principle of the dissipation of energy; that is, that there is a flow of heat from warmer bodies to cooler ones, which goes to waste, since it cannot be recouverted hy ordinary means into mechanical work. Thus, the whole universe would seem destined to become lifeless by the conversion of all energy into heat uniformly distributed throughout the whole. From 1852 to 1862 Thomson and

Joule published in collaboration ten memoirs on the thermal effects of fluids in motion. The most important result obtained was that the force between the molecules of an ordinary gas is on the whole attractive, and not repulsive, which was somewhat startling, in view of the expansive power of gases.

One of the first great enterprises with which Thomson was identified was that of the Atlantic cable. Electric signals sent through a submarine cable were found to undergo a peculiar retardation that threatened to blur them beyond recognition. Faraday had long before furnished a partial remedy, but Thomson supplied a complete one, so as to secure reasonably satisfactory clearness and speed. The correctness of his statement of the laws involved was disputed by an electrician of the cable company, Dr. Wildman Whitehouse, but the Glasgow expert disposed of the argument so effectively that he was retained on the spot as consulting engineer. He officiated in that capacity both for the cable of 1858 and that of 1866. He was also electrical engineer for the French Atlantic cable in 1869; the Brazilian and River Plate cable in 1873; the West Indian cables in 1875, and the Mackay-Bennett Atlantic cable in 1879. To the success of these enterprises he contributed in several other ways. He prescribed a method of testing the conductivity of a submarine wire while it was being laid, in order that any defect might be promptly discovered and cured. He also invented instruments to receive messages. Those employed for land wires were not sensitive enough. Thomson so mounted a mirror on a tiny magnet that the feeble electric impulses which traversed a cable would cause it to sway. A beam of light was thus deflected, first to the right and then to the left, on a blank white wall in a dark room. The magnet was suspended by a silk fibre, and its movements were practically unimpeded by friction. This invention was supplemented by one called the "siphon recorder," which would-leave a permanent trace on a strip of paper. Without question he did more than any other scientist to promote submarine telegraphy, and in recognition of these services he was knighted in 1866.

Thomson was an enthusiastic yachtsman, and did much for the marine art and science. He puhlished special tables to facilitate Sumner's American method of navigation; he invented the compass now generally used on shipboard, as well as the indispensable method for applying Airy's theory of the correction of compasses on iron vessels. He originated the only practical instrument for deep-sea sounding. He was also one of the chief investigators of tides; he invented the remarkable instrument called the harmonic analyzer, for mechanically determining the magnitudes and phases of the twenty or more different component oscillations which enter into the tide at each port. Thomson invented a number of other calculating machines, among them a tide-predicting machine, a machine for solving equations, and, in conjunction with his hrother, a remarkable mechanical integrator.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the lines in which our civilization is in debt to the labors of this indefatigable man. His genius was the dominating influence in investigation of questions relating to the age of the earth, its internal solidity or fluidity, and its rate of cooling. Another great field in which his was the leading mind was that of speculation about the molecular constitution of matter. Upon this subject he delivered a course of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University in 1884. He did much to illustrate the exceeding complexity of the problem, and to throw light upon parts of it, while leaving it as a whole unsolved. His last extensive experimental work related to the electrification of air; hut he still pushed analytical investigations when he had passed the age of eighty. Besides the treatise of Thomson and Tait, entitled "A Treatise on Natural Philosophy," but confined, in fact, to a part of analytical mechanics, Thomson wrote no books. His Baltimore lectures were reported and lithographed, his scientific memoirs were collected in three stout octavos, and his popular addresses in as many duodecimos. In 1877 he was made foreign associate of the French Academy of Sciences, usually counted as the highest of scientific honors. In 1892, he was raised to the peerage at the instance of Lord Salisbury. Baron Kelvin succeeded another illustrious mathematical physicist, Stokes, as president of the Royal Society. In his later years he was president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The distinguishing characteristic of Thomson's intellect was his power of analyzing physical facts into their elementary components mathematically defined, and of identifying these components with those of other facts. He was a cautious theorizer, taking care not to lose sight of possibilities that other men might not think worth considering. His ingenuity was marvellous. His gyrostat, a thing that would stand in apparently impossible positions; his gyrostatic pendulum and gyrostatic chain, with their weird motions; his bag that would allow water to run in and out freely, and yet was absolutely impervious to air; his instruments for measuring temperature, his jelly model of a molecule, and his paper of February, 1894, on the partition of space (a crystallographic problem), may serve as examples. It is the men who have themselves achieved the most in science who will be most penetrated with admiration for Kelvin. But we can never give full credit to a great man's excellences until we have weighed his defects. Kelvin had become infected by Nichol with a bias in favor of the miraculous. Hence, many of the hypotheses by which he proposed to explain physical phenomena would, if admitted as facts, themselves clamor for explanation. We refer for examples to his theory of germs diffused through the universe, and to the idea that atoms are "manufactured articles." No hypothesis seemed too unaccountahle for him, so long as the observed phenomena would he necessary consequences of it. Because he was without a peer in that sort of explanation, because, after all, he did not succeed in explaining the constitution of matter (as he himself confessed), and because more evolutionary hypotheses are likely to he favored in the future, Kelvin's death may mark one of the great epochs in the history of our understanding of the physical universe.

The annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, in Philadelphia, last week, December 10-12, was of greater interest than usual as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the union. About one hundred members were present and some twenty-seven papers were presented. There was a noticeable falling off in that uninteresting type of paper—local lists, and a reduction in contributions of purely systematic nature. In this systematic work American ornithologists have long led the world, and within the limited field they have accomplished much; but there is a welcome tendency, especially among the younger men, to broaden their research into other fields—notably in the ecological phase of bird study and in experimental investigation. The illustrated papers showed the highest excellence yet attained in photography of wild birds. One of the most interesting papers of a popular nature was Ernest Thompson Seton's account of the birds which he observed during a recent seven months' trip to Great Slave Lake, in northern Canada. What may he accomplished by modern modes of rapid transit was shown by Frank M. Chapman, who, during the present year, followed the progress of summer from the hreeding man-o'-war hirds and boobies of the Bahamas, north to the heron rookeries of the Southern States. Then swift trains took him to the plains of the Northwest and the summits of the Rockies. Here he again caught up with summer and took a series of remarkable photographs of nesting ptarmigan and other species. The material gathered by collector and artist will he used in the admirable series of hird groups which are being placed in the American Museum in this city. These groups will, when completed, have no equals in the world. Not only will they present a vivid idea of our larger typical American birds, but also a representative series of landscape backgrounds of the scenery of our continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

An addition to scientific literature comes in the form of the "Jahrbuch der drahtlosen Telegraphie und Telephonie," edited by Dr. Gustav Eichhorn of Zürich with the collaboration, among others, of Prof. J. A. Fleming and Dr. Guglielmo Marconi of London, and of Count von Arco and Prof. Adolf Slaby of Berlin. Four *Hefte* are to make one volume at a cost of twenty marks. The number before us contains, besides articles some of which can appeal only to the elect, a bibliography and book reviews.

The house of A. Haase in Prague announces a new journal called *Rundschau für Technik und Wirtschaft*, under the editorship of Prof. Alfred Birk of the School of Technology in Prague, who until now has been the editor of the *Zeitschrift für Eisenbahn und Industrie*, but has retired from this position.

A year ago Prof. Pierre Janet gave a course of fifteen lectures on hysteria at the Harvard Medical School, repeating them in part elsewhere. Some of them were fully reported in medical journals, but their publication in book form, "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria" (The Macmillan Co.), will obtain for them the larger class of readers that they richly deserve. The subject is developed in an entertaining way, with a remarkably ready use of English which has only an occasional slight obscur-

ity. Starting with monoideie somnambulism as the most characteristie symptom of hysteria, he passes on to the "fugues," or escapades (those startling forms of mental vagabondage), and multiple personalities (or "dominating somnambulism"), and then to what may be called the more local manifestations. Everywhere the reader finds some fresh and interesting presentation of the phenomena of a disease which should be better understood, and whose social importance can hardly be overrated. Ineidentally the question of hypnotism is discussed with the conclusion that it is "one of the most fundamental stigmata of the hysterical state." Janet insists that the definition of hysteria must be psychological, and he is impatient of physiological explanations; just at the end, however, he urges that these discussions are premature and concern purely verbal differences, so that the skeptie need not feel himself altogether disgraced. Janet's own briefest definition is that hysteria is a "malady of the personal synthesis," and his elaboration of this idea is worthy of careful reading.

An evidence of the lively interest felt in Polar exploration at the present time is to be found in the issue of a new edition of the monumental work of the leader of the National Antarctic Expedition, Capt. Robert F. Scott, "The Voyage of the Discovery" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). It apparently differs in no respect from the original edition, except that it is smaller in size and accordingly easier to handle and the illustrations are fewer in number.

Balloon literature is increasing in volume. We have before us "La Technique du ballon," by G. Espitalier (Paris: Octave Doin), forming part of the Encyclopédie Scientifique, edited by Dr. Toulouse. This is really a treatise on the mechanics of the balloon and of its accessories. Some idea of the scope and progress of the science may be formed from the subjects treated. To illustrate, we have chapters on the means of combating vertical instability, on the fatigue of the stuffs forming the envelope, and on the geometrical form of the balloon. The work is seriously mathematical. Of quite another character is Captain de Forge's "La Conquête de l'air" (Paris: Berger-Levrault). Compared with the text just described, this book is what the French themselves call an *ouvrage de vulgarisation*. But as such it is distinctly interesting and valuable, giving an account of ballooning (including aeroplaning) from its origin down to the present day. Naturally enough, the French point of view is always in evidence, foreign investigation as a rule getting but a short shrift. We note that our own Langley is, so to say, dismissed with "un Américain, Langley."

Major P. Charbonnier's "Balistique extérieure rationnelle" (Paris: Octave Doin) is issued in two separate volumes, dealing respectively with the principal and secondary problems of ballistics. Of the value of these books to the scientific artillery specialist, there can be no question. But we should like here especially to point out the interest these works should have for the physicist pure and simple. The motion of a projectile is really planetary, complicated by the resistance of the medium in which it takes place and by the rotation of the earth itself. The problem so far has defied general solution. The examples and exercises originated and collected by Major Charbonnier command attention as being neither numerical tests, on the one hand, nor mere mathematical gymnastics on the other.

Drama.

For the closing performance of his engagement at the Lyric Theatre, Ermete Novelli selected Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and his impersonation of the guilty Thane lent strong confirmation to the accuracy of the opinion already expressed in these pages that his great histrionic capacity, manifested so vividly in romance, melodrama, and a very wide range of comedy, is unequal to the higher flights of tragedy. Notable as his Shylock was in many respects—in cunning, malevolence, frenzied passion, and grovelling despair—it lacked the touch of imagination which gave forlorn dignity and pathos to the conceptions of Booth and Irving; and the want of this refining and ennobling influence was still more noticeable in the far greater and loftier characters of Othello and Lear. In his Macbeth there was an almost total absence of it. In common fairness it should be remembered that he is probably but imperfectly acquainted with English traditions or commentaries; and that his ideal was formed chiefly from a lacerated text only dimly suggestive of the original, but if he possessed the intuition or the insight of the true tragedian, the general plan of the piece, and the preternatural machinery employed in it, would have prevented him from playing it along the lines of ordinary blood-and-thunder melodrama. In his case there can be no question of insufficient technical resource. No living actor is better equipped than he with the means of emotional interpretation. In figure, voice, eloquence of gesture, and extraordinary control of facial expression, he has all the essential qualifications for acting of the highest order. His weakness lies in the limitations of an intelligence almost wholly realistic and theatrical. The same failure of perception that robbed his Shylock of distinction, his Othello of dignity, and his Lear of grandeur and pathos, made his Macbeth au abject cut-throat of hang-dog aspect and manner, showing no attribute of either soldier or tyrant. This low ideal was presented with an exaggeration that occasionally trembled on the verge of burlesque, but afforded some wonderfully picturesque attitudes and most impressive facial play. Some excellent work was done by the supporting cast. Signora Giannini's Lady Macbeth showed comprehension, Signor Piamonti was an admirable Duncan, Signor Betrone a good Macduff, and Signor Férrati an effective Banquo.

Beerbohm Tree has determined to open his London season with Comyns Carr's play, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," on January 4. Mr. Carr's conclusion of the story is bold, if not convincing. According to him, Jasper, while under the influence of opium, dreams of murdering Edwin, and so horrifies the latter—who is a witness of his ravings—that he seeks safety in flight. Jasper awakening, and missing Edwin, is straightway convinced that the supposed dream was a reality, and that he has actually concealed Edwin's body in the crypt. Finally he is tricked into a confession by Grewgious, and at the critical moment Edwin returns. Jasper, believing him to be a ghost, dies of the shock. Few students of the problem will be satisfied probably by this solution, but Mr. Tree is credited with a vivid and powerful performance of Jasper, and it is plain that such a character would be well within the range of his abilities. Later in the year he will produce Stephen Phillips's "Faust."

Music.

Irish Songs. Edited by N. Clifford Page. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Piano Compositions of Johann Sebastian Bach. Edited by Ebenezer Prout. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Two opposing tendencies may be noted in the musical world to-day. One is in the direction of the contrapuntal complexities of Richard Strauss and Max Reger and their imitators; the other is a return to the old folksongs of various countries, those inexhaustible treasures of undiluted melody and genuine feeling. It is easy to foretell the issue: simplicity and sincerity will once more oust ingenuity and artificiality; the renewed contact with early folk melody will give the strength to push aside the mere puzzle music of our day. Every new volume of popular melodies must therefore be welcomed as an aid in a good cause.

No European country has a richer store of national melody than Ireland, or one more racy of the soil. There have been prominent Irish composers, too—John Field, Balfe, and Villiers Stanford among them—but the best specimens of the Irish melody are nevertheless in the old songs, the creators of many of which are unknown. Of this fact any one can convince himself by looking over the new Ditson collection. This embraces not only the best loved songs of Ireland, but a number of others that only need to be known to be equally loved; they have the true Celtic flavor. A few modern songs have also been added. Mr. Page has adopted in some cases the accompaniments supplied by Stanford, Balfe, and others; in many instances he has himself arranged the piano parts, usually in good taste, although in a few numbers ("As I went awalking," for instance) the accompaniment, though admirable considered in itself, is not quite in keeping with the simple style of the song. The book is tastefully bound in holiday dress.

The complete collection of Bach's works, published by the Bach Society, includes thirty-five large volumes of vocal and nineteen of instrumental music. Of the vocal works all but a fraction are still music of the future. Of the instrumental pieces a much larger number are known, being played in concert halls with increasing frequency. There are indications, too, that more and more amateur pianists are following Schumann's admonition: "Make Bach your daily bread." Of no composer can it be more truly said than of him that *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. This accounts for the multiplication of editions of Bach's pieces for clavier (clavichord and harpsi-

chord) which are now played on the pianoforte. Among these editions none is more commendable than that of Professor Prout, the eminent English theorist and composer, which is the latest volume in the Musicians' Library. It contains a large number of the shorter compositions, the longer ones being reserved for a later volume. We find here, as a matter of course, the Six Little Preludes, the Twelve Little Preludes; also fifteen "Inventions" and so-called "Symphonies," which the editor has grouped effectively. Besides these there are a large number of old-fashioned dances—minuets, gavottes, sarabandes, gigues, etc., selected, or as presented in four of the French Suites. These dances show the gay and genial side of Bach's genius. They are far from being mere "bagatelles," like Beethoven's short pieces, but, like those of Schubert, they are often as truly inspired as the weightier works.

The selection of Professor Prout as editor of this volume calls for special commendation, because, in the case of Bach, the editor has unusual responsibilities. It was not customary in Bach's day to give in the written or printed music any indications as to the pace or the degree of loudness wanted. The editor has in these respects followed his own judgment, going so far as to add even metronome marks. These, of course, the player need not accept; but, unless he himself is an expert in the interpretation of eighteenth century music, he will do wisely to follow the lead of the eminent English scholar. Only in one respect does Professor Prout fail in his very valuable and detailed introduction to this volume: he gives no intimation to the student as to what to do in regard to the pedal. In Bach's day pedals did not exist, but there can be no doubt that he, who really wrote not for the clavichord of his day, but for the pianoforte of the future, would have used the pedal, had he had one, as freely as Chopin used it; not only for prolonging chords, but for securing a rich and varied tone color by the sympathetic commingling of overtones. By using the pedal in the modern way in the third of the Twelve Little Preludes (p. 9), we can make this piece superbly effective. With its aid, too, the following one can be made to sound as modern, as beautiful sensuously, and as dreamy in sentiment, especially in the last three bars, as a Chopin nocturne.

Grieg is dead, but the world has not yet seen all the products of his unique genius. In the first December issue of *Die Musik* Julius Roentgen has an article devoted to Grieg's musical remains, whence it appears that some very interesting novelties are yet to be published. The composer had the sketches or complete copies of these in three albums, which he always took with him on his tours, so as to be able to give them the benefit of every hour that he felt capable of working. These hours were infrequent in the last years of his life, because of the very precarious state of his health. Nevertheless, a few compositions were left ready for the printer. Among these is a series of songs of the years 1865-1905, which are to appear in two sets. Then there is an andante for piano, violin, and violoncello, which Roentgen considers worthy of perpetuation; also the first two movements of a quartet, which are "among the most fascinating things Grieg has written." It appears that Grieg had planned an oratorio ("Peace"), for which Björnson had, at his request, written the text. But when the poet wanted this text to be printed before the music was written, Grieg lost his interest in it; he never wrote more than one air, which will be printed with the songs referred to. Finally, there is a good deal of the incidental music to "Peer Gynt," which has never been printed, although the two suites made up of this music enjoy great popularity. It was one of Grieg's favorite ideas to have a special edition issued of all this music, for concert performances, the connecting text being spoken. This plan is now to be carried out by his publisher.

Art.

Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen: A Study of Mediæval Building. By W. R. Lethaby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Westminster Abbey, on account of its associations, excites more general interest among English-speaking people than any other building of the Gothic period; and architecturally, also, the building is of great importance. Several admirable books have already been published on the subject. One of the best is the "History of Antiquities of Westminster Abbey," with engravings from drawings by John Preston Neale, a small folio, published in 1823, and republished at intervals since; the engravings are of the well-known style of the early work of John Britton, and are less refined than those of Billings. A later work, by J. T. Micklethwaite and H. J. Feasey, is illustrated by many photogravure plates, to which are added four indifferently good plans. On account of this already rather full illustration, Mr. Lethaby was not called upon to furnish a great number of precise reproductions. Small half-tone prints could perhaps have been inserted in his text to advantage, because only those persons who make architecture a special study are likely to purchase the older folios. But such illustrations would have made the book different from what the author proposed.

His object is chiefly to trace the names, the lives, and the remaining work of those artists and artisans who labored upon the church, its accessories, and its surroundings. He says in his preface:

> Just as in thirteenth-century Italy we assign certain works of art to Arnolfo, Niccolo, or Giotto, so here we can identify the works of John of Gloucester, mason; John of St. Albans, sculptor; and William of Westminster, painter.

The work of these men is, then, the subject of the heart of the book, chapters vi., vii., viii., and indeed, all that follow, except as kindred subjects are introduced. Another purpose of the author is stated as follows in the preface:

> I have wished also to get at the facts as to building organization in the Middle Ages—the "economic basis" of Gothic art. If this is understood, it seems to me that the futility of copying the mere shapes taken by this great historical art must be acknowledged. The more we imitate the works of the men who wrought the marvels of Gothic art, the less we have of their spirit, for they advanced into the unknown.

These words suggest an almost mystical way of regarding works of art, a point of view which can never be disregarded; for it is held by the most intelligent and devoted students. The theory applies, however, more to the future builder, the possible designer in the Gothic spirit, than to the student of existing monuments. A more commonplace way of expressing this notion is perhaps to say that the way to design in the Gothic style is to become extremely familiar with many buildings of ancient times, to try to classify them, to follow out their minute details, to live with them and to grow to feel their full significance—then to shut up the books, to close the portfolios of photographs, to go out on the open ground, and later upon the scaffolding, and plan the new building for yourself.

For the enlightened study of Westminster Abbey, chapters i. and ii. may serve as a guide, while chapters iii. to v. inclusive afford an historical record of the building. Chapter vi. deals with "Points of Construction," and will be thought by many readers the most important in the book. The restorations, the renewals, the rebuildings, the modernizations to which the unhappy church has been exposed, have not affected its structural character; and the twenty-three pages devoted to this subject are a compressed and lucid account of the building in the stricter sense of the word. It is pleasant to see, in this connection, that Mr. Micklethwaite, author of the larger book cited above, is referred to on many occasions as having greatly advanced the study of the Abbey Church, and is mentioned in page 147 as "almost an infallible authority on the Abbey." Chapter xi. is devoted to a structure which is not in a strict sense a part of the Abbey Church, that is, the building which Mr. Lethaby likes to call the Lady Chapel. This term is more often used in England than on the Continent; it refers nearly always to a building carried out eastward, as this one is, from the choir and sanctuary. This Westminster addition is commonly named the Chapel of Henry VII., and it was, as indeed our author says, "built wholly in the sixteenth century"—more than two hundred years after the Abbey Church was complete. The charm and value of the thing, however, are in this: "It was built without any taint of the Renaissance," by which is meant the classical Renaissance, which, in the sixteenth century, had spread all over western Europe. This great chapel is indeed an important instance in England of the late and florid Gothic, that which some French writers include in their own term, *La Renaissance*, as expressing the fact that it arose after the Gothic style, properly so called, had run its course, developed, and declined. Now there are in England two or three other buildings fit to rank with this; and one of them at least, King's College Chapel at Cambridge, is more beautiful in general interior effect. Nevertheless the chapel at Westminster must be regarded as the most important of them all, partly because of its plan and structure with an admirable stone roof, one of the four perfect pieces of fan vaulting in existence, partly because of the "very beautiful bending of the external wall into a series of bay windows," and partly because "of the profusion of the finely arranged and well

wrought sculptures." It has been Mr. Lethaby's delight to compare this chapel with St. George's at Windsor Castle, and to find close resemblances. Brutal restorations under Wyatt at the beginning of the nineteenth century are described as having been so complete that, at least as regards the exterior, "it is now only a full size copy of itself." On the other hand the statues in the interior, nearly a hundred in number, "form our largest assemblage of sculptured saints after those on the west front of Wells," and they are pronounced to be generally in good preservation.

The book is fully illustrated by 124 inserts in the text, generally in the form of diagrams, but also in the way of small drawings showing care for fidelity in reproduction. These drawings represent the patterns of ornamental glass and of mosaic pavements as well as constructional diagrams.

We may accept the book as the latest utterance of a highly trained, thoughtful, enthusiastic student of mediæval art, and may read in it, not merely an account of that one important monument which he has chosen to illustrate, but of the whole style or series of styles which it embodies. This book and others of its kind indicate that the modern world of architecture, chaotic and revolutionary from having no laws which any two students can interpret alike, is in the way of meeting with a new influence—that of the twentieth century mediævalists. The failure of the Gothic Revival begun before 1850 does not discourage the preachers of this new gospel, because they see that the study then given to the Middle Ages was inadequate in knowledge and insight, and that the greater part of the work done under its influence from 1850 to 1880 or thereabouts was too much in the way of formal copying without much intelligence as to the examples chosen or the copies made. Whether such writers as Mr. Lethaby and Ralph Adams Cram of Boston will succeed in taking with them into the field of mediæval study any large number of the young professional architects is as yet uncertain, but the movement is being urged fearlessly and thoroughly.

One wonders why the Century Company should consider Timothy Cole's volumes of engravings after the masters in need of the kind of perfunctory text which Charles H. Caffin has supplied to that on "The Old Spanish Masters." Mr. Cole's own notes are much more interesting reading, and supply all that is necessary in the way of commentary—often, even, the very facts that Mr. Caffin gives in different words in his respectable compilation. The chapters on earlier Spanish painters do, indeed, give some facts not to be found in Mr. Cole's notes, for the very sufficient reason that these painters were not engraved by Mr. Cole, and have consequently no proper place in the volume. There is nothing in these or any of Mr. Caffin's chapters not readily to be found elsewhere. Of the engravings themselves it is hardly necessary to speak. They have all Mr. Cole's mastery of methods and richness of tone, and all the inevitable unsatisfactoriness as reproductions of the originals inseparable from such interpretations of one artist by another. For one who would understand Velasquez or Murillo they are not what is wanted. For the connoisseur of wood-engravings in the modern American method they are a delight.

The latest addition to the Langham Series of Art Monographs (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a grandiloquent little book, "Pompeii as an Art City," by E. von Meyer. It gives many reflections on Hellenism and the philosophy of life in an intolerably wordy style, but contains remarkably little information about Pompeiian art.

"Scarabs: An Introduction to the Study of Egyptian Seals and Signet Rings," by Percy E. Newberry (London: Constable & Co.) contains nearly two hundred and fifty pages, with forty-four plates and one hundred and sixteen illustrations in the text. Of all the antiquities of Egypt the one which is most sought and which lends itself most readily to purposes of personal adornment in rings and brooches or bracelets, is the scarab. There is also no other so often and so successfully imitated. In fact, it is sometimes impossible for any but an expert to detect the forgery. The scarab was put to different uses, now as a record of an historical event, now as a charm or amulet, but most frequently as a seal. Some contain good wishes addressed to individuals or unaddressed. Some contain the names of kings, and seem to have had a sort of eschatological significance, as though they would place the owner under the protection of a monarch dead for a longer or a shorter time. Some have merely fanciful or scroll designs, and others again bear legends that defy translation or interpretation. During the long periods of Egyptian history from the eleventh to the twenty-sixth dynasty, they were made in myriads. In the course of centuries the pattern changed constantly, though the general design persisted. By the back of the scarab its age may be fixed approximately, though wide experience is needed to enable one to judge. It is to the exposition of the significance of the scarab as a seal that the author has addressed himself. It is little to say that he has produced the most valuable monograph that we have on the subject, as far as Egyptian practice is concerned. Beginning with the importance attached to the seal in ancient times, he proceeds to treat of its origin and uses, of the officials who were empowered to affix it, and of the methods of its manufacture. The various forms which the seal assumed, beginning with the cylinder and passing through various shapes to the signet ring, are described. More than half of the text is devoted to descriptions of the samples figured in the plates. These figures number about thirteen hundred, being selections from some seven thousand drawings and from an examination of over thirty thousand examples. The book is thus authoritative, based on a wide study, and as trustworthy as any book on the subject can be made. It is not too technical for lay comprehension, and may be consulted with confidence.

In the London *Times* is printed a statement made by Signor Rava, the minister of public instruction, before the Commission of Fine Arts, which goes far to remove all reproach which has hitherto been levelled against the Italian neglect of artistic treasures. The branch of his ministry which deals with the fine arts had, he said, for the first time since the constitution of the kingdom of Italy, been put on a solid footing, with an increased grant for salaries of $80,000 a year. There had also been placed at its disposal a sum of $1,000,000 for the purpose of making purchases of works of art. A special council would be entrusted with the control of this fund. Legislation would also be laid before the chamber to dispose of the legal difficulties which beset the preservation of monuments and any other objects of artistic value. To this preservation his ministry had already contributed by grants of money to municipalities, ecclesiastical communities, and other corporations. Signor Rava specially instanced the case of St. Mark's, in Venice, for which Parliament would be asked to grant a considerable sum in aid of that already promised by the Venetian municipality. Other arrangements were being made with the same municipality for the repair of the Abbey of San Gregorio, and with the municipality of Ravenna for the preservation of the famous cloisters of San Vitale and Santa Maria in Porto. The Palazzo Ducale of Gubbio would also be restored and converted into a museum. In the matter of archæology, Parliament had voted means for buying and isolating the area occupied by the Baths of Diocletian. The ministry was fully prepared to buy any statutes or other objects of sufficient value which were discovered in excavation. The recent purchase of the statue found at Anzio was delayed only by the legal question as to the actual owner. Funds had been granted for conducting excavations in Sicily. We know also that Signor Rava has prepared a bill on the subject of the much discussed excavations at Herculaneum. The chief provisions of this bill are, first, the appropriation of $100,000 to begin the expropriation of the land and buildings of Resina, the town which stands over Herculaneum; secondly, the appropriation of $3,000 yearly for carrying on the work of excavation, which sum does not include the salaries of the officials engaged in it. A special commission, under Professor de Petra of the University of Naples, has undertaken the preliminary studies with the view of beginning the work as soon as possible, and has already sent several reports to Signor Rava, with important projects and estimates.

Prof. Charles Waldstein protests vigorously against the indifferent attitude of the British government toward Dr. Arthur J. Evans, the well-known archæologist, and his work in Crete. Professor Waldstein says in the London *Times:*

It is sad to think that one who has rendered such brilliant services to science with such devoted work and expenditure of thought and talent and his own material means should have to appeal for support in order to complete a scientific labor which has brought credit to the British nation all over the world. In any other European country the government would have subsidized, if not paid, all the expenses of what can in no way be considered a private enterprise. There can be no doubt that Dr. Evans's Cretan excavations rank highest in importance among all the works of archæological exploration in our day. It is well known that he has himself borne the greater part of the expenses for several years. Those who have hitherto supported him belong chiefly to the academic world or the world of scholars—people who are al-

ready overburdened with contributions of a similar nature out of all proportion to their incomes. Does not a wider public take some interest in the higher research carried on by the scientific representatives of the nation, and can the wealthier classes in England not be brought to give material support to the efforts of those who thus stand for the nation's higher culture? Is it impossible to hope for a government subsidy? If it be not the "tradition," good traditions can be inaugurated by those who lead the nation.

The opening day (December 4) of the sale of the Rikoff collection at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris gave some interesting prices for old masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Although the prices were paid for the most part by international dealers of Paris in competition with Amsterdam, enough amateurs were bidding to show the genuine value now attached to such paintings. Terburg's Woman with a Fan went to a Paris dealer for 43,100 francs. A Paris amateur, M. Boyer, paid 33,000 fr. for J. Ruysdael's Winding Road in the Forest. This painting was sold for 6,100 fr. at the Patureau sale, just fifty years ago. The Players at Ninepins of Jan Steen and Berckheyde, which was put up for sale at 6,000, went after a lively contest to Frederic Muller of Amsterdam for 30,000 fr. M. Muller paid the same price for Van der Heyden's View of a Canal in Holland, which brought only 14,100 in 1881 at the Beuronville sale. Wynants's Leafless Tree went to an amateur for 10,600 fr., as against 8,200, which it brought in 1876 at the Schneider sale. A. Van der Neer's Sunrise, for which 10,000 was asked, and which was sold for 10,300 in 1881 at the Roxart de La Salle sale, brought 28,100 fr.; and A. Van Ostade's Man at a Rustic Window, which was sold for 9,000 at the Wilson sale in 1881, reached 16,500 francs. Van Goyen's View on the Meuse brought 14,000 francs; and a number of other paintings went for higher prices than were asked. The total sale shows a distinct rise in these schools.

At Christie's auction rooms in London on November 27 the following prices were paid for etchings: A. H. Haig, Interior of Burgos Cathedral, £48; Mont St. Michael, £44; D. Lucas, after Constable, Salisbury Cathedral, £94. On November 30, Birket Foster's drawing, The Chairmender, brought £204; and J. Vincent's painting, A View on the River Yare, near Norwich, £420.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will hold its one hundred and third annual exhibition January 20 to February 29, consisting of original works by American artists in oil painting and sculpture, which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia. The committees are as follows:

Painting: John W. Alexander, chairman; Thomas P. Anshutz, Richard N. Brooke, Colin Campbell Cooper, Howard Gardiner Cushing, Henry Golden Dearth, W. W. Gilchrist, jr., Philip L. Hale, Ernest Lawson, Willard L. Metcalf, and Charles Morris Young.

Sculpture: Daniel C. French, chairman; Bela L. Pratt, and Albert Laessle.

Hanging: John W. Alexander, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Willard L. Metcalf.

The seventy-third annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York will be held in the building of the American Fine Arts Society February 2. Lectures on architecture will be delivered on Wednesdays, February 5, 12, and 19.

An exhibition of water colors will be open at the Salmagundi Club till December 24. Among the pictures at the dealers' shops are paintings by Childe Hassam, Montross's, December 28; old English mezzotints, M. Knoedler & Co.'s; and modern mezzotints, W. K. O'Brien & Co.'s.

Dr. Wilhelm R. Valentiner of Berlin has been appointed curator of decorative arts in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. His term is to begin as soon as his present engagements will permit. Dr. Valentiner is now the private assistant of Wilhelm Bode, director-general of the Royal Museums of Berlin. He was recommended to the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum by Dr. Bode himself, whose recommendation was warmly seconded by Julius Lessing, director of the Kunstgewerbe Museum in Berlin. Roger E. Fry, finding that he cannot stay in New York for so long a time as the responsibilities of the position demand, has been appointed European adviser of the museum, instead of curator of paintings. Bryson Burroughs, who for the last two years has filled the position of assistant curator, has been appointed acting curator of paintings.

Benjamin Champney, the landscape artist, died at Woburn, Mass., December 11. Born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1817, he entered the Pendleton lithographic establishment in Boston at the age of eighteen; and there received his first training in draughtsmanship. In 1841, by the advice of Washington Allston, he went to Paris to pursue his art studies. He exhibited pictures in the Salons of 1844 and 1845, and visited Switzerland and Italy. He returned to this country in 1846, but went to France again in 1847, and spent the summer sketching along the Rhine. In 1853 he turned to the White Mountains, and sketched in and about North Conway. To this pleasant painting ground he came back year after year, bought a cottage there, built a studio, and made it his summer home. In 1865 he went abroad again, worked in Switzerland and among the Italian lakes; and in 1866 he spent the summer in Brittany. He was one of the charter members of the Boston Art Club, and one of its early presidents. In 1900 he published "Sixty Years' Memories of Art and Artists."

Mario Raggio, the sculptor, has just died in his eighty-seventh year. He was born in Carrara, and came to London in 1850, where for a while he worked under Matthew Noble. Among his most important monuments are the Beaconsfield memorial in Parliament Square, the statue of Archbishop Tait in Edinburgh, and the Jubilee memorial of Queen Victoria at Hongkong.

The death of Paul Ritter, the artist, is announced from Nuremburg. Ritter was born in 1829, and was from his fourth year a deaf mute. He studied under Heideloff and Korn.

Finance.

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PANIC?

It is the uniform experience that in crises like the present all sections of the community, all groups of capitalists, and all existing powers that be, public and private—regardless of past jealousies and grievances—pull together. The October panic brought J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and the Federal Administration into cordial personal coöperation in measures of relief. No contrast could have been greater with 1903, when what was then ostentatiously called "the panic" was distinguished chiefly by efforts of one group of powerful millionaires to cut the ground from under the feet of rivals. Banks and trust companies, which in 1903 were engaged in mutual accusations, were working shoulder to shoulder last October, in an effort to save the very institutions on whose practices, four years before, the bitter controversy had focussed. The East and the West, which are always charging each other with vicious methods in finance, discarded personalities and labored for a common end.

But such things are too good to last. Disappearance of the actual danger starts the discordant discussion as to who was to blame. The East and the West are always first to resume their chronic recriminations. New York has now for a fortnight been alleging that the Western banks laid hands on the country's money when it was most acutely needed, and hoarded it in vaults; the West retorts that this was a "Wall Street gamblers' panic." Voicing the Western feeling, Charles A. Prouty of the Interstate Commerce Commission declared last Thursday in his speech to the Economic Club of this city:

> This present condition of things is very properly called a panic, an unreasoning and groundless fear. I don't know much about it, but as far as I can see it originated right here in New York. The people here in New York made up their minds that their money in your banks would be safer if they took it out and put it in their pockets, and the rest of the country had to suffer.

Now on these allegations the rather obvious comment is that they both have this much of basis—that if depositors in the trust companies had never indulged in a run, we should not have had just the "trust company panic" that came; and that if the Western banks had allowed their reserves to run down lower, there would have been more ready cash for other communities. But this is only saying that a run of depositors is a sign of panic, and that so is hoarding of cash—two facts which nobody has disputed.

But sectional recrimination takes a secondary place, in this process of hunting scapegoats, to the sudden outcry that the head of the government is to blame. Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black, addressing the New Hampshire Bar Association Thursday, gave out these dark hints:

> Some day, perhaps to-morrow, those shrivelled values of the innocent investor will pass on to his widow and his children. Will their lot then be cheered by the endless chain of threats now circling round the White House against the "wealthy malefactor" who still unpunished walks the streets and plies his trade?

Congressman McCall, speaking the same day at New York, remarked:

> Gentlemen very prominent, very responsible for the administration of the government of this nation, have taken an attitude with reference to property and enterprise that it seems to me has made this panic inevitable.

It is plain enough at whose head these blows are levelled. Now, no one familiar with previous history will imagine that the fixing of responsibility on the President is new to the present generation. Wall Street itself, which had been ardent in admiration of President Cleveland during all of the previous decade, turned to a furious denunciation of his policies when it was hunting a scapegoat for 1893. "Anything to beat Grant!" was the cry which reached the ears of the popular idol of four years before, when the country's financial interests began to pick up the fragments after September, 1873. When Buchanan received at the White House the returns from the election of 1857 in his own State of Pennsylvania, he and his Cabinet are said to have broken into laughter at the absurd completeness of their overthrow. A few weeks after the panic of 1837, the New York Merchants' Committee of Fifty solemnly embodied this query in their resolutions:

What Constitutional or legal justification can Martin Van Buren offer to the people of the United States for having brought on them *all* their present difficulties?

People who read history are now fairly well agreed as to what really did cause the panics of 1837, of 1857, of 1873, and of 1893, and they certainly have not reached the conclusion that the culprits were Martin Van Buren, James Buchanan, Ulysses S. Grant, and Grover Cleveland. The stage of sober history, perhaps, has not yet been reached in the matter of the panic of 1907. So long as the discussion runs on the present lines no particular interest will be aroused by insistence on what was visibly done to impair our credit system, and pave the way for last October, by the Captains of Industry whose activities, in the spring of 1901 and the autumn of 1906, were the marvel of the world. In all the other periods referred to, we had very much such militant leaders of finance; they did the same work in bringing on trouble, and when the crisis came, their voices were raised as conspicuously as now in the chorus of denunciation of the powers at Washington. After a while, financial history gave the Captains the rating which belonged to them, and which they will get in the sequel of 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Alexander V. G. Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Austen, Jane. Northanger Abbey. Dutton. $2.
Beard, Dan. Animal Book and Camp-Fire Stories. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Benedict, Francis Gano. The Influence of Inanition on Metabolism. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Bérard, Victor. Le Sultan, L'Islam et les Puissances. Paris: Armand Colin.
Birt, Henry Norbert. The Elizabethan Religious Settlement. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
Bôcher, Maxime. Introduction to Higher Algebra. Macmillan. $1.90 net.
Bodine, William Budd. Some Hymns and Hymn Writers. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Borsa, Mario. The English Stage To-day. Translated by Selwyn Brinton. Lane. $2.50 net.
Bridgman, L. J. The Hook. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Carruth, William H. Letters to American Boys. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 80 cents net.
Chateaubriand, La Jeunesse de. Edited by Gerald Goodridge. Henry Frowde.
Cicero: Orationes Henry Frowde.
Collins, William, The Poems of. Henry Frowde.
Colmore, G. The Angel and the Outcast. Brentano's.
Crow, Martha Foote. Modern Poets and Christian Teaching. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Curtin, Jeremiah. The Mongols: A History. Boston: Little Brown & Co. $3 net.
Davenport, James. The Washbourne Family. London: Methuen & Co.
Dickens, Character Portraits from. Selected by Charles Welsh. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Dugard, M. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sa vie et son œuvre. Paris: Armand Colin.
Early American Humorists, Selections from the Writings of. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Eliot's Silas Marner. Macmillan. $2.
Feuillet, Octave. Le Roman D'un Jeune Homme Pauvre. Henry Frowde.
Finch, Lucine. Two in Arcadia. Brentano's.
Garvie, Alfred E. Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus. Armstrong.
Grasset, Joseph. The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible. Translated by Smith Ely Jelliffe. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.50 net.
Hamilton, Cosmo. Adam's Clay. Brentano's. $1.50.
Hart, Albert Bushnell. National Ideals Historically Traced. Harpers. $2 net.
Hayes, Hiram W. Paul Anthony Christian. Boston: Reid Publishing Co.
Housman, Laurence. Stories from the Arabian Nights. Scribners.
Hurt, Walter. The Scarlet Shadow. Girard, Kans.: The Appeal to Reason.
Irving, H. B. Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Latané, John Holladay. America as a World Power. Harpers. $2 net.
Laur, Francis. The Heart of Gambetta. Translated by Violette M. Montagu. Lane. $2.50 net.
Lincoln, Azariah Thomas, and James Henri Walton, jr. Exercises in Elementary Quantitative Chemical Analysis. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Marvin, Frederic Rowland. Poems and Translations. Troy: Pafrates Book Co.
Murray, Gilbert. The Rise of the Greek Epic. Henry Frowde. $2.
Nutter, Charles Read, and others. Specimens of Prose Composition. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cts.
Parker, Theodore. A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion.—The World of Matter and Spirit of Man.—The American Scholar. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net each.
Power, P. The Place-Names of Deeles. London: David Nutt.
Reuter, Gabriele. Der Amerikaner. Lemcke & Buechner.
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. Broken Off. Brentano's.
Riehl, Wilhelm Heinrich. Burg Neideck. Edited by J. B. E. Jonas. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Riley, James Whitcomb. The Boys of the Old Glee Club. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Sadler, M. E. Continuation Schools in England and Elsewhere. Manchester: University Press.
Schuffler, Robert Haven. Christmas. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Shepard, William R. Guide to the Materials for the History of the United States in Spanish Archives. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Short, Ernest H. A History of Sculpture. Dutton. $3 net.
Sprague, Rufus Farrington. The True Nature of Value. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Sue, Eugène. The Brass Bell. Translated by Solon de Leon. New York Labor News Co.
Symons, Arthur, Cities of Italy. Dutton. $2 net.
Walker, Ernest A History of Music in England. Henry Frowde. $2.50.
Wigmore, John Henry. A Supplement to a Treatise on the System of Evidence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Young, Anne Spottswood. Tell Me a Story Series. 6 vols. Eaton & Mains. $1.50.
Young, Anne Spottswood. The Bairnie Books. 6 vols. Eaton & Mains. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1907.

The Week.

If Gov. Cummins of Iowa is correct, the Presidential campaign next year is to be a battle of metaphysicians. This would follow from his definition of the issues. There is to be, first, the Democratic idea of tariff revision in a deadly struggle with the Republican idea of tariff revision. The one would be absolutely fatal to the country, the other is necessary to its salvation; yet which is which, and how one is distinguished from the other, it would take a prince of the scholastics to decide. Hence we say that the outlook is good for philosophers on the stump next year, able to divide a hair 'twixt north and northwest side. Their services will also be in demand if Gov. Cummins's other issue is to be understanded of the people. This is the Democratic plan of regulating corporations, in conflict with the Republican plan of doing the same thing. Of course, we should scarcely survive if the former were foolishly adopted, while we shall die prematurely if the latter is not; yet the two look as much alike as two peas. Some miraculously intelligent voters may be able to make the proper choice, but the run of them, we are sure, will need the aid of men skilled in pointing out the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

Although the new rules of the Republican party reduce by a total of eight votes in the convention the potency of those political divisions which either cast no electoral votes at all, or will certainly give theirs to the Democrats, these continue popular subjects of speculation. The Territories, which had a total of 42 delegates in 1904, including those from Porto Rico and the Philippines, will this year have but 14, which would be negligible in any but a very close contest. For Southern Republicans, however, the National Convention provides one crowded hour of glorious life. The six States of Alabama, South Carolina, Texas, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas can in the convention outvote by 14 the combined delegations of California, Nebraska, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Kansas, and Connecticut. In the last Presidential election the former group cast 150,308 votes for Roosevelt, the latter 1,168,752. Thus, if we take these two groups as typical, one Southern delegate represents 1,073 individual Republican voters, while a Northern delegate represents 9,276. It is logically nine times as much honor for a candidate to win a delegate from a Northern State, but, on the other hand, his work counts for nine times as much if it is expended in that sunny region where the air tingles now with rumors of plot and counterplot.

A political writer recently expressed the desire to see a direct contest between the "new Federalists" and the "new anti-Federalists." If all the Democrats and all the Republicans who believe in confining governmental functions within the narrowest practicable limits should get together on one side, while all the Democrats and all the Republicans who believe in a considerable extension of governmental functions lined up on the other, the next election might demonstrate the true feeling of the American people about a question which underlies most of the particular issues of the day. As matters stand now, Democrats have lent a hand in most if not all of the new Federal policies, of which the most prominent critic at the moment happens to be Senator Foraker, a Republican. But the citizens interested in this question are not the only ones to talk about new alignments. We are told that if all the "friends of labor" would only vote the same way, they could overcome anybody and everybody. This view was rather discredited by last year's elections. Tariff reformers who know how serious is the Republican discontent with the stand-pat policy, wish devoutly that there could be a fresh alignment on the tariff issue, and would willingly let the Democratic protectionists join with Cannon and Payne and the others. Despite these wishes, however, any general re-alignment in 1908 is unlikely. Not long after Roosevelt's reëlection, many prophets were ready to predict a break-up of the old political parties. Some foretold a long era of good-feeling under a semi-paternal government, while others saw the immediate joining of battle between the corporations and the common people. Both agreed that neither the Democratic party nor the Republican—apart from the man it had placed in the Chief Magistracy—was worth saving. But all the political reporters are now predicting the liveliest convention the Republicans have held since 1892. And the Opposition is not to be a new or nondescript aggregation, proletariat or corporate, but the same old Democratic party. There will be no new alignment except in the wholesome sense that unattached voters will change their minds and shift according to their new convictions. They will, as usual, hold the balance of power between the immobile and disciplined bodies of straight party men. Not even Roosevelt with all his muckrakers, on the one hand, or Harriman with all his conspirators, on the other, has been able to do more than ripple the deep current of our system of two-party government.

In Attorney-General Bonaparte's address at Chicago last Saturday, he was filled with the idea of enforcing the law without fear or favor. He spoke, however, as if there were almost a general conspiracy to prevent the Administration from executing the laws, or to bring it into discredit if it did. The Department of Justice could not move against a great corporation without being accused of undermining prosperity; against land monopolists, without being charged with persecuting "prominent and useful citizens"; against peonage, without being blamed for hostility to an entire section of the country. Freely admitting, as we do, the importance of many of the Administration's attempts to apply the law—as in the Northern Securities case—no one who scans the record will concede that the statutes have been invariably executed. In the Paul Morton case, the specially designated assistants of the Attorney-General urged a certain course as the only way in which to establish the criminality of a friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, but the owner of the brotherless spear refused to let the law take its course. Moreover, the National Bank Act provides that "every person, firm, association, other than national bank associations, and every corporation . . . shall pay a tax of ten per centum on the amount of their own notes used for circulation and paid out by them." That is perfectly explicit. It makes no allowance for times of money stringency. Indeed, one of Mr. Bonaparte's subordinates in Texas proposed last month to collect this tax, as it might have been collected in many parts of the country. But Washington did not move. This particular law was, for the time being, made a dead letter by the Department of Justice. We do not say that this should not have been done. If the 10 per cent. tax had been rigidly levied upon all the scrip and corporation checks afloat as currency, there would have been an indignant outcry, and monetary recovery would have been retarded. But this very fact shows that law enforcement is not so simple a thing as is sometimes alleged. An executive cannot do his whole duty by merely looking into the statute-book, and decreeing that every law found there shall be always and everywhere enforced to the very letter. Capriciousness, or personal favoritism, in one set for the execution of the laws, is, of course, intolerable, but he is bound to use a certain amount of prudence even in law enforcement. This is rec-

ognized by Attorney-General Bonaparte, even in the fury of his argument, when he adds that, of course, people must not "demand impossibilities."

The Governor of Nevada presents himself in no enviable light. He called upon the President for aid, apparently when in a state of terror at the prospect of a revolution. So Mr. Roosevelt properly and promptly responded by hurrying troops to the scene of impending war, only to find that everything was quiet. Naturally, Mr. Roosevelt feels indignant, particularly as Gov. Sparks is not only calmly ignoring the President's telegrams, but has declared in writing to the commission appointed by Mr. Roosevelt that he will not convene the Legislature to consider the situation in Goldfield, or the raising of a proper State military force to police that place if it really needs policing. Gov. Sparks has only himself to blame if the world at large believes that he has been playing fast and loose with the Federal authorities and suspects that the call for troops was but an effort of the mine owners to utilize them in their own interest, as against that of the striking miners.

The refusal of the States of Washington and California to allow their militia to participate in next year's coast-defence manœuvres is of particular interest at this time, when every effort is being made to bind the National Guard and the regular army closer together. In this State we have one coast artillery militia regiment, and its enrolment, larger than that of any other in the State, is pointed to by those who assert that an alliance between State and Federal troops means renewed interest in the former. Indeed, it is currently reported that there will shortly be a move to change two more infantry regiments into coast artillery. To us this undertaking seems of little value. Good militia regiments of infantry and cavalry can be made, but not good technical troops. The adjutants-general of Washington and California are quite right in saying that, if the Federal government needs a reserve of this kind, it had better create one itself. The idea that troops could drill in an armory for six months in the year and in a fort for one week and then be of value in time of war is untenable. And where could the technically trained officers, skilled in electricity, in ballistics, in submarine mines, in gunnery, in all the intricate details of modern coast defence, be found to command such regiments?

Protests by the Italian government against the destruction by Kentucky "night-riders" of some tobacco owned by the Italian government tobacco monopoly, and against ill-treatment of Italian laborers in Louisiana, Florida, and Mississippi, bear out what we have said in regard to the necessity of a change of front in the South, if it would really attract foreign immigration. This the Charleston *News and Courier* admits in a recent editorial. The killing of two Macedonian laborers near Chathamsville, La., can, of course, be paralle'ed by the attacks on Chinese in the West; yet that in no way mitigates the horror of the crime, nor the shame it brings upon Louisiana and the whole country. There must be law and order if these States are to be fit habitations for natives as well as foreigners, and are to progress industrially. But when the Italian government officially declares that it has found many Italian laborers in a state of peonage "worse than slavery," the South must not be surprised if Europe looks upon it as decades behind the times. If the South is compelled by this attitude of the outside world to set its house in order, the colored man, too, may be relieved from those oppressive laws which, as Assistant Attorney-General Russell has officially reported, are drawn as though with the purpose of making a peon of him.

Prohibition in this country means to day a system of regulating the liquor traffic whereby whiskey may be obtained legally from the drug-store on a physician's prescription, and from the express office without any such prescription. The express companies, we believe, never maintain bars of their own, or permit drinking on the premises. Thus they offer the same discouragements to public drunkenness as did the now defunct South Carolina dispensary. But, good or bad, this traffic in original packages of intoxicants from other States is not authorized by the "dry" States. There is no partisan division on the question whether the Federal government should use its power over interstate commerce, to help rather than hinder the States in carrying out their own policies. Last week it was Tillman, a Democrat, who brought up the issue in the Senate. A couple of years ago it was Dolliver, a Republican. The question is one about which license communities have always been indifferent, but every growth of no-license sentiment increases its practical importance.

The year which has seen the removal of the motto "In God We Trust" from our coins, sees also the first official recognition of Santa Claus by the Federal government. Those thousands of childish letters, droll, quaint, or pathetic, addressed to the fabulous old gentleman at the North Pole, or Fairyland, or—as a good proportion are reported to be marked this year—"care of Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.," are to reach some one who may really give them attention. Hitherto, a soulless bureaucracy has stamped them "party unknown" and dumped them by bushels into the hoppers of the dead-letter office; but now unofficial organizations "of standing" will have the felicity of filling the orders for drums and guns, Teddy bears, and stick candy. It is said that the letters will even be answered. Mr. Pinchot, the Chief Forester, has also scouted the current belief that Christmas-tree cutting is a serious waste of our forests. So the trees may be enjoyed without the guilty feeling that it is at the expense of the future timber supply and the regular flow of the rivers. Acts like these show that the season of good will can make even a severe government relax.

The active bidding for hearth-fronts and columns of heavy stone at the auction of Stanford White's collections showed that there is a demand for sculpture, in connection with architecture, which the sculptors here do not satisfy. That we have capable sculptors is known to every one who has seen the exhibitions of the National Sculpture Society and such smaller exhibits of sculpture as appear in connection with other shows. Nevertheless, the attention of the public has been concentrated for a long time on painting, and glass windows and mosaics; and, as regards sculpture in stone or wood, there is noticeable apathy. Yet we have never had so many excellent workmen in the field of small statuary as to-day; and architects are doing their share to encourage sculpture on the exterior of city buildings, and also something toward a wider taste for sculptured hearths in country houses. One great difficulty which our sculptors encounter is that New York does not contain a suitable place for exhibition of the art. The winter show of statuary which was planned by the National Sculpture Society is going to Baltimore, where the armory of the Fifth Regiment, a fireproof building, will be used. We, too, have armories which would perfectly meet the requirements of a combined exhibit of architecture, sculpture, and flowers, but the right to use them for such purposes has been withdrawn.

An increase of 29 per cent. in population in eight years should be a fair, though not indubitable, proof of a country's material well-being. That increase is what the just completed Cuban census shows. From 1,572,845 in 1899 the number of inhabitants has risen to 2,025,282—a respectable population, as small nations go nowadays. It is only 400,000 less than Denmark's population, 200,000 less than Norway's, and over one-half

of that of all Central America. The increase, moreover, has shown no tendency to concentration, but has been marked in the entire island. The province of Havana, as a matter of fact, shows the smallest ratio of growth, 22 per cent. It is still the leading province, with a population of 517,524; but it is closely pressed by Santa Clara, with 457,897, and an increase of 29 per cent., and Oriente (formerly Santiago de Cuba), with 453,732, and an increase of 38 per cent. The highest rate of growth was in Matanzas, which now has 289,866, an increase of 43 per cent. Pinar del Rio's growth to 240,781 has been at the rate of 39 per cent., and Camaguey to 117,432 at the rate of 23 per cent. To these results immigration has, of course, largely contributed.

Of the four new cardinals created in the recent consistory, two are Frenchmen—the Archbishops of Rheims and Marseilles—and a third, to judge from his name, De Lai, is probably of the same nationality. A sudden increase in the number of French cardinals from five to eight is not without significance at a time when the question of the final disposition of church property resulting from the Separation Law is being taken up by the French Chamber. Of a repeal of the Separation Law there can be, of course, little hope. The problem that confronts the Church in France is one of organization for carrying on work under new conditions. That the head of the Catholic Church is in close sympathy with the faithful in face of their afflictions and the great task now before them, the increase in the number of French cardinals is probably one method of testifying. The devolution of church property is comparatively an unimportant matter in the eyes of the militant Catholic leaders; at most, it would be a question of saving a little more or less out of a general shipwreck. Organization for the future is the watchword—organization not only for defence, but for offence. We find such a fighting platform put forth, for instance, by the Bishop of Beauvais, some time ago. According to his statement, Catholics must organize, in the first place, to procure for the clergy the actual means of subsistence, as well as for the "reconquest" of religious liberty, for the defence of society against dissolution through the decline of morality, and for the protection of the young. "And the best mode of defence is to attack, so as to forestall further assaults. Napoleon was defeated only when he had ceased to attack."

The *Revue de Paris* publishes a translation of one of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novels, under the title, "Chez les heureux du monde," which, an inspired reader might guess, is French for "The House of Mirth." Translations from the English are enjoying increasing popularity in Continental periodicals, and especially as *feuilletons* in the daily press. In the case of such serious journals as the Paris *Temps* or the *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, the suggestion is unescapable that the "puritan" literature of Great Britain, and to a less extent, America, is naturally adaptable. That the Paris *Figaro* should announce a translation of one of Robert Hichens's stories, may be explained by the element of the exotic which characterizes the Englishman's tales of North Africa—a field, by the way, in which French romancers have themselves done excellent work. It is notable that the favorites for *feuilleton* consumption are not the Hardys and the Merediths, but Kipling and Conan Doyle.

Bourgeois as a term of reproach has entered into the thought and speech of at least two generations. It rivals Philistine as a convenient epithet for what we do not like. In literature, in art, most of all in morals, to be a bourgeois is to be something indefinably but unspeakably awful. Careful parents and anxious teachers warn the young against incurring this taint. The malediction came to us from France, and there are those who maintain that we give it a more malign significance than it has in its country of origin. Prof. Barrett Wendell has recently pointed out that the great body of students at the French universities are bourgeois. So are the leading professional men; they derive from middle-class families in the provinces. Such is notoriously the case with public men in France. When the Socialist orator Jaurès flung the taunt of bourgeois at the Ministry, Clemenceau eagerly accepted it as if it were a badge of honor. As well reproach a Tammany statesman for being "close to the people"! These confusions have lately been the subject of analysis by a Frenchman, M. Aynard, Deputy from Lyons. In a speech before a commercial club, he took up the question of "the war of classes." It is, of course, "guerre à la bourgeoisie" that the Socialists declare, but M. Aynard defied them to say exactly what they mean. With as much truth as wit, he contended that "the term bourgeois is something much easier to resent than to define." There is no sure outward sign, nor infallible inner trait, by which one may detect the bourgeois. To be sure, there are great classes of people who may roughly be so grouped. But even in the class there is no fixity. M. Aynard had made a little investigation of a thousand of the most flourishing commercial houses of Lyons. Nine-tenths of them had been founded by men who were actual workmen or employees shortly before, and who with their families could not even be called bourgeois to-day, so rapid has been their rise, owing to their own initiative and force, with the free opportunity offered by the laws. There is, admittedly, in France as in this country, a kingdom of the bourgeois, but its boundaries are vague and shifting. Within it are the classes which represent stability, with rather banal ideas, no doubt, but which also represent energy, aspiration, and the spirit of progress. Hence, no sooner have the superior beings outside got their lorgnettes superciliously levelled at the bourgeois, than he suddenly makes his way up to where they stand, and pushes them aside. And presently he, in his turn, becomes very contemptuous of all that is bourgeois!

The career of Lord Kelvin illustrates the great opportunity and appeal which modern science makes to capable and aspiring natures. There is the element of intense mental satisfaction. To be grappling with the problems that underlie all human problems must yield its daily thrill. But this higher type of scientist never loses himself in unrealities. His sense of the actual is too strong for that. Hence he is always eager to show the bearing of his most refined speculations upon the thoughts and lives of men and the march of progress. And if, as an aside from his more arduous labors of the intellect, he is able to devise or perfect some process or tool to bring the triumphs of science home to the hearts of men, he has the contentment which comes from feeling his feet upon the earth and doing service to its denizens. His example shows what is really meant when we speak of the romance of science. De Maistre has a striking passage on the contrast between the scientific spirit of the present and the conception of science in primitive times. Then there was something almost supernatural in the idea of science; it brought up a mystic figure, "looking only at the sky, and with a foot disdainfully touching the earth only to quit it." To-day, on the contrary, science is pictured as loaded down with books and instruments, "pale with vigils and labors, and pressing forward panting on the path towards the truth, with eyes fixed ever on the ground." Yet the two conceptions are not wholly irreconcilable. In Lord Kelvin they were blended, and our point is that something of the old awe felt for the Magi reasserts itself in the case of such a scientist as he. He was seen to be one "commercing with the skies." Yet he would emerge from his closet, and display a kind of magic control over the forces of nature. Thus both reverence and gratitude attended him. The peculiar impress he made upon his time, such satisfactions of attainment as were his, could scarcely be paralleled in any other calling.

TAFT AND M'KINLEY.

Secretary Taft must find on his return home that his backers have been troubled about many things. Thus far their hopes and predictions have failed of fulfilment. The expected orders have issued from the White House, but have not proved self-executing. The obedient Southern postmasters have come forward as men ready to vote for Roosevelt, but strangely unwilling to be delivered to any man whom Roosevelt might name. Not in New England, or in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, or Illinois, has any real Taft sentiment been discovered; while even in Ohio there is a bitter contest for the delegates, with the practical certainty that Foraker will get at least a few. Such an outlook for the Ohio candidate of 1907 contrasts sharply with that of the Ohio candidate of 1895 when Hanna was in charge.

If one compares the management of the McKinley campaign by Mark Hanna with that of the Taft campaign by Arthur Vorys, the first effect is almost ludicrous. Whatever has to be said of Mr. Hanna, he was a man of undoubted grasp and energy. He knew how to make large political combinations. Force and bigness were the characteristics of his plans. Hanna was a strong man pulling along a weak candidate. Taft's manager, on the contrary, has made the impression of an ineffectual little gentleman clinging to the coat-tails of the big Secretary. His methods have been petty and waspish. The mailing of a million postal cards, from Columbus, with "Taft is a Sure Winner," or some such powerful effort of the imagination, printed on them, is a good measure of his political resource. Then, too, Mr. Vorys has spent too much time making denials and uttering charges and running to the White House with angry tales of treachery. It may not be fair to put all the blame of the Taft disappointments upon him, but much of it undoubtedly belongs there, and if a scapegoat is desired, there stands Vorys ready to be sent back into the Ohio wilderness.

Those who speak comfortable things to themselves about the prospects of the Taft campaign, ought not to forget how much brighter was the McKinley outlook at the corresponding period twelve years ago. Hanna was striking at the great voting strength of the Republican party. New England was practically conceded to Reed, though Connecticut in the end gave seven votes in the convention to McKinley; but in the other States to which the Republicans must look for electoral votes, the movement for the Ohio man soon became irresistible. Illinois, Indiana, with Minnesota and Michigan, were made sure for McKinley. Ohio was, of course, for him without a quaver or a break. Two great States, New York and Pennsylvania, were held by their bosses, Platt and Quay, but the McKinley tactics steadily undermined them. Before the convention, Quay threw up his hands, and, though Platt stuck to his "blind" candidacy of Gov. Morton, the "skilful agents of McKinley," whom the *Tribune* reported on December 2, 1895, to be at work in this State, labored to such good advantage that McKinley actually got seventeen of the seventy-two votes on the first ballot. The McKinley campaign, in a word, was one of the most shrewdly planned and triumphantly executed that the country ever saw.

The rather melancholy contrast which the Taft campaign offers is not wholly to the Secretary's discredit. It is not worse to have a timid and feeble manager than to be controlled by one who is powerful, but sinister and unscrupulous. Nobody is financing, or will be tempted to finance, the Taft campaign, as Hanna saw to it that the McKinley campaign was financed. Without money, Hanna could not work at all. His first instinct, whenever he wanted anything, was, as one of his Ohio intimates has phrased it, to "go out and buy somebody." The scandal of the lavish use of money to promote McKinley's nomination grew so great and open that Speaker Reed deliberately placed on record his opinion that delegates were bought like cattle. Secretary Taft might well prefer to fail rather than succeed by such means.

His friends say that they expect very positive action from him, as soon as he finds out the exact posture of affairs. What he could do, however, to put a new face on his campaign, does not appear. A change of managers may accomplish some good, but a radical change of spirit is what is needed. To-day, the Secretary inevitably stands as a patronized and second-hand candidate. The President intimated to the reporters last week that Cortelyou's declaration left "only one candidate in the field who can be regarded as representing the policies of the Administration, and only one Cabinet candidate." This means Taft, of course. That large-built, vigorous, and independent man is thus held up to the country as merely the shadow of another. This is what most kills off enthusiasm for Taft. And he, by not only assenting to the condescending endorsement of Roosevelt, but glorying in it, has made himself largely responsible for what followed. It may be that his speedy retirement from the Cabinet would now mend matters; but short of that, or some other clear demonstration to the country that he is his own master, we do not know what "positive action" he can take that will much avail. Indeed, the latest report from Washington is that the good-natured man is going to let others do the worrying about the Presidency.

THE REPORT OF THE BANKERS' COMMITTEE.

When it had become evident, from the run on the New York trust companies, that the State law regulating these institutions was dangerously defective, Gov. Hughes requested six bankers to suggest reforms. As long ago as October, 1901, the Clearing House Association had called attention to the fact that a number of trust companies were doing a deposit banking business pure and simple, with no requirement as to cash reserves, and with a latitude as to investment of demand deposits, which had not been deemed safe, and had not therefore been permitted, for deposit banks. In February, 1903, the Clearing House required of such companies as "cleared" their checks through banks the maintenance of a 10 to 15 per cent. cash reserve against deposits. In January, 1905, the State Superintendent of Banking somewhat timidly urged the passage of a law requiring cash reserves, and in April, 1906, the Legislature decreed that trust companies must maintain against all deposits a 15 per cent. reserve, one-third at least in cash on hand, and the rest, if a company chose, in the form of public securities and deposits with other institutions. This requirement, as events of last October have proved, is entirely inadequate: First, because this reserve is insufficient support for demand deposits; second, because no restriction beyond the slight limitations fixed by the old trust company law is applied to the use of such deposits. And the public's unanimous recognition of the part played by these two considerations in the disastrous panic led to the demand for new banking legislation and to the Governor's appointment of the committee.

Their report, a document of great value, does not confine itself to imperfections of the trust company law, but takes up comprehensively the abuses which the experience of last October brought to light. It recommends that the Banking Superintendent have power to veto the establishment of new banks, new trust companies, or new branches of either—that power to be a safeguard against the exploiting of such institutions by designing promoters, or their establishment in localities where they are not needed. The Superintendent should, in the committee's judgment, have a similar right to block the purchase of one banking institution by another. Both these recommendations are excellent; they are merely a new assertion of the duty of the State, which charters and shelters such institutions, to see that the powers thus granted are not used to defraud the depositor. The further recommendations that all loans must be submitted to the board of directors; that additional capital be required when branch banks are establish-

ed; that the proportion of loans to be granted to one borrower, or to one underwriting syndicate, be rigidly restricted; and that the Banking Superintendent administer the affairs of insolvent institutions as the Comptroller of the Currency does with national banks—each of these proposed amendments is both wise and necessary.

We regret, however, that the committee has not grappled more successfully with the overshadowing problem of restrictions, as to reserve and scope of investment, on trust company demand deposits. Three members of the committee advise a compulsory 25 per cent. reserve on all trust-company deposits in the larger cities, 15 per cent. to be cash on hand and 10 per cent. deposit credits in institutions approved by the Banking Superintendent; companies in smaller localities to keep 15 per cent. The two trust company presidents on the committee—both representing institutions doing an old-fashioned trustee business—disapprove the requirement of more than 15 per cent., holding that this, with the investment of their capital and the guarantee fund required by law, should be sufficient. A. S. Frissell of the Fifth Avenue Bank alone touches on the important question of separating trust deposits, subject to notice of withdrawal, from demand deposits subject to instantaneous recall. Against demand deposits in trust companies of New York city he advises exaction of the full 25 per cent. cash on hand which is required of deposit banks.

Mr. Frissell is, we think, right, for the reason that the pure deposit business of a trust company ought to stand on exactly the footing of the deposits of ordinary banks. If State and national banks in New York city need, as a safeguard to depositors, a cash reserve in hand of 25 per cent., similar business, conducted under the roof of a trust company, needs the same. It is true that the State imposes on the trust companies requirements as to investment of capital and accumulation of a guarantee fund in the hands of the State, requirements to which deposit banks are not subjected. But these provisions were applied with a view to the simple trustee business. No reform, we are convinced, will settle the problem of trust companies, partly or wholly engaged in ordinary banking business, unless it strikes at the root, compels a distinction between the two branches of the business, sets up the rule by which deposit accounts shall be allotted to the one department or the other, and applies to the banking department the full requirements of ordinary deposit banks.

CHANGES IN PERSIA.

The silent struggle which has been in progress for nearly a year between Persia's new Parliament and her new Shah gives signs of developing into open conflict. Our news from Teheran has been meagre and spasmodic; yet that in itself is a tribute to the peaceful way in which a revolution is being worked out by the second greatest Mohammedan nation in the world. Then, too, the tradition of the inhuman cruelty of the typical Oriental despot is shattered by the fact that neither the ruler who granted Persia's Constitution nor his successor who has repeatedly promised to obey it, should have resorted to violent measures.

The revolutionary movement received its impulse from the same cause that has set other Asiatic peoples into ferment—the Russo-Japanese war. Behind that, however, was a long history of misgovernment and social oppression of a peculiarly iniquitous kind. The reign of Muzzafer-ed-din, the late Shah, which began in 1896, was a period of unwonted extravagance. He squandered the treasure accumulated by his father, and entered on a series of borrowings from Russia which resulted in the establishment of that Power as the paramount influence at Teheran. The inhabitants of the provinces were subjected to the extortion of unscrupulous governors, whose relations to the court were still characterized by the free and easy responsibility of the ancient satraps. The important governorships were the recognized plunder of the various royal princes. The sale by the governor of Khorassan of five hundred young boys and girls as slaves in satisfaction of taxes imposed on their parents, was one of the powerful specific causes of the popular upheaval in northern Persia. The *khans*, or large land-owners, practised their own system of robbery, which consisted in illegally manipulating the water supply so as to deprive the peasants of the necessary irrigation facilities and compel them to sell their land at a ruinous price.

Not the least anomalous feature of present conditions is that the clergy should have been the leaders of popular agitation. Behind them, undoubtedly, was British influence. In July, 1906, occurred the dramatic secession of 16,000 citizens of Teheran who established themselves within the grounds of the British legation, while their leaders, the principal *mollahs*, or priests, took refuge in the sacred city of Kum. On August 5 Muzzafer-ed-din promised the convocation of a national assembly, which met in Teheran early in October and set to work upon a code of fundamental laws. The Shah signified his adherence to the Constitution on the death of his father in January of the present year; repeated his promise on February 10, when rumors of reactionary intrigues had aroused popular apprehension; signed the instrument on October 11, and took formal oath to it before Parliament on November 12 last. The reform movement has swept over the court and the provinces. Notoriously incompetent governors have been recalled, pensions and exorbitant salaries have been abolished, and Parliament has decreed the establishment of a national bank, founded on capital raised solely within the country, to which the entire administration of the state finances should be delegated. Foreign loans are absolutely prohibited.

That reform should have triumphed so completely proves, on the one hand, the utter unsoundness of the autocratic régime, and, on the other, a power of intelligent organization in the Persian people which we were loath to concede to an Asiatic race until after the battle of Mukden. Had the Shah had an army behind him, he might have held out against the aggressions of Parliament; but the soldiers have not been paid for two years. As for the clergy, they constitute over three-fourths of the National Assembly of 156 members. Having against him the two great factors which, in Russia, for instance, have proved the salvation of the throne—the church and the army—there is little wonder that the Shah should have found himself so helpless. On the other hand, the reform party has revealed an astonishing capacity for organization. Secret societies, pledged to the defence of the Constitution, flourish. There are seventy in Teheran alone, and it is a further remarkable feature of this debonair Persian revolution that, although these societies have been organized on the model of the secret associations which have played such a sanguinary part in the conflicts between Tartars and Armenians in Russian Transcaucasia, their course has been one of exemplary self-restraint, marred by a single incident—the assassination on August 31 of the Atabeg Azam, a notorious official whom the Shah had recalled from Europe and made Prime Minister.

Just now, there is dissatisfaction with a Parliament that has sat for fourteen months and achieved, like every first Parliament, little practical result. The national bank scheme has made no progress, because patriotism has as yet failed to supply the $30,000,000 fixed as its capital. In the provinces the people have been roused to a state of rebellion by rumors of reactionary cabals in the capital and by impatience with the work of Parliament, while governors of the old type and disgruntled royal princes have been dabbling in intrigue. Most important of all, perhaps, is the changed attitude on the part of the higher clergy. The two leading *mollahs* have been suspected for some time of carrying on negotiations with the court. They have been estranged from the revolutionary movement by such radical action, for instance, as the establishment, in the Constitution, of all other religions on an equal basis with Islam.

The announced intention of the British and Russian governments to intervene for the peaceful settlement of the points at issue between the Crown and Parliament is, on the whole, a favorable omen. Great Britain can hardly be expected to abandon the Persian Liberal movement. Russia will probably advocate the cause of her good friend the Shah. The result may be a compromise, by which the Parliament will be restricted to its legitimate functions, the Shah placated, and real "constructive" work begun. That the nation would rise in arms against an arrangement supported by the two tutelary Powers is improbable; and constitutionalism, which arose largely as a protest against foreign influence, may come to owe its secure establishment to that very cause.

THE NOVEL OF LARGE CANVAS.

Although a successful publisher is on record as saying that the man who could predict the fate of even one new book in ten would be practically beyond price, prophets continually appear to tell us what the next literary "tendency" is to be. The latest prognostication is that "large canvases" are to come again into fashion. Our novelists, instead of simplifying and unifying motives and reducing the number of their characters, will give their imaginations play, supplying minor characters and subplots as freely as may be. It is obviously unnecessary to enumerate the famous exemplars of the kind of fiction which seeks to make itself the mirror of many-sided contemporary life. It is as true that nearly all the novels ranked as "great" are constructed on this plan, as that nearly all of the dullest ever written follow it likewise.

As a matter of fact, so far have some of our leading and most popular fiction writers departed from this accepted model that the fabrication of a romance of only one character and no setting at all would seem the quintessence of success. Of course, it is not for mortals to carry their literary distillation quite so far as that, but it is easy to name recent novels, like "The Helpmate" or "Confessions of a Wife," which have practically but two characters, with only such background as is necessary to prove that these are not disembodied spirits. From the chronicle of their complex mutual reactions—they are usually in these days husband and wife suffering from incompatibility of temper—all extraneous matter is pruned with a ruthlessness which the old teachers of rhetoric would have applied only to the short story. Searching analysis, vital portraiture of character may be there in abundance, as well as a popular appeal to which the record of sales testifies, but a whole year's output of these books lumped together does not make a human comedy.

Some persons have been unkind enough to say that our novels are inadequately manned for the same reason as our coastwise fortifications—because we don't know how to raise the full complement. The writers of to-day, they say, could not, if they tried, invent such various and curious and interesting figures as raise their heads in every chapter of Dickens or Balzac. With only so many separate fictitious personages in his mind an author cannot afford to set one of these to opening gates or waiting on table or sitting about as bookkeeper or maiden aunt. Consequently, these minor parts are eliminated entirely, if possible, or if not, are filled by puppets without personality. The modern novelist—we are again quoting his hostile critics—is a past master of the art of suppressing characters who really ought to be in his stories, suppressing them because he has no flesh and bones to spare for them.

We should prefer to explain the condition in some way less humiliating than the confession that fancy is dead. Consider further analogies between the book and the drama. Our recent few-charactered novels are in many ways like the plays of our day. Some of them, indeed, might be dramatized without the elimination of a single character. But this is not all. It has always been an accepted principle that the reader of a book could be trusted to do far more in carrying plot and action along than the auditor at the theatre. Thus the convention is that the dramatist may let one character deceive another character, but never the spectator. That personage, being none too clever to begin with, and having no chance to turn back to the previous chapter, or shut his eyes to think things over, would be in danger of losing the thread entirely. The novel-reader used to be trusted more than that. If an extraneous episode, a battle description, an historical disquisition, or a tale told by a character was put in between two chapters, the reader was expected to get through it without forgetting everything that had happened before. It was assumed that he could tell the difference between important and unimportant characters, and that he would not, like a small boy on an errand, be distracted by any amusing occurrence at the corner. Thus, long after it was conceded by everybody that the playgoer was only a degree or two above the standard of admission to the idiot asylum, the novel-reader was still conceded a small element of common sense. Cannot a good many recent tendencies in popular fiction be explained on the assumption that its makers have come to regard their public as the makers of plays have long regarded their public?

The assumption that the "psychological" novel necessarily calls for any special qualities in the reader is behind much nonsense that is uttered on this point. As often as not, this type of novel is merely a device for letting the author talk about his characters, telling us how clever, or how deep, or how complex they are, as the case may be, instead of making them reveal themselves under the light of his genius. In that case it demands less continuous attention, loses less by skipping, and yields less to really thoughtful perusal than almost any other form of literature. Hence it is properly a compliment to English-speaking readers that bookmen are wondering whether, after all, they might not be interested in something a little more complex. We do not mean to say that the loss of the three-decker was altogether a calamity. Scott himself would doubtless blue-pencil a new edition of his works. But the breaking-down of the curious tradition that swashbuckling, homely rural, or divorce-court fiction, must alike be constructed on plots as elementary as equilateral triangles is encouraging.

NEW SHAPES OF DISEASE.

The interval which always separates the purely intellectual acceptance of a scientific discovery and its real incorporation into the thought of daily life, seems to have been longer than usual in the case of those discoveries which have to do with the transmission of disease. They are immensely valuable, of course. Health authorities apply the new principles successfully in times of threatened epidemics, and laymen know, when they stop to think, what precautions will reduce the likelihood of catching, say, typhoid or pneumonia. Some few sensitively-minded persons do try to reckon continuously and consistently with their bacillus-swarming environment. But no such prophylactic measures have yet become instinctive, like those by which we protect ourselves against even some petty inconveniences. Efforts are being made just now in many parts of the world to rouse the people to righteous wrath against certain of the creatures which science has shown to be persistent carriers of disease. This is a test of how far the new theories have really "sunk in." The task is not merely to fill people with an exterminating rage against some particular four-footed or six-footed species, it is to supplant the whole outfit of prejudices which make us constitutionally less afraid of the bringers of microbes than of more material adversaries not one-tenth as deadly.

One who would estimate accurately the difficulty of the task should make his researches, not in medical annals, but in those of art and letters. We are not speaking now of the belief in pestilence as a divine chastisement, though that has held mankind for ages. Disease has been variously incarnated by the imagination, but always as a figure of terri-

ble dignity. It was the Wandering Jew who carried the cholera. A cloud passed over the great city, and from it an awful hand was stretched forth to scatter the seeds of destruction.

> The angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
> And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
> And the form of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
> And the heart but once heaved, and forever grew still.

Poe's story of "The Masque of the Red Death" is one of the best specimens of an extensive literature from which generations of readers have unconsciously gained an idea of the semblance of disease:

> The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. . . . His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinked with the scarlet horror. . . . A throng of the revellers at once thew themselves into the black apartment, and seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

For conceptions like these, fascinating and chastening despite all their horror, science substitutes what? The figures of rats and mice and such small deer.

In India, where over five million persons are believed to have died of the plague since 1896, the transmission of that disease is traced through the rat and the flea to man, and the authorities are planning a slaughter of the rats, in spite of the serious obstacle of the natives' belief that their departed ancestors inhabit those very creatures. In London, a rat-crusade has already been begun, and has the support of such men as Lord Avebury and Sir Harry Johnston. Here in New York a committee of the Merchants' Association has reported that certain diseases in the city regularly increase and decrease with the number of flies in the air, and is insistent that the fly question be recognized for what it is, one of the most serious that confronts any community. The mosquito, of course, has long been proscribed, and important societies, as well as public agencies, are warring against him.

It happens to be true that all of these disease-bearing creatures were already unpopular on other grounds. Germs or no germs, nobody liked rats or mice or flies or mosquitoes. So far as the average man was concerned, a cockroach on the table's rim, a yellow cockroach was to him, and it was nothing more. But that was quite enough to doom the pestiferous insect. On the other hand, if the scientists had found that the butterfly, and not the house fly, was a common carrier of the typhoid bacillus, that the park-dwelling, peanut-fed gray squirrel, and not the rat, disseminated diphtheria, and that the chickadee brought influenza in his beak, we can imagine that their tasks would have been much harder. Possibly some philosophers may be profound enough to find the reason for the very fortunate circumstance that the already unpopular vermin are the ones which in strict justice deserve capital punishment. Perhaps it is merely that the species which have become domesticated to the point of running about through our household arrangements are the only ones which have the chance to carry much infection, and at the same time are the only ones which bother us enough to make us hate them. Perhaps, as some biologists think, our antipathy to vermin is an instinct developed by long warfare. The race that tolerated vermin contracted disease and died off, while the people who fought them survived.

Indubitably, the next few decades will see some remarkable work along the lines here discussed. The house-fly, to find a use for which believers that everything is good in the best of possible worlds have to invent fables about sentries being waked up by impudent flies just in time to repel attacks, has had his day. A little care on the part of a large number of persons would make him a comparatively rare insect. And if to-day the predictions of a ratless, mouseless, flyless world seem fantastic, the sanitarians have in the past fulfilled prophecies which seemed at the time quite as staggering.

JAMES THOMSON ("B. V.").

I.

Twenty years ago, when I chanced upon "The City of Dreadful Night," and for some time after that, I enjoyed the flattering sense of proprietorship in Thomson which comes with discovery. He was in fact almost unknown then, outside of England, where he had his few but enthusiastic admirers, and it has been a matter of curious interest, not without a spark of pardonable jealousy, to observe the slow dissemination of his fame. Popular, indeed, he can never be, but the recent publication of a German monograph on his life and works* shows at least to what extent he has been accepted as a significant member of the literature of the nineteenth century. Such dubious honor at the hands of the *Seminar*, one feels, might have been spared the memory of a poet to whom life itself was a long indignity. And that life had already been told by H. S. Salt well and sympathetically.

*"James Thomson der Jüngere, sein Leben und seine Werke." Dargestellt von Josefine Weissel. Wiener Beiträge zur englischen Philologie, xxiv.—Like the earlier Wiener Beiträge, so far as I am familiar with them, this study possesses some value as a compendious statement of facts, but is otherwise a hodgepodge of stale pedantries. It sometimes seems as if to the German university mind the whole intellectual world between Kant and the Card Catalogue, between metaphysics and mechanism, is non-existent. The inconsiderate printing of doctoral and other perfunctory theses in Germany, and also in America, has grown to be a menace to sound learning. If they have any virtue, it is in dragging into the light of day the absurd theory that original production is the right discipline and the only test of scholarship. And now Thomson has received his crown of thorns at the court of the *Seminar*.

James Thomson—he signed his writings "B. V.," *i. e.*, Bysshe Vanolis, to avoid the name of the older poet and to mark his reverence for Shelley and Novalis—was born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834. When he was six years old his father, who was a sailor, came back from a distant voyage a helpless paralytic, living in this state until 1853. The family moved to East London, and from there, at the age of eight, James was admitted to the Royal Caledonian Asylum. At this time his mother died. She was, he says, "mystically inclined with Edward Irving," and "had also a cloud of melancholy overhanging her." Superstition, disease, poverty, and, one suspects, intemperance, must have made the child's home scarcely more desirable than the Asylum. All these dreary things it is necessary to take into account when we pass judgment on Thomson's habits and works. He was, as he says, an "Ishmael in the desert" from his childhood.

From the Caledonian he passed to the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, where he studied for a schoolmastership in the army. His first position was that of assistant teacher at the garrison of Ballincollig, about five miles from Cork. Here he came under the care of a kind and intelligent garrison-master, Joseph Barnes, who, with his wife, made a second home for the brilliant young assistant. Here, too, he became acquainted with Charles Bradlaugh, the radical politician and atheist, then a soldier of the regiment, who remained his friend for more than twenty-three years, and who was a strong influence for good and evil in the poet's future life. Perhaps even more important than this acquaintance was his meeting with a fair and frail young girl of fourteen, named Matilda Weller, who was likened by Mrs. Barnes to Eva St. Clair, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a creature of "undulating and aerial grace, such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. . . . Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places without contracting spot or stain." Though but little more than a child at the time—like Hardenberg's Sophie—she was betrothed to Thomson when, after a year and a half at Ballincollig, he returned to the Chelsea Normal School; in another six months he received the news of her death. Years afterward he sent six sonnets, not intended for publication, to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and in one of them alluded to this bitter bereavement:

> Indeed you set me in a happy place,
> Dear for itself and dearer much for you,
> And dearest still for one life-crowning grace—
> Dearest, though infinitely saddest, too:
> For there my own Good Angel took my hand,
> And filled my soul with glory of her eyes,
> And led me through the love-lit Faërie Land
> Which joins our common world to Paradise.
> How soon, how soon, God called her from my side,
> Back to her own celestial sphere of day!
> And ever since she ceased to be my Guide,
> I reel and stumble on life's solemn way:
> Ah, ever since her eyes withdrew their light,
> I wander lost in blackest stormy night.

II.

It is customary, I do not know just why, to sneer rather skeptically at these ideal loves, these Lauras and Beatrices, of the poets, as if they were all as imaginary as the mad Don's Dulcinea. And yet, in the case of such a life as Thomson's, I should suppose it natural that the one gleam of

perfect youthful happiness might in the first years of bustling ambition be forgotten, and then, when disappointment and despair thickened upon him, should return always at more frequent intervals, and with brighter radiance, gathering to itself all the light of broken hopes and wasted capabilities How often in the nights of troubled sleep and feverish insomnia, for from this evil he suffered terribly, must the memory of that joy have flashed upon him with an intensity as keen as the vision of food to the starving castaway. There was no home with wife and children, for which he longed always with passionate regret, to mitigate his loss, no full and absorbing career.

For a while indeed he was busy enough. After leaving the Chelsea School the second time, being then scarcely twenty years of age, he was enlisted as army schoolmaster, and served at a number of posts, "pumping muddy information into unretentive sieves." In 1862 he was implicated in an offence against camp discipline, and was discharged because he would not give up the name of the actual culprit. He now came to London, where he got a clerkship in a solicitor's office, and began also to write for the magazines. For some time he lodged with Bradlaugh, then engaged in the affairs of the Secular party, and in editing its political organ. His association with that uncompromising radical and free-thinker was, as I have said, a doubtful benefit. It gave him, to be sure, a means of reaching the public when the more regular magazines were closed against him, and for ten or twelve years he contributed to the *National Reformer* his best work, including "The City of Dreadful Night," which appeared in four consecutive issues. That periodical and *Cope's Tobacco Plant* were his chief source of income when his clerkship was given up. But I cannot help feeling that the atmosphere of universal dissent injured the finer qualities of his peculiar mind; above all men he needed the rich, sustaining influence of tradition and human brotherhood to soften the asperity of his individual lot. It is true commonly in poetry as in religion: *multum contrariatur supernæ visitationi falsa libertas animi.* Who can say how much the narrowness of his appeal and the sharp contraction of bis pessimism are due to the fostering egotism of this false liberty of mind?

But friends came to him gradually, and even a measure of fame. He corresponded with W. M. Rossetti; while George Eliot, George Meredith, the Brownings, and other choice spirits recognized his genius and wrote to him in language of encouraging flattery. Various engagements were opened to him. In 1872 he was sent to this country by a mining company, and for seven months he stayed among the Rocky Mountains, sending home letters of graphic description and humorous comment. The next year he went to Spain as special correspondent of the New York *World;* but as he contributed only three letters in two months that connection was soon dissolved. His ruinous habit was already gaining on him, and year by year he became less trustworthy and less productive.

Everybody who has heard his name knows what that habit was. His taste for liquor seems to have been inherited, but did not show itself as a dangerous tendency until about 1855, when he was serving in the army. He was not a regular drinker; the thirst came upon him as a periodic disease, but with time the intervals of sobriety grew less and the lapses more terrible, so tbat his life might be compared with that of a Jekyll-Hyde, in which the demon slowly won the mastery. His last years were the tragedy of a great spirit hunted down and ashamed. There were kind friends who sought him for his brilliant conversation and magnanimity; he had always the more intimate friendship of books; but his life as a whole was, as he noted in his diary, "obscure, dismal, bewildered, and melancholy." The stanzas written on his forty-seventh birthday have the same note of final and irretrievable hopelessness as "The Nameless One" of Clarence Mangan. It is said tbat his last months were "a slow suicide, perceived and acquiesced in deliberately by himself." Death came to him in 1882, in his forty-eighth year, at the University Hospital.

III.

The literary product of such a life was not likely to be large, or its quality of a kind to attract many readers. In 1895 Bertram Dobell tried the public with a complete edition of his writings; he actually brought out his Poetical Works in two volumes (to supersede the three original issues of 1880, 1881, and 1884), and in the next year a single volume containing the "Biographical and Critical Studies"; but there was no encouragement to proceed with the edition. For the rest, tbe "Essays and Phantasies" of 1881 can still be bought, tbougb at a somewhat forbidding price, and there are two or three minor publications. It might seem that his prose at least should be popular. As a critic, he is shrewd and original, somewhat over-romantic in his taste, but always judicial in tone; the studies of Ben Jonson are particularly rich and variegated in interest. The miscellaneous essays show a surprising vein of humor and satire, with now and then a flaunting of gorgeous rhetoric which suggests a union of De Quincey and Poe. The probability is that his greater name as a poet of pessimism has deprived him of a good many readers who have been frightened away by that ugly word; in a very literal sense his reputation has become to him *nominis umbra.* And tbis is quite natural, for it is, after all, by his four pessimistic poems—"In the Room," "Insomnia," "The City of Dreadful Night," and "To Our Ladies of Death"—that he has taken a unique place in literature. Some, I dare say, would reckon "Vane's Story," or "Weddah and Om-El-Bonain," or one of his two Sunday idyls as more notable pieces of writing than "In the Room"; but there is something so singularly characteristic in this poem that it groups itself imperatively with the three acknowledged masterpieces. And in the grave and geometric simplicity of tbe stanzas; in the naïve complaints of mirror and table and curtain over their master, who, like another Chatterton, lies heedless of everything; in the slow heightening of wonder and mistrust until the old bed in "ponderous bass" speaks out the fatal word:

> "I know what is and what has been;
> Not anything to me comes strange,
> Who in so many years have seen
> And lived through every kind of change.
> I know when men are good or bad,
> When well or ill," he slowly said;
> "When sad or glad, when sane or mad,
> And when they sleep alive or dead."
>
> At this last word of solemn lore
> A tremor circled through the gloom,
> As if a crash upon the floor
> Had jarred and shaken all the room:
> For nearly all the listening things
> Were old and worn, and knew what curse
> Of violent change death often brings,
> From good to bad, from bad to worse:—

in all this tragic-comic inversion of life wherein the man alone acts the dumb part, there is a literary effect which we so commonly hear about, but so rarely feel—a veritable shudder of the nerves. How often must Thomson himself as he sat in his London lodgings, in that rigid tension, perhaps, which preluded a return of dipsomany, have prefigured to himself a day when he too might lie "unconscious of the deep disgrace."

IV.

After "In the Room" the natural transition and contrast is "Insomnia," with its burden of torture that impelled the poet night after night to rove the streets of London. The stanza, more complicated in structure than Tbomson generally employed, is handled with notable skill; the language is at once analytic and magnificent; here, as in the "Opium-Eater" of De Quincey, "the fierce chemistry of his dreams burns daily objects into insufferable splendor"; and yet withal the poem, owing to its over-wrought artificiality, or, it may be, to its too visibly pathologic basis, leaves one colder than any of its three companion pieces. Its chief value (thematically, not chronologically) is as a preparation for "The City of Dreadful Night," which is simply the impressions of an insomniac changed from self-complaining to a phantom evocation of the London as he came to know it from his fierce nocturnal vigils —"the City is of Night, but not of Sleep."

In the sharpness of its outlines, in the methodical balance of its members, there is something in this poem that borders on the geometry of delirium. The body of the work is composed of a series of brief cantos in a stanza of seven lines, which, for its perfect fitness to the theme, must be reckoned one of the few remarkable inventions of prosody. The idea of the stanza was taken, as Thomson himself admits, from that of Browning's "Guardian Angel" in the "Dramatic Lyrics," but the changes introduced by Thomson make it completely his own. Browning, to begin with, rhymed the seventh line with the first and third; by shifting this arrangement so as to rhyme together the second, fourth, and seventh, Thomson reduced eccentric formlessness to form, and gave to the three concluding lines the effect of a slow, melancholy refrain. A different use of the metrical pauses also, immediately felt by the reader but not easily described, adds a heavy, brooding quality to the rhythm quite foreign to Browning's impulsive temperament. Alternating with these descriptive cantos is a series of episodes, in which the narrative parts are in a common six-line stanza (a b a b c c), while the confessions, so to speak, of the *dramatis personæ* vary in metrical form according to their mood. The whole poem is like the phantasmagoria of a fever subdued to mathematical re-

straint, or the clamor of mad grief trained into remorseless logic. In the concluding vision of the "Melencolia" of Albert Dürer, seated aloof as queen of that people and symbol of their fate, the union of these qualities rises into the very enthusiasm and sublime of resignation:

. . . The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
Because they have no secret to express;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
That all is vanity and nothingness.

Titanic from her high throne in the north,
That City's sombre Patroness and Queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
Over her capital of teen and threne,
Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-ridges,
Confronting them with a coëval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east to west
Circle before her in the sea of air:
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest.
Her subjects often gaze up to her there:
The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance,
The weak new terrors; all, renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair.

No one knew better than Thomson himself that this is not the city of all the world; indeed, the very sting of his grief is the feeling of isolation from the common lot. Few men tread those streets of denial and gloom habitually, but many have been there at one time of their lives and carry with them always, somewhere hidden from view, the badge of citizenship in that "sad Fraternity." To these, as well as to the few like-fated with the poet, his words will have a fateful meaning.

V.

The sequel to "The City of Dreadful Night" is the poem "To Our Ladies of Death," written in the same seven-line stanza. The only change is the substitution of a single for a double rhyme in the couplet, reducing the lyrical clangor of the rhythm to a more contemplative calm. The idea was suggested, as Thomson records, by "the sublime sisterhood of Our Ladies of Sorrow, in the 'Suspiria de Profundis' of De Quincey"; but for the three Sorrows we now have the three conceptions of Death —Our Lady of Beatitudes, the gracious mother, on whom the broken and hopeless dare not call; Our Lady of Annihilation, who awaits with her scourge "the selfish fatuous, proud, and pitiless; and, last, Our Lady of Oblivion, who gathers to her breast "the weak, the weary, and the desolate," and to whom the wanderer in the City of Night makes his plea:

Take me, and lull me into perfect sleep;
Down, down, far-hidden in thy duskiest cave;
While all the clamorous years above me sweep
Unheard, or, like the voice of seas that rave
On far-off coasts, but murmuring o'er my trance,
A dim vast monotone, that shall enhance
The restful rapture of the inviolate grave.

And so the cycle is made complete—from the sordid tragedy of the poet's room, through the terrible unforgetfulness of insomnia, to the conception of all life as a City of Night, and the despairing cry for the consummation of oblivion. Together the four poems present a rounded philosophy of pessimism, which stands quite alone in English literature, and which has, I believe, no precise equivalent in any language.

VI.

Pessimism is a word of many ambiguities, and needs defining. It is commonly applied to the Hindus, who in their better days were the least pessimistic of all peoples. To both Brahmin and Buddhist the representation of life as made up wholly of sorrow and mutability was but the foil to infinite exultant faith; the shadow of the earth was all black because the light of the spirit was so transcendentally pure.* That name might seem to belong more properly to the Greeks, whose philosophy of life, when it came to conscious expression, was summed up in the maxim of the plodding, common-place Theognis: "Not to be born is the best of all things for creatures of this world, nor to behold the beams of the bright sun; after birth the best is to pass as speedily as possible through the gates of death and to lie shrouded in much earth." Yet no one thinks of calling the Greeks pessimistic; their health was too bountiful, the impulse to live and enjoy was too strong. Pessimism is always individual, and not national, and comes when self-consciousness, unbalanced by spiritual insight, is developed at the expense of irrational instinct. The great exemplar of that inverted faith in antiquity was the Roman Lucretius—mad, perhaps by the administration of a love-potion, mad certainly at the thought of the human soul caught up into the dizzy whirl of atoms falling together into fortuitous worlds and again drifting into wild chaos:

For it seem'd
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever; that was mine, my dream, I knew it.

That was the dream to which the science of his day had brought him, and it is the dream to which the purely scientific interpretation of life must then and always bring any mind that has developed to self-consciousness. It is, more particularly, the pessimism that lurks, unawakened or stunned by multifarious noise, in the background of our present eager civilization. In Lucretius that vision was accompanied with a passionate desire for the rest of perfect oblivion, and with a more passionate protest against a religion which would make the gods responsible for this jolting mechanism and capable also of prolonging man's life beyond the grave to be ground forever in these unresting wheels:

O genus infelix humanum, talia divis
Cum tribuit facta atque iras adiunxit acerbas!
Quantos tum gemitus ipsi tibi, quantaque nobis
Volnera, quas lacrimas peperere minoribu' nostris!

The successor to Lucretius in modern times is another Italian, Leopardi, in whose firmly-moulded periods and chastened passion something of the great form and spirit of the Romans seems to have survived. And the charge of Leopardi, if we omit the more personal tone of Christian times, is the same as that of Lucretius: bewilderment at the meaningless and unresting motion of all celestial and earthly things, with longing for the peace, if not the beatitude, of death.

VII.

It does not appear that Thomson was specially versed in Lucretius, whereas Leopardi was the acknowledged master to whom his "City of Dreadful Night" was dedicated; yet in some ways he is nearer in tone to the old Roman than to the modern Italian. More than one of Thomson's stanzas, with its bitter denial of a God who could spin for his pleasure all these follies of creation, or with its horror of a living eternity, rings like an echo of the *Tantum religio*. And there is the same *furor poeticus* in his vision of infinite motion. Read the first of his prose "Phantasies," in which the Shadow of Sorrow leads him at night into the thoroughfares of London:

The continuous thunders, swelling, subsiding, resurgent, the innumerable processions, confound and overwhelm my spirit, until as of old I cannot believe myself walking awake in a substantial city amongst real persons. . . . As my eyes fix and dilate into vision more entranced of the supreme and awful mystery, the browbrain upon my eyes expands and protends into a vast shadowy theatre for processions more multitudinous and solemn. The lamps withdraw and ascend, and become wayward meteors of the night; the night itself grows very dark, yet wherever I gaze I can discern, seeing by darkness as commonly we see by light; the houses recede and swell into black rock-walls and shapeless mounds of gloom; the long street is a broad road levelled forthright from world's end to world's end. All of human kind that have ever lived, with all that are now living and all that are being born into life, all the members of the æon of humanity, compose the solemn procession. . . .

This resolution of the seemingly stable world into an endless chain of spectral forms may be the vision of disease; its realism is no doubt the beginning of delirium; yet at bottom what is it more than the prospect of universal permutation that swam before the gaze of the ancient Epicurean? What is it more than the poetic imagination stung to frenzy by the scientific conception of universal motion? Or in what does it differ from the vast processions that thronged before the eye of Walt Whitman and that, but for his exuberant animalism, would have troubled our optimist with the same repulsion of fear? This is the ground which pessimism seeks always for its building.

Yet I would not imply that Thomson is in all respects akin to Lucretius, any more than I would equal him in renown to that mighty poet. The magnificent audacity is not here, the Roman courage to deny defeat, the supreme confidence in the human will to lay violent hold upon happiness if once the benumbing chains of superstition were broken. Nor must he be confounded with Leopardi. He lacks the intense patriotism which taught the Italian to sink his personal grievance against Fate in indignation over the long miseries of his people; above all, he lacks that deeper insight which once or twice lifts Leopardi out of pessimism into mystic self-surrender. There may be here and there something like acquiescence in his thought of resolution after death into the forces of creative Nature; but there is in all his works nothing that corresponds to Leopardi's brief and perfect rhapsody, "L'Infinito," with its haunting conclusion:

E il naufragar m' è dolce in questo mare.

One is never quite permitted to escape the narrower, personal outlook in Thomson, or

*Schopenhauer reproduced the darker side of Buddhism, but not the spiritual joy. He thus changed it to pessimism.

to forget that only his peculiar disabilities prevented him from concealing his philosophy in the common cares and sympathies of mankind. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

DE QUINCEY AND "THE STRANGER'S GRAVE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The late Mortimer Collins, writing in *Belgravia* for October, 1870, has a reference to De Quincey, which has perhaps not received the attention it deserves.

Wetheral is on the banks of the glorious river Eden, the swift and sparkling stream which tradition declares King Arthur's father strove vainly to turn from its course, and on whose banks is the haunted hall where fairies in forgotten days left a mystic goblet with magical powers. De Quincey was there for a while and wrote a weird, wild story, "The Stranger's Grave," which is not to be found in his collected works.

Mortimer Collins was at Wetheral in 1858, and his statement no doubt reflects the local tradition, which is that Thomas De Quincey visited a brother resident at Wetheral and while there wrote the novel. Inquiries set on foot nine years ago did not yield anything more decisive. Mr. C. J. Longman, at my request, very obligingly examined the books of his firm, but without result. It is entered in the ledger anonymously and although various copies are recorded as having been sent to "the author," there is no name or address. An opportunity of reading the story occurred to me this year, and I give the result.

The Stranger's Grave. I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul.—Hamlet. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green. Paternoster Row, 1823. 12°, pp. vii., 306.

The story is of a young man who, originally intended for the church, has changed to the army. Returning home after some service, he finds there Emily Gordon, a girl who, though his niece, is not a child, but a young woman of strong feeling. Some slight flirtation he has had with Sarah Franklin, but her image is effaced by the charms of Emily. In a boating excursion the boat is overturned, and, while Edward is rescuing Sarah, he sees Emily in danger. He saves her, but Sarah is drowned. This draws the two closer, and in the end he seduces her. Edward hears later from Emily that she is likely to be a mother, and is on the verge of suicide, when a brother soldier suggests that he run away with Emily to Spain and there marry her. The erring couple get clear from England, but in Spain he falls into poverty, and at the time of Emily's confinement is attacked by the jealous Spanish porters in whose work he has become a rival. In the scrimmage he knocks one of them into the water, is arrested, and sentenced to be flogged and placed in the stocks. When released, he finds Emily dead in bed, with a dead babe by her side. For a year he is a maniac. On regaining his reason, he is persuaded to return to England, and, on reaching his father's rectory, hears the bell tolling for the funeral of his mother, who had lost her reason through the incident of the elopement. Accompanied by his faithful dog, he goes to Wetheral, in Cumberland, and, dying there, leaves the rector a manuscript containing this story, and desires that on his tomb there may be only the words "The Stranger's Grave."

Such in mere outline is the story of "The Stranger's Grave." It does not suggest any strong characteristic of De Quincey's style; and, while not badly written, has no great distinction, but it must be remembered that narrative is not the form of literature in which De Quincey's most striking peculiarities would be apparent. Then, too, in a letter addressed to Hessey, undated, but apparently written in 1823, he refers to money received at the close of 1821 "for the novel." Can this be "The Stranger's Grave"? Was it transferred by Taylor & Hessey to Longmans for some business reason now unknown? If not "The Stranger's Grave," what was "the novel" for which De Quincey was paid at the end of 1821?

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, England, December 2.

ENGLISH AT THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I venture to add to the discussion carried on in recent letters to the *Nation*, concerning college instruction in English, a word that may lend some aid and comfort to those who, like Miss Agnes P. Perkins of Wellesley (in a letter in the *Nation* of October 24), look for relief to a more reasonable examination at entrance to college, and to coöperation among the departments in college? In both respects the experience of the Institute of Technology is interesting and may be briefly related.

In examinations based upon the required list of books for reading and study we used frequently to find candidates deficient in particular information, but evidently capable of generally efficient English expression. Such candidates we accepted by a rather elastic application of the tests which the examination provided. Included in these tests was always one "composition" question in no way connected with the required books, aimed solely to discover the candidate's capacity for written expression. Excellence in the "composition" question was alone almost enough to secure acceptance; and evidence of some literary appreciation, even despite ignorance of particular books or authors, was held more acceptable than unappreciative literary learning. Schools which desired to were invited to submit any list of books preferable, in their opinion, to that of the committee on uniform requirements, and the Institute agreed to provide for any acceptable list an appropriate examination. A large Boston public school which sends many pupils to Technology had such special examinations for several years. In 1906 the requirement as phrased in the catalogue was readjusted to these conditions. On the new examinations the "composition" question was retained. The portion of the paper concerned with literature was not directed at any list of books. The Institute did not feel concerned to know what particular work a candidate had done in school or how well he had done it; such a test would properly be the purpose of the final examination in the school. The Institute examination looked forward and was concerned to determine whether or no the candidate had—by whatever training—attained a degree of mental cultivation which would enable him to perform the Institute work with profit. The committee's list of books was therefore declared no longer required, though presumably adequate for the development of such literary aptitude as we should expect. The literary part of the examinations has, in consequence, to be general; and the question is usually the requirement of comment—the character of which is more or less specified by the form of the question—upon an extract, printed on the examination paper, with which the candidate is assumed not to be previously acquainted. Though such a test seems vague, it has so far proved possible to prepare papers sufficiently exacting.

In the matter of coöperation the Institute is perhaps unusually fortunate. The ideal of the Institute is a combination of cultural and engineering training. It is neither a school for master mechanics nor a school only of graduate scientific study; *i. e.*, it neither ignores nor requires as prerequisite a liberal training, but aims to combine that with technical training. Probably on this account an unusual degree of cooperation has been possible in English work. In the first two years, during which English is a prescribed study, the department reaches all the students and is less dependent on coöperation; yet in both these years regular arrangement with the department of modern languages has provided for the criticism by English instructors of translations written for classes in French or German. Similarly, the English department provides exercises in note-taking to assist the student not only in his general but also in his scientific studies. In the last two years of the course, when English is no longer prescribed, the department is enabled still to continue training by criticism of written work prepared by students for other departments—including in recent years those of physics, architecture, electrical engineering, and mining engineering. The mining memoirs are abstracts and translations from technical magazine articles in French or German; the electrical reports, based on personal inspection of some plant, are such as an expert engineer would make in actual practice; and the papers from the department of physics are reports of original investigation and discussions of problems in physical science. In most cases the student reads and discusses his work with an English instructor, and may be required, for deficiency in English expression, to rewrite his work. I happen at the moment of writing to be at work on a sheet of rules for abbreviations and compound words, prepared with the help of the electrical department, for the use of such reports; and a professor of the English department is to have, from the time of the electrical engineering students, an hour to discuss the preparation of these reports. Besides these regular arrangements, covering the four years of the course, a special section is maintained by the English department, to which any student may be assigned by any instructor in any department, wherein written work is required, until he

shows that he has attained or recovered adequate capacity of written expression. Most commonly, of course, it is the English department that detects deficiency in an upper class man and requires of him work in this special section; but members of other departments may and do send to it students who in technical work show deficiency in English training.

Such coöperative arrangement is, of course, human, and works with some friction. There is difficulty in the mere matter of adjusting the hours of different departments. The English department is, too, almost absolutely dependent on the willingness of other departments to recognize the importance of such coöperation. It is an enormous help, however, that instructors in other departments should assume before their students that English is not a rather ornamental and very special department of erudition, but an indispensable tool of all business relations with men.

HENRY LATIMER SEAVER.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, December 3.

THE ATTITUDE OF AMERICAN PRODUCERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial article in the *Nation* of December 12 on "What Ails American Shipping?" is right—fundamentally right—in stating that the "deeper reason for our loss of prestige on the sea must be sought in the new mental attitude of the American people." This change in our mental attitude is to be seen in all directions of our industrial conditions; in the lessening efficiency of wage-earners, in the methods of our leaders of corporation finance, in the ambitions of the younger generation of Americans, as well as in the loss of our inventive power and of enterprise and courage in our shipping.

But is there not something behind this new "mental attitude"? What has produced it? Mental attitudes when on a national scale must proceed from some general cause, and paternalism can hardly serve as an adequate explanation. Japan and Germany have made extraordinary strides in industrial efficiency and in shipping, yet government assistance and supervision are far more extensive in those countries than in our own. There must always be some government regulation and assistance. Our choice apparently is not between government and no government, but between bad government and good government. Japan, which is making great headway in every direction of industrial enterprise, furnishes a notable example of what many critics might denounce as paternalism.

Is it not true that the *Nation's* editorial article is rather an indictment of our political efficiency, and particularly of our administrative capacity? Institutions make men, quite as much as men make institutions. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the United States had a Federal bank—a paternal institution—and yet our shipping was never more flourishing. Today, we are living under a most exaggerated protective system and a shipping law as antiquated as the feudal system. These are great handicaps, but they are hardly sufficient to account for a general decline in American shipping, and more particularly in American industry and inventiveness. My own impression is that the deeper cause is owing to the fact that the door of opportunity is closing to enterprise. The old fashioned virtues of thrift, perseverance and industry have no longer the reward that they once had. It is not so much the specific acts of the government that have brought about this change, as the inability of the government properly to administer the duties that belong to it. Sins of omission have done more injury than sins of commission. Even if certain laws were repealed there would not be left a fair field and no favor. The field has already been occupied and the government seems powerless to remove the intruders and to keep them within bounds.

Formerly our corporations and private industrial establishments, including employers and employees, had their minds mainly on the productive process. They were interested in the rewards of industry. At present, however, some of our most prominent captains of industry have their minds, not upon productive processes, but upon profits gained by combinations and manipulation. At least, the industrial element is a minor consideration. Unearned gains seem to be the greatest ambition of the ambitiously inclined. The result is a sort of hypnotic effect upon all classes of people. Industry and thrift are old-fashioned virtues more honored in the breach than in the observance. But our real enthusiasm is reserved for a more modern species of enterprise of which the most important item is restriction rather than increase of output. This attitude of mind toward the acquisition of wealth is probably the real cause of our diminishing industrial efficiency. The average man is looking for some speculative or unearned gain. He hopes for some lucky turn of the market in his favor by which he will be relieved of the burden of work. D.

Cambridge, Mass., December 19.

Notes.

The index for the current volume of the *Nation*, July-December, 1907, will be printed with the issue of January 2, 1907.

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company will soon have ready the first volume, "Theodosia: the First Gentlewoman of Her Time," of a ten-volume historical study of "The Great Triumvirate: Jefferson—Hamilton—Aaron Burr," by Charles Felton Pidgin.

Dr. G. W. Prothero is giving up the editorship of the *Quarterly* and will be succeeded by J. C. Bailey. The new editor is, like his predecessor, interested primarily in literature, and the *Quarterly* will no doubt maintain its high standard in that field.

The Hon. A S. G. Canning's "British Writers on Classic Lands" (New York: A. Wessels Co.) completely fails to meet the expectations aroused by its title. Here was an opening for a really useful book, from which the general reader might gather the main results of the travels and studies of such men as Rawlinson, Layard, Grote, Flinders Petrie, and Evans. Only the first two of these are so much as mentioned, and receive scant attention, while the reader is offered instead an incoherent discussion of Pope, Macaulay, Gladstone, Milton, Shakespeare, and, not least surprising, Dickens! Mr. Canning's real interest seems to lie in the history of the Jews, to whose peculiar destiny he constantly recurs. He devotes sixty pages, about one-fourth of the book, to a rambling discussion of Milton's description of the temptation of Christ, as though Milton's fine rhetoric about Rome and Athens justified one in calling him a writer on classic lands. The style of the book is loose to exasperation, and often ungrammatical, and there is no evidence whatever of sound scholarship. In the footnotes the reader is referred, for all classical allusions, to Lemprière. "Priam, The last king of Troy, Lemprière," or "Plutarch, A Greek of eminent virtue, Lemprière," are fair examples. Mr. Canning regularly writes Mecoenas for Mæcenas, the patron of Virgil and Horace.

"The South Americans: The Story of the South American Republics, their Characteristics, Progress and Tendencies, with Special Reference to their Commercial Relations with the United States," by Albert Hale (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.), is a work that has many of the characteristics of a guide-book, and should have been entitled "A Guide-Book Through South America, with some Historical Notes for Travellers." As such, it will serve a useful purpose, and at the same time impress the idea that such travel is not accompanied by any serious hardship; in fact, in most cases is more agreeable than travel through the Southern States of our own country. As long as Mr. Hale confines himself to the details of travel his work is not only helpful, but interesting. Unfortunately, he felt called upon to enter the field of broad philosophical analysis. It is necessary to cite but one instance, in which the author endeavors to explain the moral difference between Latin-America and the United States. On page 6 he says:

> On one point our inheritance of revolt from the Roman Catholic Church has made us superior to them. We, as a people, have what we style a New England conscience, or what with more dignity should be called a moral sense; this is eminently self-sustaining in all our struggles for improvement and reform. A moral sense has never been more than feebly developed in South America, and where it makes itself felt it has become a force artistic or ethical rather than religious or moral.

To attempt thus to explain so complex a situation is to beg the question rather than to answer it. Then again, in his treatment of the Monroe Doctrine, the author advocates, pp. 351 and 352, a formulation of the Monroe Doctrine which would enable European countries to occupy South American territory, and would involve us in endless complications. These flights into philosophical generalization do not, however, diminish the value of the book as a safe guide to travel in Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine, and Venezuela.

To the already long list of German writers on Iceland there has been added a new name with the publication of "Island in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart" (Leipzig: W. Engelmann. 2 vols.), by Paul Herrmann, professor in the gymnasium at Torgau, Prussia, and a well-known writer on Scandinavian and Germanic mythology. Professor Herrmann travelled in Iceland

in the summer of 1904 with the mission of the Prussian government. His book is comprehensive. The first volume contains chapters on physical geography, history, government, education, sanitary condition, industry, trade, farming, fisheries, and the dwellings, interspersed with the author's own experiences and observations in the capital and its neighborhood; the second volume is essentially an account of Professor Herrmann's travels in the country, starting from Reykjavik through the southern and eastern districts to Akureyri on the north coast, a route seldom taken by foreign travellers. But it is by no means an ordinary narrative of travel, it is full of information about the life of the people and natural phenomena, containing many references to the ancient and modern literature of Iceland, especially to the sagas. He is particular about his sources, shows good judgment, and writes in an easy and entertaining manner. As a whole, the book, which is adorned with many good photographs, is both readable and reliable. One cannot help regretting that there is not in English such a work, to which one might turn for trustworthy information about modern Iceland, in spite of the fact that books of travels in Iceland are more numerous in English than in any other language.

To the investigations of the literary problems in connection with the Pentateuch Prof. A. Klostermann, of the University of Kiel, contributes "Der Pentateuch, Beiträge zu seinem Verständnis und seiner Entstehungsgeschichte, Neue Folge" (Leipzig: A. Diechert, 583 pages, 10 marks). Klostermann has for nearly two decades made a specialty of the literary analysis of the Pentateuch; and, as appeared from his "Pentateuch," 1893, his attacks are directed chiefly against the current Wellhausen theories, although he cannot be for this reason regarded as a defender of the Mosaic authorship. In general his tendency is conservative. A special feature of his work of historical parallels to the evolution of the Pentateuchal codes; as, *e. g.*, between the Deuteronomic legislation and the Icelandic, and between the reformation under King Josiah and the rediscovery of the law books of Numa. In general, the strongest part of Klostermann's work is his handling of Deuteronomy.

Another work of conservative scholarship is the "Geschichte Israels bis auf Alexander den Grossen," by Prof. S. Oettli, of the University of Greifswald (Calw und Stuttgart: Vereinsbuchhandlung, 6 marks). This volume deals with the history of Israel's development on the basis of the current literary analysis of the sources. In a modified form Oettli advocates the Erlangen conception, particularly as voiced by Von Hofmann, author of "Weissagung und Erfüllung," according to which the Old Testament is substantially a history of redemption.

The house of A. Deichert of Leipzig announces as forthcoming early in the new year a commentary on John by Prof. Theodor Zahn of the University of Erlangen, leader among the conservative German students of New Testament literature and the history of the New Testament canon. In this Kommentar zum Neuen Testament the following volumes have appeared: Matthew, by Zahn; I and II. Thessalonians, by G. Wohlenberg; Ephesians, Colossians and Philemon, by Prof. P. Ewald; I. Corinthians, by Dr. Bachmann; Galatians, by Zahn; The Pastoral Epistles by Wohlenberg.

An interesting example of the manner in which modern research is contributing to Biblical investigation a mass of material hitherto scarcely regarded as sources for knowledge of the Bible is found in the new work of Dr. Oskar Dähnhardt, of which vol. I. has just been issued by the house of B. G. Teubner of Leipzig and Berlin, under the title, "Natursagen: Eine Sammlung naturdeutender Sagen, Märchen, Fabeln und Legenden"; and this present volume is specially devoted to "Sagen zum Alten Testament." The author, who, as is seen by such books as his "Naturgeschichtliche Volksmärchen" and "Deutsches Märchenbuch," is a veteran student of folklore; and in this publication, he has, with the assistance of a score or more of helpers, of whom fifteen are mentioned on the title page, ransacked the sayings and stories of all peoples for materials illustrative or explanatory of the Old Testament. As a rule he has merely placed the material clearly before his readers, leaving it to the latter to determine the value and worth of these data. The mass of detail, however, here collected is very striking, although the whole of the Old Testament could not be covered. He has dealt only with those portions in regard to which other nations have a more or less significant folklore, such as the creation of the world and of man, demonology, the Fall, the Deluge, fallen angels, and prominent characters, like Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and David. Three other volumes are to complete the work: Vol. II., entitled "Sagen zum Neuen Testament," promised within the next few months; and vols. III. and IV., "Tier-und Pfinzensagen." Still other volumes, "Sagen von Himmel und Erde," "Sagen vom Menschen," together with a critical examination of "Wesen, Werden und Wandern der Natursagen" are projected.

Giovanni Rosadi, advocate, deputy, critic, playwright, lover of all the arts, is surely one of the most versatile and genial figures in Europe to-day. His monograph on the "Trial of Jesus" made his Italian fame international. Now he comes forward with a book on criminology, under the Dantesque title "Tra la Perduta Gente" (Florence: Bemporad). When we say criminology, we do so for the sake of brevity only. Rosadi's book does not lack philosophy, and we can imagine its portraits of typical offenders against society being cited before grave congresses, but in the main the intention is literary. Like Hutchins Hapgood, and the late Josiah Flynt Willard, he is especially concerned to show us what manner of men these murderers, thieves, and forgers are, how they feel and think, what class morals they profess. Incidentally, if we are wise, we may speculate on how the lost folk should be treated. In a manner the book is a human reduction to the absurd of the old view of corrective or vindictive punishment. Signor Rosadi believes that we may hardly hope to reform or even deter the criminal as such. Hope lies rather in some form of universal moral education, the nature of which remains unhappily quite undefined. The studies are eloquent throughout, and only rarely is the author betrayed by the luridness of his theme into a rhetoric too exuberant for non-Latin readers. Orators, writers, æsthetes, philosophers, dilettanti, fugitives, elegists, are some of the titles of the chapters, and the text usually makes good the apparent paradox of the caption. The work is uneven, but at its best, as in that terrible chapter on the asylum for the criminal insane at Montelupo, admirable. Everywhere one feels the weakness of the existing penology. Italy, for example, has reaped much credit in certain quarters for abolishing the death penalty, but how shall we regard this boon to homicides, when Signor Rosadi assures us solemnly that every corpse that comes from an Italian prison to the dissecting table should be examined, as if the cause of death were suspicious. Taken broadly, these studies make against all unitary and merely physical theories of the cause of crime. They mark a reaction against the Italian school which regards the criminal as merely malformed. Signor Rosadi shows us how complicated, at times, how logical and inevitable, are the motives that lead to crime. The remedy, then, is not the segregation of or extinction of a bad physical type, but such moral training as shall reach all young people, and especially those neglected children from whom professional crime draws most of its recruits.

Prof. Theodor Aufrecht of Bonn, whose death was noticed in the *Nation* of April 25, p. 386, has left a library which is especially rich in works on Sanskrit and Indic philology. A rough catalogue of perhaps 2,200 numbers has been issued, and may be had of Prof. Hermann Jacobi, No. 59 Niebuhr-strasse, Bonn. While it is not advisable for a great library to buy such a collection as this *en bloc*, on account of the embarrassingly large number of duplicates, Aufrecht's books present for a small library an opportunity not lightly to be dismissed. Inquiries may be addressed to Prof. Charles R. Lanman of Harvard University.

The fifth report of the Committee of Management of the Advanced Historical Teaching Fund, University of London, notes that forty students attended the course, five of them graduates of American universities.

The progress of college libraries of the United States in fifty years is very striking. The subject is treated in the *Library Journal* by W. N. Carlton, librarian of Trinity College, who tells us that at the middle of the last century there were but two colleges in the United States, Harvard and Yale, which had 50,000 volumes. Such typical New England colleges as Amherst, Dartmouth, Colby, Middlebury, University of Vermont, Wesleyan, and Williams, had less than 7,500 each. The Columbia College library, the largest in New York, had 12,240; Hamilton, Colgate, and the New York University, had less than 5,000 each; Princeton had 9,000; the University of Pennsylvania 5,000; while seven other Pennsylvania colleges had an average of 2,839 each. Altogether, the 126 college libraries at that time in the United States possessed 586,917 volumes, 155,000 less than are now collected in the Harvard Library alone. Annual incomes for library purposes

were as pitiful as the book collections. For some of the leading colleges, the library incomes were as follows: Harvard, $450; Bowdoin, $200; Princeton, $400; Amherst, $300; Williams, $200; Union, $100; Columbia, $200. Only two college libraries had endowments, those of Yale and Brown, which were $27,000 and $25,000, respectively. Even more significant as showing the small esteem in which the library was held, are the rules for use by students. The following are typical: At Amherst the library was open to students but once a week, and no student was at liberty to take a book from the shelves without special permission. At Yale, freshmen and sophomores were entirely excluded.

Plans for the new State education building at Albany, to house the State Library and the Education Department, are now complete, and work on the foundation has already begun. Pictures and floor plans of the building, together with a brief description of its architectural features, will be published in the January number of *New York Libraries*. The building will have a length of 590 feet and an extreme depth of 285 feet. The first floor is to be occupied chiefly by offices of the Education Department, while the second and third floors are to be given up to the State Library and its various departments. The general reading room is 128 feet long by 107 feet wide, and in design is an adaptation of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. The main stack, designed to accommodate 2,000,000 volumes, is seven stories high. Apart from the main stack, there will be auxiliary stacks for the special collections in law, medicine, legislative reference, and technology, having a capacity of 360,000 volumes. In addition to the stacks, there will be sufficient shelving to bring the total book capacity of the new building to 3,000,000 volumes. On the third floor sufficient space has been reserved for the library school to enable it to accommodate about twice the number of pupils it has hitherto been able to receive. The estimated cost of the building, when completed, is $4,000,000.

The Prix Goncourt, of 5,000 francs, has fallen this year to Émile Moselly (Émile Chénin in real life), a professor at Orleans, and author of "L'Aube fraternelle" and "Jean des brebis ou le livre de la misère."

Charles M. Skinner of the editorial staff of the Brooklyn *Eagle* died December 21. He was born in Victor, Ontario County, N. Y., in 1852. For twenty-two years he had been on the *Eagle*, part of the time as critic of music and art. In addition to his newspaper work, Mr. Skinner wrote a number of books concerning American folklore, in which he was especially interested. The titles of his works on this subject are "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land," "Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders," "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions," "American Myths and Legends." He was also author of several nature books, among them: "Nature in a City Yard," "With Feet to the Earth," "Do-Nothing Days," "Flowers in the Pave," "Little Gardens." Mr. Skinner wrote a play, "Villon, the Vagabond," and adapted Richepin's "Le Chemineau," both of which dramas were played by his brother, Otis Skinner.

Prof. Richard Boeckh, director of the Statistical Department of the city of Berlin and professor of statistics at the university, has just died at the age of eighty-three.

RECENT VERSE.

The Lotus of the Nile. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $1.

In Grasmere Vale. By James A. Mackereth. London: David Nutt.

Gypsy Verses. By Helen Hay Whitney. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25.

Youth. By J. H. Wallis. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Hathor. By Stanly Coghill. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $.75.

Selected Poems. By E. R. Taylor. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2.

Through Painted Panes. By Louis Alexander Robertson. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50.

Said the Rose and Other Lyrics. By George Henry Miles. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1 net.

Lincolnshire Rhymes. By Mabel Peacock. Louth: J. W. Goulding & Son.

The Fire Divine. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co. $1 net.

New Poems. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Under the Laurel. By Frederic Crowninshield. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

There are some tones that are less heard in poetry to-day than a generation ago. The note of recollection—the note of Wordsworth and "Tintern Abbey"—is less frequent. And so is the note of illusion, at its best one of the highest and purest in English poetry:

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

You may search a dozen volumes of current verse and catch hardly an echo of them. Occasionally, as in Dr. Eaton's "Lotus of the Nile," you will find a poem or two composed in the old familiar meditative key:

> I never caught so clear the master note
> From old monastic centuries, days remote
> In thought and speech, most in religious mood,
> As when a lonely traveller I stood
> Amidst the ruins England loves so well,
> Her Fountains Abbey in the Vale of Skell.

Or perhaps in the case of one who has been drawn to Wordsworth or some of the elder poets particularly and has caught their tune unconsciously, the same note will recur, though less distinctly, as in Mr. Mackereth's "Grasmere Vale":

> Rest, Poet, in thy simple grave:
> The tangled hum of Sabbath bells
> Throbs round thee, and the winsome wave
> Comes from the genial fells.
>
> Pride folds the fallen dust of kings:
> Sleep, Poet, with the sons of toil,
> 'Mid sanctity of homely things,
> Sealed in God's scented soil.

Still more rarely the perception of human vanity and earthly insecurity makes itself heard again, but faint and changed, with a new undertone of bitterness and regret very different from the old serenity and restraint. Mrs. Whitney's "Gypsy Verses," for all their rollicking associations, are athrob with it. Low and subdued at times, again hauntingly reminiscent of Villon, as in the "Old Women" and "Dead Ladies," this sentiment of the final bankruptcy of sense and weariness of spirit breaks out shrill and penetrating and unmistakable in the sonnet on "Age":

> Blindness, and women sailing on white seas,
> Seas where no placid sails have ever been.
> Dreams like wan demons on waste marshes seen
> Through dulling fevered eyes. The dregs and lees
> Of wine long spilt to dead divinities.
> Gray, empty days when Spring is never green,
> Can the heart answer what these riddles mean—
> Can the life hold such hopelessness as these?
>
> Love lying low in the long pleasant grass,
> Youth with his eager face against the sun,
> They may not guess the hours when these shall pass,
>
> In what drear coin such lovely dreams are paid,
> At what grim cost their flowery days are won,
> When man is old and lonely and afraid.

For the rest there is confusion of voices. With a reluctance to accept the canons and conventions of the past, there is joined an inability to secure a perspective capable of harmonizing in one consistent vision the distracting seethe of modern ideas and aspirations with which the poets' minds are rife. Now and then, to be sure, some one succeeds in casting a kind of transitory and factitious glamour about these troubled and incongruous elements. At this kind of thing, Mr. Wallis is exceptionally clever in his volume "Youth." Cheerfully and even complacently acquiescent with the new ideals, a materialist apparently, a worshipper of strength and success, an admirer of what is big and red and loud, an echoer in some sort of Swinburne and Kipling, he knows how to turn his impressions to good account in a series of poems, of which these verses from his "New America" will give the keynote:

> What were the ancient great that blazed
> In colored pomp that flamed like the sun
> To this where liberty hath raised
> A hundred nations into one?
>
> How would their gods of battle class
> With thine? Thine iron ships would glide
> Through triremes as through broken glass,
> Thy guns would soil the phalanx' pride.
>
> The treasures that the Great King lost
> At Susa or Persepolis
> Were baubles to the giant cost
> That makes one city what it is.

These things make striking verse, no doubt, though they fail to read the riddle or hush the cry of perplexity or protest that rises occasionally from amid the general satisfaction and complacency.

It is another, more vexatious spirit which animates the lines of Stanly Coghill's "Hathor":

> Out of the depths I cry,
> Gods who fashioned me,
> Out of the earth and sky
> And rush and roar of the sea;
>
> Gods who fashioned me
> Where the waters flow and croon,
> What bitter jest filled the heart of ye
> As ye laughed 'neath the scornful moon?
>
> Say, was there never nigh
> A higher God than ye?
> Why did you work 'neath the midnight sky
> On the night ye fashioned me?

The writer of these remarkable lines, posthumously published unhappily, appears to have been, at least by residence, a member of that little band of San Francisco poets at whose head are Dr. Taylor and Mr. Robertson, both interesting versifiers, though

given rather over-much to reprinting. Surprisingly enough, though not unnaturally perhaps, they seem even more classical than the poets of the East. They affect the sonnet a good deal, particularly Dr. Taylor, who is fairly successful with this form. It is singular, too, how much of their inspiration is furnished by books and other literary and artistic themes. Their poetry shows reading, taste, cultivation. Indeed, Mr. Robertson's, who has evidently greater abundance of poetic gifts, shows something more. His "Ataxia," and, above all, his "Thunder Tune," are unusual poems in any comparison, and strike out occasionally a ringing and memorable line:

Hear the protest 'gainst the quick quietus, when
the demon whispered to the Dane,
And then listen to the larger logic of the fervent
phrases that contain
Such a creed, that Death's loud summons or his
faint procrastinated call,
Wakes no fear in those who face the darkness with
the words "The readiness is all."

After all, it is among these poets who live in some sense retired with the Muse that it is necessary to look for the most satisfactory verse to-day. They seldom have more than one string to their lyre, these minor poets, but that one is often singularly sweet and clear. They tend their own little plot of ground for their own pleasure, at times very negligently, no doubt; but along with the brambles they not infrequently succeed in raising one or two of those simple old-fashioned flowers whose charm seems for some reason or other to be perennial. Chief among such blossoms of the season is George Henry Miles's "Said the Rose," a poem of remarkable tenderness and pathos, and in its own subdued manner, of originality. The writer is dead now; and it profits little to notice the crudeness and imitativeness which disfigure a good deal of his work. But even the worst of it has a kind of distinction, such as comes to perfection in the "Rose," which makes it a matter of regret that he should so often have followed wandering fires, instead of striking out a plain, straight way of his own.

Even simpler in their inspiration are Miss Peacock's "Lincolnshire Rhymes." They are very unpretending pieces, most of them, remarkable mainly for their local attachment and homely associations, as well as for their astonishing success in retouching some of the oldest and most elementary of the poetic chords. In form, as in motive, many of them are ballads; and like the ballads, their effect is cumulative and grows with reading.

Decidedly more academic and "literary" is Mr. Gilder's "Fire Divine," though not without an occasional excursion into nature or public affairs. Of the latter sort is by far the liveliest piece in the volume, "The Whisperers," dated "New York, 1905":

In the House of State at Albany—in shadowy corridors and corners—the whisperers whispered together.

In sumptuous palaces in the great city men talked intently, with mouth to ear.

Year in and year out they whispered, and talked, and no one heard save those who listened close.

Now in the Hall of the City the whisperers again are whispering, the talkers are talking.

They who once conversed so quietly, secretly, with shrugs and winks and finger laid beside nose—what has happened to their throats?

For speak they never so low, their voices are as the voices of trumpets; whisper they never so close, their words are like alarm bells rung in the night.

On the whole, it is, perhaps, these rhythmic intermissions of Mr. Gilder's on one subject and another which give his book a kind of distinction or difference, lending it a bold, adventurous, innovating air, among the increasing legions of mildly meritorious versifiers, whose names have outgrown enumeration.

We may close with a comment on the paradoxical contrast in the work of two names already well-known. Stephen Phillips has for so many years devoted himself to the drama that we have almost forgotten his first lyrical successes, and so Mr. Crowninshield, though not unknown already as a poet, has made his position primarily as an artist. One would expect the dramatist to carry the problems of life into his songs, and the painter to transfer his vision of color and form into sensuous rhythm. But the contrary is true. Mr. Phillips does not eschew the pragmatic things of the present; he has his verses to "Gladstone" and "Dreyfus," he touches now and then on the tangle of the emotions; but it is not these poems that tempt us to linger over his pages. Like most of the lesser versifiers of the day, his virtue is in the sensuous, unthinking perception of beauty. We read him for his picture of Endymion:

Endymion, glistering from the morning stream,
In beautiful cold youth with virgin eyes,
Sprang naked up the Latmian steep, and stood
In the red sunrise shaking from his hair
The river-drops, and laughed, he knew not why;—

or for this image of the moon gliding down into the sleeper's arms:

Lo! like a lily vast the luminous Bloom
Unfolded slow upon the noon of night:
A moment, like a rain-drop at its edge,
Selene, brightly faltering, earthward slid;
And all the argent Flower had closed again.
Endymion heard his name amid the stars
Breathed; and again "Endymion!" he heard
Cried out in passion between earth and heaven;
Then "O Endymion!" stole into his ear.

Of this sensuous transfer of beauty from the eye to the ear, Mr. Crowninshield's volume carries but a little. Something approaching it may be felt in his artistic valuation of the fair model in his studio poems, or in his sympathy for New England scenery; but even here it is the drama of the model's inner life, or the human significance of the landscape that chiefly interests him—and us. He is not sure enough of his rhythms, and is somewhat too fond of unusual words to set the sensuous chords within us vibrating; but, as a seeker after the meaning of life, perplexed at times, often indignant, always courageous, he stands notably apart from the crowd. The series of sonnets that occupy the central part of his volume have a substratum of reflection that is the rarest quality in the verse of the day. We can quote only one, and that more personal than critical:

O starry Sagittarius, bright Sign
Whose high effulgence rayed upon my birth,
Remorseless thou hast brought me neither mirth,
Nor solace of good cheer, nor love of wine
Or wassail, nor the ease of wealth. But mine
Hath been the briered portion of the earth—
Travail and strain, and ceaseless care, and dearth
Of mindless sleep, kind Nature's anodyne.
Great starry Archer, what doth mean for me
Thy tense-drawn bow, thy quivering shaft of fire
Which gleams in dark-blue fields eternally?
That I should bend my bow in pain, nor tire
Of futile shafts? Futile? Oh, it may be
That one will pierce the mark ere I expire!

CURRENT FICTION.

Between the Dark and the Daylight. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.

This volume represents a characteristic mood of Mr. Howells's, though not always a fruitful one. The psychical experiences which lie "between the dark and the daylight," spiritualism, hypnotism, dreams, intuitions, transferences, and "telegraphies"—all these matters have long had a mild avocational interest for him. He does not precisely take them seriously; his attitude seems to be characterized rather by a good-humored receptiveness than anything else. He can hardly be imagined in a state of excitement over a spook of any species, mental, "spiritual," or material. But it pleases him to think that there are more things in heaven and earth than are for sale in the markets of Manhattan. He likes to potter among his collection of "psychical" curios as other amiable connoisseurs among their tulips or their china. Doubtless some of the trifles he brings forth between thumb and forefinger for our edification mean more to him than to us on account of their associations, the odd places and seasons of their picking-up. Few of the articles of *vertu* in this book are of much intrinsic value. In fact, the only one of these stories which has real dignity, expressing as it does something of Mr. Howells's full power, is the first and longest of them, entitled "A Sleep and a Forgetting." Here, in the simple, moving way which has marked (we mean distinguished and limited) his best studies of the feminine, he describes the temporary mischance of oblivion to which a sudden shock of grief has subjected a young American girl. Her mother has been killed before her eyes in an accident at a grade crossing. In consequence the girl has lost her power of remembering not only the fact of the accident itself, but the things which afterward happen to her day by day. The distracted father leaves his business and takes her abroad, in the hope that change of scene will in some way restore her to herself. At San Remo a young American doctor is thrown into momentary contact with them, and is appealed to by the father to do what he can for the daughter. The doctor tarries at San Remo, and, of course, he and the girl, in their diverse states of innocence, proceed to fall in love. The consequence is that the girl finds herself coming slowly out of her strange condition, and by dint of another shock is made complete mistress of her memory. It is all so much the kind of thing one likes to expect of Mr. Howells as to dwarf, somewhat disproportionately, no doubt, the tolerably good magazine tales which make up the rest of the volume.

Walled In. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. New York: Harper & Bros.

Again Mrs. Ward has taken a New England college town for her scene; and to any one who is familiar with the setting, her story will have a good deal of interest. If she were a young writer we might be tempted to say of her recent work that it has shown increased promise. It seems to contain more sentiment and less sentimentality, less appeal to the sensibilities of the schoolgirl and the shoplady, than

marked the "Confessions of a Wife," and (in less degree) its successors.

The specific problem is, we fancy, one of perennial concern to college communities. A studious and promising professor has married a vain, silly, and pretty woman. She has no interest in his work or ambitions, but is entirely absorbed in the enjoyment of such primitive pleasures as the undergraduate life provides. The professor's wife of this type is, we suppose, almost as well recognized in such an atmosphere as the "college widow." The pretty and indiscreet lady in question is, to be sure, an exaggeration of the type; for she is hard of heart as well as frivolous; as clearly predestined to hurt as to please; and her indiscretion is not limited to the ordinary philandering. She has already taken to her light ways before the professor, a fine figure of a man when she married him, is crippled by a motor accident. After the habit of her kind, she is repelled, not softened, by his disability. She neglects him more and more openly; and her affair with one of the undergraduates becomes less innocent. In the meantime, her step-sister, who is in every respect unlike her, has come upon the scene. She is professionally a nurse, and naturally and by training a woman of sensitiveness and generosity. The gay and silly wife half cynically, half contemptuously gives her husband into the care of this admirable and desirable creature; being herself freed to go her own primrose way. The husband, who is not a fool, in due season finds himself not only admiring but desiring the one person in whose presence he finds sympathy and rest. He half declares his feeling, asking nothing, and half understands that there is danger for her also in the continuance of their relation. At this point the silly wife is providentially drowned, in consequence, we are given to understand, of the horrid fact that she has gone canoeing with the less innocent undergraduate. The next thing that happens is what one wishes to happen—in a book; namely, the surviving pair, instead of allowing themselves to be happy in this release, are afflicted with qualms, wonder if they have done their full duty to the departed, wonder if it can be right for them to be glad that they are no longer uselessly tormented; and having arrived at this *impasse* of the "New England conscience," proceed to give themselves the still more useless torment of a speechless parting. If they had been guilty of the worst, these two people could not have been more chop-fallen over the kindness of fate.

But Mrs. Ward has told the truth: these things do actually happen (though less frequently, perhaps, than print would lead one to suspect) in New England. Fortunately, not even the New England conscience is powerful enough to conquer (in the long run) the New England common sense. That is why the Puritan ordinarily escaped being actually hoist with his own petard.

Lisheen. By Canon P. A. Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A young Irish landlord makes the surprising discovery not unconnected with a reading of Tolstoy, that the condition of the Irish tenant is not all that it should be. He has half a notion to look into the matter for himself, but the inconveniences attendant upon such an inquiry are sufficiently plain to him. He has a feeling that the only way to get at the root of the matter would be to go down among the peasants and live their life. He continues to be vaguely eloquent upon the subject until a club bet rather unexpectedly commits him to the actual experiment. He becomes a laborer in a peasant family upon his own estates, is evicted with them, and, after some vicissitudes, both sociological and amatory, becomes a model landlord: not that he becomes a peasant on a large scale, and takes his tenantry altogether into his bosom. Canon Sheehan is content with a more old-fashioned, and, it must be said, more thoroughly tested model: "Slowly but surely a happy and thriving and industrious population grew up around the 'Great House': a population knitted in the firmest bonds of loyalty to those who were protecting and helping them."

This is all very well for a plot, but its handling is tame and ineffective. We are advised from time to time that the landlord is a fine fellow, one of the wisest and noblest of his kind; but we are not persuaded that he is anything more than a feeble and emotional manikin. In fact, the human figures in the story are all more or less shadowy or grotesque. Yet it contains fragments of dialogue which are extremely clever; as well as a good many passages of description and comment which, if not profoundly humorous, are pleasant because of their Hibernian good-nature and acuteness:

> It was the evil quarter-hour before dinner—the *pars gelida* before that daily holocaust of society, when the guests are frozen by first introductions or limited acquaintance; when the hostess is frozen by frightful anticipations of spoiled viands, kitchen catastrophes, yawning intervals between courses, and all the other dread possibilities of the dinner-table; when the waiters are frozen into frigid icicles of propriety and decorum; and probably the only warm person under the roof is the cook.

Alas that in the next sentence the second lady should be described as "A daughter of the gods, divinely fair"; and the villain (who leans against a marble mantelpiece and listens cynically) as "cold and slimy as a coiled snake!"

Folkungaträdet. I. Folke Filbyter; II. Bjälboarfvet. By Verner von Heidenstam. Stockholm: Bonnier.

When Verner von Heidenstam published his sketches from the times of Charles the Twelfth, entitled "Karolinerna," their kinship to Runeberg's "Fänrik Ståls Sägner" was at once commented upon, a kinship, however, more in the theme and in the similarity in types than in anything else. No such obvious comparison offers itself in the case of Heidenstam's latest work, "Folkungaträdet," of which the first two parts have so far been published. But one cannot help recalling that older series of historical romances from mediæval times in Sweden, C. G. Starbäck's "Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson," and "Guldhalsbandet." Starbäck was a trained historian, with great narrative talent, and he unfolded a pageant of types and events from one of the most interesting periods of Sweden's history, that country's first struggle to free itself from the "union" with Denmark. Heidenstam, a born poet, has produced something quite different. Though a large amount of antiquarian learning is shown all through the volumes, *e. g.*, in the scene where the old miner comes before the Earl of Bjälbo and his mother, the centre of interest lies in the individual characters. The nearly primeval figure of Folke Filbyter, the founder of the family, viking, peasant proprietor, and highway robber; Valdemar, the son of Birger of Bjälbo, a dreamer all his life, sensuous, irresponsible, never comprehending the responsibilities that rest on him as king; his brother Magnus, who eventually drives him from the throne in order to save the country—all these personages stand out before the reader as clearly as in actual life, clearer even, because interpreted by a poet's insight.

The True Patrick Henry. By George Morgan. 24 illustrations; pp. 492. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

In preparing his entertaining volume, which is especially rich on the personal side, and in its presentation of Virginia and family tradition, Mr. Morgan has had the use of many original papers relating to Henry, which have come to light since the publication of Wirt's well-known biography. It is unfortunate that the supposedly popular nature of this series has seemed to require a treatment apparently designed to meet the approval of those who do little serious reading. Furthermore, it is not likely that an approach towards finality has been attained by the contributors to this "True" series, any more readily, because of the claim suggested by the title. The author of the tenth volume is favorably known as the writer of two novels, "John Littlejohn of J." and "The Issue," in which he disclosed a liking for the picturesque in American civilization, skill in portraying it, and unusual familiarity with several of the larger episodes of our national life. It was to be expected that in his Life of Patrick Henry the attractive qualities of his method would be once more conspicuous, for there was much in the career of the Virginia orator to lend itself to precisely the kind of appreciative treatment that Mr. Morgan is so well qualified to give. But there was also much to offer as serious obstacles to a sympathetic biographer. It is the chief defect of Mr. Morgan's book that he claims too much, in too many directions. What with sparring with Thomas Jefferson, William Wirt, the Virginian clergy, the civil authorities, and the upper classes of Virginia, and nearly everybody who thought lightly of his hero's powers, the author makes a brave, but not always successful, effort to change radically the critical estimate of Henry's professional and political services.

On the stage acting is an art. In political life it is apt to be the enacting of a more or less artistic falsehood. Patrick Henry was a great actor off the stage. His special rôle was the old one, played successfully by so many potentates of the past, of arraying the masses against the nobles. There are too many tributes, from opponents as well as friends, to the effectiveness of his art to make the absence of an adequate record of his words and arguments of supreme importance. But full appreciation of his art does not involve entire ap-

proval of the man behind the art. The gist of the celebrated Parsons case, from which Patrick Henry took his first leap into public reputation, is hardly to be found in the opposing claims of clergy and people, as stated by Mr. Morgan. At the bottom of the contest lay the simple truth that tobacco was a very inferior form of money, because of its liability to extreme fluctuations in value. But it was the one thing that nearly every Virginia colonist possessed, and it was therefore agreed by custom and law to use the product as the basis of a circulating medium. There was thus established a vicious money system, in whose harmful operations the clergymen of the Virginia branch of the Church of England eventually became entangled. The system once adopted, and contracts with the clergy having been made in accordance with it, the people soon sought to pay the clergy, not in the tobacco money to the amount called for by contract and law of their own devising, but in actual money of much less value. The tobacco crop had failed, and the price had risen. The greenbackers and the silver men of modern times had their prototypes among the Virginia colonists, whose advocate and hero Patrick Henry became. When the suit brought by one of the clergymen to recover his pay came to trial, the jury, which seems to have been made up of the poorer class of taxpayers, promptly gave a verdict in favor of the minister, but fixed the damages at one penny. In a highly civilized community or with groups of men of the higher types, among whom simple sincerity is one of the supreme tests of culture, there would seem to be little in this triumph of Henry, won by appealing to some of the least admirable instincts of primitive man, on which to base a sound public repute. But it was the beginning of Patrick Henry's fame; and since then in many corners of the country men have held a following and high station by the same familiar method.

Nor can it be successfully maintained that as a lawyer, bound by the ethics of his profession to do the best he could for his client, Henry was justified in pursuing the line of argument which he adopted. Legally he had not a peg on which to hang his case, and it would be easy to call a long roll of American lawyers of eminence who would have declined the conduct of a case without any legal basis, the successful prosecution of which depended upon an adroit appeal to the general disregard for the law and upon denunciation of clergy and Church. Admitting that Henry foresaw the overthrow of the power of England in her American colonies, and that he wished to further the movement more than he desired to promote his own fortunes, that was not the proper time, or the proper place, or the proper method to advance the cause of independence. The existing lawmaking power and the system of courts were necessary for the adjustment of contending interests and for the stability of society until other legal powers were established; but Henry sought with more or less success to involve the Church, the law, and the courts all in one general ruin. In a law court the revolutionist is out of place.

Indeed, we may say that as a lawyer Henry is, on the whole, best remembered for his efforts in behalf of error and injustice, as in this Parsons case and the suit which the Virginian Hook brought to recover the value of cattle taken for the use of the Continental troops. Hook, of course, was entitled to his money, but Henry, exerting all his dramatic art and skill, succeeded in defeating the ends of justice. His method was the same in the Randolph murder case and the Harvey case. In what was perhaps his most important civil case, that of Jones vs. Walker, in which Henry represented the defendant in an action to recover the amount of a bond given before the Revolution, his present biographer says that the orator scored a triumph. But again he was on the side of injustice, and the Supreme Court finally decided in favor of the plaintiff, so that it is difficult to see on what substantial ground a triumph can be claimed.

As a soldier Henry's record was brief and inglorious. He retired to private life because the civil authorities had little confidence in his military ability and because on his side he was only willing to serve in supreme command in his State. There were such men in the civil war, Hooker and McClernand among others. The Grants, Meades, and Thomases, Johnstons and Lees, in the face of humiliation went on performing their duty and serving their cause, trusting to time and event to do them justice.

In spite of his limitations and his actual failures Patrick Henry's services to the cause of independence were great enough to make unnecessary that form of apotheosis which would attribute to him the virtues and achievements of other men. It was in the interval beginning with the breaking down of the old order and ending with the establishment of the new; when as a member of the House of Burgesses he opposed the Stamp tax and stirred the emotions of Americans, that his legitimate and most valuable work was done. Edmund Randolph's keen analysis of Henry's ability and shortcomings, which appears to be borne out by the evidence, was as follows:

> In pure reasoning he encountered many successful competitors; in the wisdom of books many superiors; but though he might be inconclusive he was never frivolous, and arguments which at first seemed strange, were afterwards discovered to be select of their kind, because adapted to some peculiarity in his audience.

On the other hand, towards the end of Patrick Henry's public career, when he vehemently opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution, he set himself apart from the men of his time of the first rank. He feared that a consolidated government would "destroy the States and swallow the liberties of the people." He seems not to have perceived the infinite number of opportunities for practical revolution to be found in popular elections or to have understood that if eventually the liberties of the people are to be swallowed up by a "consolidated" government, the change will be due to so great an unfitness of the people for popular government that no precautions on paper could forever guard against it. "Your President," said Henry, "may easily become King." But the President who becomes King will have been preceded by Presidents who can only have broken the way to a kingdom by the consent of an ignorant and indifferent populace.

If Herbert Spencer was right in his thought that the American government will fail in some great crisis because of the unfitness of the masses to consider serlously a complicated question, the public men most needed in the United States are not leaders like Patrick Henry, who will seek to strengthen their own power by urging the populace to insist that legislatures, congresses, and officials respond immediately to some demand of the hour, but statesmen who will seek to give back to legislatures and to Congress that check upon public opinion which the constitutions of the nation and the States intended. As it is to-day, legislatures tend to become a register of last week's popular impulses; the national House of Representatives mostly records the wish of the President. To some extent Henry's fears have been realized. The Senate remains as a check upon public impulse; but already there is a widespread movement for the popular election of Senators. It is a truism, of course, that the national Constitution did not contemplate the present day notion that what the masses want at the moment must necessarily be good for them. The course of safety lies in the Constitution, which Patrick Henry opposed; in the maintenance of the powers of the State in that path which was so carefully marked out by the framers of the Constitution of 1787, and which lies half way between that excess of Federal power in the President on the one side which Patrick Henry feared, and on the other side excessive obedience to the whims of the people of which obedience Patrick Henry's career was mostly an advocacy.

The Soul Market. By Olive Christian Malvery. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

This book owes a charm to its nondescript character. It is not fiction, or autobiography, or sociological report, but savors somewhat of all three. There is a quality very warm and human and engaging in this casual narrative. Miss Malvery was of Anglo-Indian birth, and came to London as a young girl for musical training. Chance led to the discovery of her real gift, and she became a reader instead of a singer. Her public recitations won a popular success, and she acquired a good deal of vogue as an entertainer at private parties. Her professional experiences among "the best people" seem to have set her thinking. She discovered that her fashionable patrons were often unscrupulous, and usually unintelligent:

> The real patrons of music and art in England are the people. Society is not really musical at all. If it were, there would not be so many starving musicians scattered about. The very rich are seldom truly artistic or musical, though there is a fashion among them of posing as patrons of music and art. What society runs after is the latest sensation. It rarely ever encourages unknown talent.

Miss Malvery's ensuing experiments as street singer and barrel-organist, confirmed her suspicion that the real lovers of music are among the poor. Her interest was aroused in other aspects of the life of the lower working classes of London. Under various disguises and in various capacities she tasted the bitterness of the ordinary wage-earner's lot; really tasted, not merely sniffed at it after the manner of

the "slummer" and the lady journalist. For months at a time she lived the life of the streets, the shops, the factories, and the lodging-houses. Her motive sprang from personal interest and sympathy rather than from the tabulating zeal of the professional sociological investigator; and her book is a series of random notes upon certain episodes in an extraordinarily varied experience among the London poor. From it all she emerged neither disheartened nor in imagined possession of a panacea.

The two chief causes to which she attributes the destitution of the slum family are interesting. The women and the children are, her observation teaches, ground between an upper and a nether millstone: the idle and drunken man of the family, and the slave-driving alien. She has little faith in the cry of "no labor," which still goes up from mobs of stalwart men in London streets:

> Men who ought to be supporting healthy and happy families by legitimate work spend 95 per cent. of their earnings in the public house—that is, if they are earning at all, as for the most part the husbands of women engaged in home employment are irredeemable loafers.
>
> And these women are as a rule condemned to toil, with the aid of little children, under the lash of foreign-born taskmasters, who have been freely admitted to over-crowded London, bringing with them the hard thrift and insatiable cupidity bred of their native squalor.
>
> I was much struck during the descents I made into Poverty Kingdom, to find in how many cases the distress, overwork, and evilly bad pay were due to the trades worked in being monopolized by foreigners. And then again the utter misery caused by the over-crowding, insanitary condition of the houses, inability to claim a sufficient water supply, and all the ugly results of desperate over-population in certain districts, were due almost entirely to the fact that the property in those neighborhoods had been, bit by bit, acquired by our alien friends.

Miss Malvery's experiments are by no means without parallel in these days. But they seem to have been inspired and carried out in a spirit of ingenuous devotion rare in any time; and the record has a quality (which one may call emotional if he will) sharply differentiating it from reports coldly rendered by the student in sociology or stories jauntily got up by the enterprising journalist.

Science.

History of Astronomy. By Walter W. Bryant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

In the first half of this book Mr. Bryant, an official of the British Royal Observatory, writes purely as an historian, but in the second half, dealing with modern times, there is a large measure of his own opinions on pending questions. This gives life to the book; but there is something else that almost withdraws the gift—a frequent effort to dispel the gloom of a somewhat recondite subject by attempts at humor, and elephantine gambolling with anecdote. Only that supreme devotion to duty which animates all reviewers enabled us to continue beyond p. 222, where is mentioned the German Dr. Witt's discovery of an important minor planet. Since this is the only planet so far discovered by him, Mr. Bryant recalls a suggestion that it "be named *Brevitas*, as being the sole (discovery) of Witt."

The book contains a few inaccuracies, such as a confusion of the Smithsonian and Carnegie Institutions of Washington, on p. 134. Occasionally, too, there is a lack of lucidity in style, and a use of cryptic expressions or unexplained technical terms. But in general the author's opinions are clearly expressed and are also sound. We mention two points that are especially creditable. On p. 194 he ascribes the important discovery of terrestrial latitude variation correctly to Kustner of Berlin, whereas, both in England and America, it is usually and incorrectly credited to Chandler. Even the last (1906) Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution contains an article by Abbot, on "Recent Progress in Astronomy," where this error is repeated. It is due no doubt to Chandler's having discussed the question extensively in a long series of memoirs a very few years after the discovery itself had been announced by Küstner. The other opinion (p. 215) that seems to us both correct and timely relates to the "canals" of Mars. It is worth quoting:

> In fact, so far as the argument depends on terrestrial and human analogy the assumptions involved are so great that Professor Lowell's very plausible explanation can hardly be called convincing. . . . Admitting his evidence, his deductions as to intelligent beings on Mars, who can not only construct thousands of miles, in fact hundreds of thousands of miles, of great canals at least a mile wide, but can also force water to fill them against its natural inclination, are scarcely, if at all, credible. . . . It is well known that a trained observer, who knows by experience exactly what he is looking for, will see with comparative ease what an average person entirely fails to distinguish; but it is also beyond question that observers of supposed trustworthiness have recorded things as seen which have had no real existence, but which they expected to see. In other words, personal bias counts for something, and whether the observation be made by the man who believes or by one of his staff who is told what to expect, it will be regarded with skepticism by the man who does not believe.

In the rich collection of manuscripts which Frau Elizabeth Campe, daughter of the well-known publisher, B. G. Hoffmann, has willed to the City Library of Hamburg, a number of unpublished letters of Voltaire have been discovered. They constitute a part of Voltaire's correspondence with the philosopher and mathematician S'Gravesand of Leyden. In 1731 Voltaire visited S'Gravesand for the purpose of consulting him with reference to the discoveries of Newton, of which S'Gravesand was the pioneer advocate in the Netherlands. As a result of this conference we have this present correspondence, full of interesting data with reference to the spread of Newton's views; and these letters are soon to be published.

Dr. Berthold Laufer of the department of anthropology at Columbia University has resigned his post and will go to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, to organize a department of East Asiatic ethnology. He himself will soon organize and conduct an expedition to northwestern China.

Dr. Henry Patterson Loomis, a specialist in pulmonary and heart diseases, died in this city December 22. He was a son of Dr. Alfred Lebbens Loomis, a specialist in the same lines. Dr. Loomis the younger was born in this city in 1859; was graduated from Princeton in 1880; and from the medical department of New York University in 1883. He studied also in Berlin, Heidelberg, and Vienna. From 1887 to 1895 he was professor of pathology in New York University; and from 1898 till his death, professor of therapeutics and clinical medicine in Cornell Medical School. He was a member of various medical societies; he had been president of the New York Pathological Society. To the "American System of Practical Medicine" he contributed the chapters on Bright's disease; in "American Jurisprudence and Toxicology" he contributed the chapters on post-mortem examination. He also wrote much for the medical magazines.

Prof. Oscar Lassar, a member of the medical faculty of Berlin University, died December 23 from the effects of an automobile accident. He was born in Hamburg in 1849, and received his education at Heidelberg, Göttingen, Strassburg, and Berlin. After service at Göttingen and Breslau, he went to Berlin, where he established a clinic for the treatment of skin diseases; and by 1893 he had attained the grade of full professor in the university. Dr. Lassar was especially interested in tuberculous affections of the skin, and was among the first to recognize the bacteriological character of many scalp diseases. This led him to consider the infectious nature of such troubles, and to lay great stress upon public hygiene. He was the founder of the German society for the promotion of public baths, and he established model baths in Berlin. He was also active in summoning to Berlin the international leprosy congress. He wrote many monographs on various phases of public health and hygiene, among them: "Kulturaufgabe der Volksbäder," "Volksgesundheit und menschliche Gesellschaft in ihren Wechselbeziehungen," and "Ueber häusliche Gesundheitspflege." Since 1893 he had been the editor of the *Dermatologische Zeitschrift*. The medical training of women was one of the movements in which he was interested. Apart from his professional works, Dr. Lassar was the author of one or two books. In 1892, under the pen name of Edmund Olass, he published a volume entitled "Novellen," and he also wrote "Geschichten und Gedichte für kleine Kinder," 1895.

Pierre Jules César Janssen, director of the Meudon Observatory, died December 23. He was born in 1824 in Paris. He was well known as a student and experimenter in the field of astrophysics, and particularly in spectrum-analysis. During the total eclipse of the sun in 1868, he observed that the sun's protuberances were produced by burning fluids, and in 1870 he discovered a new method of quantitative spectrum-analysis. Four years later he observed the transit of Venus in Japan, and on his way thither he carried on some magnetic experiments in the Gulf of Siam and in the heart of Bengal. At Janssen's instigation the great observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc was constructed in 1892, and since that time Janssen, although so lame

that he had to be carried to the observatory, had successfully directed a series of important observations there. He was a member of the Paris Academy and the Bureau of Longitudes.

Drama.

The English Stage of To-day. By Mario Borsa; translated by Selwyn Brinton. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Dr. Mario Borsa is fortunate in his translator, Mr. Brinton, who has converted the original Italian into singularly fluent, idiomatic, and vivacious English, which lends additional charm to a series of essays, full of sound information, keen criticism, and much practical common sense. As a summary of the history of the modern English stage, in all its various phases, intended chiefly for the use of foreigners, the book is admirable in almost every respect, being comprehensive, without going into any of the tedious and insignificant detail which forms the bulk of most recent theatrical volumes; and, in the main, wonderfully accurate. Among the principal subjects which it passes in review, are the nature of English playgoers, actors, and actor-managers, the leading dramatists and critics, the Stratford-on-Avon celebrations, the work of the various independent theatres, the realistic and the literary drama, the Irish theatre, and the censorship. So far as matters of fact are concerned, it has nothing new to offer to the well-informed English reader, but this does not at all diminish the interest arising from the comment of an independent observer, thoroughly conversant with theatrical affairs, not only in Great Britain, but in his own country. And much of what he has to say is just as pertinent on this side of the Atlantic as on the other.

Of the generally forlorn condition of dramatic art in England he speaks with a good humored contempt which is, perhaps, more effective than any labored strictures. He attributes it largely to the innate stupid conservatism of the public, which, with its national passion for the "standardization" of everything, looks askance upon new forms and ideals even in its pleasures, and insists that what was good enough for one generation is good enough for another. Here he has fallen into the old delusion, carefully fostered by commercial managers everywhere, that the public has the power of dictating the nature of the entertainments to be provided for it. The truth is that it only has the right of selection between what is bad and what is worse. He only comprehends in part the powers and the influences of the commercial syndicates by which the theatrical world is governed. But he sees very clearly the evil wrought by long runs and demonstrates it most effectively by contrasting the achievements of the Italian stock companies, developed and maintained by healthful competition, with the work done under the star system. He ridicules the idea that a dramatic resurrection can be effected, as so many enthusiasts hope, by the means of a national theatre. This, he says, is an ancient fad which for more than a century "has been the occasion of endless ribaldry and waste of ink in Italy. Whenever the dramatic right cannot stand upright upon its own legs, the support of the state is at once invoked, as if the state could endow the public with taste, the playwright with genius, or the actor with that *diable* of which Voltaire spoke to Madame Duchesnoi." He then proceeds to speak of the miracle plays and pageants organized by the English guilds in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries and to regret the fact that feud should have arisen between Church and stage to check that growth of a genuine national passion for representative art which Louis N. Parker is now striving to revive. The history of the subsidized theatres of the world, he urges, proves that such institutions at the best can only imperfectly preserve standards, which after all may not be the best, but are powerless to produce inspired actors or dramatists.

In his sketches of prominent playwrights there is much acute criticism. Henry Arthur Jones he appreciates highly, but points out truly that his best work is marred by a survival of his earlier melodramatic tendencies, and his rhetorical habit. Alfred Sutro he describes as an astute playwright rather than a real dramatist with convictions. By Barrie he is plainly puzzled, praising parts of his work, but regretting his unconquerable juvenility. With the humor of W. S. Gilbert, he is delighted. Of Pinero, after expatiating upon his wit and his technical skill, he says: "If you come to analyze his plays in order to find in them a central idea, you will find that he has very little to tell you that is new, original or interesting." This is most potently true, as is a further remark that Pinero gives you "the view of a casual observer, not of a thinker."

It is interesting to note that Dr. Borsa, whose sympathies are all enlisted on the side of the realistic drama—literary, intellectual or problematical—is of the opinion that the influence of the Ibsen plays on the English theatre has been inconsiderable, and in this judgment he is doubtless justified, notwithstanding the occasional successes attained by "A Doll's House," and "Hedda Gabler," which owed much to such actresses as Janet Achurch and Elizabeth Robbins. English dramatists, seeking popularity, are not likely to take Ibsen as a model except in his methods of technical construction; and imitation in this respect would not always be readily detected. To the Stage Society Dr. Borsa gives a word of very sage advice. He says:

> In order to counteract the vacuous unintellectuality of the conventional English stage, the Stage Society makes a practice of giving the preference in its repertory to works of a serious, symbolical, philosophical, and social character. This is an antidote which may prove efficacious for a time, but woe to those who abuse it. The society would thereby run the risk of becoming atrophied and sinking to the level of a monotonous and morbid school.

A long review of the work of Bernard Shaw contains this pregnant sentence:

> His works, stimulating as at first they are, end by wearying us—because in these mental pyrotechnics we seek vainly for the clear, harmonious design of a fundamental thought.

In his paper on the literary drama Dr. Borsa discusses with much acumen, such diverse authors as Thomas Hardy, Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning, and Stephen Phillips. To W. B. Yeats and the Irish Theatre he devotes a most sympathetic and appreciative chapter. In his criticisms of actors he is both just and felicitous, except in the case of Shakespearean representations, as, for instance, when he ranks the Shylock of Novelli above that of Irving. But it is seldom that he goes so far astray as that. He has written a most attractive, instructive, and clear-headed work, which will repay the study of all persons interested in theatrical affairs.

William Jaggard of Liverpool, a descendant of the printer of the First Folio Shakespeare, has for a long time been at work upon an important Shakespearean bibliography, which is to include collations, descriptions, and notes of every known issue of Shakespeare's plays, poems, and collected works, as well as Shakespeareana, manuscript and printed. In all, there will be, he says, more than fifteen thousand entries. He promises details as to size and price later.

It is reported by cable that fourteen of Lord Howe's Shakespeare quartos, which were to have been sold with his collection at auction, on December 21, were disposed of privately. These, it may be assumed, will find their way to New York, even if they are not already here. Of the remainder sold at auction, the "King Lear," 1608, the second edition of this date, brought £200; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619, £160; "Love's Labour Lost," 1631, £201; the First Folio, £2,025. The total of the sale, fifty-one lots only (less the fourteen sold privately) is reported as £5,203.

Alfred Sutro's latest play, "John Glayde's Honour," which was presented for the first time in this city, in Daly's Theatre, on Monday evening, proved a disappointment. It is inferior to "The Walls of Jericho" in almost every particular; in point, in reasonableness, and in execution. Like its predecessor, it is inspired by a serious theme of wide contemporary interest, and to this extent is superior to the ordinary machine-made drama of incident; but it is in its essence theatrical and specious, tricky and violent in device, and with little force of general application. Its main contention, that the husband—American or not—who is so absorbed in mere money-grubbing as to be utterly neglectful of his wife, and indifferent to her pursuits, through a course of years, is partly responsible for the errors of living into which she may fall, is sound enough, though rather trite. But the illustrations which he has chosen are so extreme that his moral is not very clear or impressive. Neither Glayde nor his wife can be accepted as typical, nor can either of them lay claim to much sympathy. The indifference of the one is more than offset by the gross treachery of the other. At the last the man, in bitter scorn, gives the faithless woman over to her lover, with a promise to provide for her. He does this with an affectation of magnanimity, but he could scarcely have devised a more certain way of ensuring her lasting misery. As a whole, the play, in spite of some effective theatrical scenes, is melodramatic and unconvincing in its action, and unsatisfying in its conclusion. Doubtless it would have seemed more life-like if it had been more brilliantly acted. Mr.

Hackett's Glayde had physical but not intellectual strength, and Miss Darragh, an English actress of evident skill and experience, was nevertheless unequal to the emotional requirements of such a part as Mrs. Glayde.

Beerhohm Tree will hold another Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre in London next May.

Oscar Asche will appear in London next autumn in the part of Hannibal de Tavannes, Miss Brayton playing Clothilde, in a dramatic version of Stanley Weyman's "Count Hannibal."

Music.

Debussy's Pelléas et Mélisande: A Guide to the Opera. By Lawrence Gilman. G. Schirmer.

It has perhaps never before happened that a book has been printed about an opera which, although five years old, has been performed in only three cities. Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" had its first production in Paris in 1902. In January of the present year it was given at Brussels, and three months later at Frankfort. The fourth city to hear it will probably be New York. Oscar Hammerstein has promised to produce it at the Manhattan Opera House, and he has now in his company two of the singers who were in the original Parisian cast—Miss Mary Garden and Mlle. Gerville-Réache. Walter Damrosch has already delivered a lecture-recital on the opera, and now comes Mr. Gilman with a guide of eighty-four pages to its mysteries and wonders. Great must these be if we are to believe the prophets. The assertion of a French critic that "it is necessary to go back perhaps to 'Tristan' to find in the opera house an event so important in certain respects for the evolution of musical art," strikes Mr. Gilman as, "if anything, overcautious." To him this work exhibits not only a new manner of writing opera, but a new kind of music, "a new way of evolving and combining tones, a new order of harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic structure."

Wherein lies the marvellous novelty of this music? In the first place, in its premeditated defiance of all the accepted laws of form and logic. It is "dim and wavering and elusive music"; it "drifts before the senses like iridescent vapor"; it is "without punctuation, uncadenced, irregular." But the worst is yet to come. Harmonically this music "obeys no known law—consonances, dissonances, are interfused, blended, reëchoed, juxtaposed, without the smallest regard for the rules of tonal relationship established by long tradition." There was a time when the plain bread-and-butter diatonic scale sufficed musicians. Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, and their followers, craved the delicatessen of the chromatic scales. But Debussy has shaped for himself a mode of utterance which derives from none of these influences. He has brought back the mediæval church modes which were in use before the modern major and minor modes came into vogue. Liszt may have made use of whole-tone progressions for special effects, but in Debussy they are ever present.

Nor is this all. Wagner was accused, ignorantly, of having banished melody from the vocal parts and relegated it to the symphonic orchestral part. Debussy admits, frankly, that in his score, "the melodic phrase is always in the orchestra, never in the voice." In his whole opera there is no vocal melody whatsoever. Nor, on the other hand, does he waste much time on the symphonic development of themes. For the most part, his orchestra is as simple as Mozart's, and throughout the five acts there are scarcely more than a dozen fortissimo passages. At first blush, the most audaciously novel of Debussy's principles is his contemptuous attitude toward melody. In his own words:

> Melody is, if I may say so, almost antilyric, and powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song (*chanson*), which confirms a fixed sentiment.

As a matter of fact Debussy's originality was anticipated just three centuries ago by Peri, the composer of the first operas ever written. He, too, deliberately banished melody from his scores; and his colleague, Caccini, like Debussy, boasted of his *nobile sprezzatura del canto*. The excuse for Peri and Caccini is that they had no examples of better things before them, as Debussy had.

Mr. Gilman is a champion and admirer of Debussy and his opera. To him it is "a beautiful and in many ways incomparable score." He loves the intangible "sound-wraiths" of which the music largely consists, because they reproduce the atmosphere of the play. Yet he does not fail to point out one of the foibles of his hero. Debussy, in one of his essays, sneers at the Wagnerian system of leading motives as "rather coarse"; yet he makes use of this same system throughout his score, though without Wagner's polyphonic and transforming genius. In the thirty pages he devotes to the analysis of the score, Mr. Gilman has singled out twenty-five motives and given them names. They are reproduced in musical type and seem, almost without exception, singularly void. The first chapter of the book is devoted to a sketch of Debussy's career and the development of his peculiar art, and this is followed by a readable chapter on the Maeterlinck play, on which the opera is based. An amusing detail is the quarrel between the poet and the composer. Angered by certain excisions, and by the choice of one of the singers, Maeterlinck published a letter of protest, in which he declared that inasmuch as the "Pelléas" of the Opéra Comique had become entirely foreign to him and escaped from his control, he could only hope that "its fall would be prompt and noisy." But it has proved a lasting success.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association will be held at Columbia University December 27 to 31.

The New York Symphony Society announces Mme. Schumann-Heink as the soloist at the subscription concerts on Saturday evening, December 28, and Sunday afternoon, December 29, at Carnegie Hall. These will be Mme. Schumann-Heink's first public appearances in New York this season. The orchestral numbers include Liszt's three symphonic-poems, which are entitled "A Faust Symphony." Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing the Brahms Rhapsody for solo voice and male chorus, and Adriano's aria, "Gerechter Gott," from the second act of "Rienzi."

The Olive Mead Quartet will give a concert in Mendelssohn Hall Thursday evening, January 2, with Arthur Whiting as assisting artist. This is the first New York appearance of the quartet with the new second violinist, Miss Helen Reynolds.

Art.

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

There are a good many things which the present exhibition of the Academy is not, and it will undoubtedly be criticised for not being these things. For instance, it is not an exhibition composed entirely of the works of one limited school of our younger painters. It is not a select and small exhibition, carefully arranged with ample space around each work, and showing each work to the utmost advantage. It is not a large exhibition got together by the lavish expenditure of time and money and filled with borrowed works selected from the best that have been produced in this country within ten years. It will be compared, to its disadvantage, with both kinds of exhibition, and will be found fault with for not being the one or the other. It is not even an exhibition fully representative of the membership of the Academy, for it would be easy to make a list of admirable artists, members of that body, who, for one or another reason, have not been able or have not chosen to exhibit. The present exhibition is, then, the lesser of two exhibitions which the Academy is obliged to hold annually through lack of space to include in one exhibition all the desirable work in oil painting, almost exclusively, produced in this country during the year. For work in other branches of art, except to a minor degree for sculpture, it does not pretend, under present conditions, to provide at all. It is a purely voluntary exhibition, composed of such work as the artists send in of their own initiative, and does not, I believe, contain a single borrowed picture. It is an exhibition almost entirely of current work. It is an exhibition not of the best art produced in America, but of the fair average of current professional work. Be it noted, in passing, that the Academy provides practically the only such exhibitions in this country, and that from its exhibitions the exhibitions of other cities are largely made up.

This being the modest claim of the exhibition, it does, I think, afford well-grounded encouragement to the believers in the future of art in America. It is an exhibition without a sensation, without a picture, or two or three pictures, which will be remembered to the exclusion of everything else. The foreshortening of time, which crowds the perspective as it recedes and makes us think of the best pictures of a decade as characterizing each of the "exhibitions of the eighties," might lead us to think this exhibition inferior to some of its forerunners. On the contrary, I believe that the general level of attainment has

never heen so high or so uniform. It is this high general level, indeed, rather than the lack of especially good works, which prevents any particular picture from making a special appeal. Each picture looks better for the good company it is in, hut none looks manifestly superior. With thirty years' experience of picture galleries to sharpen my instinct, I had yet heen several times around the exhibition before my attention was aroused by one picture—a large picture conspicuously placed in the centre of a panel—one of the best landscapes ever painted hy one of our hest contemporary landscape painters. I refer to Decemher by Leonard Ochtman; a piece of delicately felt color and delicately adjusted values unmistakahly distinguished. Had it heen a small work, or had there heen any tenuity in its refinement, one might have overlooked it without suhsequent surprise. It is above the average in size, and there is plenty of rohustness in its pale coloring. That one had not sooner discerned it, was simply a trihute to the general excellence of its surroundings.

Besides the air of general efficiency and workmanlike ahility which characterizes this exhihition, the things which strike me as of good augury are three. The first is the clear demonstration of the fact that the day is past when our art could he justly censured as exhibiting nothing hut the pale reflection of this or that foreign school. The men whose work is shown here are well trained, most of them hy some study in Europe, but there is nevertheless an unmistakahle accent ahout this collection which could he found in the exhihitions of no other country. It is not merely that the artists are individual and have each a personal way of looking at nature and of envisaging art—in spite of a great diversity there is a surprising homogeneity, a sense that we are in the presence of men of one race and of one country. As far as modern couditions will permit the existence of such a thing anywhere, we have to-day a national school of painting.

The second encouraging aspect of this exhihition is that the day of mere sketching—of notes and studies and hits of painting only—is also well over. Our painters are producing pictures—let me hasten to add that hy pictures I do not mean illustrations, and that the telling of a story or the depiction of an incident is not necessary to picture-making. It is true that the greatest of painters have not heen above telling stories—witness Michelangelo and Rembrandt—but Chardin painted pictures also, though his suhject might be no more than a jug and a loaf of hread. A picture is a thing with a design; a thing in which a definite conception has heen wrought out with all the completeness possihle to the artist; a thing in which the delights of imitation and of craftsmanship are suhordinated to some previous intention. The intention may he illustrative, as with Francis D. Millet's excellent and careful Rook and Pigeon, or purely decorative, as with Hugo Ballin's The Bath, which thoroughly earned the Isidor medal, awarded for the first time at this exhihition; it may he partly decorative and partly allegorical, as with Louis Loeh's delightful Twilight, or it may include the interpretation of a personality or of an aspect of nature as with more than one portrait or landscape. The essential thing is that there should be an intention, and that the intention should he realized as far as the ahility of the artist will allow. Of such things, good or had, but at any rate pictures in their motive and treatment, there are so many in the exhihition that they seem to dominate it.

One fancies that the increasing practice of mural decoration in this country, with its evident necessity for something more than clever painting, has not been without its effect in teaching our artists to think more pictorially. It can hardly he douhted that the influence of mural painting is to he seen in the third characteristic of this exhihition—its evidence of a growing desire for color. When our artists began to paint upon walls they were forced to design, and they were forced also to get out of their acquired hahits of painting with chalk or soot or mere opaque and muddy gray, and to attempt the use of color in its fullness and for its own beauty—to do in oil what the water-colorists have never forgotten how to do. Whether or not this is true, the fact of keener attention to color is patent. The walls are alive with it—picture after picture is full of it. It is not always successful color; it is sometimes crude and glaring, insufficiently harmonized, but it is color. And in the hest instances it is really beautiful color. The landscape painters, those of more or less impressionist tendencies, have hegun to see, as their master Monet always saw, that nature is full-colored, and that light is not a matter of white paint or of pale violet and hlue. The tonalists are beginning, apparently, to he convinced that tone is not merely a matter of hrown glazes. There are still canvases that are opaque and chalky. There are a few painters that cannot get free from ivory-black, like George Bellows, with his powerful, impressive study of the Pennsylvania excavation. But, for the most part, color, strong and pure as the painter can make it, reigns. Mr. Ballin is superh in his deep blues and greens, and pearly flesh; Mr. Loeb has, perhaps, carried his search for suhtlety a little too far, and is a trifle vaporous; hut his picture is full of charm and is thoroughly carried out. There are splendor and force in the rich granite reds and ocean blues of Paul Dougherty's Twisted Ledge, and a quieter, hut equally powerful, gamut of color in his Surf Ring, where the water is grayed by the heaten foam. There is great distinction in Howard Gardner Cushing's Silver Dress, which has exquisite passages of color, although the background strikes one as not quite in key; and much heauty in the black and gold of Birge Harrison's Hidden Moon. It is his blue and white and gold that make the success of Alhert L. Groll's recent works, like The Cloud—Arizona, and his hrilliant green and silver that one admires in Edward F. Rook, as it is masculine truth of color that is the finest quality of E. W. Redfield's several contributions. And, frank painter from nature as Mr. Redfield is, even he is beginning to think a little more of his picture and a little less of his facts.

Beauty of line has always heen a rarer quality in art than heauty of color, and draughtsmanship of intrinsic interest is rarer in this exhihition than good color—partly, perhaps, hecause our hest draughtsmen are too much engaged in decorative work to have time for the painting of easel pictures. But there is a fine feeling for line and for the beauty of the forms of childhood in Sargent Kendall's Reflection, and there is linear beauty also in Willard D. Paddock's Quiet Valley—Mr. Paddock always shows a sense of design—and in Frederick J. Waugh's two marines. Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller's miniature, Près d'une Claire Fontaine, is a dainty piece of work, of which, perhaps, no one else we have is quite capahle; and rhythm of line and the movement of the human figure is the main motive of Bryson Burroughs's Start Before Sunrise.

Among portraits with pictorial quality may be ranked W. T. Smedley's Carnegie prize picture, Book-lovers, as well as Lydia Field Emmet's Sisters, which received the Proctor prize. Mr. Smedley's family group is well composed and well drawn and painted, after its manner. It is prohably in portraiture that "direct painting" will hold out longest against the desire for color and for heauty of material. This is workmanlike, and his fellow craftsmen have justly recognized its merits. Personally, I prefer Miss Emmet's other very ahle portrait, that of a father and son, to that of The Sisters. The douhle portrait of a mother and child hy Mrs. Edith M. Prellwitz has charm of expression and of characterization in a greater degree than mere technical power, though its technical accomplishment is considerahle. J. W. Alexander's hrilliant sketch of the veteran landscape painter, Mr. Whittredge, has an interest from the personality of the sitter as well as from the dash of Mr. Alexander's handling.

Serious picture-making is shown in one way or another in such landscapes as Arthur Parton's Freshet, the most vigorous thing of his I remember; in W. A. Coffin's Early Morning in May, not quite free of a certain dryness, but well composed, well drawn, and well colored, perhaps his hest work; in Charles Rosen's fine Frosty Morning; and careful composition is to be found in M. H. Bancroft's Mater Amoris, as well as a charming head, while his little picture of two nude figures called Morning is distinguished by great delicacy of tone. One is glad to believe from the presence in a place of honor of Rohert Henri's Girl in a Yellow Satin Dress, that the quarrel of that gentleman with the Academy is not irreconcilable. Prohahly it was never so bitter as it was painted hy the press. The picture is one of his best. One is glad for the same reason, apart from the merit of the work itself, to see here Ernest Lawson's Snow Bound Boats, an admirahle example of his personal methods. But one cannot catalogue every work of merit in more than four hundred, and I can mention hut one more picture, C. W. Hawthorne's Venetian Girl. Mr. Hawthorne's undouhted talent was wont to permit itself a rather riotous indulgence in paint, which was sometimes distressing to his friends. The result of a stay in Europe has been a chastening of his vigor, and this work is quiet, restrained, admirahle. Other illustrations in plenty of the good promise and present achievement of the American school of painting, the visitor to these galleries may be trusted to find for himself.

For many reasons the sculpture exhibited is less significant. All that is made clear

by the twenty or thirty small pieces shown is the growing influence on our younger men of the work of Rodin—an influence quite unavoidable and likely to continue for some little time longer. It is shown acceptably in such works in marble as The River's Return to the Sea, by Chester Beach, or The Dregs of Love, by Robert Aitken, where it has led to a finding and losing of the form that is not without charm; not so acceptably in the latter artist's bronze Mercury, where the rather ostentatious ugliness of the pose of the right foot goes far to ruin a figure of some merit. Karl Bitter's able and graceful Testimonial Tablet is almost the only contribution from any of our better-known sculptors. One cannot blame them for abstaining. Under the present conditions it is impossible to exhibit sculpture properly. For that alone, we need the new galleries which are needed for so many other reasons. KENYON COX.

Miss Birnie Philip, legatee of Whistler, has several hundred letters of the artist which she is preparing to publish. She will be glad to have the use of any further letters; her address is care of Watkin Williams, Steel & Hart, No. 54 New Broad Street, London.

There are always books on art of which one wonders why they were written, or when written, printed. Of such is Frederick Seymour's "Siena and Her Artists" (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.). Mr. Seymour is enthusiastic about Siennese art, but has no other discoverable qualification for writing about it. He is unable to tell the reader what it is that he finds admirable in the things he admires, and his criticism reduces itself to a reiteration of the statement that the things are fine. Once, indeed, he attempts something more, and prints nearly four pages describing the wonderful things he reads in the expression of a Madonna by Neroccio di Landi—a Madonna revealed by his frontispiece as a very badly drawn figure with an inane simper.

Walter Crane has lived for more than sixty years, and has known many of the most interesting people of the artistic and literary world of nineteenth-century England. When, therefore, he publishes "An Artist's Reminiscences" (The Macmillan Co.), one expects to find them good reading. One is wofully disappointed. Either the people he met never did or said anything in his presence, or he immediately forgot what they did or said. The volume reads like an expansion of the kind of skeleton diary some people keep—the kind of diary that tells where they went and with whom they dined, and nothing more. For instance, Mr. Crane is able to tell us just how many sittings he gave to Watts for his portrait, and under what circumstances, but to tell us nothing whatever about Watts's personality, conversation, or method of working. The book is, indeed, a dreary waste of insignificant matter, couched in a style at once slipshod and affected.

"Griechische Bildwerke," by Max Sauerlandt (Leipzig: Karl Robert Langeweise), is one of those well-contrived albums of art reproductions in which the Germans excel. It contains 140 good half-tone cuts of fine examples of Grecian sculpture from the earliest times to the Roman conquest. Greco-Roman copies are in the minority and their secondary nature is always noted on the plate itself. Recently discovered masterpieces are included: the Discobolos of Castel Porziano and the amazing Niobid dug up last winter at Rome, but the Priestess of Castel Anzio does not appear—possibly the editor fears with certain timorous critics that it is not Greek: nor yet the beautiful bronze portrait head at Boston, called an Arsinoë. The collection may be recommended for school use. It would be hard to find better value at the price, one mark eighty pfennig. This pamphlet is the first of a series to be called Die Welt des Schönen. The text which, in the present instance, is accurate and in good taste, will be subordinated to the illustrations.

Sir William Richmond's portrait of Dr. A. J. Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, was formally presented to that institution on December 7. Among the subscribers to the portrait fund were fifty-five Americans. The picture represents Dr. Evans in the light workaday costume of his predilection, surrounded by the vases, sculptures, and frescoes unearthed at Cnossos. Its background is an exceedingly beautiful Cretan landscape, while the middle distance is occupied by the walls of the great Labyrinthine palace. On the occasion of the presentation Dr. Evans spoke, among other things, of enlargements now in contemplation and of a generous endowment for the organization of an Egyptological Room, where the remarkable series, derived by the Ashmolean from the Egypt Exploration Fund in coöperation with Professor Petrie, might be suitably shown. He finally expressed the hope that what had so far been achieved might be the stepping stone to a still more sound and solid organization and still larger development, so that the whole fine art department might be placed upon a new and permanent basis in which the Renaissance objects of all kinds should be grouped together with the pictures in a thoroughly scientific manner.

Prof. Flinders Petrie and Mr. Mackay of Bristol have selected the site of Memphis for their excavations this year. The importance of this undertaking will be realized if we remember that Memphis was the capital of ancient Egypt, and that her history reaches back to the beginnings of Egyptian civilization. Here was the seat of the Memphite school of sculpture, the finest in Egyptian art, and here was the famous temple of Ptah, which was first founded by Menes and enlarged repeatedly by a long succession of kings. The site, which covers an area of more than 100 acres, has never before been excavated. The difficulties in the way of the work will undoubtedly be great, as the land is under cultivation.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers in this city are portraits by Adelaide Herter at M. Knoedler & Co.'s, till December 30.

At Christie's auction, London, December 10, the following prizes were paid for engravings: Lady Taylor, by W. Dickinson, after Reynolds, £100; and The Snake in the Grass, by W. Ward, £105.

Finance.

TWO CAUSES OF THE FINANCIAL COLLAPSE.

Every financial breakdown is followed by reports, from receivers of insolvent banks and companies, from directors and promoters who had a hand in the preceding speculation, and from investigating committees—documents which are read by the general public with sentiments very different from those with which reports on the same undertakings would have been received before the crash. The balance-sheet of the National Cordage Company in 1893, the statement of assets of Overend, Gurney & Co. in 1866, the reports on the State banks of 1857 or on the Reading and Atchison railways of 1893, are examples in point. What was true after those other panics is true, and will continue to be true, after the panic of 1907. A partial test of this changed disposition, on the public's part, has already been provided by two events.

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Financial.

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published its annual report. Since this document showed, during the fiscal year under review, a state of prosperity and earning power which few enterprises of the sort have paralleled, one might suppose that here, at least, no ground for reminiscent wrath could be discovered. The contrary is true. Morier Evans, the English historian of our panic of 1857, observed in his account of that episode, published two years later:

It is a remarkable fact that whilst, as much as fifteen months before the American crisis, a general distrust of the railway system prevailed throughout the United States, public opinion in England was unaffected up to the verge of August and September.

But he adds, in retrospect, that recognition of "the fearful indiscretion in the financial management of American railways has been among the prominent results of the late crisis." History repeats itself, and the Union Pacific annual report, along with its brilliant show of earnings, had to make confession, not very frankly or plainly, of that company's own part in the reckless inflation which finally broke the back of credit. Confronted in July, 1906, as all intelligent railway men knew that it was confronted, with exceptional requirements for new expenditure in the face of a vanishing demand for new securities, the company nevertheless had on hand, in cash or in readily convertible demand loans, no less a sum than $55,968,000. Instead of applying this surplus to its own urgent needs, the company plunged the whole of it into purchase, at the extravagant prices then prevailing, of stocks in a dozen other railways, some of them at the other end of the continent from the Union Pacific's territory.

This was not all; the company then proceeded, within the same six months, to throw $75,725,000 more into similar purchases, raising for the purpose temporary loans. To make these obligations good, this prosperous railway company—earning, as last week's report sets forth, 17½ per cent. on its common stock—had, in the face of the gathering financial storm last July, to sell its bonds to the amount of $75,000,000 at sacrifice prices. The annual report admits that the loss on this investment of $131,693,000 of Union Pacific funds in Stock Exchange securities, as gauged by comparison of the purchase price with that of June 29, 1907, the end of the fiscal year, was $23,149,000. Nor, indeed, is this all; for since that date—taking last Friday's quotations—the price of the $14,000,000 in New York Central stock thus purchased has fallen 18 points further, of the $10,000,000 in Atchison, 21 points, of the $32,000,000 in Baltimore and Ohio, 12, and so on. Considering what imitators the Union Pacific had, and what use was made of its speculations in promoting the mad exploits on the Stock Exchange towards the end of 1906, we have in these figures an instructive chapter in the story of the panic of 1907.

Another reminiscence, with a similar bearing, was suggested by last week's report of the committee of New York bankers. Any one who reads the economic histories of the panic of 1857 will learn that American banks, outside of the older Eastern sections, were investing deposits in whatever suited the personal ideas of the managers; that the fixed and not easily convertible investments—notably real estate—in which demand liabilities were thus tied up, prevented conversion of securities into cash when the storm broke, and that cash reserves of 5 to 11 per cent. which had been deemed sufficient against outstanding notes and indebtedness to depositors, turned out wholly inadequate. That this sort of "wild-cat banking"—the phrase was invented in 1857—was a powerful influence in undermining prosperity and causing the frightful panic of that year, is taught in every primer of economics. When that utterly vicious system was reformed, a few years later, people could hardly have imagined that, after an interval of half a century, in New York State, banking institutions with $850,000,000 demand deposits would be doing business under a law which allowed them to invest such deposits in the very fields where the experiments of the deposit banks of 1857 resulted so disastrously—a law, furthermore, which did not even require the cash reserve of 1857. The report of the Governor's committee of bankers, touching this very subject, is discussed more fully elsewhere.

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